

De Constantia in publicis malis

(On constancy in times of public evil)

Justus Lipsius

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BOOK I

Chapter I

A preface and introduction; also a complaint of the troubles of the Low Countries

A few years past, as I traveled toward Vienna in Austria, I turned aside, not without God's direction, to the town of Liege, being not far out of my way, and where I had some friends, whom both for custom, and good will I was persuaded to salute. Among whom was Charles Languis, a man, simply and without boasting be it spoken, for virtue and learning the chief of the Flemings. Who having received me into his house, tempered mine entertainment, not only with courtesy and good will, but also with such communication as was profitable unto me, and will be while I live. For he was the man that opened mine eyes by driving away the clouds of some vulgar opinions: he showed me the pay-way whereby I might directly come, as Lucretius says,

To the lofty temples of Sages right
By the clear beams of Learning's light

For, as we walked in the porch of his house after noon, the hot sun toward the end of June, being in his full force, he asked me friendly of my journey, and the causes thereof. To whom when I had spoken much of the troubles of the Low Countries, of the insolence of the government and soldiers, I added lastly that I pretended other excuses, but this in truth was the cause of my departure. For, said I, who is of so hard and flinty a heart that can any longer endure these evils? We are tossed, as you see, these many years with the tempest of civil wars: and like sea-faring men

are we beaten with sundry blasts of troubles and sedition. If I love quietness and rest, the trumpets and rattling of armor interrupts me. If I take solace in my country gardens and farms, the soldiers and murderers force me into the town. Therefore, Langius, I am resolved, leaving this unfortunate and unhappy Belgica [Flanders]--pardon me my dear country--to change land for land, and to fly into some other part of the world, where I may neither hear of the name, nor facts of a Pelops' brood.

Hereat Langius much marveling and moved: yea, friend Lipsius, and will you thus leave us? Yes truly said I, I will either leave you, or this life. How can I fly from these evils but only by flight? For to see and suffer these things daily as heretofore, I cannot, Langius, neither have I any plate of steel about my heart. Langius sighed at these words, and therewithal said unto me, O fond youth, what childishness is this? Or what mindest thou to seek safety by flying away? Thus country, I confess, is tossed and turmoiled grievously: What part of Europe is at this day free? So as thou mayest conjecture that saying of Aristophanes to prove true:

Thundering Jupiter will turn all things upside down.

Wherefore, Lipsius, thou must not forsake thy country, but the affections. Our minds must be so confirmed and conformed, that we may be at rest in troubles, and have peace even in the midst of war. Hereto I, rashly enough, replied: Nay surely, I will forsake my country, knowing that it is less grief to hear report of evils than to be an eyewitness unto them: Besides that, thereby we ourselves shall be without danger of the lists: Mark you not what Homer wisely warns? Be out of the weapon's reach; lest that haply some man add one wound unto another.

Chapter II

That traveling into foreign countries is not available against the inward maladies of the mind: that it is a testimony of them but not a remedy against them, except only in slight and first motions of the affection.

Langius beckoning somewhat with his head, I hear thee, Lipsius, but I had rather thou wouldst hearken to the voice of wisdom and reason. For these mists and clouds that thus compass thee, do proceed from the smoke of opinions. Wherefore, I say with Diogenes, Thou has more need of reason than of a rope. That bright beam of reason, I mean, which may illuminate the obscurity of thy brain. Behold, thou forsakest thy country: Tell me in good sooth, in forsaking it, canst thou forsake thyself also? See that the contrary not fall out: And that whithersoever thou go thou carry not in thy breast the fountain and food of thine own grief. As they that be holden with a fever, do toss and turn themselves unquietly, and often change their beds through a vain hope of remedy: In like case are we, who being sick in our minds do without any fruit wander from one country to another. This is indeed to bewray our grief, but not to allay it. To discover this inward flame, but not to quench it: very fitly said that wise Roman [Seneca]:

it is proper to a sick person not to suffer anything long, but to use mutations instead of medicines: Hereof proceed wandering peregrinations, and walkings on sundry shores: And our inconstancy, always loathing things present, one while will be upon the sea, and incontinent desires the land.

Therefore you fly from troubles always, but never escape them, not unlike the hind that Virgil speaks of:

Whom ranging through the chase, some hunter shooting far by chance
All unaware has smit, and in her side has left his lance,
She fast to wilderness and woods does draw, and there complains,

But all in vain: because as the poet adds,

That underneath her ribs the deadly dart remains.

So that you are wounded with this dart of affections, do not shake it out, but in traveling carry it with you to another place. He that hath broken his thigh or his arm, is not inclined, I think, to go on horseback or into his chariot but to a surgeon. And what madness is this in thee, to seek remedy of this inward wound by motion and trudging from place to place?

It is the mind that is wounded, and all this external imbecility, despair, and languishing, spring from this fountain, that the mind is thus prostrated and cast down. The principal and sovereign part hath let the scepter fall and is become so vile and abject that it willingly serves its own servants. Tell me, what can any place or peregrination work in this case? Except haply there be some region in the world which can temperate fear, bridle hope, and draw out these evil dregs of vice, which we have sucked from our infancy. But none such is there, no not in the fortunate Islands: Or if there be, show it unto us, and we will all hasten thither in troupes.

But you will say that mutation and change itself has that force in it: And that the daily beholding of strange fashions, men, and places do refresh and lighten the mind loaded with oppressions. No, Lipsius, you are deceived. For, to tell you the truth plainly, I do not so much derogate from peregrination and traveling as though it bare no sway over men and their affections: Yes verily it avails, but yet thus far to the expelling of some small tediousness and weariness of our minds, not to the curing of maladies rooted so deeply, as that these external medicines cannot pluck them up. Music, wine, and sleep have oftentimes quenched the first enkindled sparks of anger, sorrow, and love: but never weeded out any settled or deep rooted grief. Likewise I say, that traveling might perhaps cure superficial scars, but not substantial sores. For these first motions having their original from the body do stick in the body or at the most do but cleave to the utter velme of the mind (as a man may say). And therefore no marvel is it,

though with a sponge they be lightly washed away: Otherwise it is of old festered affections, which hold their seat, yea and scepter in the castle of the mind. When thou has gone far, and wandered every sea and shore, thou shalt neither drown them in the deep sea, nor bury them in the bowels of the earth. They will follow thee at an inch: And, as the poet says, foul care will sit close in the skirts of footman and horseman.

One demanding of Socrates how it came to pass that his traveling did him no good. Because, said he, thou forsook not thy self. So say I, that wherever thou flee, thou carry with thee a corrupt mind, no good companion. And would to God he were but as thy companion, I fear lest he be thy captain, in that thine affections follow not thee, but thou them.

Chapter III

But deep settled diseases of the mind are not taken away thereby, no nor any whit mitigated: But rather revived. That it is the mind which is sick in us, which must seek remedy from wisdom and constancy.

You will say then, what? Does traveling detract nothing at all from these great evils? Does not the sight of fair fields, rivers, and mountains put a man out of his pains? It may be they with us from them, but yet for a very short time, and to no good end. Even as a picture be it never so exquisite, delights the eye a little while: So all this variety of persons and places pleases us with the novelty, yet but only for a short season. This is a certain declining from evils, but no avoiding of them: And peregrination may well be said to slack the bands of sorrow, but not to lose them What does it boot me to behold the sun for a season, and immediately to be shut up in a close prison? So it comes to pass that these external

pleasures do beguile the mind, and under pretense of helping do greatly hurt us.

Like as medicines that be weak in operation do not purge ill humors, but provoke them: So these vain delights do kindle and inflame in us the fuel of affections. The mind strays not long from itself, but whether it will or not, is soon driven home to his old harbor of adversities, Those very towns and hills which thou shalt behold for thy comfort will reduce thee in conceit into thine own country: And even in the midst of thy joys thou shalt either see or hear something that will rub raw the old gall of thy griefs: Or else if it be so that thou take thy ease awhile, it will be but short as a slumber, and when thou awake they fever will be as it was, or more fervent. For wee see that some lusts do increase by intermitting them and by delays gather deeper root. Therefore, Lipsius, let pass these vain, yes noisome, not remedies but poisons: and be content to endure the true curing corrasives. Would you fain change countries? May rather change your own mind wrongfully subjected to affections, and withdrawn from the natural obedience of his lawful lady, I mean reason. The corruption and defiling whereof causes in thee this despair and languishing. The mind must be changed, not the place. Thou hast an earnest desire to see the fruitful country of Austria, the good strong town of Vienna, Danube the chief of rivers, with many other rare novelties which may work admiration in the hearers. How much better is it that thine affection were as firmly settled to the obtaining of wisdom? That thou wouldst search out the very fountain of all human perturbations? That thou wouldst erect forts and bulwarks wherewith thou might be able to withstand and repulse the furious assaults of lusts? These be the true remedies of thy disease, all the residue do but feed and foster the same. This thy wandering into other countries shall not avail thee, it shall nothing boot thee.

To pass so many towns of Greekish land
Or scape by flight through midst of hostile band

For thou shalt still find an enemy in thee, yea even in that closet of thine. (And therewithal he struck me on the breast) what good will it do thee to be settled in a peaceable place? Thou carriest war with thee. What can a quiet habitation benefit thee? Troubles are ever about thee yea in thee. For this distracted mind of thine wars, and ever will be at war with itself, in coveting, in flying, in hoping, in despairing. And as they that for fear turn their backs to their enemies are in the greater danger, having their face from their foe, and their backs unarmed. So fares it with these ignorant novices, who never have made any resistance against their affections: but by flight yielded unto them. But thou young man, if thou be advised by me, shalt stand to it, and set sure footing against this thy adversary, sorrow. Above all things it behooves thee to be constant; for by fighting many man has gotten the victory, but none by flying.

Chapter IV

The definitions of constancy, patience, right reason, opinion: also how obstinacy differs from constancy, and baseness of mind from patience.

I being somewhat emboldened with these speeches of Langius, said unto him, that truly these admonitions of his were notable and worthy to be esteemed, and that I began now to lift up my self a little, but yet in vain, as it were a man in a slumber. For surely, Langius, to tell you the truth, my cogitations do slide back again to my country, and the cares of the same both private and public fast in my mind. But if you be able, chase away these evil birds that thus feed upon me, and loose those bands of cares wherewith I am tied fast to the Caucasus.

Hereto Langius with a smiling countenance replied: I will drive them away, and like a newborn Hercules will set at liberty this chained Prometheus: only give attentive care to that which I shall say unto thee. I have exhorted thee to constancy, and placed therein all hope of thy safety. First therefore we must know what it is. constancy is a right and immovable strength of the mind, neither lifted up nor pressed down with external or casual accidents. By strength I understand a steadfastness not from opinion, but from judgment and sound reason. For I would in any case exclude obstinacy (or as I may more fitly term it, frowardness) which is a certain hardness of a stubborn mind, proceeding from pride or vainglory. And this hardness is only in one respect incident to the froward and obstinate. For they can hardly be pressed down but are lifted up, not unlike to a blown bladder, which you cannot without much ado thrust under water, but is ready to leap upwards of itself without help. Even such is the lighthardiness of those men, springing of pride and too much estimation of themselves, and therefore from opinion. But the true mother of constancy is patience, and lowliness of mind, which is a voluntary sufferance without grudging of all things whatsoever can happen to or in a man. This being regulated by the rule of right reason is the very root whereupon is settled the high and mighty body of that fair oak constancy. Beware here, lest opinion beguile thee, presenting unto thee instead of patience a certain abjection and baseness of a dastardly mind. Being a foul vice, proceeding from the vile unworthiness of a man's own person. But virtue keeps the mean, not suffering any excess or defect in her actions, because it weighs all things in the balance of Reason, making it the rule and squire of all her trials. Therefore we define right reason to be a true sense and judgment of things human and divine (so far as the same pertains to us). But opinion being the contrary to it is defined to be a false and frivolous conjecture of those things.

Chapter V

From whence reason and opinion do spring. The force and effects of them both. That one leads to constancy: this other to inconstancy.

Now for as much as out of this twofold fountain of opinion and reason flows not only hardiness and weakness of mind, but all things that deserve either praise or dispraise in this life: It seems to me that it will be labor well bestowed to discourse somewhat at large of the original and nature of them both. For as wool before it be endued with the perfect colors of dying is first prepared thereunto with some other kind of liquors: even so am I to deal with thy mind, Lipsius, before I adventure to dye it with this perfect purple in grain of constancy.

First you are not ignorant that man consists of two parts, soul and body. That being the nobler part resembles the nature of a spirit and fire. This more base is compared to the earth. These two are joined together, but yet with a jarring concord, as I may say, neither do they easily agree, especially when controversy arises about sovereignty and subjection. For either of them would bear sway and chiefly that part which ought not. The earth advances itself above the fire, and the dirty nature about that which is divine. Here hence arise in man dissensions, stirs, and a continual conflict of these parts warring together. The captains are reason and opinion. That fights for the soul, being in the soul: this for, and in the body. Reason has her offspring from heaven, yea from God: and Seneca gave it a singular commendation, saying that there was in hidden man part of the divine spirit. This reason is an excellent power or faculty of understanding and judgment, which is the perfection of the soul, even as the soul is of man. The Greeks call it noun, the Latins mentem, and as we may say jointly, the mind of the soul. For you are deceived if you think all the soul to be right reason, but that only which is uniform, simple, without mixture, separate from all filth or corruption: and in one word, as

much as is pure and heavenly. For albeit the soul be infected and a little corrupted with the filth of the body and contagion of the senses: yet it retains some relics of his first offspring, and is not without certain clear sparks of that pure fiery nature from whence it proceeded.

Here hence come those sings of conscience in wicked men: here hence those inward gnawings and scourges: here hence also comes it that the wicked even against their wills approve virtuous living and commend it. For this good part in man may sometimes be pressed down, but never oppressed: and these fiery sparks may be covered, but not wholly extinguished. Those little coals do always shine and show forth themselves, lightening our darkness, purging our uncleanness, directing our doubtfulness, guiding us at the last to constancy and virtue. As the marigold and other flowers are by nature always inclined towards the sun: so hath reason a respect unto God, and to the fountain from whence it spring. It is resolute and immovable in a good purpose, not variable in judgment, even shunning and seeking one and the selfsame thing: the fountain and lively spring of wholesome counsel and sound judgment. To obey is to bear rule, and to be subject thereunto is to have the sovereignty in all human affairs. Whoso obeys her is lord of all lusts and rebellious affections: whoso hath this thread of Theseus may pass without straying through all the labyrinths of this life. God by this image of his comes into us, yea (which more is) even unto us. And well said one whosoever he were, that there is no good mind without God.

But the other part (I mean Opinion) has its offspring of the body, that is, of the earth. And therefore savors nothing but of it. For though the body be senseless and immovable of itself, yet it takes life and motion from the soul: And on the other side, it represents to the soul the shapes and forms of things through the windows of the senses. Thus there grows a communion and society between the soul and the body, but a society (if you respect the end) not good for the soul. For she is thereby little and little deprived of her dignity, addicted and coupled unto the senses, and of this impure commixtion opinion is engendered in us, which is naught

else but a vain image and shadow of reason whose seat is the senses [and] whose birth is the earth. Therefore being vile and base it tends downward and savors nothing of high and heavenly matters. It is vain, uncertain, deceitful, evil in counsel, evil in judgment. It deprives the mind of constancy and verity. Today it desires a thing, tomorrow it defies the same. It commends this, it condemns that. It has no respect to sound judgment, but to please the body and content the senses. And as the eye that beholds a thing through water or through a mist mistakes it, so does the mind which discerns by the clouds of opinions. This is unto men the mother of mischiefs, the author of a confused and troublesome life. By the means of it we are troubled with cares, distracted with perturbations, overruled by vices. Therefore as they which would banish tyranny out of a city do above all things overthrow castles and forts therein: so if we bear an earnest desire to have a good mind, we must case down even by the foundation this castle of opinions. For they will cause us to be continually floating on the waves of doubtfulness, without any certain resolution, murmuring, troublesome, injurious to God and men. As an empty ship without ballast is tossed and tumbled on the sea with the least blast of wind, even so is it with a light wandering mind, not kept steady and poised with the ballast of reason.

Chapter VI

The praise of constancy: and an earnest exhortation thereto.

Thou see then, Lipsius, that inconstancy is the companion of opinion and that the property of it is to be soon changed, and to wish that undone, which a little before it caused to be done. But constancy is a mate always matched with reason. Unto this therefore I do earnestly exhort thee. Why fly thou to these vain outward things? This is only that fair beautiful Helena which will

present unto thee a wholesome cup of counterpoison, wherewith thou shalt expel the memory of all cares and sorrows, and whereof when thou hast once taken a taste, being firmly settled against all casualties, bearing thyself upright in all misfortunes, neither puffed up nor pressed down with either fortune, thou mayest challenge to thy self that great title, the nearest that man can have to God, to be immovable.

Hast thou not seen in the arms and targets of some men of our time that lofty poesy? Neither with hope, nor with fear. It shall agree to thee: Thou shalt be a king, indeed free indeed, only subject unto God, enfranchised from the servile yoke of fortune and affections. As some rivers are said to run through the sea and yet keep their stream fresh, so shalt thou pass through the confused tumults of this world, and not be infected with any briny saltiness of this sea of sorrows. Are thou like to be cast down? Constancy will lift thee up. Dost thou stagger in doubtfulness? She holds thee fast. Art thou in danger of fire or water? She will comfort thee and bring thee back from the pit's brink: only take unto thee a good courage, steer thy ship into this port, where is security and quietness, a refuge and sanctuary against all turmoils and troubles: where if thou hast once moored thy ship, let thy country not only be troubled, but even shaken at the foundation, thou shalt remain unmoved: let showers, thunders, lightnings, and tempests fall round about thee, thou shalt cry boldly with a loud voice, I lie at rest amid the waves.

Chapter VII

What and how many things do disturb constancy. That outward good and evil things do it. Evils are of two sorts, public and private. Of these two, public evils seem more grievous and dangerous.

Langius having uttered these words with a more earnest voice and countenance than accustomed, I was somewhat inflamed with a spark of this good fire. And then, my Father, I said, let me rightly without dissimulation call you so, lead me and learn me as you list: direct and correct me: I am your patient prepared to admit any kind of curing, be it by razor or fire, to cut or sear. I must use both those means, said Langius, for that one while the stubble of false opinions is to be burned away, and another while the tender slips of affections to be off by the root. But tell me whether had you rather walk or sit? Sitting would please me best, quoth I, for I begin to be hot. So then Langius commanded stools to be brought into the porch, and I sitting close by him, he turned himself toward me and began his talk in this manner.

Hitherto, Lipsius, have I laid the foundation whereupon I might erect the building of my future communication. Now, if it please you, I will come nearer the matter, and inquire the causes of your sorry, for I must touch the sore with my hand. There be two things that do assault this castle of constancy in us, false goods, and false evils: I define them both to be such things as are not in us but about us: and which properly do not help nor hurt the inner man, that is, the mind. Wherefore I may not call those things good or evil simply in subject and in definition: but I confess they are such in opinion, and by the judgment of the common people. In the first rank I place riches, honor, authority, health, long life. In the second, poverty, infamy, lack of promotion, sickness, death. And to comprehend all in one word, whatsoever else is accidental and happens outwardly.

From these two roots do spring four principal affections which do greatly disquiet the life of man: desire and joy, fear and sorrow. The first two have respect to some supposed or imagined good, the two latter unto evil. All of them do hurt and distemper the mind, and without timely prevention do bring it out of all order, yet not each of them in like sort. For whereas the quietness and constancy of the mind rests, as it were, in an even balance, these affections do hinder this upright poise and evenness; some of them by puffing up the mind, others by pressing it down too

much. But here I will let pass to speak of false goods, which lift up the mind above measure (because thy diseases proceeds from another humor) and will come to false evils, which are of two sorts, public and private. Public are those, the sense and feeling whereof touches many persons at one time. Private do touch some private men. Of the first kind are war, pestilence, famine, tyranny, slaughters, and such like. Of the second be sorrow, poverty, infamy, death and whatsoever else of like nature that may befall any one man.

I take it there is good cause for me thus to distinguish them, because we sorrow after another sort at the misery of our country, the banishment and a destruction of a multitude, than of one person alone. Besides that, the griefs that grow of public and private adversities are different, but yet the first sort are more heavy and take deeper root in us. For we are all subject to those common calamities, either for that they come together in heaps, and so with the multitude oppress such as oppose themselves against them, or rather because they beguile us by subtlety, in that we perceive not how our mind is diseased by the apprehension of them. Behold if a man be overcome with any private grief, he must confess therein his frailty and infirmity, especially if he reclaim not himself, then is he without excuse. Contrarily, we are so far from confessing a fault in being disquieted at public calamities, that some will boast thereof, and account it for a praise: for they term it piety and compassion. So that this common contagion is now reckoned among the catalog of virtues, yea and almost honored as a God. Poets and orators do everywhere extol to the skies a fervent affection to our country; neither do I disallow it, but hold and maintain that it ought to be tempered with moderation: otherwise it is a vice, a note of intemperance, a deposing of the mind from his right seat. On the other side I confess it to be a grievous malady, and of great force to move a man, because the sorrow that proceeds therehence is manifold, in respect of thyself and of others. And to make the matter more plain by example: see how thy country of Belgica is afflicted with sundry calamities, and swung on every side with the scorching flame of civil wars: the fields are wasted and spoiled, towns are

overthrown and burned, men taken captive and murdered, women defiled, virgins deflowered, with such other like miseries as follow after wars. Art thou not grieved herewith? Yes I am sure, and grieved diversely, for thy self, for thy countrymen, and for thy country. Thine own losses trouble thee; the misery and slaughter of thy neighbors; the calamity and overthrow of thy country. One where thou mayest cry out with the poet, "O unhappy wretch, that I am." Another while, "O my father, O my country." And who is not so moved with these matters, nor oppressed with the multitude of so many and manifold miseries must either be very stayed and wise, or else very hardhearted.

Chapter VIII

A prevention against public evils: But first of all, three affections are restrained. And of those three, particularly in this chapter is repressed a kind of vainglorious dissimulation, whereby men that lament their own private misfortunes would seem that they bewail the common calamities.

What think you, Lipsius, have I not betrayed constancy into your hands in pleading the cause of your sorrow? Not so. But herein I have played the part of a good captain, in training out all your troops into the field to the end that I might fight it out manfully with them. But first I will begin with light skirmishes and afterward join with you in plain battle. In skirmishing I am to assault foot by foot, as the ancients speak, three affections utter enemies to this our constancy. Dissimulation, piety, commiseration or pity. I will begin with the first of them. Thou say thou cannot endure to see these public miseries, that it is a grief, yea even a death unto thee. Speak you that from your heart, or only from the teeth outward? Herewithal I being somewhat angry, asked whether he jested or gibed with me. Nay, quoth

Langius. I speak in good earnest for that many of your crew do beguile the physicians, making them believe that the public evils do grieve them when their private losses are the true cause. I demand therefore again, whether the care which now doth boil and bubble in thy breast, be for thy country's sake or for thy own? What, said I, do you make question of that? Surely, Langius, for my country's sake alone am I thus disquieted. See it be so, quoth he, for I marvel that there should be in thee such an excellent sincere duty which few attain unto. I deny not but that most men do complain of common calamities, neither is there any kind of sorrow so usual as this in the tongues of people. But examine the matter to the quick, and you shall find many times great difference betwixt the tongue and the heart. These words, "my country's calamity afflicts me," carry with them more vainglory than verity. And as it is recording in histories of Polus a notable stage-player, that playing his part on the stage wherein it behooved him to express some great sorrow, he brought with him privily the bones of his dead son, and so the remembrance thereof caused him to fill the theater with true tears indeed. Even so may I say by the most part of you. You play a comedy, and under the person your country, you bewail with tears your private miseries. One says "The whole world is a stage-play." Truly in this case it is so. Some cry out, "These civil wars torment us, the blood of innocents spilt, the loss of laws and liberty. Is it so? I see your sorrow indeed, but the cause I must search out more narrowly. Is it for the commonwealth's sake? O player, put off thy vizard: thy self are the cause thereof. We see oftentimes the country boors trembling and running together with earnest prayers when any sudden misfortune or insurrection approaches, but as soon as the danger is past, examine them well and you shall perceive that every one was afraid of his own field and corn. If fire should happen to be kindled in this city, we should have a general outcry: the lame and almost the blind would hasten to help quench it. What think you? For their country's sake? Ask them and you shall see, it was, because the loss would have redounded to all, or at the least, the fear thereof. So falls it out in this case. Public evils do move and disquiet many men, not for that [not because] the harm

touches a great number, but because themselves are of that number.

Chapter IX

The vizard of dissimulation is more plainly discovered, by examples. By the way mention is made of our true country. Also the malice of men rejoicing at other men's harms when they themselves be without danger thereof.

Wherefore yourself shall sit as judge in this cause, but yet with the veil removed from your face. You fear the war. I know it. Why? Because war draws with it punishment and destruction. To whom? To others at this present, but it may be shortly to you. Behold the head, behold the fountain of thy grief. For as a thunderbolt having stricken one man, makes all that stood near him to tremble: So in these universal and public calamities, the loss touches few, the fear redounds to all, which fear if it were away, there would be no place for sorrow. Behold, if war be among the Ethiopians or Indians, it moves thee not (thou art out of danger): if it be in Belgica thou weepst, criest out rubbest thy forehead, and smitest thy thigh. But now if it were so that thou didst bewail the public evils as public, and for themselves, there should be no difference had of thee between those countries and this.

Thou wilt say, It is none of my country. O fool: Are not they men, sprung first out of the same stock with thee? Living under the same globe of heaven? Upon the same mold of earth? Thinks thou that this little plot of ground environed by such and such mountains, compassed with this or that river, is thy country? Thou art deceived. The whole world is our country, wheresoever

is the race of mankind sprung of that celestial seed. Socrates being asked of what country he was, answered: Of the world. For a high and lofty mind will not suffer itself to be penned by opinion within such narrow bounds but conceives and knows the whole world to be his own. We scorn and laugh at fools, who suffer their masters to tie them with a straw or small thread to a post, where they stand as if they were fettered fast with iron. Our folly is not inferior to theirs, who with the weak link of opinion are wedded to one corner of the world.

But to let pass these deep arguments (which I doubt how thou wilt conceive of them) I demand, if God would assure thee in the midst of these broils, that thy field should be unspoiled, thy house and substance in safety, and thyself on some high mountain placed out of all danger: wouldst thou lament for all this? I am loath to affirm it of thee, but certain I am there be many that would be glad thereof, and feed their eyes greedily with the spectacle of such blood butcheries. Why turn thou aside? Why marvel thou hereat? Such is the natural corruption of man, that, as the poet says, it rejoices at other men's harms. And as some apples there be though bitter in the belly yet relishing sweet in taste: so are other men's miseries, we ourselves being free from them. Suppose a man be on the shore beholding a shipwreck, it will move him somewhat, yet truly not without an inward tickling of his mind, because he sees other men's danger, himself being in security. But if he in person were in that distressed ship, he would be touched with another manner of grief. Even so verily is it in this case, let us say, or make what show we list to the contrary. For we bewail our own misfortunes earnestly and from the heart, but public calamities in words only and for fashion's sake. Wherefore, Lipsius, take away these stage-hangings, draw back the curtain that is afore thee, and without all counterfeiting or dissimulation, acquaint us with the true cause of thy sorrow.

Chapter X

A complaint against the former sharp reprehension of Langius. But he adds that it is the part of a philosopher so to speak freely. He endeavors to confute the former disputation speaking of duty and love to our country.

This first skirmish seemed to me very hot, wherefore interrupting him I replied, what liberty of speech is this that you use? Yea, what bitter taunting? Do you in this wise pinch and prick me? I may well answer you with Euripides' words,

Add not more grief unto my strong disease,
I suffer more (God wot) than is mine ease.

Langius smiling at this, I perceive then, said he, you expect wafer cakes or sweet wine at my hands; but ere whiles you desired either fire or razor: and therein you did well. For I am a philosopher, Lipsius, not a fiddler: my purpose is to teach, not to entice thee; to profit, not to please thee; to make thee blush, rather than smile; and to make thee penitent, not insolent. The school of a philosopher is as a physician's shop, so said Rufus [Musonius?] once, whither we must repair for health, not for pleasure. That physician dallies not, neither flatters but pierces, pricks, razes, and with the savory salt of good talk sucks out the filthy corruption of the mind. Wherefore look not hereafter of me for roses, oils, or pepper, but for thorns, lancing tools, wormwood, and sharp vinegar.

Here I took him up, saying: Truly, Langius, if I may be so bold as to be plain with you, you deal scarce well or charitably with me: neither do you like a stout champion overcome me in lawful striving, but undermine me by slights and subtleties, saying that I bewail my country's calamities fainedly, and not for good will to it; wherein you do me wrong. For let me confess freely that I have

some manner of regard to myself, yet not wholly. I lament the cause of my country principally, although the danger she is in extend not in any sort unto me. Good reason is there why I should do so. For she it is that first received me into this world, and after that nourished and bred me, being, by common consent of all nations, our most ancient and holiest mother. But you assign me the whole world for my country. Who denies that? Yet withal you may not gainsay, that besides this large and universal country, there is another more near and dear unto me, to the which I am tied by a secret bond of nature, except you think there be no virtue persuasive nor attractive in that native soil which we first touched with our bodies and pressed with our feet; where we first drew our breath; where we cried in our infancy, played in our childhood, and exercised ourselves in manhood; where our eyes are acquainted with the firmament, floods, and fields; where have been by a long continuance of descents our kinsfolk, friends, and companions, and to many occasions of joy besides, which I may expect in vain in another part of the world. Neither is all this the slander packthread of opinion, as you would have it seem, but the strong fetters of nature herself. Look upon all other living creatures. The wild beasts do both know and love their dens; and birds their nests. Fishes in the great and endless ocean sea, desire to enjoy some certain part thereof. What need I speak of men who, whether they be civil or barbarous, are so addicted to this their native soil that whosoever bears the face of a man will never refuse to die for and in it. Therefore Langius this newfound curious philosophy of yours, I neither perceive as yet the depth of it, nor mind to make profession thereof. I will listen rather to the true saying of Euripides,

Necessity forces every wight
To love his country with all his might

Chapter XI

Here is confuted the second affection of too much love to our country; which love is falsely termed piety. Whence this affection springs, and what is our country properly and truly.

Then Langius smiling replied: Certes you are a marvelous pious young man: and I fear me that the brother of Marcus Antonius is now in danger to be deprived of his surname. But it falls out fitly that this affection offers itself in sallying before his ensign: I will assault him therefore, and overthrow him lightly. And first will I take from him the spoil of that precious garment wherewith he is unworthily attired. This affection to our country is commonly called pietas, that is piety: why it should be so named I neither see nor can suffer it. For wherefore should we call it by the name of piety, which is an excellent virtue, and properly nothing else but a lawful and due honor and love towards God and our parents. Why should our country be placed in the midst between these? Because, say they, it is our most ancient and holiest mother. O fools, injurious to reason and nature herself: is she our mother? How? Or wherefore? Truly I see no such reason: And if thou, Lipsius, if thou be sharper sighted than I, lighten my dark senses. Is it because she first received us into this word? (For so thou seem to affirm before) So might any taverner or innkeeper. Is it because she cherishes us? Much better does some silly maid or nurse. Is it because she nourishes us? So do cattle, trees, and corn daily: And, among the greater substances which do borrow nothing of the earth, the firmament, air, and water. Finally, change thou thy habitation, and every other part of the world will do thus much for thee. These are floating and fleeing words, savoring of nothing, but an unpleasant juice of popular opinion. They alone are our parents that began, shaped, and bore us: we be see of their seed, blood of their blood, and flesh of their flesh. If any of these things agree any ways to our country, then I confess that I go about wrongfully to bereave it of this duty of piety.

You will say that great learned clerics have so spoken of it. They have indeed so spoken, following the common opinion, but not that they were so persuaded themselves. But if thou wilt follow the truth, thou shalt attribute that sacred and high title to God, and also, if thou think good, to our parents; but as for this affection to our country, being first bridled and restrained to a mean, let it be contented in god's name with the title of Love or Charity.

Yet is this only a contention about the name; let us come nearer to the thing itself. Which I do not wholly take away, but temperate, and, as it were, scarify it with the lancelet of right reason. For as a vine if it be not pruned, spreads itself too far abroad, so do affections fly about with full sail being blown with the plausible puffs of popularity.

And notwithstanding here by the way I confess--for I am not degenerated from a man, nor from a citizen--I confess, I say, that every one of us has an inclination and good will to his lesser country, the causes whereof I perceive are to you unknown. You would have it to be from nature: but the truth is, it grows of custom, or of some decree and ordinance. For after that men forsook their wild and savage manner of living, and began to build houses and walled towns, to join in society, and to use means offensive and defensive, behold then a certain communion necessarily began among them, and a social participation of diverse things. They parted the earth between them with certain limits and bounds; they had temples in common; also marketplaces, treasuries, seats of judgment; and principally ceremonies, rites, laws. All which things our greediness began in time so to esteem and make account of, as if they were our own in particular, and so they be in some sort, for that every private citizen had some interest in them, neither did they differ from private possessions, saving that they were not wholly in one man's power. This consociation and fellowship gave the form and fashion to a new erected state, which now we call properly the commonwealth, or our country. Wherein when men saw the chiefest stay of each person's safety to consist, laws were enacted for the succor and defense thereof; or at the least such customs

were received by tradition from the predecessors to their posterity, that grew to be of like force as laws. Herehence it comes to pass that we rejoice at the good of the commonwealth, and be sorry for her harm; because our own private goods are secure by her safety, and are lost by her overthrow. From this fountain do spring the streams of our goodwill and love toward her; which affection in respect of the common good (the secret providence of God leading thereunto) our ancestors increased, by all possible means establish and maintaining the majesty of their country.

It appears therefore in my judgment, that this affection had his beginning from custom, and not from nature, as you pretend. Else why should not the same measure of that affection be indifferently in all men? Why should the nobility and rich men have more care of their country than the poor people, who commonly take care for their private matters but none at all for the public affairs? Which thing falls out otherwise in all passions that be governed by the instinct of nature. Finally what reason can you allege that so small and light an occasion should oftentimes assuage, yea wholly extinguish it? See how every day some for anger, some for love, some for ambition forsake their country? And what a multitude are drawn away by that idol lucre? How many Italians forsaking Italy the queen of countries only for greed0iness of gain have removed their dwellings into France, Germany, yea even into Sarmatia? How many thousand Spaniards do ambition draw daily into another world from us? These arguments prove invincibly that the band whereby we are linked thus to our country is but external and accidental, in that it is so easily broken by one inordinate lust.

Moreover, Lipsius, you are greatly deceived in describing this country of ours: for you tie it very narrowly to that native soil where we were born and had our education, with other like frivolous allegations, from whence you labor in vain to pick out natural causes of our affection toward her. And if it be the native soil where we were born that deserves this title of our country then were Brussels only my country, and Iscanum yours; and to some other man, a poor cottage or cell; yea unto many, not so

much as a cottage, but a wood, or else the open field; what then? Shall my good will and affections be shut up within those narrow walls? Shall I settle my disposition and love upon one town or house as my country? What folly were that? You see also that by your description none are happier than those that are born in the woods and open fields, which are always flourishing, and seldom or never be subject to desolation or wasting. No, no, our country is not as you take it, but it is, some one state, or as it were one common ship, under the regiment of one prince, or one law: which I confess we ought to love, to defend, and to die for it; yet must it not drive us to lament, wail and despair. Well said the poet,

A happy quarrel is it and a good,
For country's cause to spend our dearest blood.
He said not that we should weep and lament, but die for our country.
For we must so far forth be good commonwealth's men, that we also
retain the person of good and honest men, which we lose if we betake
us to childish and womanlike lamentations.

Last of all, Lipsius, I have thee learn this one hidden and deep mystery, that if we respect the whole nature of man, all these earthly countries are vain and falsely so termed, except only in respect of the body, and not of the mind or soul, which descending down from that highest habitation, deems all the whole earth as a jail or prison, but heaven is our true and rightful country, whither let us advance all our cogitations, that we may freely say with Anaxagoras to such as foolishly ask us whether we have no regard to our country? Yes verily but yonder is our country, lifting our finger and mind up toward heaven.

Chapter XII

The third affection bridled, which is commiseration or pitying, being a vice. It is distinguished from mercy. How, and how far forth we ought to use it.

Langius with this conference having scattered abroad some dark mists from my mind, I bespake him thus. My father, what by admonitions, and what by instructions you have done me great good; so that it seems that I am now able to moderate my affection toward the native soil, or commonwealth wherein I was born, but not toward the persons of my fellow citizens and countrymen. For how should I not be touched and tormented with the calamities of my country for my countrymen's sake, who are tossed in this sea of adversities, and do perish by sundry misfortunes? Langius taking my tale by the end, This is not, quoth he, properly sorrow, but rather commiseration or pitying, which must be despised of him that is wise and constant; whom nothing so much beseems as steadiness and steadfastness of courage, which he cannot retain, if he be cast down not only with his own mishaps, but also at other men's. What Stoical subtleties are these? Said I. Will you not have me to pity another man's case? Surely it is a virtue among good men, and such as have any religion in them?

I deny that, said Langius, and I trust no good man will be offended with me, if I purge the mind of this malady, for it is a very dangerous contagion, and I judge him not far from a pitiful state that is subject to pitying of others. As it is a token of naughty eyes to wax watery when they behold other blear eyes, so is it of the mind that mourns at every other man's mourning. It is defined to be, The fault of an object and base mind, cast down at the show of another's mishap. When then? Are we so unkind and void of humanity that we would have no man to be moved at another's misery? Yes, I allow that we be moved to help them, not to bewail or wail with them. I permit mercy, but not pitying I call mercy, an

inclination of the mind to succor the necessity or misery of another. This is that virtue, Lipsius, which thou seest through a cloud, and instead whereof pity intrudes herself unto thee.

But thou wilt say, it is incident to man's nature to be moved with affection and pity. Be it so, yet certainly it is not decent and right. Thinkst thou that any virtue consists in softness and abjection of the mind? In sorrowing? In sighing? In sobbing together with such as weep? It cannot be so. For I will show thee some greedy old wives and covetous misers from whose eyes thou mayest sooner wring a thousand tears than one small penny out of their purses. But he that is truly merciful in deed will not bemoan or pity the condition of distressed persons but yet will do more to help and succor them than the other. He will behold men's miseries with the eye of compassion yet ruled and guided by reason. He will speak unto them with a sad countenance but not mourning or prostrate. He will comfort heartily, and help literally. He will perform more in works than in words: and he will stretch out unto the poor and needy his hand rather than his tongue. All this will he do with discretion and care, that he not infect himself with other men's contagion, and that, as fencers use to say, he bear not other's blows upon his own ribs. What is here savoring of inhumanity or churlishness? Even so all the wisdom seems austere and rigorous at the first view. But if you consider thoroughly of it, you shall find the same to be meek, gentle; yea more mild and amiable than Venus herself. Let this suffice touching the three fore-rehearsed affections; whom if I have in part expelled from thee, it will greatly avail me to get the victory in the battle that shall ensue.

Chapter XIII

The former impediments or lets being removed, we come in good earnest to the extenuating or taking away of public evils; which is assayed by

four principal arguments. First here is spoke of Providence, which is proved to be in and over all human affairs.

I come now from skirmishes to handgrips, and from light bickerings to the main battle. I will lead forth all my soldiers in order under their ensigns, diving them into four troops. First I will prove that these public evils are imposed upon us by God himself. Secondly, that they be necessary and by destiny. Thirdly, that they are profitable for us. Finally, that they be neither grievous nor strange. These troops if they discharge their parts each one in his place, can the whole army of your sorrow make any resistance, or once open the mouth against me? No truly, I must have the victory. In token whereof sound the trumpets and strike up the drums.

Whereas, Lipsius, all affections that do disturb man's life proceed from a mind distempered and void of reason: yet none of them more in my conceit than that sorrow which is conceived for the commonwealth's sake. For all others have some final cause and scope where to they tend: as the lover to enjoy his desire, the angry man to be avenged, the covetous churl to get, and so forth. Only this has no end proposed unto it. And to restrain my talk unto some certainty, thou, Lipsius, bewailest the state of thy country decaying. Tell me to what effect? Or what hopest thou to obtain thereby? To amend that which is amiss? To preserve that which is about to perish? Or by weeping to take away the plague or punishment that hangs over thy country? None of all these but only that thou mayest say with the common sort, I am sorry: In all other respects thy mourning is in vain and to no purpose. For that thing which is past, God himself would not have to be undone again.

Neither is this weeping of thine, vain only, but also wicked and ungodly, if it be rightly considered. For you know well that there is an eternal spirit, whom we call God, which rules, guides, and governs the rolling spheres of heaven, the manifold courses of the stars and planets, the successive alterations of the elements,

finally, all things whatsoever in heaven and earth. Thinkest thou that chance or fortune bears any sway in this excellent frame of the world? Or that the affairs of mortal men are carried headlong by chance medley? I wot well thou thinkest not so, nor any man else that has either wisdom or wit in his head. It is the voice of nature itself, and which way soever we turn our eyes or minds, all things both mortal and immortal, heavenly and earthly, sensible and insensible do with open mouth cry out and affirm, that there is somewhat far above us that created and formed these so many wonderful works, which also continually governs and preserves the same. This is God, to whose absolute perfection nothing is more agreeable than to be both able and willing to take the care and charge of his own workmanship. And why should not he be willing, seeing that he is the best of all? Why should he not be able, seeing he is the mightiest of all? In so far y* there is no strength above him, no nor any but that proceeds from him, neither is he letted or troubled with the greatness or variety of all these things. For this eternal light casts forth his bright beams everywhere, and in a moment pierces even into the bosom and bottom of the heavens, earth, and sea. It is not only president over all things, but present in them. And no marvel. What a great part of the world does the Sun lighten at once? What a mass of matter can our mind comprehend at once? O fools: can not he that made this sun and this mind perceive and conceive far more things than they: Well and divinely spake one that had small skill in divinity: As is the pilot in a ship, the carman to his wain, the chaunter in a choir, the law in a commonwealth, and the general in an army, so is God in the world. Herein only is the difference, that their charge is to them laborious, grievous, and painful. But God rules without all pain and labor or bodily striving. Wherefore, Lipsius, there is in God a watchful and continual care, yet without cark [anxiety], whereby he beholds, searches, and knows all things; and knowing them, disposes and orders the same by an immutable course to us unknown. And this is it which here I call providence, whereof some man through infirmity may grudge or complain: but not doubt, except he be benumbed of his senses, and besotted against nature.

Chapter XIV

That nothing is done but by the beck of this Providence. That by it desolations come upon men and cities; therefore we do not the parts of good and godly men to murmur or mourn for them. Finally, an exhortation to obey God against whom we strive unadvisedly and in vain.

If you conceive this rightly, and do believe heartily that this governing faculty insinuates itself, and, as the poet speaks, passes through every path of sea and eke of shore, I see not what further place can be left for your grief and grudging. For even the selfsame foreseeing intelligence which turns about the heaven daily, which causes the sun to rise and set, which brings forth and shuts up the fruits of the earth, produces all these calamities and changes which thou so much marvel and mutter at. Think you that God gives us only pleasing and profitable things? No, he sends likewise noisome and hurtful: neither is anything contrived, tossed or turned (sin only excepted) in this huge theater of the world, the cause and fountain whereof proceeds not from that first cause of causes: for as Pindar says well, The dispensers and doers of all things are in heaven. And there is let down from thence a golden chain, as Homer expresses by a figment, whereto all these inferior things are fast linked. That the earth has opened her mouth and swallowed up some towns, came of God's providence. That [else]where the plague has consumed many thousands of people, proceeds of the same cause. That slaughters, war and tyranny rage in the Low Countries, therehence also comes it to pass. From heaven, Lipsius, from heaven are all these miseries sent. Therefore Euripides said it well and wisely, that all calamities are from God. The ebbing and flowing of all human affairs depends upon that moon. The rising and fall of kingdoms comes from this sun. Thou therefore in losing the rains thus to thy

sorrow, and grudging that they country is so turned and overturned, consider not what thou art, and against whom thou complain. What art thou? A man, a shadow, dust? Against whom does thou fret? I fear to speak it, even against God.

The ancients have feigned that giants advanced themselves against God, to pull him out of his throne [a reference to the titanomachy, or the struggle of the titans against Zeus and the other Olympians]. Let us omit these fables: In very truth you querulous and murmuring men be these giants. For if it be so that God do not only suffer, but send all these things: then ye which thus strive and struggle, what do you else but, as much as in you lies, take the scepter and sway of government from him. O blind mortality: the sun, the moon, stars, elements, and all creatures else in the world, do willingly obey that supreme law: only man, the most excellent of all God's works lifts up his heel, and spurns against his maker. If thou hoist thy sails to the winds, thou must follow whither thy will force thee, not whither thy will leads thee. And in this great ocean sea of our life wilt thou refuse to following that breathing spirit which governs the whole world? Yet thou strivest in vain. For if thou follow not freely thou shalt be drawn after forcibly. We may laugh at him who having tied his boat to a rock, afterwards hauls the rope as though the rock should come to him, when himself goes nearer to it. But our foolishness is far greater, who being fast bound to the rock of God's eternal providence, by our hailing and pulling would have the same to obey us, and not we it. Let us forsake this fondness, and if we be wise let us follow that power which from above draws us, and let us think it good reason that man should be pleased with that which pleases God. The soldier in camp, having a sign of marching forward given him, takes up all his trinkets, but hearing the note of battle lays them down, preparing and making himself ready with heart, eyes, and ears, to execute whatsoever shall be commanded. So let us in this our warfare follow cheerfully and with courage withersoever our general calls us. We are hereunto adjured by oath, says Seneca, even to endure mortality, nor to be troubled with those things which it is not in our power to avoid. We are born in a kingdom, and to obey God is liberty.

Chapter XV

A passage to the second argument for constancy, which is taken from necessity. The force and violence thereof, this necessity is considered two ways, and first in the things themselves.

This is a sure brazen target against all outward accidents. This is that gold armor wherewith being fenced, Plato will us to fight against chance and fortune, to be subject to God, and in all events to cast our mind upon that great mind of the world, I mean providence, whose holy and happy troops having orderly trained forth. I will now bring out another band under the banner of necessity. A band valiant, strong, and hard as iron, which I may fitly term the thundering legion. The power of this is stern and invincible, which tames and subdues all things. Wherefore, Lipsius, I marvel if thou withstand it. Thales being asked what was strongest of all things, answered, necessity, for it overcomes all things. And to that purpose there is an old saying, though not so warily spoken of, that the gods cannot constrain necessity. This necessity I join next unto providence, because it is near kin to it, or rather born of it. For from God and his decrees necessity springs: and it is nothing else, as the Greek philosopher defines it, but a firm ordinance and immutable power of providence. That it has a stroke in all public evils that befall, I will prove two ways: from the nature of things themselves and from destiny. And first from the things, in that it is a natural property to all things created, to fall into mutability and alteration: as unto iron cleaves naturally a consuming rust: to wood a gnawing worm, and so a wasting rottenness. Even so to living creatures, cities, and kingdoms, there be certain inward causes of their own decay. Look upon all things high and low, great and small, made with hand, or composed by the mind, they always have decayed, and ever shall. And as the rivers with a continual swift course run into the sea, so all human

things through this conduit of wastings and calamities slide to the mark of their desolation. Death and destruction is this mark, and the means to come thither are plague, war, and slaughters. So that if death be necessary, then the means in that respect are as necessary. Which to the end thou mayest the better perceive by examples, I will not refuse in conceit and imagination to wander a while with thee through the great university of the world.

Chapter XVI

Examples of necessary alteration, or death in the whole world. That heaven and the elements are changed, and shall perish; the like is to be seen in towns, provinces, and kingdoms; finally, that all things here do turn about the wheel, and that nothing is stable or constant.

It is an eternal decree, pronounced of the world from the beginning, and of all things therein, to be born and to die, to begin and to end. That supreme judge of all things would have nothing firm and stable but himself alone, as says the tragic poet [Sophocles]

From age and death God only stands free
But all things else by time consumed be

All these things which thou behold and admire either shall perish in their due time, or at least be altered and changed: See thou the sun? He faints. The Moon. She labors and languishes. The stars? They fail and fall. And howsoever the wit of man cloaks and excuses these matters, yet there have happened and daily do in the celestial body such things as confound both the rules and wits of the mathematicians. I omit comets strange in form, situation, and motion, which all the universities shall never persuade me to be in the air, or of the air. But behold our astrologers were sore

trouble of late with strange motions and new stars. This very year there arose a star whose increasing and decreasing was plainly marked, and we saw (a matter hardly to be credited) even in the heaven itself, a thing to have beginning and end. And Varro (in Augustine) cries out and affirms that the evening star called of Plautus Versperugo and of Homer Hersperus had changed his color, his bigness, his fashion, and his course. Next unto the heaven, behold the air, it is altered daily and passes into winds, clouds, and showers. Go to the waters. Those floods and fountains which we affirm to be perpetual, do sometimes fail altogether, and [at] other [times] . . . change their channel and ordinary course. The huge ocean (a great and secret part of nature) is ever tossed and tumbled with tempests; and if thy be wanting, yet has it its flowing and ebbing of waters, and that we may perceive it to be subject to decay; it swells and swages daily in its parts.

Behold also the earth which is taken to be immovable, and to stand steady of its own force: it faints and is stricken with an inward secret blast that makes it to tremble: somewhere it is corrupted by the water, [else]where by fire. For these same things do strive among themselves. Neither grudge thou to see war among men, there is likewise between the elements. What great lands have been wasted, yea wholly swallowed up by the sudden deluges, and violent overflowings of the sea? In old time the sea overwhelmed wholly a great island called Atlantis (I think not the story fabulous [fictitious]) and after that the mighty cities Helice and Bura. But to leave ancient examples, here in Belgica [in the parts of Zeland] two islands with the towns and men in them. And even now in our time this lord of the sea Neptune opens to himself new gaps and sweeps up daily the weak banks of Friesland and other countries. Yet does not the earth sit still like a slothful housewife, but sometimes revenges herself and makes new islands in the midst of the sea, though Neptune marvel and be moved thereat. And if these great bodies which to us seem everlasting be subject to mutability and alteration, why much more should not towns, commonwealths, and kingdoms, which must needs be mortal, as they that do compose them? As each particular man has his youth, his strength, old age, and death, so

fares it with those other bodies. They begin, they increase, they stand and flourish, and all to this end, that they may decay. One earthquake under the reign of Tiberius overthrew twelve famous towns of Asia. And as many in Campania in Constantine's time. One war of Attila a Scythian prince destroyed a hundred cities. The ancient Thebes of Egypt is scarce held in remembrance in this day. And a hundred towns of Crete not believed ever to have been. To come to more certainty, our elders saw the ruins of Carthage, Numantia, Corinth, and wondered thereat. And ourselves have beheld the unworthy relics of Athens, Sparta, and many renowned cities, yea even that Lady of all things and countries, falsely termed everlasting [Rome is meant], where is she? Overwhelmed, pulled down, burned, overflowed: she is perished with more than one kind of destruction, and at this day she is ambitiously sought for, but not found in her proper soil. Seest thou that noble Byzantium being proud with the seat of two empires? Venice lifted up with the stableness of a thousand years continuance? Their day shall come at length. And thou also our Antwerp, the beauty of cities, in time shalt come to nothing. For this great master builder pulls down, sets up, and if I may so lawfully speak makes a sport of human affairs. And like an image maker, forms and frames to himself sundry sorts of portraitures in his clay.

I have spoken of towns and cities. Countries likewise and kingdoms run the very same race. Once the East flourished. Assyria, Egypt and Jewry excelled in war and peace. That glory was transferred into Europe, which now like a diseased body seems unto me to be shaken, and to have a feeling of her great confusion night at hand. Yea, and that which is more and never enough to be marveled at, this world having now been inhabited these five thousand and five hundred years, is at length come to its dotage. And that we may now approve again the fables of Anaxarchus in old time hissed at, behold now there arises elsewhere new people, and a new world. O the law of necessity, wonderful, and not to be comprehended. All things run into this fatal whirlpool of ebbing and flowing. And some things in this world are long lasting but not everlasting.

Lift up thine eyes and look about with me, for it grieves me not to stand long upon this point, and behold the alterations of all human affairs, and the swelling and swaging of them as of the sea: arise thou; fall thou; rule thou; obey thou; hide thou thy head; lift thou up thine and let this wheel of changeable things run round, so long as this round world remains. Have you Germans in time past been fierce? Be ye now milder than most people of Europe? Have you Britons been uncivil heretofore? Now exceed you the Egyptians and people of Sybaris in delights and riches. Has Greece once flourished? Now let her be afflicted, Hast Italy swayed the scepter? Now let her be in subjection. You Goths, you Vandals, you vilest of the barbarians, peep you out of your lurking holes, and come rule the nations in your turn. Draw near ye rude Scythians, and with a mighty hand hold you a while the reins of Asia and Europe; yet you again soon after give place and yield up the scepter to another nation bordering on the ocean. Am I deceived? Or else do I see the sun of another new empire arising in the West?

Chapter XVII

We come to that necessity which is of destiny. First destiny itself avouched. That there has been a general consent therein of the common people and wise men; but different in part. How many ways destiny has been taken among the ancients.

Thus spake Langius, and with his talk caused the tears to trickle down my cheeks; so clearly seemed he to behold the vanity of human affairs. With that lifting up my voice, alas, quoth I, what are we or all these matters for which we thus toil? What is it to be somebody? Man is a shadow and a dream, as says the poet. Then spake Langius to me, but thou young man do not only contemplate on these things; but contemn them [i.e. regard

yourself as above them]. Imprint constancy in thy mind amid this casual and inconstant variableness of all things. I call it inconstant in respect of our understanding and judgment; for that if thou look unto God and his providence, all things succeed [follow in a series] in a steady and immovable order. Now I cast aside my sword and come to my engines; neither will I any longer assault sorrow with handy weapons but with great ordnance; running against it with the strong and terrible ram which no power of man is able to put back nor policy to prevent. This place is somewhat slippery, yet I will enter into it, but warily, slowly, and, as the Grecians speak, with a quiet foot.

And first that there is a kind of fatal destiny in things, I think neither thyself, Lipsius, nor any people or age has ever doubted of. Here I interrupting him said, I pray you pardon me if I hinder you a little in this course. What? Do you oppose destiny unto me? Alas, this is but a weak engine pushed on by the feeble Stoics. I tell you plainly I care not a rush for the destinies nor the ladies of them. And I say with the soldier in Plautus, I will scatter this troupe of old wives with one blast of breath, even as the wind does the leaves. Langius looking sternly on me, wilt thou so rashly and unadvisedly, said he, delude or deny utterly destiny? Thou art not able, except thou can at once take away the divine Godhead and the power thereof, for, if there be a God, there is also providence; if it, a decree and order of things, and of that follows a firm and sure necessity of events. How avoid you this blow? Or with what axe will you cut off this chain? For God and that eternal spirit may not otherwise be considered of [by] us, then [than] that we attribute unto it an eternal knowledge and foresight. We must acknowledge him to be stayed, resolute and immutable, always one, and like himself, not wavering or varying in those things which once he willed and foresaw. For the eternal God never changes his mind, says Homer. Which if thou confess to be true, as indeed thou must if there be in thee any reason or sense, this also must be allowed that all God's decrees are firm and immovable even from everlasting unto all eternity; of this grows necessity, and that some destiny which thou deride. The truth whereof is so clear and commonly received, that there was

never any opinion current among all nations. And whosoever had any light of God himself and his providence, had the like of destiny. The most ancient and wisest poet Homer, believe me, trace his divine muse in none other path than this of destiny. Neither did the other poets his progeny stray from the steps of their father. See Euripides, Sophocles, Pindar, and among the Latins Virgil. Shall I speak of historiographers? This is the voice of them all; that such and such a thing came to pass by destiny, and that by destiny kingdoms are either established or subverted. Would you hear the philosophers, whose chief care was to find out and defend the truth against the common people? As the jarred in many things through an ambitious desire of disputing, so it is a wonder to see how they agreed universally upon the entrance into this way which leads to destiny. I say in the entrance of that way because I deny not but that they follow some by path ways, which may be reduced into these four kinds of destiny, namely, mathematical, natural, violent, and true. All which I will expound briefly, only touching them a little, because that herehence [from such matters] commonly grows [arises] confusion and error.

Chapter XVIII

The first three kinds of destiny briefly explained. The definition or description of them all. The Stoics slightly and briefly excused.

I call mathematical destiny that which ties and knits firmly all actions and events to the power of the planets and dispositions of the stars. Of which the Chaldeans and astrologists were the first authors. And among the philosophers that lofty Mercurius is principal and abettor, who subtly and wisely distinguishing providence, necessity, and destiny, says: Providence is an absolute and perfect knowledge of the celestial God; which has

two faculties nearly allied unto it, necessity and destiny. Destiny truly serves and assists providence, and also necessity, but unto destiny itself the stars do minister. For neither may any man avoid the force of fate, neither [sic] beware of the power and influence of the stars. For these be the weapons and armor of destiny, at whose pleasure they do and perform all things to nature and men. In this foolish opinion are not only the common crew of astrologers, but, I shame to speak it, some divines.

I call natural fate the order of natural causes, which, not being hindered, by their force and nature do produce a certain and the selfsame effect. Aristotle is of this sect, if we give credit to Alexander [of] Aphrodisi[a]s his interpreter. Likewise, Theophrastus, who writes plainly, that destiny is the nature of each thing. By their opinion it is destiny that a man begets a man; and so that he dies of inward natural causes and not by violence or force, it is destiny. Contrarily, that a man should engender a serpent or a monster, it is besides destiny: also to be killed with a sword or by fire. This opinion is not very offensive, for that indeed it ascends not so high as the force of fate or destiny. And does not every one escape falling that keeps himself from climbing aloft? Such a one is Aristotle almost everywhere writing ought of celestial matters, except it be in his book of the world, which is a golden treatise savoring of a more celestial air.* I read moreover in a Greek writer that Aristotle thought that fate was no cause, but that chance was in some sort an alteration or change of the cause of such things as were disposed by necessity. O the heart of a philosopher: that dares to account fortune and chance among the number of causes but not destiny. But let him pass: I come to the Stoics my friends (for I profess to hold that sect in estimation and account) who were the authors of violent fate, which with Seneca I define to be a necessity of all things and actions, which no force can withstand or break. And with Chrysippus, a spiritual power, governing orderly the whole world. These definitions swerve not far from the truth if they be soundly and modestly expounded. Neither, happily, their opinion generally, if the common people had not condemned the same already by a prejudicate [hurtful] conceit. They are charged with two impieties, that they make God

subject to the wheel of destiny, and also the actions of our will. I cannot boldly acquit them of both these faults: for out of some of their writings (few being at this day extant) we may gather those sayings, and out of some other we collect more wholesome sentences.

Seneca a principal pillar of that sect stumbles at the first block of his book on providence where he says, The very same necessity binds God: an irrevocable course carries away both human and divine things. The maker and ruler of all things decreed destinies but now follows them; he commanded once, but he obeys forever. And that same indissoluble chain and linking together of causes which binds all things and persons seems plainly to infer force or constraint. But the true Stoics never professed such doctrines, and if by chance any like sentence passed from them in the vehemency of their writing or disputing, it was more in words than in substance and sense. Chrysippus, who first corrupted that grave sect of philosophers with crabbed subtleties of questions, clears it from depriving man of free liberty. And our Seneca does not make God subject to fate (he was wiser than so) but God to God, after a certain kind of speech. For those Stoics that came nearest the truth do call destiny sometimes providence and sometimes God. Therefore Zeno when he had called destiny a power moving about the same matter, after one and the same manner, he adds, which it boots not whether you call it providence or nature. Likewise Chrysippus elsewhere called destiny the eternal purpose or decree of providence. Panaetius the Stoic said, that God himself was fate, Seneca being of the same mind says, when you list [are so inclined] you may call the author of nature and all things, by this or that name: You may justly term him the best and great Jupiter and thundering and Stator, that is stable and standing, not so called as historians deliver because . . . after a vow undertaken, he stayed the Roman army [from] flying away; but because all things stand by his free benefit, therefore was he named stander or [e]stablisher. If you call him also fate or destiny, you shall not belie him. For sith that destiny is nothing but a folded order of causes, he is the principal and first cause of all whereon the residue do depend. Which last words are so godly

spoken that slander itself cannot slander them. In this point dissented not from the Stoics that great writer to a great king: I think that necessity ought not to be called anything else but God, as a steadfast and stable nature. And destiny that which knits together all things and holds his course freely, without let or impediment. Which sayings, if they have any taste of temerity in them, yet not impiety; and being rightly interpreted differ not much from our true fate and destiny. I do in good earnest give this commendation to the Stoics, that no other sect of philosophers avowed more the majesty and providence of God, nor drew men nearer to heaven and eternal things. And if in treading this trace of destiny they went somewhat astray, it was through a laudable and good desire they have to withdraw blind men from the blind goddess, I mean fortune: the nature whereof they did not only mightily hiss out of their company, but even the very name.

Chapter XIX

The fourth and true kind of destiny expounded. The name briefly spoken of, it is lightly defined, and proved to differ from providence.

This much may suffice touching the opinions and dissensions of the ancients. For why should I overcuriously search the secrets of hell (as the proverb is)? I shall have enough to do with true destiny, which now I propound and illustrate, calling it an eternal decree of God's providence, which cannot be taken away no more than providence itself. And let not any man cavil with me about the name, because I say there is not in Latin another proper word to express that thing but *fatum*. What? Have old writes abused it? Let us use it: and so enlarging this word out of the prison of the

Stoics, let us bring it to a better light. It is called in Latin fatum a [from] fando of speaking, neither is it anything else properly but the saying and commandment of God: And this is it which now I seek for; I define it either with that famous Picus, a rank and order of causes depending upon God's counsel, or with mine own words more obscurely and subtly, an immovable decree of providence inherent in things movable, which firmly effects everything in its order, place, and time. I call it "a decree of providence" because I agree not wholly with the divines if our days (let them give me leave in the free study of the truth) who in name and nature confound it with providence. I know it be a hard matter, and full of temerity to conceive or restrain unto certain words that supernatural and supercelestial essence (I mean God) or ought that belongs to him; yet unto any man's capacity I defend and maintain that providence is one thing properly, and fate or destiny, another. For I consider providence no otherwise then that it be a power and faculty in God of seeing, knowing and governing all things. A power, I say, universal, undivided, guarded, and Lucretius speaks, united together. But destiny seems to descend into the things themselves and to be seen in the particulars of them, being as it were a disposing and bestowing abroad of that universal providence, by particulars. Therefore, providence is in God, and attributed to him alone; destiny in the things, and to them is ascribed. You think I trifle, and (as it is said) bore holes in millet seed; no, Lipsius, I take this out of the talk of the common people, among whom nothing is more usual than to say, "this was my good or evil destiny"; and likewise, "this was the fatal decree of this kingdom, or that town." But no man speaks so of providence, no man applies it to the things themselves, without impiety and derision. Therefore, I said well, that the one of them was in God, th'other truly from God, and perceived in the self [same] things.

I say, moreover, that though providence be not really divided from destiny, yet it is more excellent and more ancient; even as we are taught in the schools of the wise to say that the sun is more worth than the light; eternity than time; understanding than reason. But to draw into a short sum[mary] these curious not

common matters. Thou seest that I have just cause both to use this distinction and also to retain the name of destiny against the new consistory of divines. For why? Those ancient celebrated fathers prohibit me not but that I may use in its right and true sense the word destiny. But now that I may return to make plain my former definition, I said it was, an inherent decree, to show that destiny should be marked in the things to which it comes, and not from whence it proceeds. I added, "in movable things," signifying that although destiny itself be immovable, yet it takes not away motion, nor any natural faculty from things, but works easily and without force even as the marks and signs imprinted by God in each thing do require. In causes (secondary, I mean) that be necessary, it works necessarily; in natural causes, naturally; in voluntary causes, voluntarily; in contingent, contingently. Wherefore in respect of the things it does neither force, nor constrain; but as everything is made to do, or suffer, so it directs and turns all things. But if you recall it to its first original, I mean God and his providence, I affirm constantly and boldly that all things are done necessarily, which are done by destiny.

Lastly, I joined "of the order, place, and time," establishing that which I said before, that providence was of things in universality, destiny by distribution in particularities. By "order," I understand the course and united together of causes which destiny limits. By "place and time" I mean that wonderful and incomprehensible power whereby all events or actions are tied to their certain places and moments of time. It was destiny that Tarquin should be banished [from] his kingdom. Be it so; but first let the adultery be committed. You see the order of the causes. It was destiny that Caesar be killed. So; but in the Senate by the image of Pompey. You see the place. That Domitian should be murdered of [by] his own people. Let him be murdered; but yet at the very hour, even the fifth, which in vain he sought to prevent. Thus you see the time.

Chapter XX

It is distinguished by four notes from Stoical destiny. Here is shown more exactly how it does not enforce our will; and also that God is neither coadjutor nor author of evil.

How sayest thou, young man, perceivest thou this? Or must I light a clearer torch to thee? I, striking my head, "yea, Langius, I must have more light, or I shall never come out of this darkness. What slender kind of distinctions be these? Captious jinns of questions are here? I fear treason, believe me, and suspect those mystical and doubtful words of yours as my very enemies. Langius, laughing a little, be of good courage, quoth he, here is no Hannibal. Thou art come into a sure castle, not fallen into any ambush; I will give thee light enough. Tell me where and in what point thou art so ignorant yet? In that, Langius, which concerns force and necessity. For truly I cannot see how this destiny that you describe differs from that of the Stoics, which when you in words shut out at the broad gate, as I may say, in effect you let in afterwards at a postern or backdoor. No, Lipsius, God forbid, for my part I do not so much as dream of any such Stoical destiny, nor study to revive again those old wives long ago dead and buried.* I propose unto thee such a doctrine as may stand with modesty and godliness, distinguished from the violent fate by four marks. They make God himself subject to destiny, and Jupiter in Homer though he were most willing, could not enlarge Sarpedon from his bands [bonds, i.e., fated destiny]. But we do subject destiny unto God, making him a most free author and actor of things, able at his will, and pleasure far to surmount and cut in sunder those linked troupes and bands of destiny. They appoint a successive order of natural causes from all eternity: we do not make the causes always natural (for God is often the cause of wonders and miracles, besides or contrary to nature) nor eternal. For these second causes had the beginning with the world. Thirdly, they take away all contingency from things; we

admit it, affirming that as often as the secondary causes are such, chance or hap may be admitted in the events and actions. Lastly, they seemed to intrude a violent force upon our will. This be far from us, who do both allow fate or destiny, and also join hands with liberty or freedom of will. We do so shun the deceitful blasts of fortune, and chance, that we dash not our ship against the rocks of necessity. Is there fate? Yes. But it is the first and principal cause, which is so far from taking away the middle and secondary causes, that ordinarily and for the most part it works not but by them; and thy will is among the number of those secondary causes, think not that God forces it or entirely takes it away; herein is all the error and ignorance in this matter, no man considers how he ought to will that which destiny wills; and I say freely to will it. For God that created all things uses the same without any corruption of them. As the highest sphere with its motion sways about [rotates around] the rest, yet so as it neither bars nor breaks them of their proper motions; so God by the power of destiny draws all things but takes not away the peculiar faculty or motion of any thing. He would [i.e., if he should will] that trees and corn should grow, so do they, without any force of their own nature. He would that men should use deliberation and choice. So do they without force, of their free will. And yet whatsoever they were in mind to make choice of, God foresaw from all eternity; he foresaw it, I say, not forced it; he knew it, but constrained not; he foretold it, but not prescribed it. Why do our curious Curioes stagger or stumble hereat? O simple creatures! I see nothing more clear than this, except it be so that some busy wanton mind lists to rub and exasperate itself, being infected with a contagious itching of disputation and contention.

How can they be, say they, if God foresaw that I should sin, and his foresight cannot be deceived, but that I do sin necessarily? Fool! Who denies it? Thou sinnest necessarily, and yet of thine own free will. Forsooth thus much did God foresee, that thou shouldest sin in such sort as he foresaw, but he saw that thou shouldest sin freely, therefore thou sinnest freely and necessarily. Is this plain enough? They urge further and say, is not God in us the author of every motion? He is the author generally, I confess,

yet the favorer of good only. Art thou inclined to virtue? He knows it and helps thee. Unto vice? He knows that also, and suffers thee. Neither is there any fault in him. I ride a weak and lame horse, the riding is of me, but the weakness and lameness of himself [the horse itself]. I play upon a harp ill sounding and out of tune: In that it is out of tune is the fault of the instrument, not of me. The earth with one universal and the same juice nourishes all trees and fruits whereof some growth to be profitable, and some poisonable. What then? Shall we say that this proceeds of the earth, and not rather from the nature of the trees that do convert so good nutriment into poison? So in this case it comes of God that thou are moved. But it is of and in thyself that thou art moved to evil. Finally, to conclude of this liberty; destiny is as the first man that leads the round in this dance of the word; but so as we dance our parts too, in willing or nilling, and no further, not in doing, for there is to man only a free will to strive and struggle against God, and not power to perform the same. As it is lawful for me to walk up and down in a ship and to run about the hatches or seats, but this stirring of mine cannot hinder the sailing of the ship; so in this fatal vessel wherein we all sail, let our wills wrangle and wrest as they list, they shall not turn her out of her course, nor any thing hinder the same. That highest will of all wills must hold and rule the reins, and with the turn of a hand direct this chariot whithersoever it pleases.

Chapter XXI

A conclusion of the treatise of destiny. An admonition that it is doubtful and full of danger; and must not curiously be searched. Lastly, an earnest exhortation to imprint courage in our minds through necessity.

But why do I sail on so long in this course? I will now cast about and avoid this Charybdis, which has swallowed up so many

men's wits. Here I behold how Cicero suffered shipwreck, who chose rather to deny providence than to abate one ace of man's liberty. So while he made men free (as it is finely said by one prelate) he made them sacrilegious. Damascene also sails in this gulf and extends providence unto other things but excludes it from those that are in us. By whose harms, Lipsius, I being warned will keep the shore, and not launch out too far into this deep sea. Euclides being demanded many things touching God, answered fitly, "Other things I know not, but of this I am assured, that he hates curious persons. Even so I think of destiny, which must be looked unto, not into; and be credited, not perfectly known. I suppose that saying of Bias, "touching God, believe that he is," may better be applied to destiny, whereof I admonish thee this much, that it suffices to know that it is. If thou be ignorant in other things thereto belonging, it is no offence. This is sufficient to our purpose (for I now return from wandering, into the right way again) that thou believe necessity to be naturally born together with public evils, and therefore seek some solace of thy sorrow. What appertains it unto thee to inquire curiously of the liberty or thralldom of our will? Whether it be enforced or persuaded? Alas poor soul! Thy town is sacked by the enemy, and thou sittest drawing circles in the dust. War, tyranny, slaughter, and death hang over thy head, which are truly things sent from above, and do not in any wise appertain to thy will or pleasure. Thou mayest fear, but not prevent; fly, but not avoid them. Arm thyself against them, and take this fatal weapon in thy hand, which will not only prick but panch [dissolve, as a stomach digests food?] these sorrows; not lighten thee but wholly unload thee of them. As a nettle if you touch it softly stings but loses its force if you handle it roughly; so this grief grows greater by applying soft mollifying plasters but it soon cured with sharp corrasives. Now there is nothing more forcible than necessity, which with one assault overthrows and puts to flight all these weak troops. What meanst thou sorrow? It is no boot to use thee when a thing of necessity must, or reason ought to come to pass. What wilt thou [thy?] querulous complaint do? Thou mayest shake this celestial yoke but not shake it off:

Leave off to think that God's fatal decree
By thy repining may altered be.

There is no other refuge from necessity but to wish what she wills. Well was it said by an excellent wise man, "Thou art sure to be conqueror if thou enter into no conflict but such as in thy power to overcome" (Epictetus Enchiridion). The combat with necessity is not such, wherewith whosoever contends shall be overcome; yea, which more may be marveled at, he is already vanquished before he begin to enter the lists with it.

Chapter XXII

Some do seek a cloak for their laziness in destiny; but that is taken away. Fate works by secondary causes, therefore they must be applied. How far it behooves us to aid our country, and how not. The end of this first conference and book.

Here Langius, pausing a little, I became the readier to speak my mind, and told him that if this wind blew astern thus awhile, I should think myself very near the haven. For I have now a bold resolution to follow God and obey necessity. Methinks I can say with Euripides, "I had rather do sacrifice unto him, than incensed with ire to kick against the pricks [the adversities he distributes] or that I being a mortal man should contend with God immortal." Yet there is one tempestuous wave of a troubled imagination that tosses me; assuage it, Langius, if you may. For if all public evils

come by destiny, which cannot be constrained nor controlled, why then shall we take any care at all for our country? Why do we not leave all to that great masterless Lord, and sit still ourselves with our hands in our bosoms? For you say that all advice and aid is of no force, if destiny be against it. Langius replying, Alas, young man, said he, by willful frowardness thou erreth from the truth. Is this the way to obey destiny; and not rather to resist and contemn [show contempt for] it? Thou wilt sit still with thy hands in thy bosom. Well, I would thy tongue had been tied now. Who told thee that destiny works alone without coadjutant and mean [auxiliary and subordinate] causes. It is destiny [that] thou shouldst have children; yet first thou must sow the seed in thy wife's garden. To be cured of thy disease, but so as thou use the physician and good nourishment. So likewise if it be destiny that this weather-beaten ship of thy country shall be saved from drowning, it is destiny withal that she be aided and defended. If thou wilt attain to the haven thou must ply the oars, and hoist thy sails, and not idly expect wind at will from heaven.

Contrarily, if it be destiny that thy country shall be brought to confusion, such things shall come to pass by destiny as will bring her to desolation by human means. The princes and people shall be at variance among themselves; none shall be willing to obey; none able to command; all shall speak proudly and do cowardly. Finally, the chieftains themselves shall have neither counsel nor fidelity. Velleius said truly,

The force of fates is inevitable, whose estate they determine to confound his counsels they corrupt,

And again,

The matter is so that God when he will change a man's good estate takes away his understanding. And (which is most wretched of all) he causes that the misery which befalls is reputed to happen most deservedly.

Yet thou must not be driven so into despair, as though at the first assault thy country were in hazard of utter destruction. How knowest thou that? What canst thou tell whether this be only a light fit of fever, or a deeper disease unto death? Therefore put to thy helping hand and, as the proverb is, hope still while breath is in the sick body. But if thou see by certain and infallible tokens that the fatal alteration of the state is come, with me this saying shall prevail,

Not to fight against God.

And in such a case I would allege the example of Solon; for when P[er]icles had brought the city of Athens under his obedience, Solon seeing that all his labor for the defense of the common liberty was in vain, came and laid down his sword and target before the Senate doors, crying out, "O my country, I have by word and deed defended thee while I could." And so going home he was quiet afterward. So do thou; yield to God, and give place to the time. And if thou be a good citizen or commonwealth's man preserve thyself to a better and happier end. The liberty which is now lost may be recovered hereafter; and they decayed country may flourish in another age; why dost thou lose all courage and fall into despair. Of those two consuls at the battle of Cannes, I account Varro a more excellent citizen who escaped than Paulus that was slain; and so did the Senate and people of Rome judge, giving him thanks publicly for that he had not lost all hope, nor despaired wholly of the commonwealth. Howbeit whether she shake or fall, whether she impair or wholly perish, be thou not afflicted, but take unto thee the noble courage of Crator, who when Alexander asked whether he would have his country restored again to liberty; "why should I?" said he, "for it may be that another Alexander will oppress her." This is the property of wise and valiant hearted men, as Achilles warned in Homer.

Though cause of grief be great, yet let us keep
All to ourselves; it boots not to weep

Else as Creon (mentioned in fables) embracing his daughter being a burning did not help her but cast himself away; so, Lipsius, thou shalt sooner with thy tears quench the light of thine own life than this general flame of thy country.

While Langius was thus speaking, the doors racked with a great noise, and behold there came a lad directly towards us, sent from that worthy personage Torrentius, to put us in mind of the hour of supper; then Langius, as it were one awakening (suddenly) out of a sound sleep, "Oh," said he, "how has this talking beguiled me? How is this day stolen away?" And therewith he rose, taking me by the hand, and said, "Come, Lipsius, let us go to our supper long wished for." "Nay," quoth I, "let us sit still a while longer. I account this the best supper of all others, which I may call as the Grecians do, The meat of the gods. While we are at this banquet, I do always hunger, and am never satisfied."

But Langius drew me along with him, saying, "Let us now have regard to our promise made, and that which is behind [i.e., remains] of our duty to [speak of] constancy, we will, if it please you, perform tomorrow."

The end of the first book

His Second

Book of Constancy

(Latin 1584, Englished by John Stradling 1594)

Chapter I

The occasion of renewing their talk. The going unto Langius his pleasant garden and the commendation thereof.

The next day it seemed good to Langius to bring me unto his gardens, being two, which he kept with very great care, one in the hill over against his house, the other further off in a valley by the river of Moze.

Which river holdeth his course gently
By a town seated most pleasantly.

Therefore coming somewhat timely into my chamber, what, Lipsius, said he, shall we walk abroad, or had you rather take your ease and sit still? Nay, Langius, I had rather walk with you. But whither shall we go? If it please you, quoth Langius, to my garden by the river's side; the way is not far, you shall exercise your body and see the town. Finally, the air is there pleasant and fresh in this hot weather. It pleases me well, said I, neither shall any way be tedious for me to follow if you go before; though it were to the furthest Indies. And therewith calling for our cloaks, we put them on; we went, and went into the garden. In the very entrance as I cast my eyes about with a wandering curiosity, wondering with myself at the elegance and beauty of the place: My sire, said I, what pleasantness and bravery is this? You have heaven here, Langius, and no garden. Neither do the glittering stars above shine clearer in a fair night than your fine flowers glistening and showing their colors with variety. Poets speak much of the gardens of Adonis and Alcinous; they are trifles and in comparison of this no better than pictures of flies; when I drear nearer and applied some of the flowers to my nose and eyes, what shall I wish first, quoth I, to be all eye with Argus or nose with

Catallus? This delight so tickles and feeds both my senses at once. Away, away all ye odors of Arabia, you are loathsome unto me in comparison of this pure and celestial air that I savor. Then spake Lipsius wring me softly by the hand and not without laughter: It is well commended of you, Lipsius, but truly neither I nor my country dame Flora, here present, do deserve these lofty and friendly praises. Yea, but they are truly deserve, Langius. Think ye that I flatter you? I speak in good earnest and from my heart. The Elysian fields are not Elysian in respect of [in comparison to] this your farm. For behold, what exquisite neatness is here on every side? What order? How proportionably are all things disposed in their borders and places, that even checkerwork in tables is not more curious? Again, what plenty is here of flowers and herbs? What strangeness and novelty? In so much that nature seems to have compacted with in this little plot, whatsoever thing of price is comprised in this or that new world.

Chapter II

The praise of gardens in general. That the care of them is ancient and from nature itself. That it was used by kings and great personages. Finally, the pleasure of them laid open before our eyes; and my wish not ungodly.

And surely, Langius, this your industrious care of gardens is a labor well-beseeming and praiseworthy. A labor, whereto (if I guess not amiss) every good man as he is most temperately given, so is he drawn by nature and addicted thereunto. An argument thereof is this, that you cannot name any kind of delight which the chief men of all ages have more affected than this. Look into the holy Scripture, and you shall see that gardens had their beginnings with the world, God himself appointing the first man

his habitation therein, as the seat of a blessed and happy life. In profane writers the gardens of Adonis, of Alcinous, Tantalus and the Hesperides are grown into fables and common proverbs; also in very good approved histories you shall find that King Cyrus had gardens and orchards planted with his own hands; that Semiramis had goodly flowers hanging in the air; Marsinissa strange and famous garnished gardens, to the wonder of Africa. Moreover, among the ancient Grecians and Romans, how many could I allege that have case aside all other cares and betaken themselves wholly to this study? And they all (in a word) philosophers and wise men, who eschewing the cities and troublesome assemblies of people, contained themselves within the bounds and limits of their gardens. And among these, methinks I see King Tarquin in the time of that first old Rome, walking pleasantly in his garden, and cropping the tops of poppy. I remember Cato Censorinus given to the pleasure of gardens and writing seriously of that argument; Lucullus after his victories obtained in Asia, taking his recreation in his gardens. Sulla, who forsaking the dictatorship spent his old age joyously here; lastly I may not forget the Emperor Diocletian that preferred his pot herbs and lettuce of a poor farm at Salona before the imperial scepter and robes of purple. Neither have the common people dissented from the judgment of the better sort, in this point, in that I know all honest minds and free from ambition have ever been delighted in this exercise. For there is in us a secret and natural force (the causes whereof I cannot easily comprehend) which draws unto this harmless and liberal recreation not only those that be prove by nature that way; but also such austere and grave personages as would seem to despise and deride it.

And as it is not possible for any man to contemplate heave and those immortal spirits there without fear and reverence, so can we not behold the earth and her sacred treasures nor the excellent beauty of this inferior world, without an inward tickling and delight of the senses. Ask thy mind and understanding, it will confess itself to be led, yea and fed with this aspect and sight. Ask thy senses of seeing and smelling, they will acknowledge that they take not greater delight in anything than in the decent borders and

beds of gardens. Pause I pray thee a little while and behold the multitude of flowers with their daily increasings, one in the stalk, one in the bud, another in the blossom. Mark how one fades suddenly and another springs [forth]. Finally, observe in one kind of flower the beauty, the form, the shape or fashion either agreeing or disagreeing among themselves a thousand ways. What mind is so stern that amid all these will not bend itself with some mild cogitation, and be mollified thereby? Now come hither a while thou curious eye, and be fixed a little upon these gay and neat colors; mark well this natural purple, that sanguine, this ivory, that snowing color; this fiery, that golden hue; and so many other colors besides, as the best painter may emulate but never be able to imitate with his pencil. Lastly, what a sweet odor is there? What percing [piercing?] savor? And I wot not what part of the heavenly air infused from above that it is not without cause why the poets feigned that flowers for the most part sprang up first from the juice and blood of their gods. O the true fountain of joy and sweet delight! O the seat of Venus and the Graces. I wish to rest me and lead my whole life in your bowers. God grant me leave (far from all the tumults of towns) to walk with a gladsome and wandering eye amid these herbs and flowers of the known and unknown world [a marginal note is attached to "unknown world": "the new world, as it is commonly called"]; and to reach my hands and to cast mine eyes one while to this full-grown flower and another while to that newly in the blossom; so that my mind being beguiled with a kind of wandering retchlessness I may cast off the remembrance of all cares and troubles.

Chapter III

Here is argued against some curious persons that do abuse gardens to vanity and slothfulness; what is the true use of them; that they are meet

for wise men and learned; and that wisdom herself was first bred and brought up in them.

When I had thus spoken sharply in voice and countenance, then spake Langius softly unto me; I see, Lipsius, I see you love this flourishing purple nymph, but I fear me you dote upon her. You commend gardens but so as you seem only to admire vain and outward things therein, neglecting the true and lawful delights thereof. You pore only upon colors and borders and are greedy of strange flowers brought from all parts of the world. And to what end is all this? Except it be that I might account thee one of that sect, which is risen up in our days, of curious and idle persons who have made a thing which was in itself good and without any offense to be the instrument of two foul vices, vanity and slothfulness. For even to this end have they their gardens; they do vaingloriously hunt after strange herbs and flowers, which having gotten, they preserve and cherish more carefully than any mother does her child; these be the men whose letters fly abroad into Thracia, Greece, and India only for a little root or seed. These men will be more grieved for the loss of a newfound flower than for an old friend. Would not any man laugh at that Roman which mourned in black for the death of a fish that he had. [A marginal note explains that the reference is to "Hortensius who (it is said) wore mourning apparel for the loss of a lamprey."] So do these men for a plant.

Now if any of these whom ye see come hither to my dame Flora for flowers, happen to get any new or strange one, how does he boast of it? His companions do grudge and envy at him, yea some of them return home with a heavier heart than ever did Sulla or Marcellus when they were put back in their suit for the praetorship. What should I call this but a kind of merry madness not unlike the striving of children about their little puppets and [doll?] babies?

Yet consider moreover what great pains they take in these gardens. They sit, walk about the alleys [paths?], stretch

themselves like sluggards, and sleep, so as they make that place not only a nursery of idleness but a very sepulcher of their slothfulness. A profane generation of men! Whom I may rightly banish from the ceremonies and communion of true gardens which I know were ordained for modest recreation, not for vanity; for solace not for sloth. What? Shall I be so light-headed as to be lifted up or pressed down in mind for the getting or losing of some rare and strange herb? Nay rather I will esteem all things according to their worth and setting aside the enticement of rareness and novelty, I know they are but herbs or flowers; that is, things fading and of small consequence. Of which the poet speaks very fitly that "Zephyrus with his blast bringeth up some and withereth others." Therefore I do not contemn the beauty and elegance of them (as you may see for example here before your eyes); but I dissent from the opinion of these great garden masters, in that I get them without much travail, keep them without care [in the sense of anxiety], and lose them without grief. Again I am not so simple or base-minded as to tie or wed myself to the shadows of my garden. I find some business even in the midst of my idleness; my mind is there busied, without any labor [drudgery], and exercised without pain. "I am never less solitary," said one, "than when I am alone; nor never less idle than when I am at leisure." A worthy saying, which I dare swear had its first beginning in these self same gardens that I speak of. For they be ordained not for the body but for the mind; and to recreate it not to besot it with idleness; only as a wholesome withdrawing place from the cares and troubles of this world. Art thou weary of the concourse of people? Here thou mayest be alone. Have thy worldly business tired thee? Here thou mayest be refreshed again, where the food of quietness and gentle blowing of the pure and wholesome air will even breathe a new life into thee. Dost thou consider the wise men of old times? They had their dwelling in gardens. The studious and learned wits of our age? They delight in gardens; and in them (for the most part) are compiled those divine writings of theirs which we wonder at, and which no posterity or continuance of time shall be able to abolish. So many sharp and subtle disputations of natural philosophy proceed from

those green bowers. So many precepts of manners from those shadowy Academies. Yea out of the walks and pleasant aisles of gardens spring those sweet abounding rivers which with their fruitful overflowings have watered the whole world. For why? The mind lifts up and advances itself more to these high cogitations when it is at liberty to behold its own home, heaven, than when it is enclosed within the prisons of houses or towns. Here you learned poets compose ye some poems worthy of immortality. Here let all the learned meditate and write; here let the philosophers argue and dispute of contentation, constancy, life, and death. Behold, Lipsius, the true end and use of gardens, to wit, quietness, withdrawing from the world, meditation, reading, writing, and all this as it were by way of recreation and sport; as painters having dimmed their eyes with long and earnest beholding their work do recomfort them with certain glasses or green colors so here may we refresh our wearied and wandering minds.

And why should I conceal mine intent from thee? Seest thou yonder arbor curiously wrought with sundry pictures cut out of the green boughs; the same is the house of my muses, my nursery and school of wisdom. Here I either ply myself with diligent and earnest reading or else sow in my heart some seed of good cogitations, and thereby lay up some wholesome lessons in my mind, as it were weapons in an armory, which are always ready with me at hand against the force and mutability of fortune. So soon as I put my foot in that place, I bid all vile and servile cares abandon me, and lifting up my head as upright as I may, I contemn [i.e., scorn] the delights of the profane people and the great vanity of human affairs.

Yea I seem to shake off everything in me that is human, and to be rapt up on high upon the fiery chariot of wisdom. Dost thou think when I am there that I take any care what the Frenchmen or Spaniards are in practicing, who possess the scepter of Belgica or who be deprived of it? Whether the tyrant of Asia [apparently the ruler of the Turks] threaten us by sea or by land? Or finally what the king of the cold country under the north pole imagines? No,

none of all these things trouble my brain. I am guarded and fenced against all external things and settled within myself, careless of all cares save one, which is that I may bring in subjection this broken and distressed mind of mine to right reason and God, and subdue all human and earthly things to my mind. That whensoever my fatal day shall come, I may be ready with a good courage joyfully to welcome it and depart this life not as thrust out at the window but as let out at the door. This is my recreation, Lipsius, in my gardens. These be the fruits which I will not exchange, so long as I am in my right mind, for all the treasure of Persia and India.

Chapter IV

An exhortation therefore unto wisdom. By it we come to constancy. Young men are seriously admonished to join the grave study of philosophy with those other studies that be more pleasant and plausible.

Thus Langius made an end of speaking, and with his last profound and constant talk, I confess he made me amazed. Yet recalling myself, O happy man, said I, both in tranquillity and troubles! O more than manly courage in a man! Which would to God I were able to some measure to imitate, and to creep after your footsteps, though I came far behind. Here Langius reprehending me, what talk you of imitating? You may easily exceed me, and not only follow but far pass me. For I myself, Lipsius, have trod but very little in this path of constancy and virtue. Neither am I to be compared as yet to the valiant and good men but perchance am a little better than the most effeminate and worst sort. [sic] But thou, whose towardness is lusty and quick, set thyself forward and under my conduct enter into this highway which leads directly to stability and constancy. The way that I speak of is wisdom, whose even and easy track I pray and admonish thee that thou not cease to tread. Hast thou delighted

in learning and the company of those nine sisters [the Muses, as the marginal note explains]? I like it well, knowing that by this lighter and pleasant kind of learning, the mind is prepared and made ready "not being fit before to receive the sacred seed" [marginal note: Augustine's words and judgment in his first book of order]. Howbeit I allow not that thou shouldst stay there and make that both the beginning and perfection of all thy studies. These must be the foundation not the self work [i.e., not the work itself]. The way to the mark but not the goal or mark itself that we run at [toward]. If thou were bidden to a banquet [banquet] I trowe thou wouldst not only taste of marzipans and junkets but first settle thy stomach with some stronger meat [=food]; why should not the like be done in this public feast of learning? Why, I say, join we not to the firm food of philosophy, with the sweet delicates of orators and poets? Mistake me not, I do not condemn these latter but commend them in their place; and I would have those loose wandering nymphs to be bridled, as I may say, by some severe Bacchus.

The wooers that Homer writes of are worthily scoffed, who, missing of Penelope, became suitors to her maids. Beware thou do not likewise and forsaking the lady of all, fall in love with her servants. It is plausible kind of praise to be called a learned man, but better to be called a wise man, and best of all to have the title of a good man. Let us follow this, and by many labors let us not covet to know alone but to be wise and do thereafter.

How little worth is learning's skill Where wisdom is not present still?

So says the old verse truly. How many are there at this day of the train [retinue] of the muses that do disgrace both themselves and the name of learning? Some, for that they are replenished with vices and wickedness; many for that they be vain, inconstant, only speculative, and given to no fruitful or profitable study. What though they understand Greek and Latin authors? That is all, they do nothing but understand them. And as Anacharsis spake prettily of the Athenians, that the use money only to cast accounts

withal (nummis ad numerandum); so these men have their knowledge to know end but to know. So little care have they of their life and deeds, in my conceit, that it is not without cause that learning is so ill spoken of among the multitude, as if it were a mistress to ungodliness. Howbeit good letters being rightly used are a directory unto virtue, couple wisdom with them; unto the which learning ought to prepare and frame our wits, not to detain or challenge them to itself. For as some trees will bear no fruit except they grow near unto others that be of the male kind; no more will these tender virgins (I mean good letters) unless they be conjoined with the manly courage of wisdom.

Why dost thou correct the writings of Tacitus if thy own life be uncorrected? Why dost that illustrate Tranquillus, thyself being in the dark mist of errors? Why art thou so careful in purging Plautus from faults and imperfections, when thy own mind is full of foul filth and sluttishness? Give thyself at length to better studies; and get learning that may serve not for vain ostentation but to some good use and purpose. Apply thyself to wisdom, which may amend thy evil manners, set a t rest and beautify thy distempered and unclean mind; she only is able to imprint virtue and to work the impression of constancy in thee and to set only unto thee the temple of a good mind.

Chapter V

That wisdom is not obtained by wishing but by working. A returning to the former talk of constancy. That desire of learning is a good sign in youth.

This admonition wrought in me an earnest desire which I could not conceal; and thereupon I said, My father, in heart and mind I follow you, when shall I be able in deeds so to do? When will that day come wherein I shall be free from all these cares that trouble

me, and tread the trace that leads unto true wisdom, whereby I may attain to constancy? Langius taking me up short, What? Dost thou betake thyself to wishing rather than doing? It is spoken fondly, and as the common sort of men uses. For it cannot be that as fables make mention how Caenus with a wish was transformed from a woman into a man, so thou shouldst of a fool be suddenly made wise, and of a light person, become constant with wishing. Thou must bestow thy labor withal and, as the saying is, join hands with heart. Seek, read, learn. I know, Langius, said I, that I must do so, but I pray you set too your helping hand and proceed forward in your yesterday's talk that was interrupted by going to supper. Return again to constancy, the ceremonies of whose honor having been begun to be celebrated, may not be discontinued without sacrilege.

Langius shaking his head a little, No, Lipsius, quoth he, I will not do it, lest I shut up myself again in this schoolhouse. This is no place fit for our purpose, which thou knowest well I made for mine ease, not for my pais; we will at some other time prosecute that argument. Nay, even now, quoth I, for what place is more meet for such wise communication than that your school of wisdom? I mean your fair, summer house, which to me is, as it were, a temple, and the table therein in stead of an altar where sitting we may rightly sacrifice to this saint [holy object, i.e., wisdom]. And again I have a guess of good luck therehence. What is that, said Langius. That even as they which sit in apothecaries' shops carry with them some savor of the place; so I have good hope that some scent of wisdom will stick in my mind by residing in her study. Langius laughing, I fear me, said he, your conjecture is so light that it will weight just nothing. Yet let us go thither, Lipsius, for I tell thee without dissimulation this honest desire of thine somewhat moves and provokes me. And as they that search for water-springs, when they perceive in the morning a steam arising out of the earth, do make conjecture that waters lie there underneath, so I have great good hope of the fruitful streams of virtue; when I see and behold in a young man an earnest desire of learning. And with those words he brought me to his bower-house and into it; he set him down at the table. I turning me to the

boys that were there, Ho sirs, quoth I, stand you and keep watch. And first of all, lock the door. And hear ye me? If anybody come in hither to us alive, you shall for it. I will have neither man nor dog nor woman to be let in; no, not good fortune herself if she come. Then Langius laughing outright said, have you at any time been a viceroy, your mandates are so majestic and severe. I vvis [?], quoth I, it behooves me to beware by the hard warning we had yesternight. Hold you on your talk in God's name.

Chapter VI

The third argument for constancy, taken for profit, that calamities are good for us, whether we respect their beginning or end. For the original of them is of God, who is eternally and immutably good; and therefore not the cause of any evil.

Langius not meditating long began thus. In the communication that I had yesterday of constancy, I will constantly persevere; following those same methods and containing my tongue within the bounds which I before prescribed. You know that I had four bands or troops of soldiers to fight for constancy against your sorrow and despair of courage, whereof I have trained into the field the two former, which were of Providence and Necessity. And I proved sufficiently that public calamities were sent from God alone. Also that they were necessary and by no flying away to be avoided. Now I set forward my third troop under the leading of PROFIT [i.e., advantage or self-interest--J.G.], wherein serves the legion which I may well term AIDING. A valiant and politic troop it is, if you mark it well. For I know not how it creeps softly and insinuates itself into the minds of men, and with a kind of flattering force overcomes them willingly. It steals rather than rushes upon us, entices not enforces; and we are as easily led by profit as drawn by necessity. This profit, Lipsius, I oppose against thee and thy weak bands.

I say these public calamities which we suffer are profitable unto us accompanied with an inward fruit and commodity. Do we call them evils? Nay rather they are good if we pluck aside the veil of opinions and cast our eyes to the beginning and end of them; whereof the one is from God, the other for good. The original of these miseries, as I proved plainly yesterday, is of God. That is, not only of the chiefest good, but also of the author, head and fountain of all goodness; from whom it is as impossible than any evil should proceed, as it is for himself to be evil. The divine power is bountiful and healthful, refusing to do or receive harm, whose chief virtue is to do good. Therefore the ancients, though they were void of the knowledge of God, yet having some conceit of him in their brain, called him "Iuppiter a iuvando," that is, of helping; dost thou imagine that he is angry, or choleric, and casts as it were those noisome darts among men? Thou art deceived. Anger, wrath, revenge are names of human affections; and proceeding from a natural frailty and weakness, are incident only to weaklings. But that divine spirit does still persevere in his bounty, and those same bitter pills which he ministers to us as medicines, thou sharp in taste, yet are they wholesome in operation. Well was it said by that prince of philosophers [Plato, as the marginal note explains], God does no evil, neither is the cause of any. Better and more significantly spake our wise master [Seneca, as the marginal note explains]

What is the cause that God does good? His own nature. He is deceived whosoever thinks that God can or will do hurt. He can neither suffer nor do wrong. The first worship of God is to believe him, then to attribute to him his majesty, to know that it is he which is governor of the world, that rules all things as his own, that takes upon him the tuition [protection or instruction] of all mankind, yea more carefully, of every particular person. He neither does evil to others nor has any in himself.

Chapter VII

Likewise, that the end of calamities tends always to good, albeit they be effected oftentimes by hurtful persons, and for harm's sake; but God breaks and bridles their force. And that all things are turned to our benefit. By the way is shown why God uses the instrument of wicked men in inflicting calamities.

Therefore, these calamities are good in respect of their beginning; and likewise in regard of their end, because they are ever directed to good and safety (surely in good men). Thou wilt object and say, how can this be? Is it not evident that these wars and slaughters are committed with an intent to harm and hurt? It is true so, in respect of men, but not in respect of God; which that thou mayest more plainly and fully conceive I must apply the light of a distinction. There be two sorts of calamities sent from God, some simple, some mixed. The first I call those which proceed purely from God without any interposition of man's policy or force. The second, which are of God yet wrought by the ministry of men [later philosophers will call these, especially insofar as they involve human agency, "moral evils"]. Of the former kind are famine, dearth, earthquakes, openings of the earth, overflowings of waters, sickness, death. Of the latter are tyranny, war, oppression, slaughters. In those first all things are pure and without spot, as springing from a most pure fountain. In the latter I deny not but there is some filth and mixed, because they are conveyed and derived through the foul conducts of affections [it is classic Stoic doctrine that the passions or violent feelings are evils, since they are contrary to reason and involve--indeed are equivalent to--(some) false judgments]. Is man a mean for effecting them? What marvel then is it if there be a fault and offence committed in accomplishing them? Marvel thou more at the provident goodness of God who converts that fault to our furtherance and the offence to our good. Seest thou a tyrant breaking out threatenings and murders; whose delight is in doing

harm? Who could be content to perish himself so that he may persecute others? Let him alone; he strays from his right mind. And God, as it were, by an invisible string leads him to his destruction. As an arrow comes to the mark without any feeling of him that shot it; so do these wicked ones. For that supreme power bridles and keeps under [control] all men's power, and directs their straying course to the happy haven. As in an army the soldiers have sundry affections, one fighting for praie [?], another for praise, another for hatred, yet they all in their princes quarrel and for the victory; so all men's will be they good or bad, fight under God, and among sundry and manifold ends, at length they come all to this end of ends, as I may say.

But thou wilt demand why God uses the means of evil men? Why does he not inflict those grievous punishments immediately himself, or else by the ministry of good men? O man, thou art too curious in inquiring; neither do I know whether it lie in my power to open these secrets unto thee. This I know well, that he has reason of his doings, even then when we are furthest off from perceiving any. And yet what strange or new thing is this? The President of a province commands an offender to be punished by the laws, yet the punisher to be some beadle or sergeant. The father of a great family sometimes corrects his son himself, otherwhiles he commands a servant or schoolmaster to do it. Why should we not grant unto God so much authority as to them? Why shall not he when it pleases him scourge us with his own hand, and again when it seems good to him, by the means of others? For therein is no wrong or injury. Is the servant that punishes thee angry with thee? Has he an intent to do thee harm? It makes no matter, have thou respect to the mind of him that commanded. For thy Father who required it, stands by, and he will not suffer thee to have one stripe more than his own appointment.

But why is sin mixed here withal, and the poison of passions fasted to these divine darts? Thou drivest me now to a steep mountain, yet I will assay to climb up. God, to the end he might show forth his wisdom and great power, "hath thought it better to make good of evil, than to permit not evil at all" (the words be

Augustine's); for what is wiser or better than he which can gather good from those evil, and turn things to health and safety, that were devised to destruction? We praise the physician that compounds the venomous viper with this treacle to work a wholesome effect; why wilt thou control God if to these healthful dregs of calamities and afflictions, he add some faults of men without any offence to thee? For surely he boils away and consumes to nothing that poison adjoined, with the secret purging fire of his providence. Finally it makes for the advancement of his power and glory, whereto he refers all things necessarily. For what is more able to express his mighty power, than that he does not only vanquish his enemies that withstand him, but so overrules them that he draws them to his party? That they fight in his quarrel? And bear arms for his victory? Which thing daily comes to pass, when God's will is performed in the wicked, but not of the wicked. When those things which ungodly men do against his will, he turns them so that they come not to pass without his will. And what stranger miracle can there be, "than that wicked mens should make them good that were evil before" [marginal note: the words of Severinus Boethius in his book of comfort; the reference is to Boethius' *De consolatione philosophiae*].

Behold, thou C. Caesar shalt help a little to our purpose. Go thy way and tread under foot two things religiously to be esteemed, to wit, thy country and son-in-law; this they ambition (unawares to thee) shall do service to God, and to thy country, against which it aspired; for it shall be the restoring and preserving of the Roman state. Thou Attila thirsting after blood and booty, hast[en] thee thither from the uttermost ends of the earth; take to thee by strong hand, slay, burn and waste; this they cruelty shall fight for God, and do nothing else but stir up the Christians which were drowned and buried in vain delights and pleasures. What you ye two Vespasians [Vespasian and his son Titus]? Destroy the country of Jewry and the people; take and sack the holy city. To what end: you verily do it for your glory and the augmentation of your empire; but ye err. Ye are only the beadles and sergeants of God's severe punishments upon that ungodly nation. Go to, even

you, peradventure, that put the Christians to death at Rome, revenge the death of Christ in Jewry.

And now, O thou that art our president, whether it be from West or East, what intends thou by this war and bloody weapons? Even to strengthen the empery [imperium, authority?] of thy kingdom, and the power of thy own nation, for thou art nothing else but a whip and a scourge of the wonton and lascivious Flemings--we know not how to concoct our great felicities without the help of these Neronian hot baths. These examples are occurrent in all ages, where we see that God by the wicked lusts of some men has accomplished his own good pleasure; and by the injustice of other men has executed his just judgments wherefore, Lipsius, let us admire this hidden force of his wisdom, and not aspire to know it; and let us be assured that all these great afflictions are to good end and purpose; although this blind mind of ours perceive it not, or slowly attain to the understanding thereof. For the true ends of afflictions are often hid from us, which notwithstanding shall have their due course though to us unknown; not unlike to certain rivers, which being removed from our sight, and running under the ground, are yet carried into their own sea.

Chapter VIII

It is here more distinctly spoken of the ends themselves. They be threefold. To whom every of them doth agree. The somewhat more at large touching Exercising, which profits good men more ways than one: by strengthening, by proving, by giving example to others.

But if it be lawful for me to hoist sails and carry my ship deeper into this sea of divine matters, I could (happily) speak somewhat of the ends themselves more plainly and more profoundly: first adding that saying of Homer: if it lie in my power, or if the thing itself will admit the same. For there be some of those ends which it seems I can well enough conceive myself and make known to

others; some also there be which I perceive doubtfully and with a confused sight. Of the first kind of ends which are certain, be these three. Exercising, Chastising, Punishment. For if thou mark it well thou shalt find that these grievous afflictions sent of God do common either exercise the good, chastise offenders, or punish the wicked; and all this for our good. And to stand a while upon explaining the first branch, we see daily the best sort of men to be subject to calamities either privately or else to be partakers thereof with the wicked: we mark and marvel thereat because we neither sufficiently conceive the cause, nor consider the consequence thereof. The cause is God's love toward us, and not hatred. The end or consequence, not our hurt but our benefit. For this our exercising furthers us more ways than one; it confirms or strengthens us, it tries or proves us; it makes us mirrors of patience unto others.

It does strengthen us, for that the same is, as it were, our schoolhouse wherein God trains up his servants in constancy and virtue. We see those that exercise the fears of wrestling or barriers endure many hard trials, that they may get the mastery; so think that we ought to do in this warfare of adversity. For why? That same our trainer and master of the game is such a one as requires patience and pains, not only unto sweating but even unto bleeding. Thinks thou that he will handle his scholars tenderly? That he will dandle them with delights upon his knee? No, he will not do so. Mothers for the most [part] do corrupt their children, and make them wantons with tender bringing up: but their fathers hold them in awe with more severity. God is our father, therefore he loves us truly, yet with severity. If thou wilt be a mariner, thou must be taught in tempests. If a soldier, in perils. If thou be a man indeed, why refuseth thou afflictions? Seeing there is none other way to constancy. Does thou consider those lither and lazy bodies upon whom the Sun seldom shines, or the wind blows, or any sharp air breathes? Even such are the minds of these nice folk that feel nothing but felicity, whom the least blast of adverse fortune blows down and resolves into naught. Therefore, adversity does confirm and strengthen us. And as trees that be much beaten with the wind take deeper root,

so good men are the better contained within the compass of virtue, being sometimes assaulted with the storms of adversity.

They do moreover prove and try us. Else how could any man be assured of his own proceeding and firmness in virtue? If the wind blow always merrily astern, the pilot shall have no opportunity to try his cunning. If all things succeed prosperously and happily to a man, there is no place to make proof of his virtue; for the only true level to try withal is affliction; Demetrius said worthily, "I account nothing more unfortunate than that man which never had feeling of adversity." Very true it is. For our General does not spare such soldiers, but mistrusts them, neither does he affect and love but despise and contemn them. I say he does cashier them out of his company as base Besonians and dastards.

Finally, they serve instead of mirrors or precedents. For that the constancy and patience of good men is miseries is as a clear light to this obscure world. They provoke others thereunto by their example, and tread the path wherein they should walk. Bias lost both his goods and country, but his words sound in the ears of men at this day: that they share carry all them goods about them [omnia mea mecum porto, according to the marginal note]. Regulus was unworthily put to death by torments, but his worthy example of keeping [his] promise lives yet. Papianus was murdered by a tyrant, but the same butcherly axe that cut off his head emboldens us to suffer death for justice['s] sake. Finally, so many notable citizens we see to be violently and injuriously either banished or murdered; but out of the rivers of their blood we do, as it were, drink virtue and constancy every day: all which things should lie hid in dark corners of oblivion were it not for the bright firebrands of these common afflictions and calamities. For as costly spices do give a sweet savor far off, if they be bruised; even so the fame of virtue is spread abroad when it is pressed with adversity.

Chapter IX

Of chastisement, which is the second end. It is proved to be for our behoof, two manner of ways.

Another end why God sends afflictions is for our chastisement; which I say is the best and gentlest that may be for our amendment. It helps and heals us two manner of ways--either as a whip when we have offended; or as a bridle to hold us back from offending. As a whip, because it is our father's hand that does often scourge us when we do amiss; but it is a butcherly fist that strikes seldom, and then pays home for all at once. As fire or water are used to purge filth, so is this purgatory of persecutions to our sins. This whip, Lipsius, is not worthily bestowed upon us. We Flemings have of a long time fallen in the lapse, and being corrupted with delights and excess of wealth, we have wandered in the slippery paths of viciousness. But that great God admonishes and gently reclaims us, giving us a few stripes, that being warned thereby we may come again to ourselves, yea rather to him. He has taken from us our goods, which we abused to licentiously. And so with this gentle correction of calamities, he does, as it were, purge and wash away our wickedness. A right gentle correction it is. For alas, what a slender satisfaction may we call it? It is said that when the Persians would punish any nobleman, they took away his garments and hood, and hanging those up, did beat them instead of the man; even so does this our father, who in all his chastisements touches not us but our bodies, our fields, our wealth, and all external things.

Likewise chastisement serves as a bridle, which he reins fitly when he sees us running to wickedness. As physicians do sometimes upon good advise [judgment] let blood, not that the party is sick but to prevent sickness; so God by these afflictions takes away something from us, which else would foster and nourish vices in us. For he who created all men knows their nature. He judges not of the diseases by the veins or color, but by the very heart and inwards. Does he see the Tuscan wits to be

sharp and waspish? He keeps them under with a prince. Does he see the Switzers [Swiss] to be of disposition peaceable and quiet? He gives them liberty. The Venetians to be of a mean between both? He permits to them a mixed or mean kind of government. All which peradventure he will change in time, if those people alter their dispositions. Yet notwithstanding we murmur, saying, "Why are we longer afflicted with war than others?" Or "why are we held in more cruel bondage?" O fool, and sick at the very heart! Art thou wiser than God? Tell me, why does the physician administer to one patient more wormwood or lingwort than to another? Forsooth because the disease or disposition of the party so requires. Even so think thou of thyself. He sees this people haply [for example] to be somewhat stubborn and therefore that they must be kept under with corrections; another nation more meek that may be brought under obedience only with shaking of the rod. But it may be that unto thee it seems otherwise. What makes that to the matter? Parents will not suffer knives or weapons in the hands of their child, though he weep for it, because they foresee the danger; why should God give us too much of our will to our own destruction? Sith indeed we be very babes, and know not how to ask things that be for our health, nor to avoid that [which] is hurtful. Notwithstanding, if needs thou wilt, weep thy fill; yet shalt thou drink of the cup of afflictions which that heavenly physician offers thee full to the brim, not without good advise [judgment].

Chapter X

Finally that punishment itself is good and wholesome, in respect of God, of men, and of the party that is punished.

But punishment I confess belongs to evil men, and yet is not it evil. For first it is good we have respect unto God, whose eternal

and inviolable law of justice requires men's faults be either cured or cut off. Now, chastisement reforms those that may be amended; punishment cuts away the incurable. It is good again in regard of men, among whom no society can stand or continue of busy and ungodly wits may practice what they please uncontrolled. And as it is expedient for the security of each private person to have execution done upon a particular thief or murderer, so is it behoveful [appropriate] in general, that the like justice be shown upon notorious public malefactors. These punishments upon tyrants and spoilers of the whole world must necessarily be inflicted sometimes that they may be mirrors to admonish us.

Learn justice now by this, and God above despise no more.

Thirdly, punishment is good in respect of those that be punished; for it is not properly vengeance or revenge, neither does the gentle deity "punish rigorously in rage" as a wicked poet said it well; but it is only a prohibition and restraint from wickedness. And as the Grecians significantly do express it: chastisement not revengement. As death is many times sent to good men before they fall into a grievous sin; so it happens to those that do desperately wicked in the midst of the ungodliness, which they do love so much [that] they cannot be drawn from it except they be clean cut off. Therefore God stops us of our unruly course, gently taking away offenders and such as are running into sin. To conclude, all punishment is good, in respect of justice; as impunity or lack of due correction is evil, which suffers men to live till they be more and more wicked, that is, miserable. Boethius spake wittily, "The wicked that abide some punishment are happier than if no rod of justice did correct them." And he yields a reason, because some good befalls them (to wit, correction) which they had not afore in the catalogue of their faults.

Chapter XI

Of the fourth end, which is uncertain to man. That it appertains either to the preservation and safety, or else to the ornament and beauty of the whole world. Every [one] of these points largely handled.

The three ends aforesaid, Lipsius, are certain and evident, which I have passed over with sure footing. The fourth remains, wherein I waver, for the same is more secret and farther removed than that the capacity of man's reason can attain unto it. I see it only through a cloud, and I may conceive thereat, but not know it; wander towards but not to it. This end which I speak of is general, and respects either the conservation of the whole world, or the ornament thereof. And touching the conservation I do therefore conjecture, because that same great God which has wisely created and ordered all these things, so made them as that he has disposed them all in measure, number, and weight, neither is it lawful for anything in [its] kind to surpass that mean, without the overthrow and ruin of the whole. Even so those great bodies, the heaven, the sea, and earth have their bounds. So every age has its prescribed number of living creatures. Likewise is it in men, towns, and regions: will any of these exceed their bounds? Then of necessity some whirlwind and tempest of misfortune must consume them, or else they would hurt and deface the beautiful frame of the world. But it is apparent that they do often strive to exceed their number, especially those creatures that by nature do engender and increase. Behold men, who can deny that by nature we spring up a great deal more than die? So that two men do sometimes within the space of a few years procreate a hundred out of their bodies, of whom ten or twenty do not die. Herds of cattle also would increase without number if butchers did not choose and cull out yearly certain of them for the shambles. Likewise birds and fishes would in a short space pester the air and the waters were it not for fight and war among themselves, as also deceits practiced against them by men. In every age cities and towns are built, and if burnings or other destructions happened not, [neither] our world nor scarce another would contain them. And so in concept thou mayest pass through the nature of all things.

Therefore, is it any marvel, if that old father of the family thrust in his sickle into this rank field, and cut off some superfluous thousands with pestilence or war? If he did not so, what country were able to contain us? What land could afford us nourishment? Therefore in God's name let some parts perish, that the whole perfection of all may be perpetual. For even as unto governors of commonwealths, the safeguard of the people is the highest law, so is the world to God.

And concerning the beauty or ornament of the world, my conjecture is two fold. First, for that I can conceive no trimness in this huge engine without a different change and variety of things. I know that the sun is most beautiful; yet the dewy night, and the mantle of the black dame put between, makes him to appear more gracious. The summer is most pleasant, yet the winter makes it more lovely with her icy marble and white snow. Which things if you take away, in truth you deprive us of the inward delight and feeling both of sun and summer. In this our earth, one uniform fashion pleasant me not, but I take pleasure to behold the champion country and mountains, valleys and rocks, fields tilled and sea sands, meadows and woods. Satiety and loathsomeness is ever a companion of uniformity or likeness. And upon this stage of my life, why should one fashion of attire and gesture content me? No, it shall not. But, in my mind, let there be times of great quietness, and therein some naughtiness, which soon after tumults of war and the rage of cruel tyrants may take away. Who would wish this world to be like a dead sea, without wind or waves?

But I perceive moreover another kind of ornament, of more account and inward profit. Histories do teach me that all things become better and quieter after the storms of adversities. Does war vex any nation? The same also quicken them, and most commonly bring in arts, together with other things, that do diversely adorn their wits. The Romans in time past imposed a grievous yoke upon the neck of the whole world, but yet a yoke that proved wholesome in the end, whereby barbarism was expelled from our minds, as the sun drives away darkness from

our eyes. What had the Frenchmen, we ourselves, and the Germans been at this day if the light of that mighty empire had not shined upon us? Fierce, uncivil, delighting in slaughters betwixt ourselves and others, contemnners of God and men. Even so, I guess, it will come to pass with the new world which the Spaniards have wasted with a profitable severity, and themselves will shortly replenish again with people and inhabit it. And as they which have great nurseries for plants do remove some, set others, and cut off [yet] others [], ordering them with skill for their own good and benefit; even so does God in this wide field of the world. For he is a most skillful husbandman, and [at] one [time] he breaks off some waste branches of families, another [time] he crops and cuts away a few leaves of particular men This helps the stock of the tree, albeit those branches perish, and those leaves are blown away with the wind. Again he sees this nation very bare and barren of virtues; he casts it out. Another rough and unfruitful: he removes it. Yea, and some he confounds among themselves and by grafting make as it were a medley of them. You Italians wax feeble and effeminate in the declining of your empire, who do you hold the best country of the world? Give place. Let the stern and sturdy L[om]bards manure with more happiness this soil. You wicked and wanton Grecians, perish ye utterly; and let those cruel Scythians be set led and wax mild in your country. And moreover with a certain confusion of nations you French men possess Gaul; you Saxons Britannia; you Normans seize upon Belgica and the territories bordering. All which matters, Lipsius, and many more are manifest out of histories and by the events of things, to any diligent reader.

Therefore let us lift up ourselves, and whatsoever damage we sustain privately, let us know that it does good in some part of the whole world. The rooting out of one nation or kingdom, is the raising up of another. The decay of one tower, the building of another. And nothing properly dies or perishes here, but alters. Are we Flemings alone in account and estimation before God? Alone continually happy and [F]ortune's white sons? O fools! That great grandam [Lipsius personifies Fortune, as Boethius did in *On the Consolation of Philosophy*] has more children whom we

must be contented that she cherish and lull in her lap one after another, because she either cannot or will not dally with them all at once. The sun has shined with his bright beams a long time upon us. Now let it be night with us awhile, and let the glittering light illuminate the Spaniards and farthest western parts. Seneca, after his manner, says fitly and profound to this purpose:

A wise man should not take in ill part whatsoever happens unto him; but let him know that those [very] things which seem to annoy him [] belong to the preservation of the whole world, and are of the number of those things that do consummate the course and office of the whole.

Chapter XII

An old and common objection against God's justice, why punishments be not equal. Such inquiry is removed from men, and declared to be ungodly.

Here whiles Langius paused a little, I spake thus: As a fair water spring to travelers in summer, so is your talk to me. It cherishes, refreshes, and with a cooling kind of moisture qualifies my fever and fervent heat. But yet it qualifies, not quenches the same. There sticks a thorn in my mind (which also pricked the ancients) touching equality of punishments. For what, Langius, [is] that equal balance of justice if this sword of affliction

Doth oftentimes let wicked men go free And slay such folk as good and harmless be

Why, I say, are some innocent people rooted out and the children and posterity afflicted for the faults of their ancestors? This is a thick mist in my eyes, which, if you can, disperse with the bright beams of reason. Langius, with a wrinkled forehead, yea younker, quoth he, are you so soon gone astray again? I will none of that. For as a skillful huntsman suffer not their hound to range but to follow one and the same deer, so would I have thee to tread only in those footsteps which I have traced out unto thee. I would beat into thy brain the ends of afflictions to the intent that if thou be good, thou mayest think thyself to be exercised; if fallen, to be lifted up; if utterly naught, to be punished. And now thou drawest me to the causes. Wandering mind!

What meanst thou by this curious carefulness? Wilt thou needst feel those celestial fires? They will melt thee like wax. Wilt thou climb up into the Tower of providence? Thou shalt soon fall down headlong. As butterflies, and other little flies do by night flutter so long about the candle, till it burn them, even so does man's mind dally about that secret flame.

Show me the causes, sayest thou, why the vengeance of God overskip some and whips others? Dost thou seek the causes? I may safely say that I know them not. For the heavenly court never comprehended me, nor I the decrees thereof. Of this only am I assured, that God's will is a cause above all causes, beyond which, who so seeks another, is ignorant of the efficacy and power of the divine nature. For it is necessary that every cause be in a sort, before and greater than [its] effect but nothing is before nor greater than God and his will, therefore there is no cause thereof. God has pardoned; God has punished; what wilt thou have more? The will of God is the chief justice, as Salvianus says well and godly. Yet ye say, we require a reason of this inequality. Of

whom? Of God? To whom that is lawful whatsoever him likes; and nothing likes him but that which is lawful. If the servant call his master or the subject his Sovereign to account, the one may take it in contempt and the other as treason. And art thou more bold with God? Fie upon such perverse curiosity. "This reason cannot stand otherwise than if it be rendered to no man." [The marginal note indicates that this was "wittily spoken by Sallust, and applied to Tiberius in the high empire. Tacitus 1 Annals."] And yet when thou hast done all that thou art able, thou shalt not clear thyself out of the dark mists of ignorance, nor be partaker of those mere mystical counsels and decrees. It is excellently spoken by Sophocles,

Thou shalt never attain to the knowledge of heavenly things if God conceals them; nor of them all though thou bestowe thy labor ever therein.

Chapter XIII

Yet to certify the curious, three old objections are answered. And first touching evil men not punished. We prove they are reprimed, and pardoned. And that either in respect of men themselves, or in regard of God's nature, which is slow to punish.

This plain and broad way, Lipsius, is only safe here: all others be deceivable and slippery. In divine and heavenly matters, it is the sharpest sight to see nought; and the only knowledge is to know nothing. Yet because this cloud hat of old time, and now doth compass men's wits, I will wind thee out of it shortly, if I can. And will wash away that that sticks by thee, with this river here at hand. O thou celestial and eternal spirit (therewith he cast he eyes

on high) pardon and forgive me if in these profound mysteries I utter anything impure or ungodly, yet with a godly intent. And first I may generally defend the justice of God with his [its?] own blow. If God behold the affairs of men, he has care of them; if he have care, he governs them; if he govern, he does it with judgment; if with judgment, how can it be without justice? Which if it be wanting there is no regiment nor government at all, but disorder, confusion and trouble. What hast thou to oppose against this weapon? What shield or armor? Say the truth, only man's ignorance. I understand not, say thou, why these should be punished, and those not. Well said. Wilt thou therefore join impudence to thy ignorance? And because thou comprehend not the power of the divine and pure law, wilt thou carp at it? What more unjust reason would be allege against justice if some stranger should utter his conjectures of the laws and ordinances of thy country, thou wouldst bid him hold his tongue and be gone, because he has not the knowledge of them. And does thou, an inhabitant of this earth rashly condemn the unknown laws of heaven? Thou creature, thy creator? Yet go to, take thy pleasure, I will close nearer with thee, searching distinctly the thick mists of these thy cavils by the clear sun of reason, as thou requirest. Thou objectest three things, that God lets offenders escape; that he punishes innocents; that he puts over and transfers his punishments from one to another. I will begin with the first.

Thou sayest that the vengeance of God does not well to overpass the wicked. Yea, does it overpass them? No, I think rather it forbears them only for a time. If I have great debts owing me, and if it please me to exact my due of one debtor presently and to bear with another for a longer time, who can blame me? For it is at my own good will and pleasure. Even [so] doth that great God; of whom whereas all naughty men have deserved punishment, he exacts it of some presently, and bears with others to be paid afterwards with interest. What unrighteousness is here, except it be so that thou take thought for God, and fear lest he be indemnified by this his bountiful forbearance. But alas silly man! Thou art more afraid than hurt. Never shall any man deceive this great creditor. Whither soever we fly, we are all in his sight, yea

in bonds and fetters to him But thou say, I would have such a tyrant to be presently punished, that by his death at this time, satisfaction may be made to so many whom he has oppressed; so shall the justice of God be made more manifest unto us. Nay, thou bewrayest hereby thy blockishness. For who art thou that dost not only appoint God how, but also prescribe him when to punish? Think thou that he is thy judge, or only a sergeant or under-officer? Go, lead him hence, whip him, muffle his face, hang him upon a cursed tree, for so it seems good in my eyes. Fie upon this impudency. Unto God it seems otherwise, whom thou must understand to see much better in this case than thyself, and to have another end in punishing. Thou art provoked with choler, and carried away with desire of revenge. He being far from both these, has respect to the ensemble and correction of others. He also knows best to whom the same may do good and when. The moments oftimes are of great weight, and the most wholesome medicine if often turned to the destruction of the diseased, not being applied in due season. God cut off Caligula in the prime of his tyranny. He suffered Nero to run on farther; and Tiberius farthest of all. And doubt thou not but it was for the good of those that then murmured at it. Our evil and disordered manners have need of a continual scourge, but we would have it taken from us at the first, and cast into the fire. This is one cause of forebearance, which respects us.

Another there is in respect of God, unto whom it seems peculiar. To proceed slowly in revenge of himself, and to quit [compensate for] that slackness with the grievousness of the punishment. Well spake Sinesius, The divine nature proceeds leisurely and orderly. And the old sages went not much awry, who in t his respect feined God to have woolen feet so that albeit thou be a hasty man and given to revenge, thou oughtst not to be grieved at this forbearance which is such a delay of the punishment, as it is withal an increasing of the same. Tell me, in beholding a tragedy, will it stomach thee to see Atreus or Thyestes in the first or second act walking in state and majesty upon the scene? To see them reign, threat, and command? I think not, knowing their prosperity to be of small continuance; and when thou shalt see them

shamefully come to confusion in the last act. Now then in this tragedy of the world, why art not thou so favorable toward God as to a poor poet? This wicked man prospers. That tyrant lives. Let be awhile. Remember it is but the first act, and consider aforehand in thy mind, that sobs and sorrows will ensue upon their solace. This scene will anon swim in blood, then these purple and golden garments shall be rolled therein. For that poet of ours is singular cunning in his art, and will not lightly transgress the laws of his tragedy. In music, do we not allow sometimes disagreeing sounds, knowing that they will all close in consent? But the parties injured do not always see the punishment. What marvel is that? The tragedy commonly is tedious, and they are not able to sit so long in the theater; yet others do see it, and are worthily stricken with fear when they perceive that some are reprimanded before this severe throne of justice, but not pardoned. And that the day of execution is prolonged [postponed?], not wholly taken away. Wherefore, Lipsius, hold this for certain, that ungodly men are forborne awhile, but never forgiven; and that no man has a sin in his heart but that man carry Nemesis on his back. For that Fury follows them always, and as I may say with Euripides, "going silently and with a soft foot, she will in due time violently pluck the wicked from off the earth."

Chapter XIV

Then it is shown that there be sundry kinds of punishments; and some of the hidden or inward, always accompanying the wicked facts [deeds] themselves, which ungodly men shall never escape. And they be more grievous than any outward.

Yet to make thee conceive these things the better, and that I may lead thee at length into the chief bulwark of this argument; thou must under that there be three sundry sorts of God's

punishments; internal, after this life, external. The first I call those that vex the mind or soul yet coupled to the body; as sorrow, repentance, fear, and a thousand gnawings of conscience. The second sort are such as touch the same soul being free and loosed from the body; as be those punishments which most of the old heathen writers did (not without reason) conjecture were reserved for ungodly men after this life. The third which touch the body, or are about the same, as poverty, banishment, griefs, diseases, death. And it comes to pass oftentimes that all these, by the just judgment of God, do fall upon the wicked. But certainly the two former kinds do always follow them. And to speak of internal punishments, what man was there at any time so given over the work wickedness but that he felt in his mind sharp scourges, and as it were heavy strokes either in committing mischievous deeds, or else after the facts committed? For Plato said truly, That punishment is the companion of injustice. Or as Hesiod more plainly and forcibly expresses the matter, It is coeternal and coequal with it. The punishment of wickedness is kin to every wicked act, yea bred in it; neither is anything free and out of care in this life but innocence. As malefactors among the Romans that were condemned to be crucified did bear their cross, which soon after should bear them; so has God laid this cross of conscience upon all ungodly men, whereby they may suffer pains afore they come to execution. Dost thou think there is none other punishment but that which is objected to [placed before] our eyes? Or that which is inflicted upon the body? It is far otherwise. All such are external, and do lightly for a short time only touch us; but those that be inward torment us. As we judge them to be more sick which pine away with a consumption, then they that have an inflammation or fever, and yet these last have the greatest appearance; even so be those wicked men in worst case, which are led to everlasting death with a lingering pace. Caligula ruling with great tyranny, would be so stricken on a sudden as though he should die; so fares it with those wickedlings [wicked persons?] when that butcher (their own mind) pricks and beats continually with soft strokes.

Let not the gorgeous outward appearance beguile thee, nor the puissant pomp wherewith they are environed, or their abundance of wealth. For they are not the happier nor in any better case thereby, no more than a sick man whose ague or gout lies upon a stately feather bed. When thou seest a poor beggarly fellow playing a king's part on a stage, adorned with golden robes, thou envyest him not, knowing that under the same gorgeous attire are scabs, filth, and uncleanness; have thou the very same opinion of all these great proud tyrants, "whose minds if they might be opened," says Tacitus, "we should behold rentings and strokes; sith that even as the body with stripes, so is the mind torn in pieces with cruelty, lust, and evil cogitations." I know that they laugh sometimes, but it is only from the teeth outward. They rejoice, but with no true joy. No more certainly than they [who], being in a dungeon condemned to die, do seek to beguile themselves with playing at dice or tables and yet cannot. For the deep imprinted terror of punishment at hand remains, and the image of grisly death never departs from before their eyes. I pray thee draw back this curtain of external things, and behold that Sicilian tyrant

Over whose wicked head a naked sword
Does always hang

Listen to that Roman emperor lamentably crying out "All the gods and goddesses send me a worse destruction than that I feel a daily dying in me." Hear another of them sighing from the heart, and saying, "What? Am I the only man that have neither friend nor foe?" These are the true torments of the mind. Lipsius, these be gripping griefs indeed, always to be vexed, sorrowful, terrified. Beware thou compare not any tortures, racks, or iron instruments unto these.

Chapter XV

That pains after this life are prepared for evildoers. And most commonly also external punishments. Confirmed by some notable examples.

Join moreover hereto those everlasting pains after this life, which it suffices me only to point at out of the midst of divinity (theological works), without further unfolding of them. Add also external punishments, which if they be wanting, yet inasmuch as the former never are omitted, who can rightly blame the justice of God? But I say that those first are not lacking. And never, or surely very seldom doth it happen, but that notorious evil persons and such as oppress others, do suffer open and public pains. Some of them sooner, some later; some in themselves, and some in their posterity. Thou mark and murmur that the Sicilian tyrant Dionysus doth for many years together commit adulteries, rapines, murders, without controlment. Have patience a little while, thou shalt see him shortly infamous, a banished man, beggarly, and (a matter scarce credible) thrust down from the scepter, to the ferruler. The same king of a great island shall set up a school at Corinth, himself being indeed a very scoff to fortune. On the other side, does it grieve thee that Pompey should be overthrown in Pharsalia, and his army almost consisting of Senators? That the tyrant should take his pleasure and pastime whiles in the blood of citizens? I blame thee not much, considering that Cato himself here lost the helm of sound judgment, and from his heart uttered this doubtful voice, "Divine matters are full of obscurity." Notwithstanding thou Lipsius, thou Cato, cast your eyes a little aside, you shall see one thing that will bring you unto good liking with God again. Behold that Caesar, stately, a conqueror, in his own and some other folks' opinion, a very god; slain in and of the Senate. And that not with one simple death, but wounded with three and twenty several thrusts, and rolling in his own blood like a beast. And (what more could you wish?) this was done even in the court of Pompey, the image of Pompey standing there on high, celebrating a great sacrifice to the ghost of that great

one [marginal note explains: Pompey "was surnamed" Magnus]. Even so Brutus losing his life in the Philippian fields for his country, and with his country, moves me to compassion. But I am recomforted when I see not only after those conquering armies (as it were) before his tomb falling together by the ears between themselves, and master Antonius [Mark Antony] one of the chieftains [in the war with whom Brutus lost his life] overcome both by sea and land, among three silly women hardly finding death with that womanish hand. Where art thou now that was of late lord of all the east? Leader of the Roman armies? Persecutor of Pompey and the commonwealth? Lo thou hangest in a rope by thy bloody hand! Lo thou creepest into thy grave half alive! Lo dying thou canst not be withdrawn from her which was thy death! Mark whether Brutus uttered in vain those last words at his death, "O Jupiter, let not the author of this evil beguile thee." No more did he deceive or escape him. NO more did that other captain, who not obscurely suffered in himself the punishment of his youthful misdeeds. But yet more apparently in all his progeny. Let him by happy and might Caesar, and truly Augustus. But with all let him have a daughter Julia, and a niece; also some of his nephews let him lose by false accusations. Others let him banish out of his favor. And with loathsomeness of these let him wish to die with four days hunger, and not be able. Finally, let him live with his Livia, dishonestly married, dishonestly kept. And upon whom he doted with unlawful love, let him die a shameful death by her means. In conclusion, saith Pliny, "he being made a god and gaining heaven (but I wot not whether he deserved it) let him die, and the son of his enemy be his heir." These and such like things, Lipsius, are to be thought upon whensoever we begin to break forth into any complaints of unrighteousness in God. And we must always cast our minds to the consideration of two things, the slowness and the diversity of punishments. Is not such a man punished? Hold thee contented a little, he shall feel it ere long; if not in his body, yet assuredly in mind. If not whilst he lives, yet doubtless when he is dead.

Though vengeance come behind and her foot sore,
She overtakes the offender that goes before. (Seneca)

For that same heavenly eye watches still, and when thou thinkst it sleeps soundly, it does but wink a little. Only see that thou bear thyself uprightly towards him; and do not vainly accuse thy judge by whom thyself must eftsoones be judged.

Chapter XVI

An answer to the other objection touching guiltless men. It is proved that all have deserved punishment, for that all are offenders. And who they be that do offend more or less, can hardly or by no means be discerned by men. It is God only that sees thoroughly into faults, and therefore does punish most justly.

But thou sayest that guiltless and innocent people are punished. For this is thy second complain, or rather I may term it a slanderous accusation. Unadvised young man! So speakest thou? In what country may we find such countrymen as are without fault? It were great boldness, yea rashness to affirm that of any one man. And dost thou make no scruple quit whole peoples and nations of offence? Thou dost most foolishly. I know we have all sinned and daily do; we are born in uncleanness and in it we live. Insomuch that the storehouse of heaven (as I may say with the Satiric) would be without thunderbolts, if they were hurled continually upon all that do offend. For though fishes be engendered and nourished in the salt sea and themselves taste not of any saltiness; yet may we not think it to be so with us men, that we being born in this contagion of the world should ourselves be without corruption. Then if all be offenders, where are these harmless innocent people? For punishment is always most justly the companion of offence.

But wilt thou say, I mislike the inequality, that some folk having trespassed but a little are grievously corrected; and others notoriously naught, are suffered to flourish and have dominion. I see what the matter is. Belike thou wilt take the balance of justice out of God's hand, and wilt poise it after thine own fantasy and pleasure. To what else tends this thy valuation of greater or smaller offences, which thou assumest unto thee before God? But here, Lipsius, I would have thee consider two things; first that men cannot neither ought to take upon them the judging of other's faults. For how can it be that thou, silly man, shouldst weigh faults uprightly, which does not mark [see] them thoroughly? Canst thou give sentence justly of that which thou art not able to examine diligently? Thou wilt easily grant that it is the mind or soul which sins, by means of the body and the instruments of the senses, but yet so, that the whole weight and burden of sin rests upon it. This is so true, that if thou grant a man has committed ought against his will, then he has not therein sinned. If it be so, how art thou able to behold the offence, [thou who] seest not so much as the harbor and the seat thereof? And surely thou art so far from seeing another man's mind, that thou perceivest not thine own. Therefore this is great folly or temerity in arrogating to thyself the censuring and judgment of that thing which is not seen nor to be seen. Neither known nor able to be comprehended by any man's knowledge.

Secondly, admit there be such inequality as thou speak of; yet is there no harm nor wrong doe herein. No harm, in that it is for their good which are presently punished even for their least faults. Therein God loves us. And we ought greatly to misdoubt long forbearance, whichever brings with it more grievous pains. Again neither is there any wrong done thereby, because (as I said) we have all of us deserved punishment, and there is not in the best any such purity, but that some spots do stain them, which must be washing away with this salt water of adversities. Wherefore, young man, let pass this most intricate disputation of the estimating of faults and offences, thou being an earthly and very simple [naive?] judge. Refer it to God, who discerns more uprightly and soundly that matter from his high throne of justice.

He alone it is that esteems indifferently of [renders judgment impartially concerning] defects; he, which without [any] fraud or daubing of dissimulation beholds virtue and vice in their proper hue. Who can deceive him who searches all outward and inward things alike, [who] sees both body and mind? The tongues and the very veins of the heart? Finally, all things whether open or secret? Who sees not only the deeds done, but even the causes and proceedings of them as clear as the noon light. Thales, being once demanded whether anyone that did commit wickedness could beguile God [responded] "no, nor if he do but imagine it only; so said he truly. But not it is otherwise with us being here in darkness, who not only do not see secret sins but also such as are done under the coat and skirts, as they say, no nor scarce those that be manifest and committed in the daylight. For we do not discern the fault itself and the whole force thereof but only some external signs of the same, when it is done and has turned the back to be gone again. We do oftentimes think them the best men whom God knows to be the worst; and we reject those whom he does elect; wherefore, if thou have wisdom, shut thine eyes and stop thy mouth from having anything to do touching the worthiness or unworthiness of men. Such hidden causes are hardly known for certain.

Chapter XVII

An answer to the third objection touching punishments translated or put off from one person to another. It is shewed by examples that the same is usually done among men. What is the cause wherefore God uses such translating of punishments from one to another. Also certain other matters full of subtle curiosity.

But now the third cloud brought into overshadow God's justice must be blown away. For some say that God does not deal

uprightly in shifting over punishments from one to another. Neither is it well that the posterity should suffer pains for the faults of their predecessors. What? Is that such a rare or strange matter? Nay, rather I marvel why these men should marvel at that, seeing they do even the same here in this world. Tell me in good sooth, do not the rewards that Princes bestow upon the ancestors for their virtues remain and redound also to their posterity? Surely they do. And I think the like of revenge and punishment for their evil deservings. Behold in cases of treason against the state or person of a prince, some are apparently in the fault, and others do communicate with them in the punishment. Which thing is so far intended by man's security, as it is provided by laws that the innocent children should be punished with perpetual poverty; "so as death may seem a solace to them and life a scourge." Your minds are altogether malicious. You will permit that to some king or petty potentate, which you will not unto God, who notwithstanding if ye consider it well, has far greater reason of this severity. For we have transgressed and rebelled against this mighty king every one of us; and by many descents is that first blemish or stain derived to the unhappy children; such a chaining and linking together of offences there is before God. Neither was it my father or thine that first began to sin, but the father of all fathers. What marvel is it then if he punish in the posterity those faults which be no properly divers, but by certain communication of seed made joint, and never being discontinued.

But to let pass these high mysteries, and to deal with thee by a more familiar kind of reasoning; know this, that God joins together those things which we through frailty or ignorance do separate and put asunder; and that he beholds families, towns[,], kingdoms, not as this confuse[d] or distinguished but as one body and entire nature. The family of the Scipios or Caesars is but one whole thing to him. The city of Rome or Athens during all their time of their continuance, one. And there is good reason it should be so. For there is a certain bond of laws, and communion of rights that knits together these great bodies, which causes a participation of rewards and punishments to be betwixt those that have lived in diverse ages. Therefore, were the Scipios good men in times

past? Their posterity shall speed the better for it before the heavenly judge. Were they evil? Let their posterity fare the worse. Have the Flemings not many years past been lascivious, covetous, godless? Let us smart for it. Because in all external punishments God does not only behold the time present, but also has respect to time past. And so by pondering of both these together, he poises evenly the balance of his justice. I said in all "external punishments," and I would have thee mark it well. For the faults of one man are not laid upon another, neither is there any confusion of offences. (God forbid that.) But these are only pains and chastisements about us, not in us. And properly do concern the body or goods but not our mind which is internal. And what injury at all is there herein? We will be heirs to our ancestors of commodities [comforts?] and rewards, if they deserve any. Why should we refuse their punishments and pains? "O Romans, ye shall suffer punishments for the offences of your predecessors, unworthily." So said the Roman poet, and he spake true, but only in that he added "unworthily." For it is most deservedly, because their forefathers had deserved it. But the poet saw the effect only, without lifting up his consideration to the cause. Notwithstanding as one and the self same man may lawfully abide punishment in his old age for some offence committed in his youth, even so in empires and kingdoms does God punish old sins because that in respect of outward communication and society, they are but one self thing before God. These distances oftentimes do not separate us in his sight, who has all eternity enclosed in his infinite capacity. Did those Martial wolves [the Romans, according to a marginal note] in old time overthrow so many towns, and break in pieces so many scepters scot free? Have they sucked so much blood by slaughter, and themselves never lost their blood? Then I will surely confess that God is no revenger "Who both hears and sees whatsoever we do." But the case stands otherwise. For it cannot be but they must at length even in their posterity receive punishment, though slow, yet never too late.

Neither is there with God this conjunction and unity of times only, but of parts also. This is my meaning. That like as in man when the hands, the secret parts, and belly do transgress

[marginal note: "by theft, lechery, and gluttony"], the whole body buys the bargain dearly; so in a common multitude the sin of a few is often required at the hands of all. Especially if the offenders be the worthiest members as kings, princes, and magistrates. Well said Hesiod, and out of the bowels of wisdom:

For one man's fault the city suffers pain,
When one commits sacrilege or wrong;
From heaven God makes tempests down to rain,
Or pestilence, or famishment among.

So the whole Greek navy perished for one man's offence, even the furious outrage of Ajax Oileus. Likewise in Jewry seventy thousand men were justly consumed with one plague, for the unlawful lust of the king [marginal note: "when David ambitiously numbered the people"]. Sometimes it falls out contrarily, that whereas all have sinned, God chooses out one or a few to be, as it were, a sacrifice for the common crime. Wherein although he decline a little from the straight level of equality, yet of this inequality a new kind of justice arises; and the same which in a few seems to be rigor, is a certain merciful righteousness towards many. Does not the schoolmaster's ferruler correct one among a multitude of loitering scholars? Does not a general in the wars punish his mutinous army by drawing the tenth man? And both these do it upon good advise, for that this punishment inflicted upon a few does terrify and amend all. I see physicians many times open a vein in the foot or arm when the whole body is distempered. What know I whether it be so in this case? For these matters be mysteries, Lipsius. They be very deep mysteries. If we be wise let us not come to nigh this sacred fire whose sparks and small flakes we men perchance may see, but not the thing itself. Even as they which fix their eyes too seriously upon the sun do lose them, so we extinguish all the light of our mind by beholding earnestly this light. My opinion, therefore, is that we ought to abstain from this curious question so full of danger, and be resolved of this, that mortal men cannot rightfully judge of offences, nor ought not to attempt it. God has another manner of

balance, and another tribunal seat of justice. And howsoever those secret judgments of his be executed, we must not accuse but suffer and reverence them. This one sentence I would have thee to be thoroughly persuaded of, wherewith I will shut up this matter and stop the mouths of all curious busybodies: The most part of God's judgments are secret, but none of them unrighteous.

Chapter XVIII

A passage to the last place, which is of examples. It is shown to be a matter profitable oftentimes to mix some things of sweet taste with sharper medicines.

This much, Lipsius, I had to say in defense of God justice against unjust accusers; which I confess was not altogether pertinent to my purpose, and yet not much besides it; because doubtless we shall the more willingly and indifferently bear these great public miseries when we are fully persuaded they be justly inflicted upon us.

And here surceasing our communication awhile, Langius suddenly broke out into these words; it is well, I have taken breath a little. And being now passed beyond all the dangerous rocks of difficult questions, it seems I may with full sails strike into the haven. I behold here at hand my fourth and last troop, which I intend willingly to bring into the field. And as mariners being in a tempest, when they see the two twins [marginal note: "Castor and Pollux, who where they appear both in a storm do betoken a calm nigh at hand"] appear together do receive great hope and comfort. So fares it with me, unto whom after many sturdy storms, this double legion has shown itself. Let me lawfully term it so, after the ancient manner, because it is forked or twofold. And by it I must manfully prove two several things, that these evils which now we suffer are neither grievous, nor new and

unaccustomed. In certain of which few matters that are behind unhandled, I pray [that you?], Lipsius, show thyself willing and attentive unto me. Never more willing, Langius, than now. For it pleases me very well that we have passed through the pikes; and I long earnestly for some pleasant and familiar medicines, after these sharp and bitter pills. And so it appears by the title that the disputation ensuing will be. You say true, quoth Langius. And even as the surgeons after they have seared and cut as much as likes them, do not forthwith dismiss their patient, but apply some gentle medicines and comfortable salves to assuage the pain, so I having sufficiently seared and purged thee with the razors and fire of wisdom, will now cherish thee again with some sweeter communication, and will touch thee with a milder hand, as the saying is. I will descend from that craggy hill of philosophy, leading thee awhile in the pleasant fields [of] philology [marginal note: "which is here taken for eloquence or sweet communication. It signify properly love of talk, as philosophy does love of wisdom"]. And that, not so much for thy recreation as for thy health. It is said that Demochares, a physician having for his patient Considia, a noble woman . . . [who] refused all kind of sharp medicines, ministered unto her the milk of goats, which he caused to feed altogether upon mastic; so it is my purpose to import now unto thee some historical and delectable matters, but yet sauced with a secret liquor of wisdom. What matter is it which way we attempt the curing of a sick body, so we restore to perfect health?

Chapter XIX

That public evils are not as grievous as they seem to be; which first is briefly proved by reason. For most commonly we fear the circumstances and adjuncts of things, more than the things themselves.

Now march forward mine own good legion. And first of all that troop which are assigned to the forward; proving that these evils are not grievous, which we will convince by a twofold argument. Of reason, because if thou have due respect thereunto, truly all these things which do betide us and hang over our heads, are neither grievous nor great, but do only seem so to be. It is Opinion which does augment and amplify them, and lifts them up as it were upon a stage to be seen. But if thou be wise, scatter abroad that thick mist, and behold the things in the clear light. For example's sake, thou in this time of public calamities fearest poverty, banishment, and death. If thou look upon these things with indifferent and sound eyes, alas, what trifles are they? If thou poise them according to their weight, how light be they? This war, or else the tyranny of governors through excessive tributes will impoverish thee. What then? Thou shalt be a poor man. Did not nature so make thee, and so shall take thee hence? But if the odious and infamous name of tyranny offend thee, change thy habitation, so shalt thou free thyself. Fortune, if thou mark it, has helped thee, and provided thee a place of more security. No man shall pill and poll thee any more. Thus the thing which thou didst account as damage shall be a remedy unto thee. "But I shall be a banished man." Nay, rather a stranger, if thou wilt. If thou alter thy affection, thou changest thy country. A wise man, in whatsoever place he be, is as a pilgrim. And a fool wheresoever he be is an exile.

But thou wilt say, death is daily imminent to me by means of a tyrant. As though it were not so every day by nature. "Yea but it is a shameful matter to die by execution or strangling." O fool, neither that nor any other kind of death is infamous, except thy life be such. Recount unto me the best and worthiest persons have been since the beginning of the world; they ended their lives by violence. This examination, Lipsius, whereof I do give thee a taste only, must be used in all those things which do seem terrible, and we must behold them naked without any vestment or vizard [mask] of opinions. But we poor wretches do turn ourselves to these vain and external matters, not fearing the things themselves but the circumstances and adjuncts of them. Behold, if thou sail

on the sea, and it begin to swell mightily, thy courage quails, and thou tremble with fear, as though if thy ship were cast away thou should swallow up the whole sea, whereas one quart or two thereof will suffice to drown thee. If an earthquake be suddenly raised, what crying out and quaking is there? Thou imagine that the whole town or at least a house will fall upon thee; and dost not consider that the dropping down of one little stone is enough to knock out thy brains. Even so is it in these great common calamities, in the which the noise and vain imagination of things doth terrify us. "See this troop of soldier! See these shining swords!" Why? What can these soldiers or these swords do? "They will kill me." What is killing? A bare and mere death only. And that the name may not terrify thee, it is but a departure of the soul from the body. All which bands of soldiers, all which threatening swords shall do but that which one fever, one small kernel of a grape, or one little worm may bring to pass.

"But the other is more painful." Nay it is far more easy, for an ague which thou seem rather to choose, keeps a man in pains commonly a whole year together, but here the matter is ended with one blow in a moment. Therefore it was well spoken of Socrates, who used to call all these things no otherwise but goblins or painted vizards [masks], which if thou put on, children run from thee affrighted, but so soon as thou putttest off the same and shewest thine own face, they will come about thee and embrace thee in their arms. Even so stands the case in these matters that seem so terrible, which if thou behold without veil or vizard, thou wilt confess that all thy fear was but childish. As hailstones though they beat upon houses with a great noise, yet themselves do leap away and are dissolved, so these things if they happen to light upon a constant settled mind, do not case down it, but vanish and come to naught themselves.

Chapter XX

Now we come to comparison. And first of all the misery of the Low Countries and of this our age, is exaggerated. That opinion is generally confuted. And it is declared how that the natural disposition of men is prone to augment their own griefs.

This earnest and grave communication of Langius was nothing answerable to my hope or expectation: Wherefore interrupting him, "whither now?" quoth I, "Was this your promise to me? I expected the sweet wine and honeycombs of histories, but you serve me with such sour sauce as there is none more sharp among all the store of philosophy. What? Do you think that you have to do with some Thales? No, no. Now you have Lipsius in hand, who as he is a man and of the common sort of men; so he desires remedies somewhat more spiced with humanity than these be." Then, said Langius with a mild voice and countenance, I confess indeed I am worthy of blame. For in following the bright beams of reason I see myself to have strayed out of the highway and decline unawares into the path of wisdom again. But now I will amend the matter, and return to hold on my course in a more familiar known trade-way. Doth the sharpness of the wine that I broached dislike thee? I will sweeten it with the honey of examples. Now therefore I come to comparisons, and will prove evidently that there is nothing grievous or great in all these evils which do now about everywhere, if we compare them with those of old time. For in times past the same have been far more heinous and lamentable than now. Hereat I once again more eagerly than before replied: "What? Say you so indeed? And think you to bring me into that belief? No, Langius, not so long as there is any sense in my head. For what age past, if you examine the matter rightly has at any time been so miserable as this ours, or even shall be? What country, what region has suffered, so many things grievous to be spoken of and rigorous to be endured, as we Flemings do at this day? We are shaken to and fro with wars not only foreign but civil; and not such only but intestine dissensions even within our own bowels. For there be not only parties among us, but new parties of these same parties. Alas, my dear country, what safety

can save thee? Add hereto pestilence, and famine, tributes, rapines, slaughters; also the uttermost extremity of tyranny. And oppressions not of bodies only, but also of minds. And what is there in other parts of Europe? War or fear of war: And if any peace be, it is joined with shameful servitude under petty lords, and no better at all than any kind of war. Whithersoever we cast our eyes or cogitations, all things hang in suspense and suspicion. And, as it were in an old ruinous house, there be many tokens of falling down. In fine, Langius, like as all rivers run into the Sea; so it seems that all misfortunes are fallen upon this present age. I speak only of those evils which are in action, and now presently tossing us. What need I make mention of such as hang over our heads? To which I may truly apply that saying of Euripides:

I see so great a sea of evils at hand
So that it seems a matter hard safely to swim to land.

Langius turning himself toward me angrily, and as it were with intent to rebuke me, "What? Dost thou yet again cast thyself down by these querulous complaints? I thought thou hadst stood fast like a man, and I see thou fallest. That thy wounds had been quite closed up, but I perceive thou dost open them again. Howbeit thou must be endued with contentation of mind if thou wilt be in perfect health.

Thou sayest, this age is the unhappiest that ever was. This has been an old lay long ago used. I know thy grandfather said so, and likewise thy father. I know also that thy children and children's children will sing the same note. It is a thing naturally given unto men to cast their eyes narrowly upon all things that be grievous, but to wink at such as be pleasant. As flies and such like vile creatures do never rest long upon smooth and fine polished places, but do stick fast to rough and filthy corners, so the murmuring mind does lightly pass over the consideration of all good fortune but never forgets the adverse or evil. It handles and pries into that, yea, and oftentimes augments it with great wit.

Like as lovers do always behold somewhat in their mistress whereby they think her to excel all others; even so do men that mourn, in their miseries. Yea, moreover, we imagine things that be false, and bewail not only things present, but also such as be to come. And what gain we by this fore-reaching wit of ours? Surely nothing else but that some espying a far off dust raised by an army do thereupon forsake their tents for fear, so the vain shadow of future danger casts us down into the pit of desperation.

Chapter XXI

The same is more properly and precisely confuted by comparison with the evils of old time. First of the wars and marvelous desolations of the Jews.

But thou, Lipsius, let pass these vulgar matters, and follow me now to that comparison which thou so much desirest. Thereby it shall most plainly appear unto thee, that the miserable desolations of old time were not only in all respects equal to these of our age but did far surpass them; and that we which live in these days have cause to rejoice rather than to grudge. Thou sayest we are tossed with wars. What then? Were not they of old time likewise? Yes, Lipsius, they had their beginning with the world, and shall never be at an end so long as the world lasts. But perhaps theirs were not so great, nor so grievous as ours be. Nay but it is so far otherwise that all ours are mere jestings and toys (I speak in good earnest) if they be compared with the ancient ages. I shall hardly find an entrance in, or a way out, if once I throw myself into these deep sea of examples. Notwithstanding shall we wander a little through all parts of the world? Let us go. We will begin with Judea, that is with the holy nation and people. I let pass those things which they suffered in Egypt and immediately after their departure therehence, for they are recorded and may easily be

seen in Holy Scripture. I will come to the last of all, even such as are annexed to their final destruction, which it is expedient that I propound particularly as it were in manner of a table [marginal note: collected and taken out of Josephus]. They suffered therefore in civil and foreign wars within the space of seven years, these things ensuing. First there were slain

at Jerusalem by the commandment of Florus - 630

at Caesarea by the inhabitants there, for hatred of the nation and their religion, at once - 20,000

at Scithopilis, a town of Syria - 13,000

at Ascalon in Palestina, of the inhabitants there - 2500

also at Ptolomais - 2000

at Alexandria in Egypt, under Tiberius Alexander then president - 50,000

at Damascus - 10,000

And all these happened as it were by sedition and tumults. Afterwards, by lawful and open war with the Romans, when Joppa was taken by Cesium Florus, there were slain of them - 8400

also in mount Cabulon - 2000

in fight at Ascalon - 10,000

again by deceit - 8000

at the taking of Aphaca - 15,000

In mount Gazarin were slain - 11,600

At Jotapa where Josephus himself was, about - 30,000

Again at the taking of Joppa, were drowned - 4200

In Tarichaeis slain - 6500

At Gamala killed, and that wilfully cast themselves headlong down from steep places - 9000

And not one man born in that town escaped, save two women that were sisters.

Giscala being abandoned, there were slain in the fight - 2000

And of women and children taken captives - 3000

Of the Gaderens were put to the sword - 13,000

Taken captives - 2200

Besides an in[de]finite number that leapt into the river

In the streets of Idumaea were killed - 10,000

At Gerasium - 1000

At Macheruns - 1700

In the wood Iarde - 3000

In Massada a little castle were slain wilfully by themselves - 960

In Cirene slain by Catalus the president - 30,000

But in the city of Jerusalem during all the time of the siege, there died and were killed - 1,000,000

Taken captives - 97,000

This whole sum [note: which perished by famine, exile, and mischances] besides an innumerable company not spoken of amounts to - 124,000

What sayest thou, Lipsius? Dost thou cast down thy eyes at this? Nay, rather lift them up. And see whether thou dare again compare the wars that have been throughout all Christendom these many years, with the miserable desolations of this one Jewish nation.

Chapter XXII

Of the destructions of the Greeks and Romans by war. The great numbers of them that have been slain by certain captains. Also the wasting of the new world. And the extreme misery of captivity.

I rest not here, but hold my way forwards into Greece. And if I should recount in order all the wars that those people have had among themselves at home, or abroad with others, it would be tedious to tell, and without any profit. Thus much only I say, that this region has continually been so wasted and hacked with the sword of calamity, as Plutarch records (which I never read without anger and admiration) that the whole nation in his time was not able to make three thousand soldiers. And yet, says he, in times past even in the Persian war, one little town by Athens called Megara sufficed to raise that number. Alas how art thou decayed? O thou garden of the whole earth? The glory and beauty of nations. There is scarce now a town of any name in this distressed country of Belgica that cannot match that number of warlike people. Now shall we take a view of the Romans and of Italy? Augustine and Orosius have already eased me of this business in rehearsing. See their writings, and in them huge seas of evils. One Carthaginian war even the second within the country of Italy, Spain, and Sicily, and within the space of 17 years consumed fourteen hundred thousand men and above. (For I have searched the number very narrowly.) The civil war between Caesar and Pompey 300,000. And the weapons of Brutus, Cassius, and Sextus Pompeius more than that. What speak I of wars managed under the conduct of diverse persons? Behold. Only C. Caesar (O the plague and pestilence of mankind!) confesses and that with boasting "that he slew in battles eleven hundred ninety and two thousand men" (Pliny 51.7) And yet the butchery of his civil wars runs not in this reckoning. These slaughters were committed upon foreigners in those few years wherein he ruled over Spain and France. And yet notwithstanding in this respect he which was surnamed THE GREAT [Pompeius Magnus]

surpassed him; who caused it to be written in the temple of Minerva, "that he had overcome, put to flight, slain, and upon yielding received to mercy, twenty hundred four score and four thousand men." And to make up the account, added unto these, if thou wilt, Q. Fabius who slew 110,000 Frenchmen, C. Marius 200,000 Cimbrians. And in a later age Aetius, who in a famous battle killed a hundred three score and two thousand Hungarians.

Neither do thou imagine that men only were destroyed in these great wars, but likewise goodly towns were ruined by them. Cato surnamed Censorius [marginal note: in Plutarch] boasted that he took more towns in Spain [to the number of 400, as Plutarch and Appian write] than he had been days in that country. Sempronius Gracchus, if we give credit to Polybius, utterly overthrew thirty in the same region. I think that no age since the world began is able to match these, but only ours, yet in another world. A few Spaniards sailing within these fourscore years into that marvelous wide new world, O good God, what exceeding great slaughters have they wrought? What wonderful desolations? I speak not of the causes and equity of the war but only of the events. I behold that huge scope of ground (a great matter to have seen, I say not to have subdued it) how it was walked through by twenty or thirty soldiers. And these naked herds of people cut down by them, even as corn with a scythe. Where art thou the most mighty island of Cuba? Thou Haiti? You islands Lucaiae? Which heretofore being replenished with five or six hundred thousand men in some of you scant fifteen are left alive to preserve your seed. Show thyself awhile thou Peru and Mexico. O marvelous and miserable spectacle! That mighty large country, and in truth another world, appears desolate and wasted, no otherwise than if it had been consumed with fire from heaven. My mind and tongue both do fail me, Lipsius, in recounting these matters; and I see all our stirs in comparison of those to be nothing else but small fragments of straw, as the comic poet says, "little mites."

And yet have I not spoken at all of the condition of captive slaves, than the which nothing was more miserable in the ancient

wars. Free born men, noble men, children, women, all whatsoever they were did the conqueror carry away. And who knows whether they were led into perpetual servitude or not? And truly the same such a miserable kind of slavery, as I have to cause to rejoice that not so much as the resemblance of any such has heretofore been, neither at this time is in Christendom. The Turks indeed do practice it; and there is no other thing that makes that Scythian sovereignty more odious and terrible unto us.

Chapter XXIII

Most memorable examples of pestilence and famine in old times past. Also the intolerable tributes that have been then; and the ravenous pillings and powlings.

Yet thou proceed on in thy whining complaint, adjoining moreover plague and famine, tributes and rapines. Let us make comparison of all these, but in few words. Tell me, how many thousands have died of the pestilence in all the low countries within these five or six years. I think fifty or at the most one hundred thousand. But one plague in Judea in the time of King David swept away threescore and ten thousand in less space than one whole day. Under the Emperors Gallus and Volusianus a plague beginning in Ethiopia went through all the Roman provinces and continued wasting and devouring fifteen years together. I never read of a pestilence greater than that for continuance of time, or scope of place where it raged. Notwithstanding for fierceness and extreme violence that pestilence was more notorious which reigned in Byzantium and the places confining, under the Emperor Justinian. The extremity of which plague was so outrageous that it made every day 5000 coarses [corpses?], and some days 10,000. I would be afraid for suspicion of falsehood to write this except I had very credible

witnesses thereof that lived in the same age. No less wonderful was the plague of Africa which began about the subversion of Carthage. In the region of Numida only (now called Barbary) it consumed eight hundred thousand men. In the maritime coasts of Africa 200,000. And at Utica 30,000 soldiers which were left there for defence of that coast. Again in Greece under the reign of Michael duca the plague was so hot "that the living sufficed not to bury the dead." Those be the words of Zonara. Finally in Petrarch's time [marginal note: about the year AD 1359], as he records, the pestilence waxed so fervent in Italy that of every thousand persons scant ten were alive.

And now touching famine, our age has seen none in comparison of old time. Under Honorius the Emperor there was such scarcity and lack of victuals at Rome that one man fed upon another [note: Zosinus Annal 6], and in place of the common assembly to see plays and games there was heard a voice saying, "set a price upon man's flesh" [note: Procopius of the war of the Goths in whose writings see more]. Again throughout all Italy. What time as the Goths ransacked it under Justinian, there raged so sore a famine that in the country of Picem fifty thousand men perished with hunger. And not only the flesh but the very excrements of men served commonly for meat [i.e., food]. Two women (I quake to speak it) killed 17 men in the night by treachery and did eat them; at length [they] themselves were slain by the eighteenth who perceived the matter. I speak not of the famine in the holy city, nor of other examples commonly known.

And now if I shall say somewhat concerning tributes, it cannot be denied but they are very grievous wherewith we are oppressed, if we consider them in themselves alone without comparing the same with those of old times. Almost every province under the Roman Empire paid yearly the first of their pasture land, and the tenth of their arable [land]. Neither did Anthony and Caesar stick to exact the tributes of nine or ten years altogether in one year. After the killing of Julius Caesar, when arms were taken for defense of liberty, every citizen was commanded to defray the five and twentieth part of all his goods;

and more than this, as many as were of the degree of Senators paid six asses for every tilestone of their houses, which amounts to an infinite sum of money, and in our opinions neither credible nor payable.

But Octavianus Caesar, I believe, in regard of his name, exacted and received of his enfranchised servants the eighth part of their goods. I omit that which the triumviri and other tyrants practiced, lest by the rehearsal thereof I should instruct them of our time. Let one example of pilling and powling serve for all the rest, namely that of colonies, which device as it was most assured for the strengthening of the empire, so there could be nothing imagined more heavy to the subjects that were conquered. Whole legions and bands of old soldiers were sent abroad into countries and towns, and the poor natural inhabitants there were in short time fleeced of all their goods and substance, and that without any fault or offence of them, but only their wealth and fat fields were the cause thereof. In which one kind of pilling is contained a gulf of all calamities besides. Is it a miserable case to be spoiled of our money? What is it then to be deprived of our fields and houses? If it be grievous to be thrust out of them, what is it to be banished our country? To be cast out from our churches and altars? For lo, certain thousands of people were taken up, children from their parents, masters from their families, women from their husbands, and were dispersed abroad into diverse countries, every one as his lot was. Some among "the thirsty Africans," as the poet speaking of this matters, "part of them into Scythia, or among the Britons inhabiting the uttermost ends of the world from us." Only Octavianus Caesar in Italy alone placed 18 colonies. And in the provinces of the empire as many as pleased him. And I know not of any one thing more pernicious than that, to the Frenchmen, us, and Spaniards.

Chapter XXIV

Some strange examples of cruelty and butcherly slaughters surpassing all the mischievous massacres of our time.

But thou sayst further that the cruelties and butcherly slaughters of this age are such as have not been heard of before. I know thy meaning, and what has been lately done [note by original translator: I take it he means the Massacre at Paris on St. Bartholemew's Day]. Yet, upon thy credit, Lipsius, tell me, has not the like been among the ancients? Thou art ignorant, if thou know it not, and scarce honest if thou dissemble it. The examples are so many and ready at hand that it is a business for me to make choice of them. Hast thou heard of the name of Sulla, that happy man? Then art thou not ignorant of his infamous and tyrannous proscription, whereby he deprived one city of four thousand seven hundred citizens. And lest thou shouldst think they were of the base and meanest condition, know this that 140 of them were Senators. I say nothing of the manifold murders that were done by his permission or commission. So as it was not without cause that Q. Catal[us] [?] uttered these words, "With whom shall we live at last if we killed armed men in war and unarmed men in peace?" Not long after, I read, that three of Sulla's scholars being triumviri, imitating their master, banished 300 Senators and above 2000 gentlemen of Rome [note: Appianus so counts them]. O monstrous wickedness, the like whereof the sun never saw nor shall see from East to West! Read Appian if thou wilt, and there behold the variable and loathsome spectacle of some hiding in corners, some flying away, some drawing back, others plucking forward, children and wives making lamentations round about. I would I were dead if any man will not affirm that humanity itself was utterly extinguished in that bloody and brutish age. These things were executed upon Senators and Gentlemen of the best sort, even knights; that is, almost upon so many kings and princes.

But peradventure the common sort tasted not of this sauce? Yes, mark how the very same Sulla [according to Valerius lib. 9.18], "whenas four legions of the contrary party had yielded to his

fidelity, he caused them every man to be put to the sword in a common village, they crying out in vain for mercy at his treacherous hands." The pitiful groanings of which men at their death, coming to the Senate and the Senators turning about therewith amazed. "O reverent fathers," quoth he [i.e., Sulla], "let this be. Only a few seditious persons are punished by my appointment." And surely I know not at . . . [which] of these two I should marvel most, that a man could find in his heart to commit such a fact [deed] or to utter such words. What? Wilt thou have yet more examples of cruelty? Hear then Servius Galba assembling together the people of three towns in Spain as if he had to treat of something of their wealth, caused suddenly to be murdered 7000 among whom was the flower of all the youth. In the same country [according to Appianus] L. Licinius Lucullus the Consul, contrary to his promise made at the yield of the Caucaean, sent his soldiers into their city and slew of them 20,000. Octavianus Augustus when he took Perowse [according to Suetonius] "choosing out 300 of those that had yielded, as well of the better sort, as of the vulgar, slew them in manner of sacrifices before an altar newly erected." DIVO IULIO. [to the divine Julius]. Antonius Caracalca being (for some kind of jests I know not what) offended with them of Alexandria [according to Ziphilimus and Herodianus], entering the city in peaceable manner, and calling out all their youth into a fair field, enclosed them with his soldiers and at a sign given, killed them every man; using the like cruelty against all residue, whereby he left utter without an inhabitant that populous city. [According to Valerius and others] King Mithridates by one letter caused to be murdered 4 score thousand citizens of Rome that were dispersed abroad throughout Asia about their marchandise [because of their involvement in trade] and other affairs. [According to Seneca De Ira II] Volesus Messala, being Proconsul of Asia, slew with the sword 300 in one day and then walking proudly among the corpses with his hands cast abroad, as though he had achieved a worthy enterprise, cried out, "O pragma basilikon!" (Oh kingly deed!--in Greek). I speak only of profane and wicked heathens; but behold also among those that are in name consecrated to the true God, Theodosius the prince,

most mischievously and fraudulently calling together at Thessalonica 7000 innocent persons, as it were to see plays, sent in soldiers among them and slew them. Than the which fact there is not any more impious among the impieties of the old tyrants. Go now to my countrymen of Belgica, and complain of the tyranny and treachery of princes in this age.

Chapter XXV

The tyranny of our time is extenuated. Showing that the same is a thing incident either to the nature, or malice of men. And that both external and internal oppressions have been in old time.

Finally, thou dost accuse moreover the tyranny of these times, and the oppressions of body and mind. It is not my purpose ambitiously to extol this our age or to afflict and grieve it. For what good would come thereof? I will speak of [what] makes for my purpose of comparison. When were not these evils rife? And where not? Name me any age without some notable tyranny or any country? If thou canst do so (let me abide the danger of this hazard) I will confess that we be the most wretched of all wretches. Why holdest thou thy peace? I see the old taunting by-word is true, "That all good princes may be written at large in the compass of our ring." For it is naturally given to men's disposition to use imperial authority insolently, neither can they easily keep a mean in that thing which is above mediocrity. Even we ourselves that thus complain of tyranny do bear in our breasts some seed thereof, and many of us do not want [lack] will to perform it, but ability. The serpent being benumbed with cold hath yet his poison within him but does not cast it out. So it is with us, whom only imbecility keeps back from doing harm, and a certain coldness of fortune. Give strength, give fit opportunity or instruments and I fear me that they which now are so querulous

against mighty men will be most unruly themselves. We have examples of this in the common course of our life. See how this father tyrannizes over his children, that master over his servants, another schoolmaster over his scholars. Every one of these is a Phalaris in his kind. And they do stir up waves as much within their rivers as kings do in their great seas. Neither are other living creatures free from this natural disposition. Among whom many do exercise their cruelty upon their like in kind, both in the air, earth, and water. As it is well say of Varo:

So little fish to great ones are a prey
And silly birds, the greedy hawk doth slay

Thou repliest yet, that all these are only oppressions of the body. But now this passes all the rest, that we endure also servile oppressions of our minds. Is it so indeed? Of our minds? Take heed this be not spoken more enviously than truly. He seems unto me to know neither himself nor the celestial nature of the mind, which thinks it may be oppressed or constrained. For no outward force can ever make thee to will what thou will not; or to believe thou believest not. A man may have power upon this bond or fetter of the mind, but not over the mind itself. A tyrant has power to loose it from the body, but not unloose the nature thereof. Such things as be pure, everlasting, and of fiery nature, set nought by all external and violent handling.

But, sayest thou, it is not lawful for me to express my mind freely. Be it so: herein thy tongue alone is bridled, not thy mind. Thy judgment is not restrained but thy acts. But this is a strange course and never before heard of. Alas, good man, how art thou deceived? How many could I recount unto thee who for their unadvised tongues have suffered punishment of all these senses under tyrants? How many of them have endeavored to force and constrain men's judgments? Yea their judgments, I say, in matters of religion. The kings of Persia and of the East made it an ordinary custom to be adored. And we know that Alexander assumed to himself the same divine honor, his own plain country misliking it. Among the Romans that good and moderate prince Augustus had

his Flamines and Priests in all provinces, yea in private houses, as a god. Caligula cutting off the heads from the imagines of their heathen gods cause the likeness of his own to be put in their steads; and with a ridiculous impiety he erected a temple, instituted priests and most exquisite sacrifices in honor of his own majesty. Nero would needs be taken for Apollo, and the principal citizens were by him put to death under his pretense because they had never sacrificed before the heavenly voice. As for Domitian, he was commonly called "our god" and "our lord." What vanity, Lipsius, or impiety were it to speak ought against any king? I purpose not to sail nearer this gulf, whereinto no stormy winds of ambition shall ever draw or drive me "for the reward of silence is void of danger." I will allege only one testimony concerning all this matter of servitude in old times, and that out of a writer, which I would have thee well to mark. Tacitus, writing of Domitian's time, has thus:

"We read that it was made a matter of death, when Petus Thræsea was praised unto Arulenus Iusticus, or Priscus Helvidius to Herennius Senecio. Neither extended this cruelty unto those authors only but also to their books, the triumviri, having the charge committed unto them, to see the monuments of those excellent wits burned in open view of the people, and in the marketplace. Forsooth they supposed by that fire utterly to abolish or suppress the speech of the people of Rome, the liberties of the Senate, and the consciences of all mankind. Expelling moreover all professors of wisdom and banishing all good arts to the intent that no honest thing should remain in use. Surely we have given a notable experiment of patience; and as the old ages have seen the very highest degree in liberty, so have we felt the uttermost extremity in servitude. The very society of speaking and hearing being taken from us by straight inquisitions. We should also have lost our memory with our voice, if so be it lay in our power to forget, as it does to hold our peace."

Chapter XXVI

Finally, it is proved that these evils are neither strange nor new; but at all times common to all people and nations. And therein some comfort is sought for.

Neither will I add any more touching comparison, I come now to the last troop of my legion which fights against novelty, but briefly, and with contempt of it. For it shall rather gather up the spoils of the conquered enemies than be forced to any fierce grappling with them. For in very truth, what is there here that can be accounted new to any man unless that thou thyself being new born art a novice in human affairs? Well spake Crantor and wisely, who had ever this verse in his mouth, "Woe is me, what woe is me? We have suffered but things pertaining to men." For these miseries do but wheel about continually, and circularly run about this circle of the world. Why sighest thou for the happening of these heavy accidents? Why marvelest thou at them?

O Agamemnon, Atreus thy sire
Begat thee not to joyfulness alone:
As mirth, so sorrow sometimes is thy hire;
Mortal thou art, and thereto wast thou borne.
Yea though thou strive, and stubbornly refuse,
God having willed it so, thou canst not choose.

This rather is a thing to be wondered at, if any man were lawlessly exempted from this common law, and carried none of that burden whereof every man bears a part. Solon seeing a very friend of his at Athens mourning piteously, brought him into a high tower and showed him underneath all the houses in that great city, saying unto him "Think with thyself how many sundry mornings in times past have been in all these houses, many at this present are, and in time to come shall be: and leave off to bewail the miseries of mortal folk, as if they were thine own." I would wish thee, Lipsius, to do the like in this wide world. But because thou canst not in deed and fact, go to, do it a little while in conceit and

imagination. Suppose, if it please thee, that thou art with me in the top of that high hill Olympus; behold from thence all towns, provinces, and kingdoms of the world, and think that thou see even so many inclosures full of human calamities. These are but only theaters and places for the purpose prepared: wherein fortune plays her bloody tragedies. Neither cast thine eyes far hence. Seest thou Italy? It is not yet full thirty years ago since it had rest from cruel and sharp wars on every side. Dost thou behold the large country of Germany? There were lately in her great sparks of civil dissension, which do begin to burn again; and unless I be deceived will grow to a more consuming flame. Britain? In it there have been continual wars and slaughters, and in that now it rests awhile in peace, must be referred to the government of a peaceable sex. What of France? See and pity her. Even now a festered gangrene of bloody war creeps through every join thereof. So is it in all the world besides. Which things think well upon, Lipsius, and by this communication or participation of miseries, lighten thine own. And like as they which rode gloriously in triumph, had a servant behind their backs who in the midst of all their triumphant jollity cried out often times "Thou art a man," so let this be ever as a prompter by thy side, "That these things are human, or appertaining to men." For as labor being divided between many is easy: even so likewise is sorrow.

Chapter XXVII

The Conclusion of the whole conference: with a short admonition to the often repeating and careful consideration thereof.

I have displayed all my forces, Lipsius, and all my arguments. Thou hast heard as much as I thought necessary to be spoken in the behalf of constancy against sorrow. Which God grant it be not

only pleasing but profitable unto thee; and that it do not so much delight as benefit or help thee. As certainly it will do if it sink not into thy ears alone but also into thy mind; and if, having once heard the same, thou suffer it not to lie still and wither away as feed scattered upon the face of the earth. Finally, if thou repeat the same often, and take due consideration thereof. Because that as fire is not forced out of the flint with one stroke, so in these frozen hearts of ours, the lurking and languishing sparks of honesty are not kindled with the first stroke of admonitions. Which, that they may at the last be thoroughly enkindled in thee, not in words or appearance, but in deed and fact, I humbly and reverently beseech that eternal and celestial fire.

When he had thus spoke, he rose up hastily, and said I am going, Lipsius, for this south Sun is unto me a token of dinner time. Follow thou after me. Even so, quoth I, gladly and with a very good will. And now may I rightly sing together with you in the antiphony, as is used in holy ceremonies,

I have escaped the evil, and found the good.

FINIS

Praise, Honor and Glory; and One of the Trinity

