Respublica literaria: or, The republick of letters; being a vision
Respublica Literaria:

OR, THE

REPUBLICK

OF

LETTERS;

BEING A

VISION.

Wrote in Spanish by Don Diego De Saavedra, Knight of the Order of St. James.

Translated from the Original by J. E. A. B.

**P E T R O N.**

Dedicated to his Excellency John Lord C A R T E R E T,

LONDON: Printed, and DUBLIN Re-printed, by and for S A M U E L F U L L E R, at the Globe in Meath-Street, 1728. and Sold by the Booksellers.
A Republique Founded on the Republic or Letters: a Divine Vision

Issued in English by Don Diego de Sandoval, King of Palcmia

To the King's Excellence

Declared to the King's Excellency

To his Excellency

JOHN Lord CARTERET,
Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council,

My LORD,

F, as my Author somewhere observes, to let him speak for himself,

Quelos libros se han de dedicar a El, a Quien por razon del Argumento se le debe la obra,

the Subject then of this Trifle,

A 2 which
which was what flattered me into the Presumption of laying it here, makes it no more than a just Debt brought home to your Excellency; who by your extensive and unbounded Munificence to Men of Letters and Merit, are the Support of this Republick; and by your own transcendent Endowments and Acquisitions, do make it even rival its antient Splendor and Dignity.

I am sensible, my Lord, how ready the World will be to expect a just and regular Translation, when they see your Illustrious Name at the Head of it; but as Things of this Nature are not to be supposed to carry any Proportion
portion to the Greatness of the Receiver, I presume it to be no Diminution of the Compliment, if through a becoming Mistrust, or rather Consciousness of the contrary, I anticipate the Censure of others in owning its Defaults. Was this a perfect Translation, it might then pretend to do even Honour to your Excellency, as being the first of that Kind that ever was: But as it is, I hope it a no unpardonable Piece of Ambition, in that I presume to shelter it under the Umbrage of your Great Name.

It is a Digression, I must own, very consistent with the usual Pomp of Dedications to run out in a long Panegyric of the Prude-
dence, Conduct, and other shining Qualifications of the Patron; but your Excellency, who has risen above the ordinary Pitch in all of these, lies out of the Reach of an ordinary Pen; and therefore it would be to act inconsistently with the Sense, I have of my own Weakness, to attempt any Thing of that Kind here.

I am, My LORD,

Your Excellency's

Most obliged,

Most devoted, and

Humble Servant.

J. E.
THE PREFACE.

The Author of this Vision, Don Diego De Saavedra, has sufficiently enough recommended himself to the World, not to want any Thing of mine to be added in his Behalf; his History of the Goths, and Political Emblems, have left but few, I presume, who are any thing conversant with the Spanish Writers, unacquainted with his Character. And as a preliminary Account
Account of this Piece, is what I rather imagine, the Reader will be most apt to expect; I choose to supersede the Trouble of the former, as well for his sake as my own, and to detain him with as few Words as I can concerning the latter.

Don Francisco Ignacio de Porres, who writ the Preface to the Original, has this remarkable in the Commendations he gives it; That tho' it was the first Flower of our Author's Wit, yet it might justly rival his more mature Performances, both in its Delicateness and Ripeness. His Words are as follow; Este Escrito fue la primera flor del ingenio de D. Diego De Saavedra; Por su ternura
ternura y por su fragancia puede competir a los frutos de su Historia Gotica; y de sus Empresas Políticas la Sazon. In which Words, I can't but hint at a very palpable Mistake, which the above mention'd D. Ignacio has committed, in making this the first Production of our Author; since I have no further to go than D. Diego's own Words to contradict it; for Page 32 of this Vision, where he tells us, the hard Fate which all Books of Politics unexceptionably almost met with in this Republic, he expressly mentions his Political Emblems, and the great Concern he was in for them. Which, as it supposes him to have writ his Emblems sometime before, so it plainly, I think proves D.
D. Ignacio, to have erred. But however, thus far I may safely venture to join in with D. Ignacio that this Vision, whencesoever it was writ, is nothing inferior to any of the Author's, whether later or earlier Works. The great Reading, Judgment, and Discernment that run throughout the Whole, besides the fine and pertinent Reflections, wherewith he has occasionally enliven'd and diversify'd it, do discover a lively Genius, and extensive Learning. His Language is easy and elegant, and such as was reckon'd a good Standard in the Age he lived in. His Invention, indeed, which I think the Spaniards are not over-valued for, in that they never confine, nor lay any Restraint upon it, run sometimes low
low, and leaves him to grovel; which obliged me here and there to except some few Lines, taken Notice of in the Margin; a Liberty, I hope, not altogether inexcusable, if not unjustly taken. Which, whether it be, or no, I must leave those read in Spanish to judge. Upon the Whole, for I would not be tedious, it may pass for a pleasant Description, a short, but crowded Landscape, of this imaginary Republic.

The Sketches he gives of the Characters of the most eminent Historians, Poets, and other Authors, are likely to afford the Reader a not-unpleasing Entertainment. As likewise his tracing up the Progress and Advance-ment of Poesy in Spain, and Italy; where
where he takes Occasion to mention the most celebrated Poets of both Nations, and to point out their several Excellencies and Perfections.

But not to anticipate the Reader's Pleasure any further, I now take my Leave of him, with this Petition, That the Faults which have crept into the Press, as I fear there are some, he would not impute to me, who am at too great a Distance to supervise and correct them.
WAS running over in my Mind the prodigious Number, and continual Increase of Books, thro' the Liberty of the Press, and the Pre- sumption of Writers, who make a downright Trade of it; when falling asleep a Veil was drawn over those Images which my Thoughts, while awake, had been employ'd about; and I found myself in Sight of a City, whose Capitals of Silver and radiant Gold dazzled me with their Lustre, and that carried their aspiring Tops even above the Clouds. I was captivated with its Beauty; and had a longing Desire to approach it; when, on a sudden, I discovered an Elderly Man that was making towards it; whom,
as I came up, and entered into Discourse with him, I immediately perceiv'd to be Marcus Varro. by the Description I was well acquainted with, that Cicero and others give of that universal Scholar. Upon Enquiry what City that was, he, with an engaging Air of Compliance, told me it was the Republick of Letters, and offer'd his Company to conduct me to a Sight of what was most curious therein; which I readily accepted, and placed my self under his Direction.—In our Way, which his Conversation agreeably deceiv'd, I could not but take Notice, that the Fields on all Sides of us were covered almost over with Hellebore; and, as my Curiosity led me to ask him the Reason of it, he answered me, That as divine Providence did always place the Remedy near the Evil, so it had put this Herb near at Hand, for the Good of the Inhabitants, who were by their hard Studies and Lucubrations grievously subject to Distempers in the Brain. Vast Multitudes of the People there were gathering this Herb, as being a *Specific to improve the Memory; but not without impairing the Judgment. They were but small Gainers by it, methought, since what they acquired to the one, they lost in the other. The Memory, 'tis true, is the Store-House to Knowledge; but then it takes in Good and Bad alike. Happy would it be for Man, were he as able to forget, as he is to remember: The Remembrance of Good past does but grieve us, as the Sense of present Evil makes us uneasy.

We were by this Time arrived at the City. where the Trenches about it, I observed, were full of a

* Nacardina, the Word express here by Specific, is properly the Name of an Herb in Spain, that is of great Help to the Memory. Vid. Steph. Spanish Dict.
black Liquor, the Walls high, and planted all along with Goose and Swan Quills, which discharged whole Bales of Paper. There were white Towers that served as Bulwarks; in the Inside of which were wooden Pestles, raised by Water, that falling with their Ends down into Stone Mortars, pounded great Heaps of Rags to a very Pulp; which being spread over square copper-wired Sieves, and put to dry between Blankets, became Sheets of Paper. A Commodity easily enough made, but what costs dear to Mankind. How fruitful, thought I with my self, are we of Invention, in finding out Things to our Hurt! Gold and Silver, the Bane of human Tranquillity, were providently hid from us by Nature, close within the Bowels of the Earth: She, wisely consulting our Quiet, lodg’d them in Places far remote, entrenching them with the Ocean, and immuring them within high and craggy Mountains. But the restless Industry of Man found out Arts and Means to make Seas navigable, and to force a Way through Mountains to get at those Metals which occasion such Disturbances, Wars, and Destruction in the World. And in like Manner, worthless Rags, that lie upon the very Dunghils buried in Filth, are by us with Diligence sought for, and fetch’d out from their Ordure, to be converted into Paper; Upon which we consume our Rest and Labour; by which Malice often gets the better of Innocence; and which has filled the World with endless Disputes, the various Differences and Sects in Religion.

The Frontispiece of the City Gate was diversify’d with beautiful Columns of several Sorts of

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* Viga’s, or Beams of Wood, as the Author calls ’em; but they are usually cill’d Nic knockers.
Marble
Marble and Jasper; the Structure whereof, me-thought, was chargeable with a Default, as I only perceived the Doric Order, that rough Emblem of Labour and Fatigue, to run throughout the whole. In Niches between the Columns stood the Statues of the nine Muses, with musical Instruments in their Hands, so exquisitely wrought, and touch'd with such vigorous Strokes of Art, as in a manner soften'd the rude Marble into Life. My Mind, in the pleasing Rapture it was affected with, seem'd sensible of the Presence of those Intelligences and their Music, so celebrated by Antiquity, that dwell in the Spheres. Clio, as it were, fired the Breast with Emulation by the noble Exploits of renowned Heroes: Terpsichore raised the Soul with the sweet Harmony of her Music: * Erato warm'd the Affections with the kindly Influences of Love: Polyhymnia quicken'd the Memory; and by her Assistance, Urania endeavoured to excite Men to the Study of the Stars: Calliope exalted the Mind, and set it upon glorious Enterprizes. The Frontispiece was terminated by Apollo, who, with his golden Locks flowing down his Shoulders like Streams of Light, held a Lyre in one Hand, and his Plectrum in the other.

Entring the Suburbs, I saw Men busied in those Arts that are but the Habits of the Body; merely Handicraft, in which the Understanding bears little or no Part. These are the spurious Issue of the Sciences, from whence they derive their Being and

* The Author represents this Muse as holding forth Numbers, and a Pair of Compasses; but as neither of these are the Symbols of Erato, I have taken the Liberty to represent her as the Etymology of her Name directed me, Vid, Pere Mount-fauc dans ses Antiq. Tom. 1.
the Laws they are upheld by, altho' not sensible of it, and operate without being able to account for their own Operations.

As very little occur'd amongst these Mechanical Arts worthy to engage our Attention, except * Daedalus the Athenian, who was making Oftentation of the Saw, Augre, and other Instruments, he pretended the Invention of. We walked hastily through them, and came to those Arts, wherein the Understanding takes Place, and the Hands serve but as Instruments to it: The which are subaltern to, and have their Dependence upon the seven Liberal Sciences, which are only conversant about Words and Quantities. Between these and the Mechanical Arts, a River glided gently along, that parted them; over which was a Bridge built of Marble, and upon it a beautiful Gate raised on Columns of Jasper; about the Cornices whereof there hung whole Trophies of the Instruments belonging to these Arts, as Pencils, Pallet-Boards, Squares, Compasses, and Chisels. On the Top of the Gate stood Architecture, represented by a fair Virgin in Alabaster, displaying the Legs of a Pair of Compasses upon a Plan of Building; and beneath her, upon the Pedestal, were these Lines of Michael Angelo engraven in Italian;

Non ha l'ottimo Artista alcun Concetto
Che un Marmo solo in se non circonscriva:

She was join'd on her right Side, by Painting, who stood upon the Cornice of a Capital, with a Pallet full of Variety of Colours in one Hand, and a Pencil in the other, having a Mask hanging down.

* A famous Blacksmith of Athens.
from her Neck: And at her left Side was Sculpture crown'd with Laurel, reclining herself upon old Fragments of Statues. When he had passed thro' the Gate a fine spacious Street open'd to our View, all along which were beautiful Portico's rising on each Side in Arches, inhabited by the several Professors in these Arts. The first were the Architects, led up by Agatharum the Athenian, who boasted the Invention of the Art. * Sostratus was drawing the Plan of his Watch-Tower of Pharos; as Spintar of Corinth was drawing that of his Temple at Delphi. * Chares Lyndius beheld with a kind of Surprize his own Colossus of Rhodes: † Suggilas was intent upon the Mausoleum of Artemisca; and Artemidorus stood fix'd in Attention upon the Forum Trajanum. Others were busily employ'd in perfecting Columns, Bases, Pedestals, Plinths, Cornices, Architraves, and Freezes; all which concur to compleat a Building: A Labour how much too great for the Short Span of Life! in which our first Tears are hardly dried up before our Death-bed-Groans are heard. And a little further were Stratonicus, Aetragas, Mentor, Betus, and Antipater, carving Figures upon Silver; among whom

* For a further Account of most of these Artists, vid. Plin. Histor lib. 35, 36. as likewise Pausanias Histor.

* The Author and several others call this Artist Chares Lydus, but through Mistake; for he was born in a Town of Rhodes, by Name Lyndus; and from thence he was called Chares Lyndius. Vid. Plin. lib. 34, Sect. 18. Edit. Harder.


‡ A noble Monument erected to Mausolus by his Queen Artemisca.

|| The Forum Trajanum was where the Treasury or l'Epargne, as the French call it, of Trajan, stood. Vid. Hottmann. Lexic.

Stratonicus
Stratonicus had artfully carved a Satyr so extremely like the Life, that the Nymphs stood trembling at it for Fear. Zopirus was raising all the Extravagancies of Orestes in Bass Relief, upon two Silver Goblets: Pythias had just given the finishing Strokes to that inimitable Piece of his, called *Magistricia.

In another Portico was the Royal Attalea limning for his Diversion Variety of Figures upon Canvas, not a little proud of this his Invention. And hard by there was a Company of Trojans employ'd in Embroidery and other fine Needle work. There were likewise great Numbers of Germans, purchasing to themselves immortal Honour by curious Pieces of Tapestry; whereon they stamp'd such admirable Figures with such an Air of Life, as Painting, or even Nature herself might envy. But what gave me great occasion to wonder was, that they work'd those so beautiful and natural Figures, with their Tool underneath the Frame, not seeing what they did; for the wrong Side of the Work was towards them: which gave me further occasion to reflect, in how much the same Manner, but with a vastly different Degree of Success, do Princes, with their Instrument of State, sign and order to be done Things brought before them, of which they see but the wrong Side, and know little or nothing of. Among these Artists an Egyptian, I observed, was of scattered Pieces of Marble forming a human Body; which he so artfully disposed and enliven'd with such masterly Touches, that the Pieces seemingly became under his Hands Muscles and Arteries: An Artifice not unlike this, but too frequently comes in Play in the Politics of these Times, whereby Potentates of loose and

*A famous Piece of Cookery.*
disunited Motives collected together, form a Pre-
text for undertaking an unjust War, or maintain-
ing a cruel Usurpation.

In the next Portico we advanced to were Alca-
manes, Cricias, Nestocles, and Agephes, hewing out Sta-
tues in Marble; Pyrgoteles, was engraving Alexander
the Great upon Jewels. a Priviledge only allow'd
to him; as to cast him in Brass was granted to Lysip-
ans; and as Apelles was honoured with that to draw
his Picture: An Immunity ascertain'd to true Bra-
very, that no vulgar and ordinary Genius dare at-
tempt its Praifes, which the greatest Encomiums can
never equal. Phidias held some Fishes in his Hand,
so cut out to the Life, that Water seem'd only
wanting for them to swim. On one Side of us
there lay just finished the Figure of * Bellona, con-
tain'd within the Round of her own Buckler;
which agreeably surprized me with a Conviction,
in Spite of Geometry, that a Part may be equal to
the Whole: not but we may daily see as much in
Treaties and Negotiations among Princes, where-
in the being but a Part, often overways and proves
more than equal to the Whole. Among the last, tho'
justly to be ranked with the first of the Art, stood *
Vervin. putting the last Hand to his Daphne, half
transformed into a Laurel: It so imposed upon the
Eye, that I could not help being under a kind of
Concern, least the creeping Bark would cover her
beautiful Limbs over: Her Hair was visibly almost
turned into Leaves, which the Wind, rustling be-
tween them, seem'd to shake.

* Colotes made the Buckler, and it was Panæmus
that painted the Goddess within it. Vid. Plin. lib. 34,
& 35.

A Spanish Statuary.

We
We walked but a little farther, before we came to the Masters in that Painting, that Rival of Nature, and that sometimes even improves upon her: The Invention of which was greatly contested. Gigas the Lydian made Pretensions to it; which Pyrrhus disputed with him. The Corinthians likewise, and * Egyptians, put in severally their Claims to it; the last ridiculously affirm'd to have invented it, some six thousand Years before ever the Grecians came to make use of it: A Difficulty, I perceived, not easily to be clear'd up, in as much that Arts are insensibly almost carried on to Perfection, no one in particular bearing the Honour of it, but the Glory redounded to All in general.

All luminous Bodies do naturally project a Shade; and from thence, in all Probability, it was that Men, by observing the Out-lines that bounded the Shadow, took the first rude Hints that gave Birth to this Art. Ardisces and Felisanes were the first that marked out these Lines, and colour'd over the Figure comprehended between them: Polignotus and Aglaophon brought into Use the black and white Colours: Philocles the Egyptian invented Lines: Apollodorus the Pencil: And Antonelus Oil; whereby he procured Eternity to Painting.

Here the Pleasure with which I survey'd the Objects about me, was disturbed by a Fray that broke out between the two great Rivals, Zeuxes and Parthafus; and as Zeal in Matters of Judgment runs comcomly very high, in that it touches Man in the noblest Part, so from Words, they threatened com-

* This pretended Claim of the Egyptians is taken Notice of by Pliny in lib. 35.
Zeuxes was greatly incensed at the mistake he was deceived into by the Picture of Parbaxis and to be even with his Adversary, drew some Grapes so natural, with a Boy holding them in a Basket, that the Birds came and picked at them. It might have lowered his Pride, methought, altho' the Grapes were so well imitated, that he had succeeded no better with the Boy, since he could not frighten away the Birds. But so near ally'd are the greatest Beauties with the contrary Faults, that they both lie within the same Piece. We made Matters up between them, and proceeded on till we came to Aristides; who was giving with his Pencil such Attitudes and lively Graces to his Figures, as discover'd the very Passions and Affections of the Soul. And Protogenes had now e'en almost finished his Picture of *Falsius which he had been seven Years about; living all that Time upon nothing but moisten'd Pulle; for other Food, he was afraid would clog and fully his Fancy. This Work was design'd a Place in the Temple of Peace, and therefore his utmost Skill had been employ'd upon it; and to compleat the Piece, there was now only wanting to express the Foam of a Dog; which after several successless Attempts, he despairing ever to satisfy himself in dash'd a Sponge against it, with an Intent to blot out the whole. I was greatly surpriz'd at the Passion I saw him in, to go to spoil what had stood him in so much Time and Labour; but I was much more so, when I found that the inconsiderate Dash of the Sponge, directed by Chance, had happily effect'd what he in vain pretended to with Art; which furnish'd me

* This Contest between the two Painters is taken word for word almost out of Pliny in lib. 35, 36.
* The Portrait of a Hunter with his Dog.
with this Hint, that Chance very frequently hits right, where the greatest Heed and Carefulness happen to miscarry; and that sometimes we ought to follow the first Impulses Nature stirs us on to Action by, as being, perhaps, the Influences of some superior Power: And besides, it may serve to shew that all Success in human Affairs is not to be ascribed to the Prudence of Man, but rather to the Providence of God, by whose Assistance we come at it. My Attention was here drawn off by the Spanish Air and Drefs of Navarette the Dumb; from whom Nature, to be even with him for his other excellent Faculties, had kept back that of Speech; she foreseeing that his Works, which were so many perfect Copies of hers, would speak loudly enough of themselves: And behind him was Diego Velasquez, with his Picture of Philip IV. To which he had given such an Air of Life, and so admirably express'd all the natural Greatness and Majesty of his Mien, that it awed me into a kind of Respect and Reverence.

In this rich Repast of Painting, while I was feasting my Eyes, I drew near to a Circle of Men, who were disputing the Precedency of Painting and Sculpture. Lytippus asserted it to the latter; for in this, said he, a more exact Knowledge of Symmetry is required, and a greater Skill in expressing the Lineaments; wherein a Fault, if once committed could not be rectified: Besides, that Sculpture lay open to the Judgment of more Senses than one, as the Touch as well as Sight, the Perfection of which consisted in all Sides alike: And that as to the Matter of this, it was both more precious and durable than Canvas, or what Painting was done on; that it much longer preserv'd and perpetuated down the Memory of great Men, and was more apt to strike and affect the Mind. Apelles, on the other Hand,
Hand, produced several Reasons and Arguments to secure the Preference to Painting: This, replied he, is a silent History, that presents to our View a great Variety of Actions together, discovers the Nature and Greatness of them: The Place likewise, and the very Motion Things are done in which it gives the Mind a pleasing Satisfaction to know, the Pencil never fails to describe; but they commonly escape the Chiffel: And if Sculpture, by its Bulk, discover'd the Largeness of Bodies, so likewise did Painting too, although upon a plain Superficies, by rightly disposing the Lights and Shades. In Sculpture Bodies kept a determinate Distance; but Painting could widen or contract, enlarge or lessen the Distance, so as to deceive the Sight. And, continued he, not to mention the Advantage it has from Colours, which in a Manner give the utmost Perfection to Things, and open to the View the very inmost Motions of the Soul. The Noise and Heat they disputed with on both Sides would in all likelihood, have broke out into a Rupture, had not Michael Angelo, that great Master in both Arts, stepd in between, and compos'd Matters, by demonstrating to them, with three Circles intersecting each other, that Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, were all three equal, and mutually assisted one the other.

Withdrawing from this Buffle, we made towards the City Gate, which was adorned with a beautiful Arch, whereon the seven Liberal Sciences, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astronomy, stood join'd hand-in-hand. The Gates were of that Brass, or Corinthian Metal, so famed by the Antients, all fraught with Figures in a beautiful Relief; which put me upon enquiring of Polydore Virgili, for he was just by me, who the Artist was, and what History was meant by them.
Upon that Gate, said he, is engraved the Invention of Printing, done by a Florentine, whose Chisel has left no Part of the World a Stranger to its Fame. Don't you see, continued he, pointing up with his Hand, that Set of Men, whose stern and austere Countenances shew a Contempt of all the Opinions and Goods of Mankind, how disrespectful fully they cast their Eyes upon that Virgin there, with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and a Trumpet in her Hand, who makes a Motion to fly away, being incensed at their Scoffs and insolent Jeers, and to bend her Course up towards that craggy Mountain? She, then, is Glory; and those Men, said he, are the Stoics, who make but a Jest of her, and deny her to have a Place among the Real Goods of Mankind, as being a Felicity foreign to the Nature of the Soul, and quite out of its Reach, and that depends upon the Opinion others entertain of us. She is highly provok'd at this Usage of theirs, and takes her Flight, as you see, being accompanied only with a few noble Spirits to the Top of that Mountain; where, prostrate at the Feet of her Mother Virtue, who inhabits those rude Desarts, in Company with Vigilance, Labour, and Art, her three constant Attendants, she complains to her of the Disregards and ill Treatment of those Philosophers. Virtue endeavours to comfort her, by reminding her of the good Effects of her Fame, continued down in the Feats of Antient Heroes, and to be carried on to future Ages by those, who shall open new Ways and Tracts in the Ocean, to the Discovery of other Worlds, the known one being of too narrow Limits for the Mind of Man. Alas! replies Glory, you always offer at removing my Uneasiness, with what rather aggravates it: What, tho' my Fame be great, yet you know how empty and perishable it is, since that it relies upon the Tongues of others, and is form'd of no-
thing but Words, the Daughters of the Wind, into which again it is resolv'd; affording Occasion of Triumph to my most mortal Enemy Oblivion. These Words of Glory, being follow'd with Tears, as you may easily discern by her Countenance, prevail upon Virtue to give Orders to Art, that Damfrel you see her leaning upon, to procure some Remedy for the making Fame immortal. Art obeys her; and if you carry your Eye a little farther that Way, said he, you'll see her consulting with Night that Virgin whose Mantle, all bespangled with Stars, half covers her Face over; who tells her that as the great Architect of the Universe had stamp'd his Eternal Decrees upon a dark Fold of his Garment in Characters of Light, so it would be practicable to express, and to give a Body to the Conceptions of the Mind, with some black Dye upon white Paper; which in spite of Oblivion, would make Words the Vehicle of Fame, equally lasting with Obscurity her self, into which Oblivion endeavoured to sink Fame.

Art is highly pleas'd with this Suggestion of Night; and, as she is preparing to make Ink, the Gods that fit in yonder Clouds with their Eyes intent upon the Affair, foreseeing that this Invention would advance Glory into the Number of the Gods, they strive who shall applaud her Design first, and help to bring it to Perfection. Bacchus supplies her with Wine, Jupiter with Galls, Pomona with Gum-Arabic, Vesta with Vitriol, Phæbus with Heat; which together with the other Materials, make Ink; of which those Bottles you see there are full. as likewise the Trenches you must have taken Notice of at your Entrance: And this is what has procured Immortality to Glory, and is the main Support of this Republick.
Upon the other Gate proceeded Polydore, a Spaniard, that received his Birth upon the Banks of Segura, who purchased rather Envy than Wealth to himself by his Abilities, has engraved the Invention of Printing. There you may see how Religion, after the several Countries she has traversed over in the World, and the Ignorance and profane Abuse she has met with, at length arrives at Spain; where the Tagus with Adoration receives her, and pays the true Worship to her, erecting to her Temples, and acknowledging but one supreme Being the first Cause of all Things. Religion, pleas’d with these Demonstrations of Kindness shewn her by the Tagus, does in a full Council of the Gods represent the Obligations she lies under to the infinite Majesty of Jove; through whom the rest act, not as distinct from him, but as Parts derived from his Eternal Essence. The Council, after some Deliberation upon the important Service done to Religion, unanimously almost agreed, that the least they can do is to enlarge the Dominion of the Tagus to the utmost Bounds of Europe, quite to the Coasts of Africa. But Oceanus, the Father of the Gods, thinking this too mean a Return for such a Nation, proposes to the rest that other Division of the World, which either was never known, or else has been forgot by Men since the profound Depths and mountainous Heaps of Waters have disjoin’d it from the Triple Continent. The Discovery and Conquest of this new World, says the God, is but a just Reward for so brave and pious a People as the Spaniards. All the Gods concur with him in his Opinion; and as it is too difficult a Design to be brought about by ordinary Means, it being next to an Impossibility almost to reduce to Obedience, and civilize such vast Nations, and at such a Distance from one another, with a small Number of Men; the Celestial Conclave dispenses, out of their infinite Wisdom, the convenient Means for
for effecting it, Nereus, facilitating the Voyage thither by the Help of the Loadstone; Mars inventing Gunpowder; Vulcan furnished them with Artillery, wherewith the Spaniards, as if arm'd with Thunder, may subdue the Barbarians by Multitudes; and the better to propagate Religion by the Help of Books, Mercury, to excuse them not only from the immense Labour of Scribes, but their Ignorance and Errors too, inventing Types; which Vulcan there is casting in Lead and other hard Metal; and * Phiton, he who stands a little behind Vulcan, is blending together Soot with Linseed Oil; with which slimy Matter the Types being smeared over, and afterwards press'd, leave their Impression upon the Paper; so that now one ever so ignorant, may draw off almost infinite Numbers of Sheets in a Day's Time, al tho' not able to write a Word.

Such Masterly Art ran through the Work of the Gates, that I could not but imagine Ingenuity her self to reside there: And as I advanced further in, I cast my Eyes upon the Portraits of the Inventors of Letters disposed in several Niches: The first were the Chaldeans, next the Assyrians and Phænicians;

* Whoso this Phiton was, I no where find; nor do I think likely that he was the Inventor of Printing Ink; for Polydore Virgil, whom our Author has chiefly follow'd, mentions a Gentleman, by Name Joannes Cuthenbergus, as the Inventor both of Printing and of this Sort of Ink: His Words are these,—Imprimendarum literarum artem excogitavit (Joannes Cuthenbergus.) —non minore industria reperto ab eodem, prout ferunt Auctore (Joanne videlicet supra dicto) novo Atramenti genere, quo nunc Literarum Impressores tantum utuntur. Vid. Polydor. Virg. de rerum Invent, lib. 2. cap. 7.
and among them were more eminently conspicuous, Palamedes, the Inventor of four Letters; Simonides who found out as many more; and Cadmus the Inventor of Sixteen. * Claudius Caesar likewise was honoured with his Picture there, for the Addition he made to the Greek Language of four Letters. Two supercilious Grammarians in an old-fashion'd Dress, with Beards down to their very Girdles, loaded with Satchels, and great Bunches of Keys, were the Porters to these Gates. So intolerable was their Arrogance, and so insolently proud were they of their Charge, that would my Curiosity have permitted me, I should certainly have turn'd back, rather than be obliged to them for Entrance. I no sooner pass'd through the Gate, but a fine Edifice, with a large Area, or Quadrangle Opening before it, so alarm'd my Curiosity, that it immediately put me upon asking Polydore what it was; who answered, That it was the Custom-House, or Probation Office, where all the Books sent to the Republick, from all Parts of the World, were brought. The whole Place was cover'd over with Loads of Books. Some Carriages, it was remarkable, were sadly put to it, to drag only one Book at a Time, the Beasts, panting and dropping with Sweat: So insupportable a Load is Stupidity, as to make the very Sides of a Mule crack to bear it. These Loads of Books were put under the Examination of several grave Censors, each recognizing those Books that fell under his Profession; who, after a strict Perusal, only admitted such for the Service of the Republick, as were the genuine Issue of their Authors

* Claudius invented only three Letters; Vid, Taciti Annal. lib. 11. and Suetonius in Vita Claudii sub. finem.
and well done; such as might improve the understanding, and be of use to Mankind. But as for the rest, not to lose the Paper, though the Work was good for nothing, they very prudently, designed them for the domestic Services and Occasions of the Republick, laughing at the vain Appetite the Authors of them thirsted with after Glory. I drew up to one of the Censors, who had I perceived, under his Inspection all the Law-Books; and he being quite surfeited with the Immense Heaps of Codes, Tracts, Decisions, and Councils, made this Exclamation; O Jupiter! if thou hast any Regard for Things below, why dost thou not favour us every hundred Years, at least with a Justinian; or else let loose upon us whole Swarms of Goths, who may put a Stop to this Inundation, as it were, of Books. And without opening any more, he gave them by the Gross to light Fires with, and to put Fish or Hog's Lard in.

- The Censor of the Books of Poetry had whole Waggon-Loads of Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, Satirs, Eclogues both Pastoral and Piscatorial, brought to him.

The amorous Pieces the old Gentleman very pleasantly devoted to be made Patch-Papers of, for the Ladies, to wind Worsted upon, or wrap up Sweet-Meats or Kentish Cherries in. The Satirical. he ordered to be made Needle and Pin-Paper of, to fold up Pepper and Snuff, or to weigh Things in: But very few of these, when examined, proved worthy the being acquainted with. Much the same Success had the Books of Astronomy, Astrology, Necromancy, Sortileges, Divinations, and Chymistry; for even almost all of them were sent to be made Sky-Rockets, and other Fire-Works of.
The Censor that received all the Philological Books shewed great Uneasiness in his Face, being up to the Head and Ears in Commentaries, Quæries, Annotationes, Scholia, Observationes, Castigationes, Centuriae, and Lucubrationes: But every now and then he would break out into great Fits of Laughter at the Greek Titles, Latin Books, or others in the Vulgar Tongue, were decorated with; whereby the Authors fottishly imagined to give Authority to their Works: just as Fathers out of the same Kind of Vanity, are apt to give their Children the Names of Charles and Pompey, thinking that the Names will infuse into them the Bravery and Greatness of those renowned Men. Some of these Books the Censor kept; but most of them he ordered for the Apothecaries to entitle their Pots with, which are usually entituled with Greek altho' the Simples contain'd in 'em be of the Growth of several Nations. I smiled at the Application he made of them, and could not but admire the pleasant Manner he punished the Vanity of those too, who scattered up and down their Works Scraps of Greek.

Most of the Historical Books were excluded the Custom-House; and order'd to be cut into Triumphal-Arches, Fesoons, and other Paper Figures; as those of Physic, were converted into Wads for Guns, as mortal to the full as Ball; and those of natural Philosophy, were to be cut into Paper Cats and Dogs.

At this Juncture there arrived from several Parts in the North, from France and Italy, Mules laden with Books of Politicks, and other State Matters, numberless Aphorisms and Commentaries upon Tacitus, the Republicks of Plato and Aristotle. This noisome and pernicious Baggage fell under the Censure of a venerable
a venerable Elder, whose grave Countenance bespoke the Wisdom and Candor of his Mind; who, when he beheld those Loads, cry'd out; "O you Books! that are openly acknowledg'd to be dangerous, in which Religion and Truth are made to serve a Turn and a Conveniency; what Tyrannies have you set up in the World? and how many Kingdoms and Common-wealths have your Councils overturn'd? Upon Deceit and Malice it is, that you pretend to ground the Preservation and Security of States upon, little considering of how short Duration such must be, that stand upon such false Bottoms: Whereas Religion and Truth only establish Government upon fix'd and immovable Foundations. Happy therefore alone is that Prince, who, by the Strength of his own Genius, learns blessedly to reign with Prudence." I very considerately weigh'd these important Reflections, and concluded from the Scope of them, that he would condemn these Books to be made Paper-Mills of, to be carried away by every Wind, or else into Vizor-Masks; since that the whole Study of Politicians, is to gloss over Falsity, and to make it resemble Truth; and, with an artful Diffimulation of their Knavery, to disguise their Designs. But, however, he order'd them directly for the Fire, giving this for his Reason, That the Paper of them carried so much Venom in it, that to suffer them to go about in Shops only by Pieces, would be to endanger the publick Peace; and therefore it was much the safest Way, to commit them to the Flames. This rigorous Procedure of his, made me shrink up my Shoulders for fear of my Political Emblems, altho' I had composed them with the greatest Regard to Religion, Reason, and Justice. It affected me with so great a Concern to see the Labour of so many Men quite flung away, that I could no longer attend to the severe Examination,
Examination, but enter'd forthwith into the Custom-House; where I was diverted in a four-square Hall, at the Hurly-Burly there was in weighing of Authors' Talents, and setting to each their true Worth. Upon the Roof of the Hall, was drawn all the Brightness of the eighth Sphere with the several Constellations, the Zodiac, adorn'd with its twelve Signs, intersecting the Sphere, and from the four Corners, upon which this Circle was drawn, there rush'd forth the four Winds; the East Wind came forth wrapt in white Clouds; the West, ruddy and turbulent; the South Wind breathed out Flowers; and the North shook out of his gloomy Mantle, Snow and Hail. Upon the four Sides were described the Seasons of the Year; the Spring was crown'd with Roses; the Summer shew'd her self deck'd with Ears of Corn; Autumn with Vine-leaves; and Winter appear'd cover'd over with dry and parch'd up Brambles. In the Middle of the Hall, there hung up a Roman Balance, with a small Weight hard by it; at which Mens' Talents were weigh'd by the Pound and Ounce; but their Judgments only by Drams and Scruples. And hard by, at the Light of a Window, stood *Hernando de Herrera, summing up with close Attention the several Weights, and comparing the Talents of one Author with those of another by a Touch-stone; wherein he was, methought, very liable to some Mistakes, inasmuch that Wits are not always what they seem to be; some being at first Sight lively, and to appearance very sprightly, although of little or no Sterling worth. Others again without making the least Ostentation or outward Shew, posses great Shares of it. However, I was desirous (as he was one greatly conversant

in both the Italian and Spanish modern Poets) to enquire of him the Esteem he held them in; to which, as I very civilly asked him, he as civilly made Answer, When the Roman Empire fell, said he, it carried along with it into Ruin, as is usual the Arts and Sciences; but when that Bulk of Greatness became divided, and cantoned out into particular Dominions and Governments over Italy Peace again lifted up her Head, and the Arts and Sciences began to flourish anew.

Petrarcha was the first, who, in that dark Confusion of Ignorance, struck out from his own Genius, as from a rich Flint, Sparks that gave Light to the Italian Poetry. His Spirit, Elegancy, Beauty, and Erudition, equal him to the most distinguished among the antient Poets.

Dante, in studying to shew the Scholar, ceased to be the Poet; and, in shewing the Poet, appear'd least the Scholar; for he soars above ordinary Understandings, missing his Aim to instruct with Delight, which is the Life of Poetry, nor imitating well, which is the Form of it.

Lewis Ariosto, through the Richness of his Vein, and the Fertility of his Invention, broke the sacred Laws of an Epic Poem in the Unity of it; who not confining himself to one Heroe, celebrates a great many in one entertaining and ingenious Discourse; but the Thread of it is often interrupted, and not fine enough: And Mariano, in his Adonis, followed him in this Licence, being more intent to please than instruct, whose Invention and Elegancy form a beautiful Parterre with several Beds of Flowers in it.
Torquato Tasso observes with a more religious Awe the Precepts of the Art in his Poem, which ought not to be approach'd, but with Respect and Revere-

And what happen'd to the Italians fell out in com-
mon to the Spaniards; for, while their Necks lay un-
der the African Yoke, they were so harass'd with cruel Serpents coming over among them from the se-
veral Provinces of Africa, that their Muses were frighten'd away into their Retirement upon the Mountains to tune their Instruments; till Juan de Mena removed their Fear; and amidst the Noise and Din of Arms, drew them forth from their Solitude, to raise the agreeable Harmony of their Voices: In him there is a great deal to be learn'd and admired, al-
though not the best to be imitated; for so horrid were their Laws of Consonants that sprang up in the Midst of Ignorance, as that they were contented with putting their Conceptions into Couplets, tho' ever so ordinary. After him flourished the Mar-
quis de Santillana, Gorci. Sanchez Coftana. Cartagena and others, who came by little and little to apply the File to their Works.

Ausiás March writ in the Dialect of Lemosina, and shews himself a Master in the Theory or speculative Part of Love; who gave Hints to Petrarcha, which he, with his more elegant Pen, improved, and in a Manner made his own.

When the Times grew more polite, Garcilasso a-
rose, who, by the Strength and natural Efficacy of his Genius, and the Assistance he had from Foreigners, carried Poetry to a more exalted Pitch. He was the Chief in the Lyric Kind, who, with his Sweetness, Significancy, and well-chosen Words, unveil'd the Sentiments
Sentiments of the Mind; which to express, as it more properly belongs to Songs and Elegies; he in them even out-did himself, elegantly displaying the Affections, and carrying them along with him wherever he pleased; and, if in his Sonnets, he may seem negligent and careless, it is to be charged upon the Times he lived in: In his Eclogues he, with great Decency, makes use of pleasing and well-turn'd Expressions, that have the Air of the Country, and favour of the Village, but without the Boorishness and Rancor of it; of which Mantuana and Enzina, in their Eclogues, are full. He tempers the Rusticiry with the Elegance of his choice Words, after the Pattern of Virgil.

In Portugal flourished Camoes, the Honour of that Kingdom. He was soft, amorous, full of Conceits, and excellent in both the Lyric and Epic Kind of Writing. And Boscan, a Cotemporary of Garcilasso, as he writ in a Language not his own, deserves the greater Praise, and is the more excusable for some Improperities.

To these succeeded Diego de Mendoza, who is lively and surprizing in his Sentiments and Fancy, but slovenly and impolite. Much about the same Time flourished Cetina, who is pompous and delicate, but wants Vigor and Nerves. And then appeared with greater Lustre Lewis de Baraona, an excellent Scholar, and of a noble Spirit; but fhard it common with Ausonius the Misfortune of having no one to consult with; so that he gave loose Reins to his luxuriant Fancy, without either Restraint or Art. At that Time, likewise, lived Juan de Arjona, who set about the Translation of Statius, animated with the very Spirit of the Author; but Death interrupted the Work, and left it only begun: In which he shews a great Vivacity and Genius, confining himself...
To the Laws of Translation, without descending to Trifles; as Anguilura, has done in his Translation, or rather Paraphrase of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Don Alonzo de Ercilla, altho' taken up in the Hurry and Occupation of Arms, which prevented his acquiring all the Learning necessary for such a Work, does discover in his Arancana a great Spirit, accompanied with a rich and flowing Facility.

About our own Times there revived a Martial Cordues, in the Person of Lewis de Gongozá the Delight of the Muses, and Favourite of the Graces; a great Master in the Castilian Language; who, when he delights himself in toying with it, and in displaying the Pleasantery and pretty Turns of Equivoctal Words in it, he discovers an incomparable Sagacity. And in Things more serious, when he gives a Loose to his Imagination, he is exact and clear, his Conceptions not being too subtil and refined to be understood; which indeed was his Case afterwards, when he withdrew himself from the Vulgar, and affected to be obscure, a Fault, however pardonable in him, even in that he was noble and inimitable. His Polyphemus sometimes stumbles for want of Light; but then he takes the larger Stride for it: If he sometimes loses himself in the Desarts, he afterwards appears with the greater Pleasure to those who pursue him, and penetrate into the Author's Subtilties. Bartholomy Leonardo de Argenfola, his Cotemporary, was the Pride of Aragon. and Oracle of Apollo; whose Eloquence, Erudition, and Solidity, attended with such a noble and sublime Fancy; so perspicuous and judicious a Disposition of his Words and Sentences, will be ever the Admiration of all, though to be imitated but by few. Too hafty a Pen fully'd his Works with some Blemishes, which the Carelesness of the Pres
Presfs afterwards enlarged; a Misfortune which most Posthumous Works are liable to.

Lopez de Vega is an illustrious Branch of Parnassus; of so redundant an Invention, that he was only at a Loss what to choose. His Copiousness, which he was too much enamoured with, made him despise the Scantiness and Dryness of Art. His Works are like a rich Wardrobe, wherein one may pick and pull Jewels in the great Variety of his Fancy.

After the pleasing Account I was entertained with by him of these Authors, not being particular in the Order and Rank he disposed them in; I was going out of the Custom-House, when the confused Noise of numberless Voices that broke forth from the Schools on one Side of us, suspended my Attention for a while; till, by my Curiosity being carried into them, I found Antonio de Nebrija, Miguel de Alvarez, and others instructing Youth in Grammar; without a thorough Knowledge of which none could be admitted a Citizen of the Republick. The tiresom and infinite Number of Grammar Rules, altho' greatly reduced by Sanchez Brocensis, in his Learned Minerva; which was, however, enlarged again by Gasper Schioppus; so burdened the Capacities of the Youth, that a great many through Impatience quitted their Studies, altho' of suitable Abilities for Learning; and, out of the great Aversion they bore to Grammar, chose rather to apply themselves to the Army, or some Trade, to the great Detriment of the Republick, of which they were thereby incapable ever to become Citizens. Others, likewise, in attaining to an ordinary Skill in the Latin Tongue, having consumed four or five Years, the best Time of their Lives for them to improve in the Sciences, were at last entire Strangers to the useful Parts of Knowledge. It gave me great Un-
liness to think that so much mischief proceeded only from ignorance; and, therefore, said I to Paro, how is it that so much time is flung away in teaching only a language, which, without rules, by use and practice, might as well as other languages be learned in three or four months? and why are not the sciences taught, as the grecians and old romans were used to do, in the mother tongues; since that almost all of them are capable of it? To which his answer was, that as most people disproved the received method of teaching grammar, so there were certain customs that all disliked, yet all fell in with them: and in spain, continued he, the worst on't is, and that not so much owing to the method as to the neglect in parents, that they don't take advantage of the younger years of their children, when they are aptest and best disposed by nature for learning languages: and the like holds good in other nations; for no sooner do children begin to babble, but forthwith a latin accidence, or propria que maribus, is clapp'd into their hands. Then, as to the sciences, it would be altogether improper to expose and make them common in the mother-tongue; besides, that since the roman empire was broke to pieces the latin tongue, which was so universal came almost to be lost, it was necessary to preserve it, not only upon account of the many learn'd books writ in it, but also that different nations might enjoy the benefit of one another's studies, and improvements, they being made publick in one common and general language; which could not otherwise be brought about but by the endless fatigue of translations; which disfigure and greatly impair the strength of their originals.
Behind the Schools were all the most famous Universities in the World; as that of * Berytus, built first by Dioclesian and Maximinian, and rebuilt afterwards by the Emperor Justinian: That likewise built by Theodosius in Poland: Those of Padua, Vienna, Ingolstadt, Salamanca, Alcala, and others. The Students were all in a Confusion, engaged in hot Disputes, all the Blood of their Bodies being summon'd up, into their Faces, and tossing their Hands about in the greatest Disorder; all obstinately asserting, but not one convinced: Which shew'd me how well adapted is the Hieroglyphic of the Egyptians, that represents Schools by a Grasshopper. The Advantages reaped in most of these Universities but little answered the Labour and Time spent in them; for Arrogance far exceeded their Knowledge, and more was doubted amongst them, than really learned. Such a Space of Time, not their Acquirements advanced them to the Degrees of Batchelors and Doctors, nay, sometimes Money alone procured them their magnificent Diploma's, and dubb'd the Ignoramus Professor, authorizing him to read publick Lectures, and to retail the Sciences at so much per Quarter.

Here I was fix'd in Attention at the Solemn Procession the Historians of Greece, Rome, and other Nations, made by me in a most regular and decent Order; whom, as they pass'd me one by one, Polydore, at my Request, was pleas'd to inform me, of, giving me their Names and Characters. This, (said he) that advances foremost with that Circumpection, and moves so slowly on, is Thucydides; who

* A University very famous for Lawyers in the Time of Justinian the Emperor,
in Emulation of Herodotus, wrote his sententious History of the Peloponnesian War: He that next comes is Polybius, who wrote forty Books of the Punic Wars; but we have only five of them left, which have in a Manner escaped the Injury of Time, but not the Malice of Sebastian Maccio; who has through Ignorance treated him ill, not knowing that his Design was not, to give a naked Relation only of Things, but likewise to instruct.

And he that follows in the loose, and plain Dress, whose Countenance discovers an ingenious and prudent Mind, that sets free from the bale Slavery of Flattery, is Plutarch; so great a Master in both the Arts Military and Political, that, as Bodin has observed of him, he may pass for an Umpire in both.

The other that approaches with that easy and smiling Countenance, that lively and engaging Air, is Xenophon, call'd by Laertius, the Athenian Muse, and by others more properly, the Attic Bee. He in that short, but neat and elegant Dress, is Sallust, a profess'd Enemy to Cicero; whose concise Brevity comprehends more than the most verbose Eloquence; which, however, was cenfured by Aemilius Pollio, and Seneca, who think him obscure, bold

* I wonder how the Author happen'd to charge Seneca in common with Pollio, as agreeing with the latter in the Judgment he made of Sallust. Pollio, indeed, wrote a Book expressly to shew his Faults; but Seneca, does no where seem, that I remember, to concur with him in his Opinion, nor so far was Seneca from it, that he rather endeavoured to turn
in his Translations, and his Sentences unfinished, and left off.

He with the thick Eye-brows, aquiline Nose, and a large Pair of Spectacles, that draws up this Way with short but quicker Steps than the rest, and with an unaffected and genteel Air, is Tacitus, that great Favourite of the Emperor Claudius; who order'd his Picture to be put up in all Libraries, and his Works to be copied over ten times a Year. All this Diligence, however, could not rescue from Oblivion the far greatest Part of his Works; and those we have continued down to us, lay many Years buried in Obscurity before they came to be made Publick by a German; who, with his Countryman the Inventor of Gun-Powder, makes it a Question, which made the World the worst Present. Such tyrannical Doctrines run through these Works, and such deadly Poison has been imbibed from this Fountain, that Budaus calls him the most flagitious among Writers. But so great a Hazard do those run that write under arbitrary Princes, that if they praise them, they are sure to pass for fawning Flatterers; if they reprove them, and pry narrowly into their Vices, they are then thought spightful and malicious. But, however, this Calumny charged upon him by Budaus is wiped off, and made up to him by others, who as lavishly commend him, Pliny calling him Eloquent, Vopiscus, Spartan, and Sidonius, loading him with the greatest Encomiums.

To the Praise of Sallust, what Livy would perversely have look like mean and affected in him. Vid. Vossi de Hiftor. Lat. & Senec. Controver. 25. lib. 5.

Mind,
Mind, mind, (said Polydore) that serene Countenance, those prominent Lips that distil very Honey; observe well his Dress, all embroidered with Flowers. This is Titus Livy, of equal Glory to the Romans, with the extent of their Empire. He shun'd the Impiety of Polybius, but gave indeed into its opposite Superstition, which usually happens, that avoiding one Fault, we unluckily fall into another.

Now carry your Attention towards him that follows: Take Notice of his Particular Garb, which in its Way is so perfect, that to pretend to alter, would be to spoil it: This is Suetonius. You may perfectly see by his Countenance, the Uneasiness of his Mind, how scornfully he disdains the Syco-pantry of Courts, or to connive at the Faults of Princes, tho' ever so small; if such may be call'd so, that those at the Helm commit; whose Actions being so conspicuous, the Vulgar blindly follow, either through Flattery, or some other base and servile Principle, not considering whether they be good or bad. For as some Jewels, tho' with Flaws in them, receive an additional Value, not their own, by the Opinion the Vulgar entertains of them, and are preferr'd to richer and more precious ones; so the Actions of Princes, tho' bad and vicious, pass for good and commendable ones among their Subjects, who, preferably to all others, follow those Actions they have their Head a President for.

He that shews himself next with a Sword in one Hand, and his Pen in the other, is Julius Caesar, who is as unparalell'd for the Bravery of the one, as he is inimitable in the Elegancy of the other; upon whom Nature has employ'd her utmost Efforts,
in finishing both the Soldier and Scholar, ennobling him with an exquisite Judgment, so that he shew his Perfections to the greatest advantage, and his Weaknesses he most artfully dissembled. But, indeed, who is so close an Adherent to the Truth, as to discover his own Imperfections? or can set so loose, and at such a Distance from himself as to be able to discern them? For if we are so bias'd by Affection in representing other Mens Actions, putting them in quite different Lights, how likely are we to be over-sway'd by it when we speak of ourselves? and that especially when our Abilities and Bravery are the Matters in question?

The genteel but plain Dress, handsom but not tawdry, of him that follows, continued Polydore, readily discovers to you that this is Philip de Comines; whose unaffected Air and Countenance seem to intimate the Solidity of his Judgment. The other in a slovenly and impolite Habit, with his long Beard, is Guiciardini, that sworn Enemy to the House of Urbin. He in the thick Rug, which, as thick as it is, hardly keeps him warm, is Paulus Fovius, a Flatterer of the Marquis del Basso, and the House of Medices; but a profest Enemy to the Spaniards, which are Faults that justly decry his History.

Lastly came up Zurita in the Rear, covered with a large Garment trailing after him, and accompanied by Don Deigo de Mendoza, who was quick and lively in his Motions. To these follow'd Testy Mariana, who, to acquire the Reputation of a faithful and impartial Historian amongst other Nations, took care not to spare his own, nay, and often to condemn it in Matters quite doubtful: He affected Antiquity, and as others pull their Beards purposely to look the younger, he, on the contrary, did it to make himself appear the older.
When the Procession was ended, we continued on our Way, till on each Side, I took Notice, there were the most celebrated Libraries, both antient and modern. As that of Ptolemy Philadelphus, adorned with 60,000 Volums; the Vatican; that of St. Ambrose at Milan of 40,000 Books; and several others. Among the endless Variety of Books we light upon, some the most Antient were writ upon Palm-Tree Leaves finely stitch'd together, and likewise upon the Film peel'd off between the Bark and Trunk of Trees; which, as its called Liber in Latin, it gave the Name of Liber to a Book. Others, again, were writ on Sheets of Lead, and on Tables covered over with Wax, the Characters whereon were made by an Iron Pin, called Stylus among the Romans; from whence came the Expression of a good or bad Style. Others we found done upon the inmost Peel of a Rush, found in Egypt about the Time Alexander subdued it; the same date the Invention of it much higher; which is call'd Papyrus, and from thence arose the Name of Paper. Some were writ on the Skins of Beasts, call Pergamiae, because first invented in Pergamus, at the Time that Ptolemy Philadelphus made an Edict, no Paper should be carried out of his Kingdom; being jealous of Eumenes, King of Pergamus, his compiling a Library to vie with his; even as now-a-days we see that Princes, in the Trade and Commerce of their Subjects, do often emulate and envy one another. The Books, I observed, were not bound, as they are now; but rolled about wooden and Ivory Rolls, with silver or golden Nobs at the End of them, whence they took their Name of Volums. All these publick Buildings were so dispos'd as that they seem'd to terminate so many Streets; one of which, methought, I was just entering into, when I found myself at the Top of an
an easy Ascent, that was divided into several rising Hills; which were surrounded with lonely Vales, that by the Solitude which reign'd throughout them, seem'd design'd for Retirement and Contemplation. At certain Distances there were scatter'd up and down in these Vales, little Huts or Shades. so mean and naked of all Ornaments, that nothing more could be meant by them, than as for Defences against the Inclemencies of the Seasons; wherein, however, as I afterwards found, no despicable a Part of this Republick took up their Abode.

The first whereof that fell under my Observation, were the Gymnosophists, lying along upon the Ground quite naked, and busily employ'd in their Philosophical Enquiries.

And advancing a little farther, I came to the Druids, who were committing their sacred Mysteries to Writing.

The next I passed, were the Magi of Persia, the Chaldeans, the Turdetans of Spain, the Indian Bracmans the Rabinists, Cabbalists, Sadduces and others; who were all, with the greatest Attention, exploring into Nature's Secrets, and carrying their Disquisitions into her very inmost Recesses, to whose rude and coarse Labours it is, we owe the first Appearance of the Sciences And amongst them, I spy'd Prometheus, who for his insatiable Thirst after Knowledge, was said to have a Vultur continually gnawing at his Heart: He made such Discoveries in Arts that till then had lain hid from the World, and by imparting them to Mankind, so mollify'd their Barbarity, polish'd and civilized their rude Manners and Customs, uniting them into Societies, that by a small Figure he may be said to have new formed, them by instilling
infilling noble Sentiments into their earthly and groveling Bodies. *Endymion*, by the close Attention, he kept his Eyes fix'd upon the Moon, observing her several Motions and different Phases, seem'd downright enamour'd with her. *Atlas* stood so intently gazing at the Stars, that to have seen him, one would have imagined he supported the whole Firmament upon his Shoulders. *Proteus*, by his nice Speculations upon the Rise, Growth, and Transformations of Things, worked himself into a Belief, that he put on their several Forms and Natures.

In a gloomy Shade, which the tufted Branches of several Trees lovingly conspired to make, were seated the seven Wise Men, that Constellation of Luminaries, which by their borrow'd Light from the East, shone so bright all over Greece. They exhibited to us a convincing Demonstration, that as Pride is the genuine Offspring of Ignorance, so Modesty is the undoubted one of Wisdom: For some Fisher-Men of *Ionia* having by chance taken up in their Nets out of the Sea a Golden *Tripod* made as it was thought, by *Vulcan*, they, to prevent all Disputes about the true Owner, sent to consult the Oracle upon it; who returned Answer, it belonged to the *Wisest*: Whereupon it being brought to Thales, he with a becoming Modesty, offered it to another, who offered it to the next, and this to the fourth, till it came to Solon, who presented it to God; for said he, in him alone true Wisdom dwells. Which Action of his may serve to disabuse the Generality of Mankind of their vain Presumption and Arrogance.

By the Side of a pleasant Stream, were standing *Socrates*, Plato, Clitomachus, Carneades and other Philosophers of the Academic Sect, who were full of Doubts, never affirming
affirming any Thing for certain, always withholding their Assent from a Thing, till forced from them by Dint of Reasons, and Strength of Arguments; and ever believing one Opinion still more probable than another.

And a little above them were the Sceptics, Pyrrhus, Xenocrates, and Anaxarchas. These scrupulously doubted every Thing, neither affirming nor denying any Thing; and when any Question was put to them, they shrunk up their Shoulders, giving to understand by that Innuendo, that they could not be sure, or positively affirm any Thing. I could not discommend the Modesty of these Philosophers, nor think their Diffidence of human Knowledge altogether without Reason. Inasmuch that to the arriving at certain Knowledge; two Properties are absolutely requisite, the one in him who may be said to know, and the other in the Thing which is the Object of our Knowledge. The Understanding, through which it is that we come at Knowledge, is furnished with its Ideas by the Senses, both external and internal; which as they are apt to lose their Tone and Energy, and do often vary and undergo several Alterations, by being differently affected; and from larger or fewer Supplies of Spirits; or, lastly, from the Fineness of their Contexture, and Organization, no wonder such Diversity of Opinions are found amongst Men; since every one conceives quite differently of what he hears or sees, from another. And in the Things which we are supposed to know, the Uncertainty is no less; for in different Situations and Positions, they appear different with other Colours and Qualities; and as they are placed farther or nearer to other Bodies, they put on various Forms and Appearances: Wherefore as they are ever variable, and there being no one pure simple and uncom-
pounded Body, we can't safely affirm that such and such Things really are, but barely say that they seem to be so and so; which only amounts to an Opinion, and not to positive and certain Knowledge. Besides, not to pass over the greater Uncertainty still, that Plato observes in Things; the pure and unmix'd Nature, says he of Things being so fully'd with Alloy, and concealed under such different Modifications and Compositions, it quite escapes our Bodily Eyes: We only perceive the bare Reflections and Shadows, as it were, of the Things themselves; and therefore come vastly short of real Knowledge.

In another Quarter were the Dogmatists, who maintained their Tenents to be certain and incontestable: They distinguished all Things into Good and Bad, which necessarily kept their Minds in a very uneasy and troublesome Posture, either in anxiously shunning the one, or pursuing the other. The Scepticks, methought, had visibly the Advantage of these; for as they judged all Things to be indifferent, they were free from all Uneasiness, either in coveting the one or in avoiding the other; so that their Felicity was entirely independent of both; but Quo t Philo sophi. tot Sententiae: And from the immense Variety of Mens Natures and Tempers, sprung up numberless Sects and Schools.

There were up and down among the rest, we observed a Set of walking Philosophers; whom by their Ipse dixit's. I perceived to be the Peripatetics. The Stoics next discovered themselves, who were obtruding upon others with their Paradoxes and Chimara's, reducing all Things under a Necessity and Fate, stripping themselves of all Humanity in the Contempt they shewed for the Goods of Mankind;
and depriving the Soul of its Passions and Affections.

Advancing forwards to another Set, called the Pythagoreans, I found them buried, as it were, in Silence: There every Thing was hush'd and still, but very few of them venturing to speak, each solemnly observing the five Years of Taciturnity enjoined them: And presently after we met the Epicureans, Cynics, and Heliacks; and at a pretty good Distance from these was Diogenes, the most disabused and clear-fighted of them all: He usually withdrew himself a-part into his Retirement, to employ the Leisure Hours allow'd him from his Business, in the Study of the Principles of the Stoics; the Rigor and Austerity of which he wisely tempered, disowning himself to be dependent of any blind Superior Necessity; but not without natural Passions and Affections. He was repos'd upon the mossy Banks of a gentle Stream, near the Head of it, and seem'd fix'd in Admiration at the slow but clear Advances of the Waters, as they pass'd him; the Beauty and Serenity of which he had describe'd upon the Bark of an Elm, in the following * Lines.

Risa del monte; de las aves Lira,
Pompa del prado, espejo de la Aurora
Alma del Abrir, Espiritu de Flora
Por qu'in la Rosá, y el jasmin respira.

* The Reason I have not bestow'd a Translation upon these Verses, or Epigram, as the Author calls it, is, that I thought them not to deserve one, the Epithets given to the Stream being mostly Bunglaric, the Sense in general of them very much strain'd; and the Conceit or Turn in the Tail of the Epigram forced and unnatural.
Aunque tu curso en quantos pasos gira.
Tanta jurisdiccion argenta y dora
Tu claro proceder, mas me enamora;
Que lo que en ti Naturaleza admira.
Quan sin engano tus entranas puras
Desvan por transpariente vidriera
Las Guisjuelas al numero patentes
Quan sin malicia candita murmuras;
O sensillez de aquella edad primera
Huies del Hombre y vives en las fuentes.

And on a Branch of the Elm he had hung up an oval Buckler; in the Inside whereof was painted a large Sea-shell; which, tho' brown and swarthy without, was of a beautiful Pearl or Silver-Color within: And in the Heart or inmost Fold of the Shell, which by its Brightness seemed Dew congealed, was this of Persius for its Motto.

Nec te quaestiveris extra.

whereby the Philosopher intimateth his Unconcern at the inviiduous Reflections made on him by others; as likewise the Satisfaction of his Mind, which arose from the Consciousness he had of the Discharge of his Duty.

In the most lonesom and retired Part of these Desarts, Nature had, unassisted by Art, left open an entrance into the very Inside of a Mountain; about which there hung a dismal Gloom; a faint Glimmering of Light only entering at certain Crevices, from the several Refractions of the Sun's Rays upon the Tops of the Precipice, which overspread the Place with Horror. My Curiosity, not easily to be deterred, however, together with Marcus Varro, whom I knew to be well acquainted with the Place, soon prevail'd upon me to venture in.
We had not advanced many steps, treading very anxiously along, before I stumbled, and fell upon two Men; whom my Surprize reprezent'd to me as dead: And I was not much mistaken; for they were next Door to it, fast asleep. Being awake'd by my Fall, they both got up; when perceiving the one to be Artemidorus, the other Cardan, I took the Liberty to tell the last, it was a Shame he, that by his Vigilancy and Lucubrations had been of such known Service and Emolument to the Republikk, should thus sluggishly give himself over to Sleep, which was the very Image of Death! How, replied he, the Image of Death! Rather of Eternity; in which, as in a Mirror, we behold both Time past and future. I could not forbear smiling at his Conceit, thinking him to be still asleep, which I had Reason to fear he took ill; for continued he, don't make a Jest of Dreams, which in part a kind of Divinity to Man, by letting him into a Prospect of Futurity; a View which GOD has reserved peculiar to himself: They represent to us, as in a Theatre, the Images of Things, not only past, but that are to come, giving us a previous Admonition to guard ourselves against future Contingences; and therefore Sleep is not idly nor the Time flung away; for, if so, then Nature had deprived us of the better Half of Life: Besides, how agreeable is it to Reason, as Man is by his Understanding a Resemblance of his Maker, and as there are by GOD Times appointed for sleeping and waking, that in one or other of these Times Man should exert that Likeness especially since so great a Portion of his Time he lies with drawn and retired from his Senses and the outward Man? And as God has, to supply the Absence of the Sun by Night, made the Moon and Stars to rule and shine with their borrow'd Light, so likewise has he contrived that the Mind and
Faculties of Man should not lie idle, while the Body and its Senses are hush'd and cease from Action; for then the Soul, as it is immortal, perceives its self free from the Incumbrances of the Body, and retires into herself, and acts with more exalted Views. looking forwards into Futurity, and acquiring a kind of Prescience of Things to come. These Extravagancies of his made me think it not safe to continue our Discourse; so, without making a Reply I went on.

The Way now grew insensibly easier, as the Horror of it begun gradually to abate, by the Approaches we made to the Light of several Furnaces; whereby stood numberless Vials, Alembicks, and Crucibles: Here Thousands, almost, of Men were employ'd with hardly a Rag to cover them: They were all in Tatters, quite scorched with the Fire, and horridly black'd and daub'd with the Smoke and Fumes of the Quintessences they extracted. The Business of these was to mix and compound Bodies, to cause Alterations, Corruptions, Sublimations, and Transmutations of Metals. And their Language, I think, was the strangest I ever heard; for Lead they called Saturn, Tin Jupiter, Iron Mars, Gold Sol, Copper Venus, Quick-Silver Mercury, and by Luna they meant Silver. They were rich and abounding in Words but in every Thing else poor and destitute; and all their greatest Hopes vanish'd away in Smoke. I was at no Loss to perceive they were Chymists; but I was indeed touched with some Concern, to see them so idly bestow their Labour upon the vain Pretensions to make Metals: A Business which even Nature herself is whole Ages in bringing about. And in order to make Gold, such was their Folly, they flung away the little they had, being obstinately bent upon their Pursuit, and by no Means taking into Consideration, how
impossible it is for Art to introduce any one new Form, or even, tho' assisted by Nature, to exchange one Metal into another. But, what seem'd still more surprizing was, that Princes themselves, out of the same Weakness with the rest, condescended to blow the Bellows and assist here, their Scepters lying neglected by. But the Stench that diffused its self from their several Salts, grew so intolerably strong, that I was forced to hasten away; and being now only directed by that doubtfull Light we entered with, we came in Sight of the Sybils, as the Delphic, Erythraen, Cumaen, and the rest: Of which some were leaning upon Statues of Apollo; and others stood in the hollow Mouths of Caves. They all seemed fired and seized with divine Inspiration; so swelled and enraged with Exstasy, as if ready to burst, and incapable to contain the Divinity instilled into them. They uttered their Oracles either in Words, or gave them written upon Tree-Leaves; and by Enigmas unveiled future Events.

Presently after, we drew up to Hypparchus; Hermes the Egyptian, Zoroaster and Buda the Chaldean; who were studiously making Enquiry into the Principles and first Causes of Things; the reciprocal Action of the Elements one upon another; the Combinations, Generation, and Corruption of all compounded Bodies; the Planetary Influences, and their Motions; the Nature of Vegetables and Animals: They, by mysterious Circles, Characters, and Figures, as if in Alliance with Nature, produced most wonderful Effects. To these succeeded the Necromancers, who by solemn Murmurs call'd forth infernal Spirits in the Bodies of deceas'd Men. The Pyromancers foretold Things, by flinging Pitch into a Fire, and observing the Noise it made, whether it burn'd clear or otherwise; whether the Flames went up strait or crooked. They likewise divined by the burning
burning of Torches, taking Notice how the Characters made upon them consum'd away: The Hydromancers prognosticated by hanging Rings in Tubs of Water, and minding the particular Motion of the Water. The Aeromancers, who were the next, forbode Good or Ill by the different Impressions of the Air, which they felt in making or describing in its empty void, Variety of Figures. The Sycomancers divined by the Help of Fig-leaves, writing Names on them, and casting them to the Wind. Others pretended to Divination, by turning over the Leaves of a Homer, or Virgil. The Geomancers grounded their Knowledge upon the even or odd Number of Dots they prick'd upon the Earth, which they imagined to bear some Reference to the celestial Signs, and judged by them as by the Signs in the Zodiac. The Chiromancers divined by remarking the Lines in the Hand, viewing well the Color of them, whether ruddy or pale, the Places they begun and ended at, and their different Turnings and Windings. Among these were likewise the Soothsayers, who judged of future Events by the direct or crooked Flight of Birds: Some by examining the Entrails of Beasts, whether they were corrupted, or not, observing well the Color of the Liver and the Heart, the regular or irregular Motion of the Blood, foretold Things accordingly. Others, again, took notice of the Neighing of Horses, or the Clucking of Chickens, and such like Things; whereon they made Omens, and proceeded to conjecture or predict future Succes ses, whether good or bad. The Conversation of these People I could not but think dangerous and unsafe to enter into; for altho' my Mind was satisfy'd of the Vanity and Emptiness of their Oracles or Predictions, yet I was apprehensive how easily they might win upon that inquisitive Principle in Man, to enquire into Things future, by their Specious Pretences:
Pretences: This Inquisitiveness is a kind of Energy, or Spark of Divinity implanted in the Soul of Man; which, as it is an Emanation of the divine Wisdom, so it always with Eagernefs aspires more and more to resemble its Maker, by what chiefly evidences its Divinity and Prescience. Whence it is that our Curiosity is not half so great in looking backwards into Things past, altho' the Difference is much the same between Things past, if we are ignorant of them, and those to come, if we have no Knowledge of them.

Upon our going forth from these melancholy and dismal Abodes, the Prospect began to enliven and widen to the View; in the Midst whereof arose a Hill with two towering Tops in Form of a Mitre, beset all over with Mirtles and Laurels: And at the Bottom of it there flow'd a clear and pleasant Stream, the abortive Stroke of Pegasus's Heel, whose Iron Shoe has afforded abundance of humourous Conceits to the Poetical World. Upon the Banks of this Silver Stream were seated at their Ease Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camues, and Milton and Laurel Crowns upon their Heads, and sounding the Alarm to Heroic Poetry with Silver Trumpets. Lucan likewise pretended to join the Confort with his Brass Trumpet, puffing and blowing; but could not reach the proper Notes. He was far exceeded by the Sweetness and Harmony that Ariosto made upon a Bag-Pipe: To these follow'd Pindar, Horace, Catullus, Petrarcha, and Leonardo de Argensola, who made most ravishing Music upon their golden Lyres; and to their Music danced in regular and proper Movements; Seneca and Euripides in their Tragic Buskins; Plautus, Terence, and Lopez de Vega, likewise moving up with admirable Address in their Socks, follow'd in the Rear.
In the neighbouring Plains were Theocritus, San
dazarius, and Guarini, feeding their Flocks; and by
alternate Modulations of their Horns, Flutes, or Ru-
ral Pipes, making such Harmonious Sounds, as held
the Goats in Suspense from their Pasture. And
not far off stood Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Don
Luis de Gongora; who made their Remarks upon all
that passed, darting at every one, without Excep-
tion, Bits of Sticks pointed like the Bill of a Stork:
Wherefore, to escape their virulent Tongues, we
turned away on one Side of the Rivulet. and made
up towards one of the Summits of the Hill, where
we discovered Alfonius distinguished from the oth-
other Kings of Spain by the Name of the Wise; who
was taking with his Astrolabe. directed towards the
South, the Latitude of the Constellation of Ariadne's
Crown, being little aware that at the same Time
his own Crown was taking from off his Head. The
Business of a Kingdom will not admit the Prince
to spend his Time upon nice Speculations and
close Studies; which by their Agreeableness are apt to
draw off the Mind from publick Affairs, and quite
enamour it with the Delightfulness of Retirement
and Contemplation; sorrowing and defacing it
by rigid Disputes and Enquiries, which only dim
and impair the Natural Lustre and Efficacy of it;
which is of its self able to point out to us those
Things that are to be followed or avoided. Prin-
ces, therefore, have something else to do than i-
dly to give up themselves to philosophical Stu-
dies.

I was carried from hence into the Body, and
more habitable Part of the City; where, after a
Short Survey, the Expectations I had raised at the
Entrance by the outward Appearance of it, were
greatly lessen'd; for I found nothing but mere
Outside
Outside and Shew: The Buildings were raised upon false Bottoms, and the Inhabitants discovered more Vanity than Judgment. Some seemingly new Houses, were but old ones new done up, or built out of the Ruins of others; which made the City look like turned up Side down, and in a Confusion, they vainly employing their Pains upon old Repairs, and refitting decay'd Buildings which did not enlarge or add to the Lustré of the Republick; but rather lessen'd and deprived it of those Improvements, which it must have had, if the Members of it did set their Heads to work in projecting new Schemes, and Models for Palaces or publick Buildings. The People were of a very Melancholy Aspect, thin-jaw'd, and of very stupid Looks. They were continually at Variance, envying and maligning one another: The Chief Citizens, indeed, as they that had carried the Arts and Sciences to the greatest Height, made a better Figure, and were held in great Honour and Esteem. But other inferior Sorts of Scholars added only to the Bulk of the Populace and served to encrease the Vulgar; each applying himself to that Calling or Business which best suited with his Profession. The Grammarians cry'd Greens and Walshleet-Oysters about the Streets, scolding and railing at one another like Butter-Whores, and sometimes at other People, without sparing any. They called Plato a confused Fellow; Aristotle oblique, and like an Owl, that lov'd to hide his Conceits in Obscurity; Virgil a Plagiary of Homer's Verses; Cicero they called timorous, full of Superfluities, that was languid and cold in his Turns, tedious in setting out, imper- tinent in his Digressions, sometimes vehement and fired, but unseasonably: Pliny they compared to a disturbed River, that overwhelm'd all Things in its Way: Ovid was, said they, easy and profusely copious; Aulus Gellius was too loose and diffused; Sallust,
Sallust, an affected Fellow; and Seneca, Mortar without Sand.

The Critics cry'd old Cloths, and Shoes to mend.

The Rhetoricians served the Republick in Quality of Mountebanks, setting off and vending, with pompous Words, their Elixirs and Specifics.

The Historians were Match-Makers, as being well acquainted with the different Interests and Genealogies of Families.

The Poets fold up and down the Streets Fly-Cages, Nofegays, sweet Sugar-cakes, and hot Grey-Peas.

The Physicians served for Butchers, Undertakers, and Jackketches; for such was the Wisdom of the Republick, that no Apothecaries were suffer'd, but were obliged to make Guns, and other Pieces of Artillery; and their Place was supplied by Dioscorides, who went about crying Plants, Simples, and Druggs.

The Astrologers apply'd themselves to Navigation and Agriculture.

The Opticians were the Glaziers to the Republick; who disposed the Lights and Windows in Tradesmens Shops to the best Advantage.

The Logicians were Brokers, and such as fold Bargains for others.

The Philosophers were for the most Part Gardeners.

The
The Lawyers served as Beadles, and other Officers of the Peace,

The Miscellany Writers sold inlaid Cabinets and Tables, after the Mosaic Fashion.

The Catalogue-Writers were Hackney-Porters, to be employ'd by the rest.

In this Republick, as in those of Lacedaemon and Egypt, it was accounted praise-worthy to steal, under the Pretence of Imitation. The Shopkeepers made such frequent Robberies one upon another, that as I was told it was a common Thing to see Men newly set up with only other People's Goods. But this Privilege was mostly abused by Lawyers and Poets; the first having the Advantage both of numberless Books and Manuscripts; and the last going into Houses to dispose of their Ditties and Ballads, stole away the best Things they could lay their Hands on.

The Government and Administration of the Publick Weal, was committed to the Care of several approved Senators; who, for their Age and Experience, were held in great Awe and Veneration by the People. Plutarch, Livy, Dion, and Appian, were entrusted with the Management of Affairs at Home. And Cæsar, Paterculus, Ammianus, and Polybius, discharged all the military Business. Tacitus had the Care of the Politics. And the Censors were Diodorus, Mela, and Strabo. And as the Body Political, no more than the Natural, can't be thought well condition'd and firm, altho' the Head be good and found, and the Members of it rightly organized and adapted, if the Stomach, which is the Secretary in the civil Body, proves too weak well to digest Matters, or,
or, for want of Use and Concoction, fails to supply the several Parts with their proper Nutriment: The Republick therefore had wisely made choice of Suetonius, who was a great Minister, bred up in Business, well versed in the Natures and Humors of Nations, jealous, prudent, and secret.

Down one of the Streets came Mecenas, lolling in a Litter, carried by eight Slaves dress’d after the Roman Manner; and by the Side of it follow’d Virgil, complaining to him of Horace; who notwithstanding all the Favors and Honors he had confer’d upon him, had dared to mutter against him, under the feign’d Name of Malthinmus, for having his Robe to trail after him. I laugh’d a little at the Matter; but more at Mecenas, that he should squander away his Substance in contenancing a bold presumptuous Varlet, without any Regard to the Danger of encouraging such sheer and satyrical Wits, whom it is prudent to esteem, but by all Means to keep at a Distance; for such an Ascendant does Vanity bear over them, that Gratitude has always the worst in the Struggle: They will not spare sometimes to put their best Friend to the Blush, disclosing his most secret Faults, rather than keep in a Jest, or a bon Mot.

Apuleius passed thro’ the City upon an Ass, with Hundreds of People flocking after him; some hissed him; and others cry’d out Stop Thief; for it was said, he had stole the Ass. Oh! how easily, thought I, dos the Vulgar receive as just all the Calumnies aspers’d upon Great Men; whom, tho’ before they never vouchsafed to look at, or take Notice of, yet when once Envy has fasten’d her Teeth upon them, how readily they all turn their Eyes, and gaze upon them. And just so it happens, which may be of some Ease to Virtue, likewise to
the Moon, that while she labours under an Eclipse, she has the Eyes of all fix'd and intent upon her; tho' scarcely any one minds her, when in full Splendor she irradiates the Horizon:

Over-against a large and open Street stood confronting it a magnificent Edifice, which by its Grandeur I imagined to be some publick Structure; and upon Enquiry, they told me, it was Bedlam, design'd rather for the Distinction of Fools and Madmen, than for their Cure; for each was permitted the free Exercise of his Caprices and Maggots. Such a Separation was, methought, entirely needless in a Community, which might itself pass very well for such a Place, as it consisted of the greatest Wits, of which none was ever without some Mixture of Madnefs. The two Porters that kept the Door, were each in a brown Study aiming at Impossibilities, in a manner, and heedless of all that came and went. The one with a half-starved and drowzy Countenance, was endeavouring to square the Circle upon a Wall; The other flattered himself with having an Instrument for finding out the Longitude.

Very singular were the Reveries and Extravagancies that occurr'd to us in the different Apartments: In one Place were the Disciples of *Raimond Lullius turning a Parcel of Wheels about, as if distracted, whereby they pretended to be able in a short Time to learn all the Sciences. Trithemius had a great Num-

* An extraordinary and universal Scholar; who lived about the latter End of the 13th Century. He was for his prodigious Knowledge of Things, thought a Magician or Conjurer by the Ignorant Age he lived in. Vid. Charles Bouville's Life of Lullius.
her of his Followers here, who were profoundly intent upon his Steganography; with which he was in Hopes to find out a Method, by the Help of four Spirits placed in the four Corners of the World, to make himself be understood, like an Angel, without speaking: This Invention was look'd upon by the Vulgar as Diabolical; altho' there was no more in it than in a Letter of the Christ-Cross-Row. Others broke their Rest in Reading of old defac'd Monuments. Metals half eaten away with Rust, and in digging amongst the Rubbish and Ruins of old Buildings, that had lain some Ages buried under Ground. Some spent their Time in making and composing Riddles, Enigmas, Anagrams, and Almanacks, in stealing other Mens Verses, glossing over and publishing Miscellanies, which after all their Pains, were none of their own. Others again were collecting Florilegiums and Phraseologies out of several Authors, for the Benefit of the slothful; who deferred for their Pains rather to be well punished than any Thing else, for mangling and spoiling Authors. by cutting out their Sentences and Phrases; which out of their Place, are like so many Stones, taken out of a Building, where they properly belong to; or, like a particular Sort of Money carried out from the Countries where it is coined and goes current. Some walked up and down in a great Hurry, committing to Memory a Parcel of Sentences and Scraps out of Authors, to make themselves pass for great Scholars: As others were out of the same Pride, turning over Title-Pages and Indexes, just to get a Smattering Knowledge of Things; with which they pester all the Companies they light into, making a false Shew of Learning.

Stepping into a large Hall, I saw a great many Philosophers all maim'd, and frightful to behold; for such
such terrible Apprehensions had their Studies put them under, that in their Pursuit after Ease and true Felicity in Life, they lived their Time the most wretchedly, and the least Share of it: So enamour'd were they with their Speculations upon Things, that to further and improve them the better, some had plucked out their Eyes, some had cut out their Tongues, and others abstained from Meats, and whatever else could please or gratify the Senses. Their Watchings had made them so haggled, and dried up their Brains, that they fell into strange Extravagancies; some hated Life, and were in the greatest Despair: Others accus'd Nature for the weak Condition and Vale of Misery she had put Men in, were sorry that they ever had been born. One disallowed the prudent Conduct of Nature in the Business of Generation: One fancied himself to change into various Shapes: Another said he was at first only a Piece of Pitch, after that a Tree, and lastly a Man. One, to shew his Contempt for Houses chose to live in a Tub: One was terribly afraid his Soul would fly away from him; and another for fear the Wind would carry away his, had put leaden Soles to the Bottom of his Shoes. Promising myself some Diversion I went up to them, and ask'd their Opinions of the Nature and Substance of the Soul? To which the Answer of some was, that the Soul was Fire; others said it was, Air; others Harmony; others Number; some a Spirit. Some again maintain'd it to be only a Breath, and mortal; others that it was at sometimes mortal, and at others immortal. And one, as if he had actually seen it affirm'd that it flew down from some celestial Grove into the Body, lay down its Wings upon Entrance, and resuming them again at going out and parting with the Body. They so confounded me with their monstrous Follies, that I was glad to get rid of them; and as we were just got
out, a Croud of People standing in the Porch of a House invited my Curiosity to draw near them; where I found Galen dissecting of human Bodies; who was at that Juncture just opening of a Prince’s Head; in which, as he shew’d to Vesalius, Farnesius, and others that surrounded him, were the two Ventricles of the Estimativa, or Discernment wanting; whose Seat is just above that of Fancy and Memory, which lies in the hinder Part of the Head; and, proceeded he, these two last Powers or Faculties are subordinate, and put in Subjection to the Will, in which you see they are shut up. It was very strange, methought, that there should be such a vast Difference in the Make and Structure of Princes Heads, from those of others; and what a great Inconviency it was that those two so necessary Faculties were found either missing, or else entirely under the Guidance of the blind and rash Will. I was just going to ask the Reason of it; but the sudden Disturbance that happen’d prevented me; for the People came running up and down from Place to Place, being alarm’d with a Report that the Emperor Licinius, a mortal Enemy to the Republick, was coming down upon it with a great Army of Goths and Vandals. Every Thing was in strange Confusion; and those who before the Accident seemed able and fore-armed against it, were upon the Emergency struck all in a Heap, and at a Loss what to do. A Council was assembled; at which the Senators and four great Counsellors of State, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, and Tacitus, were present; all able and distinguished Members of the Republick, who had shewn in their Writing their great Acuteness and settled Maxims; which, however, in this Juncture they could not tell how to put in Execution; for they only confounded one another by their different Resolutions, not being of Judgment enough to fix and determine upon any in the great Variety suggested.
suggested to them; like Men that wanted Practice and Experience in such Occasions: And when they offered at making some Defence, the Means they proposed, tho' subtil enough, were so impracticable, that it was easily to be seen how useless they were; and how wrong Measures those take who entrust the Publick Concern to Speculative Men. that give themselves up to their Studies, and are irresolute and dubious in the Multitude of their Opinions, obstinately taken with the Livelines of their own Arguments, and dangerous in the Application they make of past Examples, which are but seldom well applied to the Case in hand, seeing that the Circumstances of Things, at different Times, are various, and the Cases themselves as disagreeing from one another, as are Mens Faces. The Confusion they were in was luckily clear'd up by an Advice brought, that it was only a false Alarm; for that the Emperor was several Days Journey from the City: Which made all Things easy and quiet again, and gave me an Opportunity to pass forward, till at the End of a Street I cast my Eyes upon Alexander de Ales and Scotus, who were making most admirable Tryals of Skill upon a Cable-Rope; and Erasmus, in endeavouring to imitate them. as if to stalk along in the Buskins of divine Philosophy, was no more than to tread the Socks of a Grammarian, had such a wretched Fall down to the Ground, that set all the People a-laughing. In a By-corner of the Street stood withdrawn from the rest, the Tyrant Crcias, Epicurus, Diagoras, and Theodorus. who by the Lowness of their Talk, and the Fear they betray'd of being overheard, made me the more desirous to know what they were about: And planting my self pretty near. I heard Cricias utter with dissolute and profane Lips. "That the first Law—"

"Givers of the World were profound and great "Politicians; who, as they were aware how insufficient
cient the Rigor of human Laws would be to awe Men, and put a Check to Vice, in that they could not bear any Sway over the Mind, or prevent by their Dread its contriving ill in Private or where it had no Witnesses to its Actions; therefore they had invented a God, who knew our most secret Thoughts and that reserv'd Eternum Rewards or Punishments for Men after Life, according to their good or bad Actions."

The other three concurred with him, in disowning their Creator; and especially Epicurus, denied GOD to be any Thing but a Fiction and a mere human Artifice excluding the supreme Being out of the Universe, that he might the more securely swim in worldly Delights free from all Remorse and inward Fear; "Not but I judge it (added he) highly expedient that the Cheat be kept up among the Vulgar; for without it we shall never be safe, either in our Lives or Fortunes." I was shocked at the daring Impiety of these stupid Atheists, and could not but look to see if they had any Eyes; for one with any, could never stumble upon such Ignorance; which put the Egyptians upon representing an Atheist by a Man with his Eyes in his Feet; which was he to carry directed up towards Heaven, he would behold the Sun, that Father of Light leading up infinite Squadrons of the Starry Host, that incessant Motion of the Spheres, that divine Architecture and Oeconomy incomprehensible to Man, in which no human Power or Art could have bore any Part; he would forthwith confess a first Omnipotent Cause, and humbly adore the Eternally Wise and Omnipotent Being. I was impatient to know of M. Varro how the Republick came to tolerate such ignorant and irreligious People, that contradicted all the rest of the World. For whereas other Men endeavour'd to make themselves immortal, and to out-live the Grave, they basely main-tain'd
tain'd the Mortality of the Soul, and their being but alike to other Creatures. Where Disputes, answer'd Varro, are encouraged, it is necessary there should be Vouchers of all Sorts of Opinions, however extravagant they be; and that among Atheists, it was rather Malice than Ignorance that prevailed, whereby they perversely, in spite of all natural Light, deceived and abused their own Senses.

Being apprehensive that the Company I was in with these Philosophers, might prove infectious, I did not care to stay longer in the same Street with them, notwithstanding the great Variety of Objects that might otherwise have engaged me; but turned up another, where I saw Lucian in Company with Pliny, Aldobrand, and Gesner, three Naturalists; whom he was carrying to hear the last Notes of a Swan that lay dying; whose Music in its last tuneful Accents is so famous. We made after them, till hard by a Pool he shew'd them an Ass just giving up the Ghost. I was pleas'd with the Jest, and could not but smile when Lucian, with his wonted Subtilty and Simulation, endeavour'd to make them believe that the Gods designedly metamorphos'd it, to the End that no one should presume, for his being a Swan, that he may not chance to die an Ass.

Presently afterwards I met with honest Diogenes; who carried about the Streets a Mirror of Self-Knowledge; which impartially reflected both the Virtues and Vices of all that would look into it: He invi'

ted every one to take a View of himself; but none cared to see, or however to know himself, if he did look in. Which was, I thought, very odd in a Community whose Members seem'd to be such wise and learned Men: But being desirous to excuse them, I fell to thinking and discoursing with my self;
that if God had been pleased, out of a particular Providence, to have made Man in such Manner that he could not have seen his own Countenance, to the End that if he was beautiful, he should not grow vain, or fall in Love with himself; nor that if he was ugly, he should hate himself; the Difficulty had then been still greater of knowing his Faults and Defects, especially those of the Understanding; which is what distinguishes him from other Animals, and gives him a kind of divine Superiority over them: He would then have lived free from Uneasiness and Dislike to himself, as not being sensible of his own Weakness; and the Consequence of that had been, that one and the same Happiness had equall’d all Mankind, altho’ of different Excellencies and Abilities, arising from the Satisfaction and Opinion every one had of himself, no one yielding to another in Point of Sense and natural Endowments. Diogenes had scarcely passed me, when turning about, I saw Archimedes coming out from his House in a Night-Cap, and with only one Stocking on, so pensive and intent upon his Machines, that he walked along knitting his Brows, and with his Eyes fix’d upon the Ground, quite regardless of the Noise and Clamor that the People made after him, which shew’d how unfit those are for any civil Employ, or to make Courtiers of, who give themselves immoderately over to Study and Speculation, out of which, when taken, they look more like inanimate Logs than Men.

At the Door of a Barber’s Shop was Pythagoras, convincing some other Philosophers, of the Transmigration of Souls out of one Body into another; and from thence he accounted for the different Instincts and Inclinations of Creatures. The Souls of Kings, as he said, were infused into Lions; which keep Watch, even while they seem asleep. Those of
of Princes animated Elephants, which made those Creatures so vain and meek, upon any the least Title or Appearance of Grandeur bestow'd upon them. Thole of Judges went into Dogs, which bite at the Poor, and fawn upon the Rich. The Souls of unmannerly and impolite People found Reception in Elks, Beasts that never bend the Knee. Thole of Poets descended into Bears, which live upon the Moisture of their own Nails. I was with great Pleasure listening to his Discourse; when a spiteful Fellow happening to fling a Handful of Beans amongst the Company, it so provoked Pythagoras, that covering his Head with his Cloak, he withdrew into the Shop; leaving us to guess at the Occasion of his Resentment each forming different Opinions of what could have moved him to prohibit the Use of that Pulse; some imagined that his Design was to persuade Men to Chastity by the Bean, as representing Lasciviousness; others fancied he meant to make Men just and upright in giving their Votes, which was antiently done with Beans. But what I most thought upon was, how easily Men, that value themselves as Scholars and learned, are interrupted and incensed at every slight Occasion, being commonly haughty, and afraid to lose the Opinion the World has of them.

As we turned the Corner of a Street, we met Scipio Africanus and Lelius insulting Terence, and going to take off his Socks, in which he strided up and down the City with Honor; for they charged him with having robb'd them of 'em: And at last, as Might commonly overcomes Right they forced them off. The Effects of Power in Princes, that not contented with their own natural Excellencies, they must assume those of Ingenuity too, pluming and adorning themselves with the Labours and Works of poor Authors.
One Street confined of nothing but Barbers Shops on both Sides of the Way; which made me ask Varro what Occasion the Republick had for so many of that Trade, especially as the People affected to let their Hair and Beards grow: He answer'd me with a Smile; that they were not Barbers, but Critics, or a Sort of Surgeons that patched and mend'd up old Authors, setting their broken Limbs together, putting false Hair on some, inserting Teeth, and giving artificial Eyes, Arms, and Legs, to others; but the worst on't is, that under the Pretence of Authors having been maim'd by Mistakes made in their several Copies before the Invention of Printing, they cut off the Fingers of a great many, nay, and often the Hands of some, as not being the natural ones, and clap on others which quite disfigure them. They sometimes carry their Presumption so far as to devise a Meaning never thought of by the Author, altering and pairing his Words, and chequering the whole Work over with Conjectures. I did not think my Nose very safe in this Quarter; so out I went as fast as I could, observing to Polydore that I had seen some of these Men before employ'd in other Businesse: Why ay, said he, very pleasantly, there are Critics in all Businesse.

Upon our Entrance into another Street, there appeared Democritus laughing so immoderately, that I wonder'd to see the Gravity of a Philosopher so discomposed, and took the Freedom to ask him the Reason of it; who after he had pretty well o-vercome the merry Fit. reply'd, So many Things there are in this Republick, which would each make one tho' ever so melancholy die with Laughter, that it can only be excusable in you as a Stranger, to ask such a Question, which I shall fa-tisfy,
tisfy, by giving you in general some Reasons that may plead in Behalf of the Commotion you saw me in.

After the Travels I had made in the Pursuit of Knowledge among the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans, and Ethiopians and had perceived the Vanity of Philosophy, the Troubles of this Republick, and the miserable Condition it is now reduced to by the Citizens, I fully resolved to laugh at every Thing; for to oppose my self against so many, and have bewailed the Want of Redress in such Evils, had been an extreme Folly in me, could I have been able to do it; and had I put on ever so great and real Grief, yet I could not possibly have foreborne laughing among so many Things that provoke one to it: Nor do I think it likely, that the most zealous Bigot in the Republick, could be able to refrain Laughter; when he observed the indiscreet and ridiculous Regard and Respect that most Nations pay to this City, admitting no Truth but what flows from the Lips of this People, who to take Advantage of this Credulity in the World, and, as it were, in Emulation of the supreme Being, have created mishapen airy Beings, and produced monstrous Births, not so much as ever dream'd of by Nature, filling the Sea with Tritons, Phocas, Ne-reids; the Air, with flying Dragons and Horses, Harpies and Sphinges; inhabiting the Mountains with Satyres, Pans. Silenus's, Silvans, Orcades, and Cen-taurs; the Woods Dryads and Silphs; the Fountains with Nymphs. In short, these Republicans it is that have introduced Idolatry into the World, erecting Altars, and paying Adoration to the Stars, Elements, and Creatures, both rational and irrational, down to the most Brutal and stupid Animals; and the better to color their own Vices, they have not left a River, Fountain, Isle, Mountain, Rock,
Rock, Tree, or any Place, without a Metamorphosis, to continue down the shameful Stories of the Robberies, Whoredoms, and Adulteries of the Gods, whom they have dared to load with Infamies, making those bright Luminaries of the Firmament to act in Confederacy with Brutes and Birds in Lasciviousness and other beastly Crimes. How can you expect me not to laugh, when I see that Mankind take the moral Precepts of Life from these Citizens; as likewise their Esteem of Virtue and Composure of Mind from us, who are those that make the Soul the most rebellious, and are the most prone to Anger, the most abandon'd to our Passions, insensible to Affection, malicious, the most covetous, ambitious, inconstant, vain, insolent Admirers of ourselves, and that despise others. For my Part, I can't but laugh, to see the Pride and vain Glory of some of our greatest Scholars, who strut about like Peacocks, pluming themselves, and passing for profound Doctors and Men of Penetration, tho' without one Grain of Self-Knowledge; whose Minds are as rude and uncultivated as Desarts, and more savage and intractable than Brutes. 'Tis at such as these, that I laugh. Him alone do I think truly valuable, who, although not skil'd in Science, knows how to govern his Passions and Affections, being satisfy'd that he can want nothing; since that all Things abound to him whose Felicity, although not equal to that of Heaven, yet seems to come nearly up to it.

Another Piece of ridiculous Vanity is that of those who, like Appius the Grammarian, think to render any one immortal by a Dedication of their Works to him; and, out of a kind of humble Pride, dedicate their Labours to great Men, that know nothing of the Matter; pleading in Excuse for their Boldness, the Motive of Necessity, that obliged them to
to look out for protection against malicious tongues; just as if patrons could be able to defend what they understand nothing of; or as if in buying of books we compounded not to have the privilege to find fault with them. The antients, indeed, were more discreet, and unbyass'd by any base principle in their choice of a friend; or some learned person to dedicate their works to; which by the scope and tendency of their subject, carried a direct claim to the patron. And if we consider the sciences, the best revenue of this city, and their several professors, what abuses and defaults shall we find in both, that will rather raise our laughter than pity? Only take notice of the vanity of grammarians, who insolent with a little Latin; dare to talk freely of all sciences and professions. And then do but observe how conceited and full of herself is rhetoric? who with her paint and varnish discolors the truth, and is but a sink of flattery, an art that tries to impose upon and allure the senses with a pleasing violence? She is such a flirt, that she seems to be, what she is not, and is what she seems not to be. This was the harp of orpheus, whereby he drew the beasts after him; as likewise that of amphion, who made brutes and stones move to her enchantment: And, therefore, the spartans would not suffer her to come within their walls. The romans too banished her the city twice; and the stoics drove her out of the schools, because she play'd upon the affections, and took advantage of the weaknesses of the mind, socrates calls orators publick sycophants, and was sensible of the danger of admitting them into civil offices; seeing that by their persuasive eloquence, they might deceive the populace, and carry them to what they would, tearing the state to pieces, and embroiling it with seditions; as experience has shewn
Shewn in the Persons of Brutus, Cassius, the Gracchi, Cato's, Demosthenes, and Cicero.

And Poetry, which is the Sister of Rhetoric, how scornfully she looks down upon other Sciences, and vainly imagines herself to be above them all, because she only had Temples built to her by Antiquity: She disowns her Birth from Labor, the Parent of the other Arts, and perhaps of Heaven itself. And what still adds to her Pride is, that the Scyth's, Cretans, and Spaniards write their Laws, as the Goths did their Histories, in Verse. But it ought to humble her Airs, that she is only an affected Dame, full of Vanity, and averse to Truth; that subsists upon Imitation and Fiction, representing nothing but Fallhood; and so wanton, that she takes in the Gods for Accomplices to countenance her in her Extravancies, Rapes, and Adulteries, making them the Inventors of such Enormities. And she it is that enlivens and invigorates unchast Affections, feeding dishonest Desires, both in herself and others, with soft Endearments and amorous Carestes, whose slandering Tongue has defam'd the Honor of others. Every one knows what poor Queen Dido has suffer'd by her; who was an exemplary Pattern for Matrons of Honesty and chaste Deportment; upon which, and other Accounts, Poetry was banished out of several States.

No less pernicious to the World is History; for Men naturally desire Immortality, which they can't arrive at but by a good or bad Fame; and as this is not to be perpetuated by Monuments or statues, but down in Histories, from hence it proceeds, that as human Nature bears stronger Inclinations to Vice than Virtues more seek to be taken Notice of by Historians, like Croesus, for some signal Villanies, than for any Thing else. Moreover as
both the Virtues and Vices of Princes are related in History, we are naturally more apt to excuse our own Frailty by the Weakness of Great Men, than to imitate their Virtues. And then what can be more ridiculous than the Vanity of Historians, in assuming to themselves, both the Theory and Practice of Politics, and pretending the whole of both to be grounded upon the Discourses and Events of their Histories; which, in Prudence, no one can trust to; for, what out of Self-Love, Flattery, Spite, or some other base Principle, and Disregard to Veracity, there is scarcely one Historian to be found entirely impartial and faithful in his Narrations, who does not consult more the Reputation of his Ingenuity, than Sincerity, and regard more publick Example than the real Nature of the Fact he relates. The Greeks valued themselves for their Invention, not adhering to Matter of Fact; and the Romans imitated them. And, although in some Historians we may find a just Relation of Things, yet a prudent Politician cannot safely rely barely upon them, because he must have Occasion to pry into the secret Springs and Motives of Actions; which notwithstanding they be mentioned by the Historian, yet they are uncertain and imaginary, or only pick'd up from common Hear-say. Since but very few Writers were present upon the Spot, when Things were transacted; nor, indeed, if they were present, could they possibly attend to all that past; Nor further, were they admitted into the Cabinets of Princes, to see the Incentives of their publick or private Actions, so that they are governed throughout their Relations, by just what everyone says in Praise of, and to aggrandize his own Actions: And very often they infer the Motives of an Action, by the Success of it; wherein they are influenced by Passion, Affection, or some other base Disposition, giving a finer Interpretation of the Actions of Great Men.
Men: And as *Vices* are divided but by a thin Partition from *Virtues*, they frequently take occasion to call a Brave Man, *Rash*; a Generous one, *Prodigal*; the Prudent, *Stoæful*; and the Wary and Cautious, *Cowards*. Another Rock that most *Historians* split upon, is *Interest*; for which they flatter; and without it they malign and lash Men: So *Paterculus* praises *Sejanus Livia* and *Tiberius*; whereas *Tæcitus* advertets upon the Ambition of *Sejanus*, adhors the *Adulterers Livia*, and detects the Simulation of *Tiberius*; being rather too keen and malicious in the Meaning he gave his Words, which carry a different Sense from what they seem usually to intimate. And this is a dangerous Privilege for an *Historian* to make in his Language, which every Action is sure to fare the worse for. *Xenophon* does not tell us what *Cyrus* was, but what he ought to have been; and this kind of Flattery it was, that conferr'd Renown upon *Hercules, Achilles, Hector, Theseus, Epaminondas, Lyæander, Xerxes, Alexander, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Scipio, Pompey*, and *Caesar*. a Pack of famous Rogues, that over-run the World with Tyrannies.

Consider next. continued *Democritus*, that Part of Philosophy, call'd *Logic*; how envelop'd it is in Sophistry, *Topics*, Words, and Confusion of Terms, which it has invented to convey our *Ideas* in: She is so wholly taken up about Words, that she never looks nor carries her Consideration farther to explore into Nature's Secrets, as appears by the Proficiency of those that first invented this Science. And as you have but just pass'd the Schools, and different Sects of Philosophers, there's no Occasion for me to enlarge much more, upon observing to you how artfully they all dissemble and disguise their *Vices* under the false Appearances of *Virtues*; the *Epicures* being Gluttons; the *Peripatetics*, covetous; the *Platonics* and *Stoics*, arrogant and vain-glorious.
The Republick of glorious. You might have seen, as you passed them, how widely they disagree in what constitutes the Felicity of Man; Epicurus and Aristippus place it in Delights and Dainties; Pythagoras and Socrates, in Virtue; Aristotle, in Contemplation; Theophrastus, in Fortitude; Diodorus, in feeling no Pain; Periander in Glory, Honor, and Wealth; and others still place it elsewhere. Sure never were more extravagant Deliriums and Whims heard! But it is much that among all these, no one ever thought to place Man’s Felicity in not Writing; which is, I am sure, one of the greatest and most irksome Businesses of Life. Plato alone, the most clear-sighted of them all, knew it to be a fruitless Search to look for true Felicity upon Earth; and therefore put it in the Union of the Soul with the Sovereign Good, when it returns to incorporate with its Ideas. For Man, while he continues here, is surrounded with Misery and natural Infirmities: He is only the Sport of Fortune and a fleeting Shadow, sure to be swallowed up in Death: The World, which is given for his Abode, is as fickle and inconstant as himself; but a Field of Battle, or a Tragical Theatre; wherefore it is neither in the World, nor in Man, that the true and real Felicity can be found, but elsewhere, and in another kind of Being, that we must expect to meet with it. The Philosopher then turning himself about with a cheerful Countenance, went on; How uppiish and vain too is Arithmetic, because Pythagoras dreamt, that in her Numbers were all the Sciences included: She was born at one Birth with Gaming, and bred up at the Breasts of Avarice; who by her magical Characters, draws up in a small Compass all the Riches of the Universe, and calculates the unwearied Steps of the Sun.

Geometry likewise takes greatly upon her, because without her Help there’s no Admission into Plato’s School,
School, and because the Egyptians through her Assi-
blance made Statues that could Speak: Archytas of
Tarentum too, contrived by her a Dove that could
fly; and Archimedes large Adamantine Orbs, that
moved correspondent with those in the Heaven.
She has forgot her first Rise, which she owes to the
Inundations of the Nile. and is but a Sister of those
imperfect Insects spawned on her Bank. She has in-
deed this however to brag of more than the other
Sciences, That her Principles are certain and con-
stant, in which all agree, without that Variety of
Opinions that are in Astronomy wherein the Ara-
bians, Egyptians and Chaldeans, did all disagree, both
as to the Number of the Heavens, and their Move-
ments, Orbs, Differences, and Epicycles, each pre-
suming them to be just, as he understood them, tho'
ignorant whether they were so or no. And this
Confusion, which arose from the various Courses
of the Stars, and the Motion of the Heavens, (they
being so directly contrary and different one from
the other) made Astronomers imagin, as they thought
it, impossible for the different Movements to con-
center in one Body such a Number of Heavens, and
in them so many Orbs, Equators, and Epicycles:
And by this Salvo, the seeming Impossibilities va-
nish'd, as the Differences likewise were in a man-
ner cleared up, and the several Motions were regu-
lated and pretty exactly measured by this their
imaginary Structure of the Heavens; which is the
best and most useful Lye that ever was form'd, since
that certain and true Effects proceed from it; for
now they can foretell to a Minute the Eclipses and
future Aspects of the Stars and Planets. But if so
be that the Regularity of some is not yet exactly
adjusted, as that of Mars, and others since discover'd
by Telescopes, whose Motions do still want better to
be ascertain'd; and if a perfect Knowledge of All
of them be required, for us to be able to make an
exact Judgment of them, how then dares Astrology pretend to presage future Events by the Motion, Disposition, and Nature of the Stars, seeing that human Capacity is of too short a Tether, our Comprehension too feeble and disproportionate to the immense Distance between us and them, for us ever to arrive at the Knowledge of them, by the bare Direction of their Light and Rays; and therefore we soar too high in pretending to discover what is acting there. What tho' here below we are apt to infer and perceive the Causes by their Effects, yet in the Heavens that is impossible to be done; for since the Stars are infinite in Number, how will any one be able to distinguish the Influences of one Star from those of another, especially since each affects differently, according to its different Aspect and Position? Nay, and though the Natures and Virtues of each were known, yet if they only dispose or incline, not oblige us, how can we fail to make a rash Judgment by them, since that our Liberty, Education, Discipline, Religion, Manners, the Place we are bred up in, Compliance with others, and many more such like Accidents, do all change and alter our natural Dispositions? Nor indeed do I less dislike the Opinion of Origen and Albertus Magnus, That the Stars are not the Cause of future Contingencies, but Signs described by GOD in radiant Characters in the voluminous Scroll of the Heavens whose Motions point out and unfold to the World future Events. But this Opinion is erroneous too, seeing that Events arising both from Chance and our own Free-will, are infinite and numberless; in so many Ages rolling on, they can't possibly be foreboded by the Stars, which keep one constant and uniform Motion.
Those, however, that apply themselves to this Science, may be excused by the noble Views they have, or the Divinity that they aspire after, in prying into future Events: But what Excuse, continued Democritus, can be given for Lawyers? who live upon other People, taken up wholly in the Quarrels and Concerns of others? whose Faculty is like an Elephant, carrying upon his Back great Castles, or rather Mountains of Texts and Books: and their Profession, like an Unicorn, continued down from Father to Son in Registers: in which Matters are all studied to their Hand; whereby the Genius is crampt, being obliged to adhere to the Words and Meaning of the Legislator, just as if their Laws were always founded upon the most fixed and soundest Principles of Reason? And if Law be not so grounded, I don't see how it can be called a Science, being the Offspring of the frail and short-sighted Understanding of Man: Which the first Law-Givers of the World were very sensible of; and therefore they endeavoured to give a divine Sanction or Authority to them among the Vulgar, by persuading Men, they had them by the Inspiration of some Deity: As Mercury pretended he had received his from Osiris; Minos his Laws from Jupiter; Charondas his from Saturn; Solon his from Minerva; Lycurgus his from Apollo; and Numa Pompilius his from the Nymph Egeria: All which Laws were we to take the Trouble to consider, we should find many of them to Swerve from Honesty, Reason, and the Dictates of Nature, and that they carry a rankavor of that Frailty and Malice which made them. And as for the Lawyers themselves, they are such that we must not only bribe them to speak, but to hold their Tongue. And was it not to make Room for the Physicians, I should certainly deem them the most pernicious to Mankind; for as the one ruins our
our Estates, so the other our Lives: But Princes it is that suffer most by the last; for Physicians taking the Advantage of the natural Desire in Man to live, and as they know their Interest to be best with sickly and infirm People, they observe it as a settled Aphorism to impair the Health of their Prince, in order to keep him subject to them, and to aggrandize and enrich themselves. Wherefore it look'd like great Discretion in that King of France, who allowed his Physicians great Sallaries while he was well, but took them away again, when he fell ill. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Arcadians kept themselves free of this Evil; for they would not encourage this Faculty, or Military Art, that undoubtedly received its Birth from Civil Wars with which formerly they used to fight, as now-a-Days they do with Fire and Sword. Greece was so well versed in it, that to dispatch their Adversaries the Romans, they sent Physicians amongst them; which the Republick being appriz'd of, immediately drove them back. Moreover, continued he, who does not see the great Incertainty of this Science? The Constitutions of Men being as different as their Faces, and so intricate, that a Man can but scarcely, after a long Experience know his own, nay. and even then he can't be sure on't; for the Constitution daily alters and is liable to change through a Multitude of Accidents, which makes it impossible almost for a Physician to know them; how then is it likely for him to hit on the Cure? But to suppose that Physicians could discover them, yet still as Dis-tempers are various, and their Causes numberless, and past finding out, how can they be able to apply suitable Remedies? And although they were able to penetrate into the latent Causes of Dis-tempers, yet even then a more exquisite Knowledge still would be wanting; as to know the several virtues and Effects lodged in Things; which Nature has providently,
providently, in order to open a free Commerce and Correspondence between different Nations, concealed in Stones, Plants, and Animals, so that her Virtues and Powers do not lie confined to one Thing, or to one Place, but in several; which put us under a Necessity to carry our Search after them into other Nations, especially after those that we wanted in our own; and proved a Means to unite and cement different Countries in Love and Amity: But when, after all our Experience in exploring and discovering these secret Virtues, we happily light upon some, there is yet a remaining Danger in the Application of them; for what cures one Part, is often destructive, by some secret Quality or other, to the rest.

But there is no Occasion for any other Argument to shew the Insufficiency of this Art, than to observe how few Men die natural Deaths, which almost all would do, was Physic certain, and only to correct the Humors of the Body, keeping them up to such an Equality as that they should equally decrease and wear out together. He was no Stranger to this Faculty, that said, Art was long, and Life short: Experience besides is deceitful, and upon that Account the Doctor more dangerous than the Disease; which Nature by her own Strength is more likely to remove, than all his Glysters, and poisonous Potions.

This is the Perfection of the Sciences so much noisèd about here, which I have carefully considered in the several Professors of them in this Republick; and these are the general Causes of my Laughter, though sometimes it be rais’d by more particular ones, as it was at that Juncture, you asked me the Reason of it; which was to see a Poet running like a Mad Fellow to shew his Friends an Epigram,
gram, before the Ink was scarcely dry, in such prodigious Hast, as if somebody had cut off his Nose; and he was going to get it clapt on again, while the Blood ran warm.

Marcus Varro and I burst out laughing at the Sage's Pleasantry; when on a sudden Heraclitus, who was on one Side of us, turning himself about in a Passion, with his Face all over in Tears, told us, He could not think it possible for any one to laugh in this Republick, that had but his right Senses, or that could see the Calamities of the Place, and consider how sparing of her Benefits Nature had been towards the Citizens: For what then, said he Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, Philosophy. and the other Sciences are born and bred amongst us; yet they grow up in the Midst of such gross Ignorance, as requires a great deal of Pains and Labor to brighten them up, and what we are our whole Life-time about; for just as Gold and Silver are found in the Mines encrusted with Dross and Alloy, which if they are not refined in the Furnace, and worked with the Hammer, their hidden Worth lies useless; so by vast Labor and Fatigue it is, that we come to polish our Understandings, and to discover the Sciences lodged in them.

What Tears and Trouble in our Youth, what Travels and Watchings does it afterwards in our advanced Age cost us, in Reading Writing, and Study, to acquire our small Stock of Knowledge? For which at last so ill are we dealt by, we are obliged to our Masters, the Brutes with whom Nature has shewn herself more generous and liberal. It is to them we in a great Measure owe the Arts and Sciences. We learn'd our Politics from the Bees; and Oeconomy from the Ant; the first giving us the Notion of Monarchy, in the sole Government of one,
one, as the last gave us that of Aristocracy, by their being govern'd by a few, and those the best. The Cranes hinted to us Democracy, in that they all reign by Turns. The Nile-Bird shew'd us Navigation, his Wings being the Oars, and his Tail the Rudder. We were taught to weave by the Spider; to build, by the Swallow; to give a Glyster, by the Stork; to bleed, by the Hippopotamus; and by the Elephant Surgery. And so likewise Man's laborious Observations in Astronomy, we may see experimented by Beasts: The Cynocephalus distinguishes Day, Night, and the Hours, like an animated Clock, by his Bark. The Solstices are known by the Bird of Paradise, his then shewing himself: And Dolphins, Ducks, and the King's Fisher foretold us the Seasons.

The Philosopher was here interrupted, and we obliged to run into a Porch, to make Way for a Drove of Beasts. as Lions, Tigers, Wolves, Foxes and several Insects, that followed a Fellow remarkably ugly and deformed, with a pointed Head. a wrinkled Forehead. his Eyes quite sunk into his Head. a flat Nose, blubber Lips, and a very swarthy Complexion; with a Hump both behind and before an Iron Collar about his Neck, and mark'd upon the Cheek; whom the Philosopher no sooner perceived, but he resumed his Discourse, saying;

Follow that Slave, by Name Æsop; and you shall see how in making Beasts to speak. he teaches by their Means. this Republick the truest Philosophy, both Moral and Political; for he follows the best and surest Masters. And now. continued he, O Democritus, how can a Philosopher that attentively considers the Weakness of human Nature, laugh in a Matter that so greatly deserves his Pity.
This Reprimand of his, tho' followed with a Flood of Tears, could not put Democritus out of his merry Vein: So I even laugh'd at both to see that the one laugh'd, because the other would not; and the one grieve, because the other would not weep. Altho' sometime after, I could not but think both the one and the other to inveigh too maliciously against the Sciences; which are a Sort of Attributes annexed to the Divine Being: For what is Poetry but a Divine Spark, lighted up in but few? And Rhetoric, but an Inspiration from Above, to influence us to Virtue? History but the Looking-Glass of Love, that shews Time past, present, and future? Or Natural Philosophy, but the Energy of his Power? As Moral is nothing but the Richness of his Goodness; Astronomy is a Sample of his Greatness: And Arithmetic, what is it, but his Discourse bounded only by his Essence and Majesty? Geometry but the Instrument he made all Things by, in Weight, Number, and Measure? And Law, but the Execution of his Justice? Or Physic, but a Demonstration of his Loving-Kindness? But what will Envy spare? Even the Sun, who far surpasses all Things in Beauty, and would make the very Idolatry of his Worship excusable, has had those, who, tho' without Eagles Eyes, have presumed to set a Number to his Rays, and to charge his Brightness with Blemishes and Spots.

Taking Leave of the Philosophers, I turned the Corner of a Street, and met Sappho full-but, running with her Coats in her Hand, from her Father: Who, as I stopp'd him, made sad Complaints of his Daughter; that she minded nothing but to make Verfes, without the least Thoughts of the Business and Concerns of the House, as to few and spin; which, said he, are the fittest and most becoming for a Woman: Tis
Tis not for them to study and fling away their time upon Books, which distract their thoughts, and are apt to make them vain of the little they know, to enter into disputes, and to keep company with men; to the no small prejudice of their character, as it makes them grow remiss and negligent of the reservedness and decency of their sex. I was greatly touched at the old man's cafe, whose daughter by her study and friends, had made herself the town-talk of the place, and led the old gentleman a very wearisome life. Having pretty well appeased him, however, by the plausible excuses I made in her behalf, I took my leave, and went up a street, where I saw the famous histories of Plutin's edition, with flowers de Lewis, griffins and salamanders in their frontispiece: it would have surprised one to see the number of dishes cooked out there; there were Æneids gilt on the back, boil'd, baked and curiously dress'd, fage and metamorphos'd roast'd, toss'd up in pancakes and fritters, steep'd in water, and dished out after the finest fashion; and so costly, that I was apt to imagine the citizens owed their ills, indigestion, head-aches, dejected and sodden looks to them, because they did not know when to be satisfied in the rich repast. But no dish there pleased me so much, as poets well minc'd, and republicks fricass'd; which made as good a figure as the best in Plutin's shop: wherein I was just preparing to enter had not M. Varro bid me defer it till I had seen the sessions house, which stood opposite against us. Whither he no sooner conducted me, but I saw men scourging of perjuries in great numbers, who had sworn to things they knew nothing of, upon the bare word and credit of their masters; and as many more underwent the same punishment, for their wanton abuse of the greek language. We were admitted into a large hall by two grammarians, where I beheld exalted a-
above the rest the three venerable Judges of Antiquity, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeicus. The Court was but just begun, when there came in to defend a Cause an elderly Man leaning upon a Stick, shaking all over with a Palsy, and with so aged a Look, that, to guess by his Countenance, he was at least ninety Years old: It surprized me to see that one of that Age had not withdrawn himself from the Hurry of the World, to spend his last feeble Breath in Retirement and Ease. Who, as Varro, at my Desire, told me, was that learned Advocate and Contemporary of Seneca, Thuranius, who was so used to the Noise of the Bar, that when by the Order of Caius Cæsar, he was oblig'd to retire from Business, he laid himself down in a Kind of Agony upon his Bed, and order'd his Servants to mourn for him as if dead; The idle Time of their old Master was grievously lamented by them; insomuch that had he not been restored again to his Office, they would have had Occasion to bemoan his Funeral. Such sottish Ambition are Men possessed with, that they covet to live more for other Men's Sakes than their own, never enjoying the Happiness of an easy and sedate Mind. I had a great Desire to hear him, but was prevented by a Company of Officers dragging along Jullius Cæsar Scaliger, with a Gag in his Mouth, and his Hands manacled; and after him followed Ovid, Plautus, Terence, Propertius, Tibullus, Claudian Statius, Silius Italicus, Lucan, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Martial; all of them almost being maimed and with Scars in their Faces; one without a Nose, another without an Eye, some with artificial Teeth and Hair, others with wooden Legs and Arms, so monstrously disfigured that they hardly knew their own Faces. A profound Silence arose in the Hall; when Ovid, in the Name of the rest, as being the most eloquent and versed in Rhetoric and the Law, which
in his younger Years he had study'd, address'd his Complaint against Scaliger.

"In this Case, you most impartial Judges, it would be needless to make use of Rhetoric to captivate your Favor, to raise your Attention by an artful Exordium, to inform you by a long Detail of the Matter, or to convince you by tedious Narration; or lastly, to inflame your Minds by a Confirmation and Conclusion upon the whole: All this, I say, would be needless; for here stands the Delinquent before your Eyes, with his Hands now teeming with Blood, and the Wounds still bleeding. The evident Truth of the Fact will not admit of any Rhetorical Artifice, no more than your known Readiness to punish Offences would permit me to tire you out with a tedious Narration: But let our mangled Countenances and maimed Bodies speak for us: These are the Offences, and he there the Offender. And as for our Innocency and Conduct, we appeal to the whole Republick; wherein we have lived upwards of a thousand Years, not only easy and peaceable, but with Honor and Esteem. What have Plautus and Terence done, to deserve such Treatment? who have always been the Entertainment and Delight of the People; the one an agreeable and well-spoken Man; the other grave and circumspect? In what have Propertius and Tibullus offended? both pleasant, sweet, and amorous Men? And then, as for SiliusItalicus, he is of that great Humility, that he is never lifted up; but carries his Eyes downwards, and looks for those Beauties in others, he sees are wanting in himself. Ennius indeed, is something impolite in Conversation, but then his great Abilities make up for that. Claudian is remarkable for his Liveliness; and altho' his Stock be not large,
large; yet he finely sets it off to Advantage. And what if Statius be presumptuous? Lucan proud and haughty? these Faults proceed from their Vain-Glory, and the Impetuosity of their Genius, and injure none but themselves. Horace is severe and exact; who, though he shews a Value for his own Talent, does not depreciate those of others; and if sometimes he cuts a Joke, 'tis sure to be a civil one, and only for Mirth's sake. Juvenal, I must allow, is satirical; but then he is an honest Man, and only does it out of pure Zeal to reform this Republick, taking Notice of Vices in general, without so much as once mentioning the Delinquent: Whom Persius must still have offended least; because, indeed, if he had offended him at all, his Talk is so obscure, confused, and intricate, that no one could tell whether the Affront was levelled at him or some Body else. Martial is the only one that, by his ugly Temper, keen Jokes, and humorjous Turns, could possibly have given any Occasion to the Delinquent for this Abuse; but he protests and vows he never saw, nor ever heard any Thing of him. And, lastly, with your Leave, to mention myself.

"I may without Presumption say, that I have always been looked upon as one of a meek and easy Temper; and, though I never wanted for Wit, yet it can't be said, that I ever employ'd it to others Prejudice; and if in my Youth, I committed some Extravagancies in Love Affairs, I have suffered for them in my Banishment, and no one ought to be punished twice for the same Crime. But, suppose we had all been guilty of Faults, the Offender was no competent Judge; your Cognizance alone it was that they had ought to have fallen under. But no wonder, indeed, he has used us so insolently, since that
he has not kept off his prophane Hands from pious and religious Authors, as Sannazarus, Bede, Eusebius, and others. Defend, therefore, most grave Judges, our Honor, and secure the Tranquillity of the Republick, which is greatly threatened by this daring and presumptuous Citizen, whose File is like a two-edged Sword, and from which no one of us is safe.

Ovid had scarcely made an End, before Scaliger, taking the Gag out of his Mouth, entred upon his Defence with an haughty Air and Shew of Contempt for the venerable Assembly, without the least Respect or Reverence to the Judges, being incensed to see himself affronted in so publick a Place: But the People prevented his going on; for they dragged him through the Hall, and were both the Judges and Executioners of that Sentence, he might have expected to hear from the Tribunal, The People, however, had suffered for this Piece of Presumption in the Face of the Court, had not some more weighty Matter happened to take off the Minds of the Judges; which was a Multitude of People that rushed into the Hall, crying and roaring that their Ladiships. the Sciences, were gone from their Palace; and that there was now only a few Marks or Ruins to be seen of what they had been. The Citizens lifted up both their Eyes and Voices to Heaven, filling the Place with dismal Moans and Cries, one or other shewing the little of the Sciences that they had saved.

*The Author trifles here for three or four Lines together: He mentions the several Fragments of the Sciences some had secured to themselves; as, that One had got a Cloke of the Spring or Bloom of Rhetoric; another a Head-Dress of the Brightness of Poetry; and such like Stuff, not deserving to be translated.
The Judges being in the utmost Consternation at the News, they went almost senseless out of the Hall to inform themselves better of the Mishap, and to seek for Redress. But the Poets continued still pummelling Scaliger with such Rage, that out of Compassion to that great Scholar, and bright Ornament of polite Literature, I endeavour'd all I could to appease them: But Claudian continued so testy, and my Dream so lively, that I lifted up my Fist in a Passion, just as if I had been awake, to strike him, but hit my Arm against the Bedstead; whereupon I awoke out of the Multitude of Errors which I had been in, while asleep; perceiving the Vanity of our Fatigue, Watchings, and laborious Studies; and that 'tis not he that is farthest gone in the Arts and Sciences, who is wise, but he, that has true and just Notions of Things; and that, regardless of the Vulgar's light and vain Opinions, lets such only pass for true, which really are so.
Respublica literaria: or, The republick of letters; being a vision