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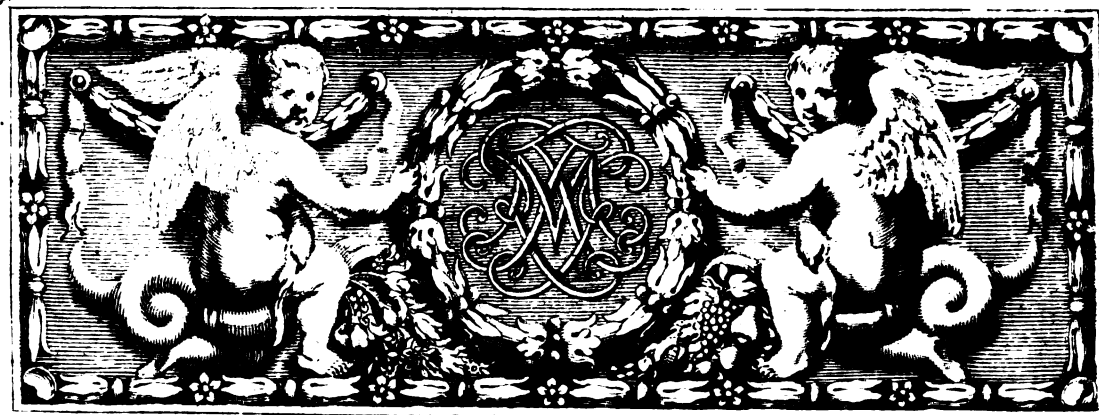
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TO  
Her GRACE the  
DUTCHESS OF ORMOND.

ADAM,



Contrary to the Custom of Authors, in this Age, who consider only Interest, and are not ashamed to dedicate their Writings to such, whose Vices render them as remarkable as their Titles; I was determin'd to present *The Doctrine of Morality* to a Person, whose Vertues, as well as Quality, might awe the Vitious: One, whom I could not be thought to flatter, even when I most commended, nor blush to praise. In your Grace I have found this Person; You, Madam, have every Virtue that our Sex can glory in; a Mind Noble as your Birth, Charming as your Person; a Temper so Sweet and Humble, that you gain the Love, as well as the Respect, of all that have the Honour to converse with, or approach you: In all Conditions of Life, as a Wife, Parent, Mistress, and Friend, you, Madam, have shown yourself a perfect  
Christian,

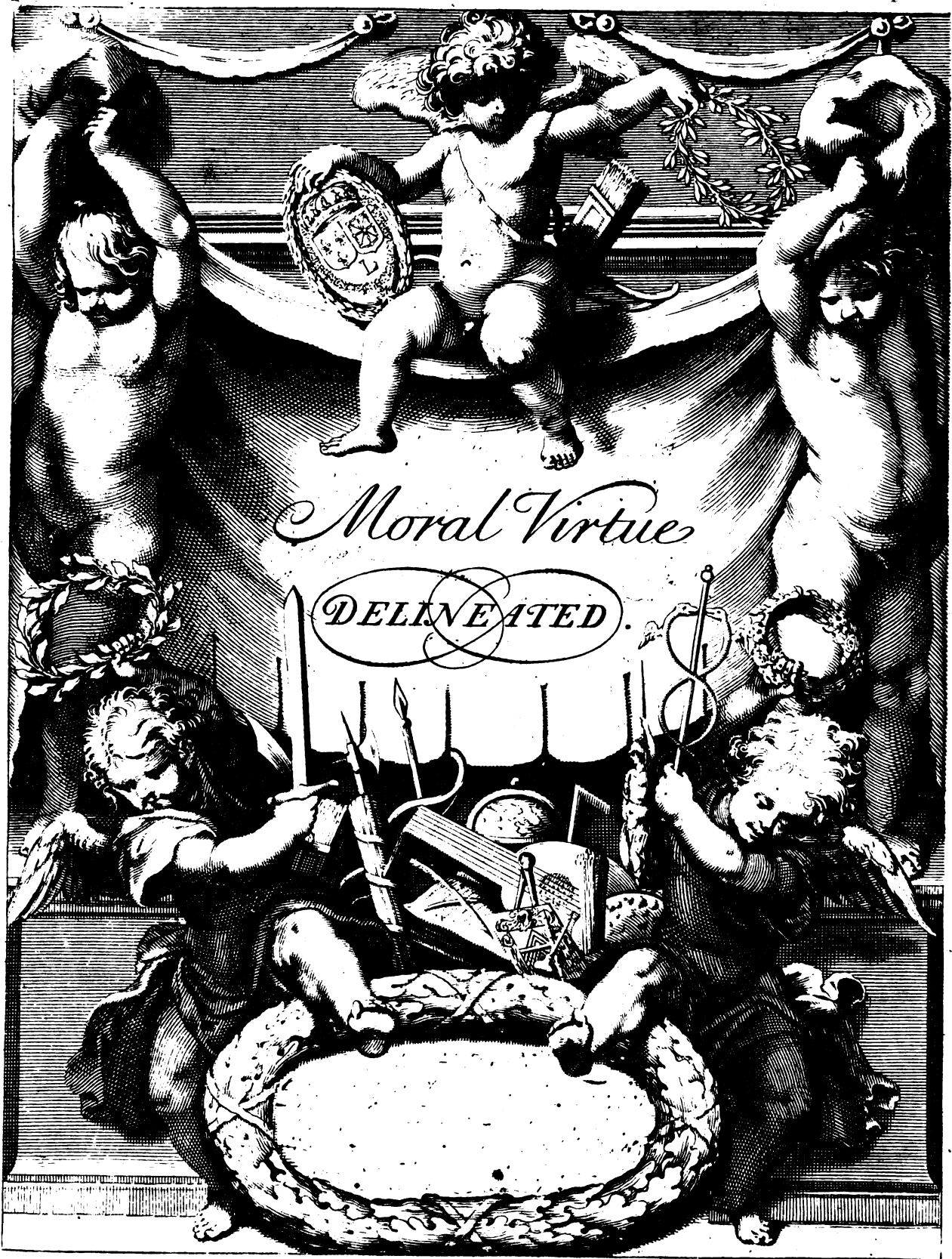
## DEDICATION.

Christian, and done Honour to the Noble Family from whence you are descended; even your Enemies (for such uncommon Vertue must have some) have not once dared to attack your spotless Character: had you not been born to be so, your Merit alone would have made you worthy to be a Princess. 'Tis for these Reasons, above all others, that I love and honour you; and am glad of this Opportunity to tell the World how much I respect you: Neither can I omit to mention the particular Favour your Grace did me, in presenting my Memorial to her late Majesty, whose immortal Name will be ever dear to all that knew her; which engages me still more to love you. The Book I here lay at your Feet, was Composed by a Great Man, for the Instruction of a Young Monarch, whose Fame has since spread itself over the World; and presented to a Queen, who was one of the most Fortunate and Prudent that ever fill'd a Throne: It was put into *English* by the young Gentleman whose Name is to it, with Design to persuade our Young Nobility into the Love of those Vertues it teaches; which he, by his Example, though very young, strove to recommend to all his Acquaintance, in that University of which he was a Member: by his Death it became mine. I presume to address your Grace, to take this Orphan into your Protection. Pardon my Presumption, Madam, and do me the Honour to believe me, when I profess, That no Person more sincerely Admires and Loves your Grace, than

YOUR GRACE'S

*Most Obedient Humble Servant,*

Penelope Aubin.



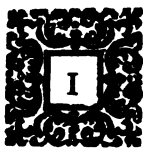






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N the following Preface you will find the true Sentiments of him who writ it, whom it has pleased Divine Providence to deprive the World of, before this Book could pass the Press: I am confident that all the Generous Part of Mankind will treat it with Indulgence, and pardon any Errors, since he wrote it in a languishing Sicknes, and has not lived to look into, and reform any little Oversight in it. I hope, that as his Memory is dear to all who knew him, so this will perpetuate his Name to Posterity; and that tho he did not live to see his Five and Twentieth Year ended, yet this his Ingenious Work will live till Time shall cease, and will fully answer his Excellent Design in Publishing it.

*Penelope Aubin.*



## The Translator's Preface.



*In an Age, when Men seem almost entirely abandon'd to Vice and Folly, it will, doubtless, appear strange, to see a Young Man step forth with the Air of a Stoick, and speak to the World in the Style of Plato and Zeno, and court the Attention of the gayest Part of Mankind with grave Discourses of Death and Vertue; when Religion herself is become the Object of their Scorn, and is so much disguised, even among those who profess to honour her, that she appears dressed in Masquerade.*

*A good Moralist oft makes a good Christian; and since the Holy Writings are so little understood or revered, perhaps Philosophy, which directed the wiser Heathens to search after Truth, may prevail with Men to follow Reason, submit to Divine Revelation, and reform the World.*

*The French Author, whose Work I here present to you, was, doubtless, of this Opinion; and therefore made Choice of the Stoicks Morals to reform his own Nation. Zeno seems now to have quitted France, to visit us in a manner uncommon. He comes from a Nation whose Fashions we love and follow: besides, we are fond of Novelties; and our Practice must convince all Men, that his Morals are altogether new to us; which makes me hope they will be acceptable. Both he and I expect to be the Object of the Criticks Malice, and the vicious Man's Scorn; but if the Vertuous and the Learned bid us welcome, we are happy above our Expectations.*

*The first Thing I learn'd was, That I must die; Religion and Philosophy I found to be the only Things that could render that Thought agreeable, and not dreadful to me. I am not vain enough to imagine that I shall get Honour by this Translation: but I am in hopes that I may do good, and that I may, by this Work, show how much I love and honour Vertue.*

*I have been oblig'd (many of the Discourses of this Book at the beginning being very intricate, and little diverting) sometimes to turn and add to many of the Sentences, yet without altering the Design of Monsieur Gomberville, who seems to have adapted the Sense and Eloquence of each Discourse to the Time of Life it treats of; so that when he comes to speak of Business, Solitude, and Death, he generally shines most. This I mention, to avoid Censure from those who perfectly understand the French.*

Thomas Manington Gibbs.





# The French PREFACE, and Translation.



*I*l est impossible d'aymer les belles choses, & ne pas aymer la Peinture. C'est le dernier effort de l'Imagination & de l'Art. C'est la sœur de la Poësie, & la seconde Rivale de la Nature; c'est l'Accomplissement des Temples & des Palais; c'est la plus belle & la plus innocente des Erreurs de la Veüe; c'est enfin, la plus douce de nos Passions. Les plus fameuses Republicques ont couronné les Peintres comme les Conquerans; & fait graver leurs noms, dans le même bronze où elles conservoient ceux de leurs Magistrats & de leurs Capitaines. Elles en ont considéré les chefs-d'oeuvres, comme des tesmoignages illustres de la Grandeur de leur Domination; & pour les rendre venerables aux peuples, elles les ont fait entrer par une espee de Consecration, au nombre des Divinitez de l'Estat. On a donné des Battailles pour la Conqueste d'un Tableau. On a sauvé des villes Ennemies pour sauver une belle Peinture; & pour me servir des paroles du plus delicat esprit de son siecle,



*I*t is impossible to love what is beautiful, and not to be charmed with Painting, which is the last Effort of Imagination and Art, the Sister of Poetry, and second Rival of Nature; the greatest Ornament of Temples and Palaces, the most agreeable and innocent Error of the Sight, and in fine, the most pleasing Entertainment our Imaginations are capable of. The greatest Nations of the World have crowned Painters as well as Heroes, and engraven their Names in the same Bras which preserved those of their Magistrates and Generals. Master-pieces in this Art have been ever looked upon as the most illustrious Witnesses of the Greatness of their Power; and, to render them more venerable to the People, they have in a manner made them sacred; by placing them amongst the Guardian Deities of their States: Battels have been fought for the gaining of one Piece, and conquered Cities saved from Ruin for the sake of one Picture; and, to use the Words of the most refined Wit of his Age,

*Si*

*Si nunquam Venerem Cois pinxisset Apelles,  
Mersa sub equoreis ille lateret aquis.*

*Si les grans Peintres des siècles passez eussent adjouté la Passion d'instruire à celle qu'ils avoient de plaire, & puisé dans la belle Philosophie, les sujets de leurs ouvrages, ils auroient eu leurs places entre les Socrates & les Zenons; & l'on eut esté chercher dans leurs cabinets l'Utile aussi bien que le Delectable. Mais ils ont esté la pluspart de Flatteurs lâches & mercenaires, qui pour avoir du credit dans la Cour des Tyrans, les ont presque tous Deiffiez; donnant tantost la Foudre d'un Jupiter à un heureux Temeraire; tantost l'Espée d'un Mars au plus lâche de tous les Bourreaux; & tantost la Massue d'un Hercule, non à un dompteur de Monstres, mais au plus horrible de tous les Monstres mêmes. Ce fameux instituteur de l'ordre le plus severe qui jamais a paru dans le Monde; cet Ennemy de la Chair & du Sang, Zenon dy-je, s'estant apperçu de la faute que je reproche à presque tous les Peintres, voulut donner à un Art si important, un plus glorieux & plus legitime usage. C'est pourquoy, des qu'il eut commencé de publier sa Doctrine; & que la nouveauté d'une chose si difficile, luy eut acquis un grand nombre de sectateurs, il fit bastir cette superbe Galerie, dont tous les Anciens ont parlé comme d'un des plus grans ornemens de la Ville d'Athenes. Ce ne fut toutefois ny la Richesse de la Matiere, ny la Beauté de la Structure, qui firent passer cet Edifice pour une des merveilles de la Grece. Le Dehors veritablement estoit magnifique. Mais c'estoit peu de chose à comparaison des Raretez dont le dedans estoit enrichy. On montoit par un grand degré de Porphyre & de Marbre, dans une Galerie, où les plus sçavant Peintres du têmes avoient epuisé leur Imagination, & fait leurs derniers efforts. La voûte comprenoit en huit grans Tableaux, tout ce que la Religion la plus épurée de ce siècle-là, enseignoit de la Nature des Dieux. De chaque costé, l'on voyoit cent autres grans Tableaux, où comme dans des Cartes, estoit renfermée toute la severe Morale des Stoiques. C'estoit là, que Zenon changeoit la Nature de l'Homme; & que d'un miserable jouet du Têmes & de la Fortune; il composoit un Heros capable de disputer avec Jupiter même, de la Gloire & de la Felicité. Ce lieu saint fut long-têmes regardé par les Hommes, avec le même respect qu'ils ont de coustume d'avoir pour les*

If the most eminent Painters of past Ages had endeavoured to instruct, as well as please, or glory'd more in drawing a modest *Pallas* than a wanton *Venus*, they would justly have deserved a Place with *Socrates* and *Zeno*; and their Closets would have furnished us with Instruction as well as Delight. But, for the most part, they have been base and mercenary Flatterers, who, to gain Credit in the Courts of Tyrants, have not blushed to deify the wickedest of Mankind; giving sometimes the Thunder of *Jupiter* to a fortunate Coward, and oft the Sword of *Mars*, or Club of *Hercules*, to one, not a Destroyer of Monsters, but who of all Monsters was himself the greatest. The famous Founder of the most severe Sect of Men that ever appeared in the World, I mean that Enemy of Flesh and Blood, *Zeno*, having observed this Fault in almost all the Painters of his time, was desirous to give to so valuable an Art a more glorious and laudable Use: For which Reason, so soon as he had began to publish his Doctrines, (the Novelty of which had in a short time acquired him a great number of Followers) he caused to be built that sumptuous Gallery, of which most of the Antients have made mention, as one of the greatest Ornaments of the City of *Athens*. It was not the Richness of the Materials, or the Beauty of the Structure, that made this Edifice pass for one of the Wonders of *Greece*. The Outside was indeed magnificent; but that was nothing in comparison of the Rarities with which the Inside was embellished. The Stairs which led to it were Porphyry and Marble, to which join'd the Gallery, where the most eminent Painters of that Age had employed the utmost both of their Fancy and Judgment. The arched Roof, adorned with Pieces of Painting, contained all that the most pure Religion of that Time taught of the Nature of the Divine Being. On each side were placed fifty large Pictures, wherein were shewn all the severe Morals of the Stoicks. It was in this Place that *Zeno* changed the Nature of Man, and, of a miserable Creature, subject to tremble and faint at every Change of Fortune, composed Heroes, capable to dispute Glory and Happiness even with *Jupiter* himself. This sacred Place was for a long time held in the same Repute amongst Men, as the Temples of the Gods. But the Brutality of the *Persians*, and the Ambition of the *Romans*, (who glory'd in com-

les Temples mêmes des Dieux. Mais la Brutalité des Perses & l'Ambition des Romains, faisans gloire de commettre des Sacrileges; & de fouler aux pieds les choses les plus saintes, apres avoir renversé les Autels de la Grece, mirent par terre la demeure sacrée de la Vertue difficile; je veux dire la superbe & sacrée Galerie de Zenon. Quelques curieux se jetterent au travers de la Flamme & du Fer pour en sauver quelques Tableaux. Mais le Témis a selon sa coustume, achevé ce que le Fer & le Feu avoient commencé; & les Auteurs mêmes qui nous ont appris que cette sçavante Galerie s'apelloit la Variée, ne nous ont laissé rien de particulier de ce qui estoit representé dans les Tableaux dont elle estoit embellie. Or comme il arrive presque en toutes les choses du monde, que le Témis fait revivre apres de grandes Revolutions, celles qu'il avoit fait perir, il est advenu par quelque bienheureuse aventure, qu'un Voyageur sçavant & curieux, a rencontré des lames de bronze gravées; & avec beaucoup de raison il a crû que c'estoient les desseins des Tableaux ou Zenon avoit etallé toute la Pompe & toute la Hauteur de son Ame. Quoy qu'il en soit, ce curieux est louable d'avoir renouvelé la memoire d'une Galerie si delectable & si necessaire; & voulant en imiter le premier Auteur, non seulement il l'a fait belle, mais il l'a fait publique. Elle est ouverte à tous ceux que l'Amour de la Vertu appelle à la connoissance de ses mysteres. Puisque vous avez cette belle envie, & que vous m'avez choisi pour votre guide, je vous promets l'entrée de ce lieu saint. Le voila, qui comme sensible à votre honneste curiosité, se prepare à vous bien recevoir. Entrons y tous ensemble. Mais pour en tirer le Profit que nous en esperons, entrons y tous entiers; & ne laissons point nos esprits parmy les voluptez & les molleses, pendant que nous yeux seront attachez sur ses Tableaux, ou elles sont condamnées, comme les plus mortelles Ennemies de la veritable Felicité.

committing Sacrilege, and trod under foot the most sacred things) after having thrown down the Altars of Greece, rased to the Earth this sacred Dwelling, whereunto Virtue seem'd to have made her last Retreat: And thus was destroyed this sumptuous and invaluable Gallery. Some curious Persons indeed threw themselves into the Flames, even amidst the Swords of their merciless Enemies, and saved a Part of those admirable Pieces. But Time (as is customary) finished what the Fire and Sword began; and even the Authors themselves, who have inform'd us of this lovely Gallery (which was called ΠΟΙΚΥΛΗ ΣΤΟΑ) have left us no particular account of what was represented in the incomparable Pictures with which it was adorned. But, as it oft happens in the Affairs of this mutable World, some unforeseen Revolution revives what was in a manner before destroyed; it chanced luckily, that a curious and learned Traveller met with some Copper Plates, which, with good reason he concluded, by the Designs contained in them, were taken from those admirable Pictures, in which Zeno had shewed all the Majesty and Greatness of his Soul. Whether he is in the right or not, he deserves at least Commendation, for having revived the Memory of this useful Gallery: And, willing to imitate the first Founder, he has here in a manner more durable and universal, re-edify'd this beauteous Structure, and again opened its long neglected Doors, to invite Mankind to enter, and partake of its immortal Pleasures. Here, generous Strangers, come, and be undeceived; learn to despise the trifling Pleasures, that allure the unwary Part of you, and become Heroes and Demi-Gods. You who possess no Crowns, may here attain to be such, as merit to have greater, and more lasting Honours. Hither then I invite all those who are inclined to love and honour Vertue, to whom she will make known her sacred Mysteries: and if you, my Reader, have this happy noble Curiosity, and will make choice of me for your Guide, I promise you an Entrance into this sacred Place. Behold it here, and open to receive you! Let us go in entire; and, that we may not lose the Advantages we hope for, let us free our Souls from all evil Inclinations, and, whilst our Eyes are entertained with the charming Delights that Vertue offers to us, suffer not our Minds to sigh and languish after the common Satisfactions which delude Mankind, though in reality, they are the mortal Enemies of our Repose and Happiness.

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Eternal Honours are the Fruits of elaborate Studies,	15
Vertue renders us immortal,	16
The Mind must sometimes be unbent,	17
The wise Man is not always grave,	18
Mirth is a Part of Wisdom,	19
The wise Man laughs in Season,	20
Vertue is the Object of Envy,	21
Envy yields to Death alone.	22
Vertue triumphs over all her Enemies,	23
All Things change, to the End that all Things may continue,	24
All Ages have had their particular Vices,	25
We ought to make use of Time,	26
Regret not the Time past,	27
Nothing passes away more swiftly than Life,	28
Every Thing perishes with Time,	29
True Philosophy is to learn to die,	30
Old Age has its Pleasures,	31
Seek not to inform thy self of what's to come,	32
Death is unavoidable,	33
Live without fearing to die,	34
The Aged ought to think of nothing but dying,	35
There is no Precaution can be used to prevent Death,	36
Death deprives us of all Earthly Things,	37
Death makes all Men equals,	38
Nothing is so certain as Death,	39
The Road to Death, is common to all Men	40
Death is inexorable,	41
Man is nothing but a little Dust,	42
Death is the End of all Things,	43

B

## The Doctrine of MORALITY; or, The Explanation of the First Picture.

La Nature commence, la Nourriture acheve.

**N**OSTRE Peintre Philosophe jette en ce Tableau les fondemens de sa doctrine ; & nous ayons, par maniere de dire, remis dans le berceau, nous donne un nouveau sentiment des infirmités de notre enfance ; & nous fait faire une seconde espérance des faiblesses, avec lesquelles nous sommes venus au monde. Pour faire tomber sous nos sens, des connoissances qui sont purement intellectuelles, il presse des corps à des choses qui n'en ont point ; & représente avec beaucoup d'art, cette puissance favorable & seconde que l'on appelle Nature. Il luy fait tenir comme par la main, l'inclination vertueuse qu'elle nous donne en nous donnant la vie ; & la presente à cette souveraine dispensatrice des Mœurs, par les soins de qui cette inclination doit estre soigneusement cultivée. La voyez-vous cette Nymphé, si pleine de pudeur & si simplement habillée. Elle fait à la sagesse une bien naïve, mais bien loüable declaration de son impuissance ; & luy confesse qu'il luy manque beaucoup de choses pour la perfection de ses ouvrages. Elle la sollicite aussi d'exercer sa charité envers un sujet qui en est bien digne ; & de luy fournir cette nourriture solide & fortifiante, que toute bonne mere qu'elle est, elle n'est pas capable de luy donner. La Deesse des Arts & des Sciences, comme elle toute gouverneuse, se laisse toucher aux premieres sollicitations de la Nature. Elle se baisse pour relever de terre, cette tendre production de son amie ; & luy promet d'en avoir tout le soin qu'elle a coutume d'avoir de ceux qui luy baissent la conduite de leur vie. Considerez, je vous prie, combien ingénieusement notre Peintre a figuré cette inclination vertueuse avec laquelle nous naissons. Son visage pale, ses mains jointes, son action suppliante, son habit déshabillé, & ses armes inutilés, sont autant de témoigns de sa foiblesse, de son ignorance, & de sa crainte. La Sagesse qui conçoit bien que cette innocente infortunée est encore plus foible & plus impuissante qu'elle ne paroist, luy rassure l'esprit, luy chauffe le cœur, luy inspire la force, luy apprend l'usage des armes que sa mere luy a données ; & luy promet de ne la point abandonner, qu'elle ne l'ait rendue victorieuse des Monstres, qui de toutes parts s'assembloient pour la combattre.

the Infirmities of the One, but you alone can supply him with the Knowledge that must render him Useful and Happy. My Work must decay ; you must guide the nobler Part, which will survive to all Eternity. The Goddess of Arts and Sciences (who is all Goodness and Humility) suffers her self to be sensibly touched with the first Sollicitations of Nature ; she embraces, and raises from the Earth the tender Offspring of her Friend, and readily promises to take him into her Protection ; requiring nothing from him but Obedience, to render him happy and beloved. Take Notice, I beseech you, how ingeniously our Painter represents Us All under this Figure of Infancy : His Countenance Pale, his Hands join'd in a suppliant Posture, his Habit disorder'd, appearing to be wholly ignorant of the Use of All Things ; especially the Arms which his Mother has bestow'd on him ; and to be just entering upon the Stage of Life ; a Stranger to every Thing which it is necessary for Man to know. Wisdom, who is sensible that this Innocent Unfortunate is still more weak, and helpless than he appears, warms him in her Arms, cheers his drooping Spirits, and inspires him with Courage ; teaching him the Use of those Arms his Mother has bestow'd, and promising never to abandon him, till he's become Victorious over all those Monsters, that seem to be assembling from all Parts to combat with him ; (who are indeed no other but our Head-strong Passions,) which Wisdom alone (if we hearken to her Counsels) will enable us to subdue and triumph over.

NATURAM MINERVA PERFICIT.

Horat. l. 4.  
Od. 4. Sentite quid mens ritè, quid indolens  
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus  
Possit.

Doctrina nam vim promovet instans,  
Residue cultus pectora roborant.  
Ut cumque defecere mores,  
Dedecorant bene nata culpa.

Nature begins, Education finishes Man.

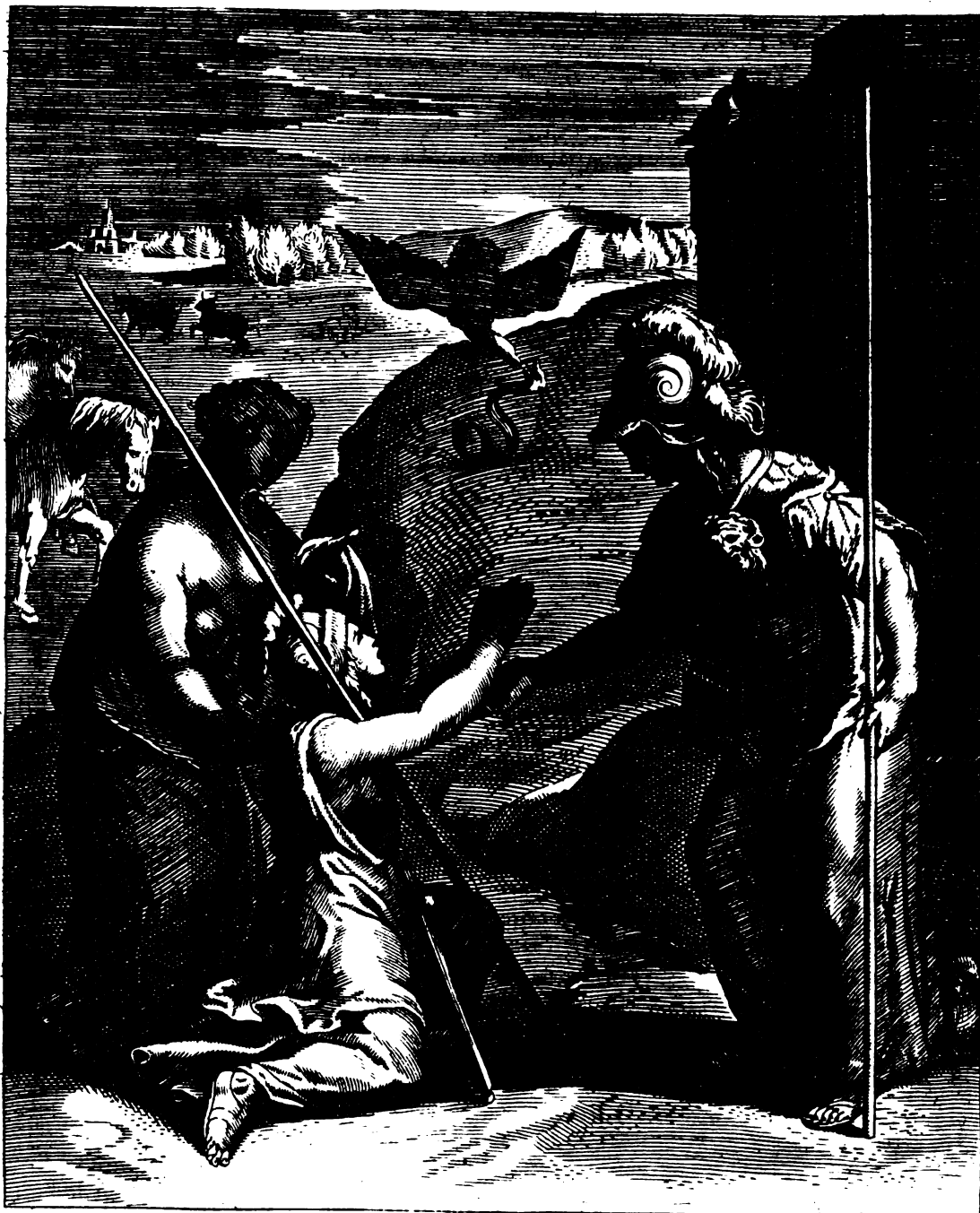
**T**HE Philosopher and Painter have comprized in this Picture, the Fundamentals of that Doctrine, which they are now beginning to teach. They seem here to replace us in our Cradles, designing to give us a true Sense of the Weaknesses of Infancy, which attend all that are born : For in this, the Animals have much the Advantage ; and Man is the most Helpless and Unfortunate of all Creatures. Yet, they intend, not by convincing us of this unpleasant Truth, to deject us, but, on the contrary, to raise in our Souls a noble Ambition, desiring us to consider, that this beautiful and delicate Form, which requires so much Care, is graced within with a Soul so far surpassing all other Beings, that it needs only Education, to be like that Divine One, which made all Things. Thus they encourage us to the Pursuit of Studies noble and Masculine ; and to despise all Things unworthy the Dignity of our Original. For this Reason they give Bodies to Things purely intellectual, and, with much Art, represent to our Imaginations, that favourable and fruitful Power, known to us by the Name of Nature ; holding by the Hand, in the Form of a Youth, that admirable Gift Understanding ; which is given to us all (tho' not in a like Perfection) at the Moment of our Formation ; and which renders us capable of the greatest Improvements. She presents him to Pallas, the sovereign Disposer of Wisdom, by whose tender Care alone, he must be govern'd and instructed. Behold this Nymph, whose Face is full of Modesty, her Habit artless and plain. She makes to Wisdom an eloquent but laudable Declaration of her own Inability : Confessing, that tho' she had now form'd and brought into the World this fair Creature, yet there were still wanting many Things to perfect her Work. She then earnestly intreats her to exercise her Charity upon an Object so highly worthy of it, and to make his Soul her Care, which more wanted Instruction, than his Body Food. I, says she, great Goddess, can furnish the Delicacy which will support and help

WISDOM PERFECTS NATURE.

See what the Mind with great Examples warm'd,  
And by auspicious Care to Vertue form'd  
Can do!

Learning improves, what Nature gives,  
Vertue from Wisdom strength receives.  
But Vice will stain the greatest Race,  
And all kind Nature's Gifts efface.

Ne



*Né te promets pas tout des soins de la Nature,  
Il faut que ton travail accompagne le fem :  
Le champ le plus fertile a besoin de culture,  
Et si le Laboureur ne Réussit pas bien,  
Il n'y recueille rien.*

Leave not the whole to Nature's Care alone,  
Each must to his Endeavours add his own,  
Or no Success will all his Labours Crown,  
The fertil'd Land must be improv'd and till'd.  
For he that never sows, will never reap his Field.

The

## The Explanation of the Second Picture.

La Nourriture surmonte la Nature.

**VO**ICET un grand exemple de l'empire absolu avec lequel la Sageſſe regne ſur la Nature. Noſtre Philoſophe muet nous le figure avec tout ce que ſon Art a de beau ; & pour nous le rendre plus ſenſible, il renouvelle ce ſpectacle inſtruſtif qui fut autrefois repreſenté ſur le plus fameux Theatre de la Grece. Voyez-vous cet homme ſi plein de Majeſté, qui tient une table de bronze, où ſont gravées des Loix qui ne ſont gueres moins dures que le metal meſme ; C'eſt ce grand Lycurgus qui par une politique plus qu'humaine, compoſa d'une Republique toute perdue de debauches & de luxe, une ſociété de Heros & de Philoſophes. Cet excellent Perſonaeſt encore aux premiers jours de ſon adminiſtration ; & les Lacedemoniens apprennent encore les premiers rudiments de cette haute vertu dont il veut les rendre capables. Auſſi les traite-t'il comme de nouveaux eſcholiers, & pour parler ainſi, comme des Catechumenes de ſa ſevere Philoſophie. Non ſeulement il leur enſeigne que la Nature ne fait que l'exterieur de l'homme, & que l'education eſtant veritablement celle qui luy donne l'ame, la cognoiſſance, & la vie, acheve ce que la Nature a commence ; mais il veut auſſi leur faire comprendre que l'inſtruction peut reformer les deſordres de la naiſſance, & forcer imperieuſement les mouvemens & les inclinations qu'elle donne. Pour le leur faire avoier à eux meſmes, & les convaincre par leurs propre cognoiſſance, il fait laſcher devant eux un Matin qu'il avoit dreſſé pour la chaſſe du lievre ; & un Levron dont il avoit corrompé la generoſité naturelle, en le tenant enfermé dans une cuiſine. L'un & l'autre voyant leur proye y courent avec la meſme impetuoſité. Voila le Matin apres un lievre qui paroſt, & le leurier apres la ſoupe qu'on luy jette. Vous remarquerez bien aux poſtures & aux admirations dont le Peintre anime ſes figures, quel eſt le ſentiment de toute cette multitude eſtonnée. Il me ſemble meſme, tant le Peintre me trompe agreeablement, que j'entends parler Lycurgus, & que ſ'adreſſant à ce peuple : Seigneurs Lacedemoniens, ( leur dit-il ) vous voyez de vos propres yeux la confirmation des veritez que je vous ay ſouvent annoncees. Ces deux chiens ſont d'une nature toute contraire à ce qu'ils viennent de faire. Cependant par la neceſſité de cette obeiſſance aveugle, que la nourriture exige des naturels les plus rebelles & les plus indomptables, ils ont eſté forcez d'oublier leurs propres paſſions, pour ſe reveſſir de celles qui leur ſont directement oppoſées. Cela eſtant, jugez vous meſmes combien la Nourriture eſt puiſſante ; & ce qu'elle doit obtenir ſur des Animaux raiſonnables, puis qu'elle cauſe de ſi grands changemens en ceux qui ne le ſont pas.

directly oppoſite to their Natures. If Brutes are capable of ſuch Improvements, that a Maſtiff may be taught to hunt ; judge your ſelves what mighty Things a Rational Creature, aſſiſted by a generous Education, may attain to ; and what an unbounded Power Reason ought to have over us.

Education out-does Nature.

**B**EHOLD here a convincing Instance of that absolute Power, with which Wiſdom governs Nature. Our mute Philoſopher has in this Picture uſed the utmoſt of his Art, and ſet forth to our View, that inſtruſtive Scene, which was long ſince acted on the moſt famous Theatre of all Greece. Obſerve this Perſon of a Majeſtick Mien, holding in his Hands a Table of Braſs, in which thoſe Laws were engraved that were no leſs durable, than the Metal it ſelf : It is the great Lycurgus, who by a Policy more than human, compoſed of a Republick, loſt in Luxury and Eaſe, a Society of Heroes and Philoſophers. This excellent Perſon was at that Time in the firſt Days of his Adminiſtration ; and the Lacedamonians were learning the firſt Rudiments of that exalted Vertue, of which he would render them Profeſſors. He therefore treats them like young Students, or Catechumens of his ſevere Philoſophy ; endeavouring not only to convince them, that Nature makes the exterior Part of Man alone, and that Education gives him Life, Senſe, and Conduct, and ſo is the Finiſher of what Nature only begins ; but likewise ſhews them, that Education can reform what ſhe has left imperfect, and abſolutely govern and command thoſe Inclinations which would undo us, if they were not reſtrain'd. To oblige them to acknowledge this Truth by their own Experience, he cauſes to be looſed a Maſtiff, who had been taught to courſe the Hare ; and a Greyhound, whoſe natural Generoſity had been viciated by being never uſed to the Game ; then a Hare was ſet in View, and at the ſame Inſtant a Diſh of Meat and Broth. The Dogs run with equal Fury, but different Ways : The Maſtiff, contrary to his Nature, after the Hare ; the Greyhound to the Meat. You may eaſily conjecture by the various looks and Geſtures of the admiring Spectators, artfully and lively delineated by our Painter, what were the Sentiments of this aſtoniſh'd Multitude. So ingeniouſly are the Figures done, that methinks I even hear Lycurgus thus addreſſing himſelf to the People : Noble Lacedamonians, ſays he, you behold here with your own Eyes, the Confirmation of that Truth, which I have ſo often declared to you. Theſe Two Dogs are of Natures quite different from what they have acted ; yet ( by the Power of that entire Obedience, which Education brings the moſt ſtubborn and rebellious Tempers to ) they have been obliged even to renounce the Inclinations they were form'd to follow, and to do what is



EDUCATIO MORES FACIT.

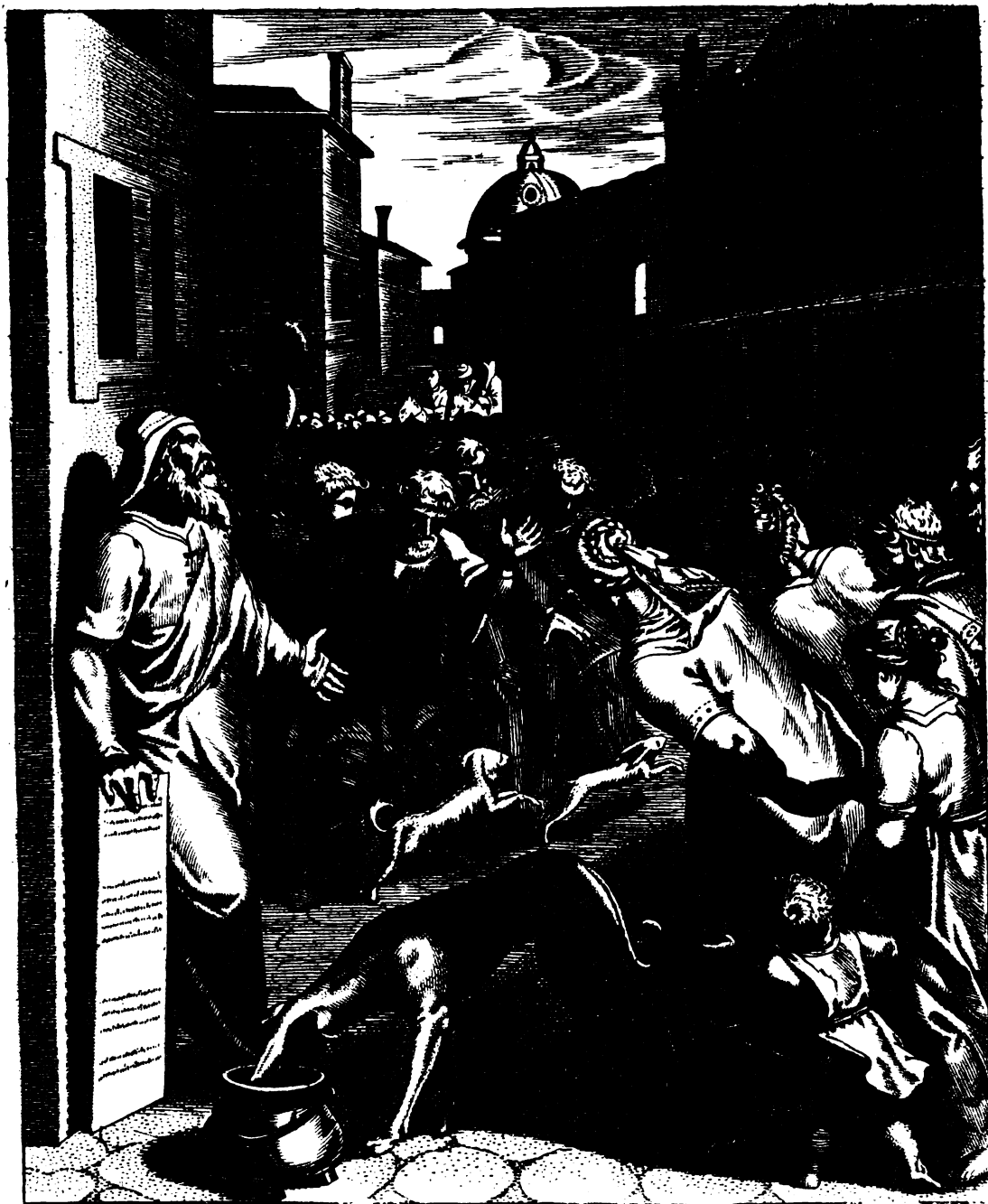
Virgil  
Georg. 2. Adeo à teneris aſueſcere multum eſt.

Ovid.  
— Nihil aſuetudine majus :  
Quod malè ſers, aſueſce, ſeres benè : multa vetuſtas  
Lenit.

EDUCATION MAKES MANNERS.

The Mind for Vertue ſoon prepare ;  
In Youth let that be all your Care.

Habits by Time ſtill ſtronger prove ;  
By Cuſtom 'tis we hate or love.  
Ev'n tort'ring Pains, and preſſing Woe,  
Painful when firſt their Stings we know,  
By Time and Cuſtom lighter grow.



*Quiconque a des enfans au vice abandonnez,  
N'a point d'excuses legitimes :  
Car sous quelque ascendant que ces monstres soient nez,  
Sa seule nonchalance a causé tous leurs crimes.*

He that has Children sunk and lost in Ill,  
No just Defence or wise Excuse can make :  
Tho' at their Birth some fatal Stars combin'd,  
His Negligence with their bad Influence join'd.  
In Youth we may correct the vicious Will,  
Which then can lose the Black, and Fair Impref-  
[ sions take.

C

Expli-

## The Explanation of the Third Picture.

*La Nourriture peu tout.*

**L**E Peintre nous ayant fait voir un grand exemple de la puissance de l'education, & combien soigneusement il faut que dès l'enfance nous soyons retirez du commerce des vices, & nettoyez de toutes les souilleures, que nous apportons du ventre de nostre mere, nous represente cette excellente Institution, & les sollicitudes dont elle doit estre accompagnée par une comparaison qu'il emprunte du judicieux Horace. Il compare nos esprits aux vases, qui retiennent presque tousjours l'odeur, soit bonne, soit mauvaise, des premieres liqueurs dont ils ont esté remplis. Mais d'autant qu'il a dessein de rendre nos yeux les premiers juges de ses pensées, il nous figure une menagerie, dans laquelle plusieurs femmes sont occupées à nettoyer les vaisseaux dont elles se servent pour conserver leurs plus cheres liqueurs. Regardez cette jeune fille qui verse de l'eau dedans une vaisselle de terre encore qu'elle n'ayt jamais servy. Elle vous enseigne que c'est ainsi qu'il faut nettoyer nos ames du mauvais goust qu'elles peuvent avoir receu ou de la corruption du sang, ou de celle de la nourriture. Le Peintre fait luy mesme l'explication de sa figure par un tableau qu'il a industrieusement placé contre la muraille de cette mesme menagerie. Nous y voyons plusieurs enfans qui sous la conduite & la verge d'un maistre sage & scavant, reçoivent peu a peu, comme une terre toute neëve; les gouttes de cette rosée spirituelle & feconde, qui fait germer dans les esprits, les semences des vertus & des sciences.

*Education can do all Things.*

**O**UR Painter having shew'd us a great Example of the Power of Education, proceeds next to inform us how necessary it is to take Care in our Infancy, that we are kept from having any Commerce with Vice; and perfectly to cleanse our Minds from any Imperfections, which Childhood or Nature incline us to. He therefore represents the due Care and Sollicitude, with which this Duty is to be perform'd, by a Comparison which he borrows from the judicious *Horace*. He resembles our Minds to an earthen Vessel, which always retains the Scent (whether Good or Bad) of that Liquor with which it is first fill'd. He here shews to you a Room, in which several Servants are employ'd to season Vessels with Water, before they venture to put in more precious Liquors. Observe that young Damsel, who is washing one to make it clean, and fit for Use. By this she informs you, that 'tis after this Manner we ought to purify our Souls from whatsoever evil Habits they may have contracted, either from the Corruption of our Disposition or Education. The Painter has given the Moral of this Figure by a small Picture, which he has industriously placed against the Wall of this Room. There you see Children, sitting in the Presence of a wise and learned Master, list'ning to whom, they receive by gentle Portions (like the thirsty Earth water'd with Cœlestial Dew) the refreshing Showers of Instruction, from whence the Seeds of Wisdom and Vertue spring up in their Souls.



## VIS INSTITUTIONIS.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 2.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
Testa diu.*

## THE FORCE OF EDUCATION.

Casks long the Taste, they first receiv'd, retain,  
And strong Impressions, made in Youth, remain.

*Succe*



*Succé avec le lait ce noble sentiment,  
Que l'amour des vertus donne aux Ames bien nées,  
Nos cœurs sont des vaisseaux qui gardent constamment  
Les premières odeurs que l'on leur a données.*

Whilst young, these Godlike Principles embrace,  
That Heav'n bestows on Souls of noble Race:  
With fragrant Vertues early fill the Mind,  
Which then is ductile, and to Good inclin'd.

## The Explanation of the Fourth Picture.

La Vertu presuppose la pureté de l'ame.

Vertue presupposes the Purity of the Soul.

**T**OUS les hommes ou n'ont pas esté bien instruits, ou n'ont pas toujours conservé la pureté de leur premiere institution. C'est pourquoy nostre Peintre estalla cette seconde comparaison pour apprendre à ses Escoliers avec quelle preparation il faut s'approcher de la Vertu. Il le conseille de purifier leurs ames des souilleures qu'elles ont contractées dans la compagnie des vices; & par une abnegation volontaire des privileges de la nature corrompue, déterminer leur volonté à faire toujours de bonnes actions. Pour donner plus d'evidence & plus de force à ses sentimens, il nous presente plusieurs bons mesnagers qui sont descendus dans leur Cave, pour cognoistre eux mesmes si les vaisseaux dont elle est pleine, n'ont rien qui puisse gaster ce qu'ils veulent mettre dedans. Considerez bien ces sages Oeconomies. Ils vous diront que c'est bien vainement que le Ciel nous envoie ses graces avec profusion, puis qu'elles sont ordinairement gastees par l'impureté des vaisseaux où elles sont receues. Ce bon vieillard qui semble avoir esté constitué juge de la qualité des vases qu'on veut remplir, parle hautement à tous les peres, & leur enjoint par son action bien mieux qu'il ne feroit par beaucoup de paroles, de ne commettre l'instruction de leurs enfans qu'à des personnes qui par leur longue experience & par leur probité consommée, peuvent rendre à ces jeunes ames, cette innocence originaire que le premier peché leur osta long temps auparavant qu'elles fussent formées.

**A**L L. Men have not been so happy as to be well educated, or not continued to live so purely, as they were at first taught. For this Cause our Painter sets forth this second Simile, to teach his Pupils with what Preparation they ought to approach Vertue. He counsels them to purify their Souls from all the Stains and Blemishes they have contracted in the Company of Vice, and by a voluntary renouncing of depraved Nature, determine their Wills always to do Noble and Good Actions. To give more Force and Energy to his Precepts, he here represents to us, the Heads of a Family who are gone into their Cellars, to see themselves whether the Vessels, with which they are fill'd, are well cleans'd, and of good Scent, before the precious Wines are pour'd into 'em, with which the Family must be supported, till Heaven's Bounty furnishes, with the next Season, a new Store. Consider these wise Oeconomists; they admonish you that it is but in vain, that Heaven show's down its Graces on us with Profusion; since they are too often render'd useless to us, by the Impurity of our Minds, which are unworthy to receive them. This reverend old Man, who seems appointed Judge of the Goodness of the Vessels, speaks loudly to all Fathers by his Actions (more intelligibly than the Words) not to commit the Care of their Children but to Persons, whose long Experience and consummate Vertue renders them such, as those young Souls may be charm'd to admire and imitate; that all the Weaknesses we bring into the World with us, may thus be reform'd, and that Innocence restored to us, which our first Parents deprived us of by their Disobedience.

## ANIMUS PURGANDUS.

## PURIFY THE MIND.

Hor. lib. 1. *Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis, acescit.*  
Epist. 2.

Tho' pure the Wine, in vain you toil,  
The Vessel sower'd, the whole will spoil.

Lib. 3.  
Od. 24. *Eradenda Cupidinis  
Pravi sunt elementa: & tenera nimis  
Mentes asperioribus  
Formanda studiis.*

Sin must be rooted out with Care,  
And solid Vertues planted there:  
The very Seeds must be displac'd,  
And our too soft enfeebl'd Mind,  
To Ease and Luxury inclin'd,  
Must be with manly Vertues grac'd.

Val. Max. *Cum renunciat vitis, statim adsciscitur virtus;*  
Lib. 9. c. 1. *nam egressus vitiorum, virtutis operatur ingressum.*

The Moment we bid adieu to our Vices, we acquire Vertue: For the ceasing to be Vicious makes us become Virtuous.

Reformens





*Reformons nostre vie, espérons nos pensées,  
Affin que les vertus se plaisent dans nos cœurs.  
Ces essences du Ciel comme d' autres liqueurs  
Preignent le goust du vase où l' on les a versées.*

From Vice, and ev'ry Error, free your Mind,  
That Virtue there a pleasing Seat may find:  
This glorious Being, tho' it's Make's divine,  
The Body oft' affects, as tainted Calks the Wine.

D

The

## The Explanation of the Fifth Picture.

Fuir le Vice, c'est suivre la Vertu.

To fly Vice, is to follow Vertue.

**N**OUS venons d'apprendre combien nous sommes foibles, combien nous sommes imparfaits, & combien facilement nous nous laissons emporter à la corruption de notre nature. Mais aussi nous avons vu qu'il ne nous est pas impossible de surmonter les infirmités de notre naissance; & que si nous avons assez de cœur pour nous fortifier contre notre propre foiblesse, nous parviendrons infailliblement au sommet de cette montagne si pénible, mais si desirable, d'où la vertu nous porte dans le Ciel. Voyons maintenant par quel chemin & par quelles difficultés nous y devons arriver. Si nous considérons bien ce tableau, nous y découvrirons le secret le plus important dont nous ayons besoin pour commencer ce fameux voyage; & nous y apprendrons non seulement à tirer avantage de notre misère, mais aussi à l'emporter par des retraites magnanimes, & par des stratagèmes glorieux, une victoire que tout notre courage ne sauroit nous faire obtenir. Remarquez bien cette troupe audacieuse, insolente, & téméraire, qui en même temps nous cajolle & nous menace. Elle se promet d'autant plus aisément de nous vaincre qu'elle est bien assurée que les armes qu'elle porte, sont de ces armes enchantées qui ne sauroient si peu nous toucher qu'elles ne nous mettent hors de défiance. Vous voyez aussi que cette prudente Conductrice que la nature nous a donnée, ne nous permet pas d'attendre de si dangereux ennemis. Elle commande à notre jeune & audacieuse inclination de se contenter d'avoir vu la countenance de ses cruels adversaires; & de peur qu'ils ne l'engagent au combat, elle la fait marcher à grands pas, & luy declare que par une fuite judicieuse elle obtiendra des couronnes qu'elle ne doit pas esperer d'une longue & opiniastre résistance. Cette douce & disciplinable escholier se conforme d'abord aux sentimens de sa Maîtresse. Elle marche à son costé de peur d'estre surpris; & mesprisant également les reproches artificieuses & les frauduleuses sollicitations dont ses ennemis essayent d'empescher sa retraite, elle destruit par un regard dedaigneux, tous leurs charmes & toute leur puissance; & leur retranche pour jamais l'espoir de la mettre ou nombre de leurs esclaves.

**W**E have now learn'd how frail and imperfect we are, and how easily carried away by the Corruption of our Nature. But we have not yet seen, that it is not impossible for us to surmount the Infirmities of our Birth; and that if we have but Courage enough to resist our own Weaknesses, we shall infallibly reach to the Top of that vast and delectable Mountain, from whence Vertue will bear us up to Heaven. Behold, my Friends, by what Ways, and through what Difficulties we must pass to arrive there! Consider well this Picture, and you will discover the most important Secret which we stand in need of, to begin this glorious Journey with; and we shall not only learn to draw vast Advantages, (even from our own Weaknesses) but also to gain by magnanimous Retreats, and laudable Stratagems, a Victory, which all our Hopes or Courage could not have any other Way obtain'd. Observe well this audacious Troop, insolent and dauntless; who at the same Instant cajole and threaten us. They promise themselves an easy Conquest, because the Arms they bear are of that bewitching Nature, that if they but touch, they render us defenceless. You see next the prudent Guide that Nature has given us to, the wise Pallas, who permits us not to approach near to these dangerous Enemies. She commands her youthful Pupil, who burns to engage them, to content himself with having, this once, seen the Faces of these his cruel Adversaries; and fearing to let him attack them, obliges him to retire with Speed, declaring, That by this judicious Flight he should gain Crowns and Laurels, which he could not so much as hope for, from a long and resolute Resistance. This sweet and ingenious Scholar, conforms himself to his wife Mistress's Will; walks by her Side, for fear of being surprized; and equally despises, both the stinging Scoffs and fraudulent Intreaties, with which his subtle Enemies endeavour to hinder his Retreat: With a disdainful Look he defies their Charms and Power, and for ever cuts off all their Hopes of making him one of that unhappy Number, who are the Slaves of Vice and Victims to Folly.



VITIUM FUGERE VIRTUS EST.

TO FLY VICE IS VIRTUE.

Hor. lib. I. *Virtus est, vitium fugere: & sapientia prima, Epist. I. Stultitia caruisse.*

Vice to avoid, is to be good and wise;  
And he has Wisdom that from Folly flies.

Cicero. *Si summopere sapientia petenda est, summopere stultitia fugienda & vitanda est.*

If Wisdom is to be desired above all Things, then Folly, above all Things, is to be fled from and avoided,



*Si tu veux triompher du vice  
Qui combat jour & nuit pour te vaincre le cœur,  
Fuy, mais comme le Parthe ; & pour estre vainqueur ,  
Use tantost de force, & tantost d'artifice.*

Would you o'er Vice a Victor be,  
Your active, dangerous Enemy ;  
Fly, like the *Partbian*, fly away :  
With matchless Speed he turns his Horse,  
To kill behind with double Force.  
Use Force and Artifice to gain the Day.

The

## The Explanation of the Sixth Picture.

La Vertu presupose l'Action.

**L**A sageſſe ayant instruit au Tableau precedent nôtre jeune inclination, s'est résolue de la quitter quelque temps, pour cognoître ce qu'elle est capable d'entreprendre toute seule. Mais à peine cette audacieuse se voit elle abandonnée du puissant secours de sa Conductrice, que le courage luy manque. Le moindre de ses ennemis l'estonne. Elle tremble. Elle fuit. Elle se cache; & croyant faire beaucoup de se dérober à la violence du monstre qui la poursuit, elle s'envelit toute vive dans l'obscurité, où cette peinture la représente. Admirez, comme moy, l'industrie dont nôtre Peintre s'est servy pour nous figurer cette inclination vertueuse, mas tremblante, mais oysive, mais épouvantée. Son visage est bouffy. Sa teste est pesante. Ses yeux tout ouverts qu'ils sont, ne peuvent distinguer les objets. Ses armes luy tombent presque des mains; & bref faute d'action, elle paroist si debile & si mal animée, qu'à peine se peut elle soutenir sur son siege. Le Peintre auroit bien voulu nous dire que cette lâche qui apprehende toutes choses, usurpe avec injustice, le nom & la ressemblance de la vertu; mais sçachant que sa foiblesse & sa crainte ne doivent exercer sur elle qu'une courte tyrannie, il luy laisse les marques & le nom de la vertu, & les luy laisse avec beaucoup d'adresse. Car il la place de telle sorte qu'il n'y a qu'une tres estroite separation entre elle & la Faineantise mesme, affin que par la comparaison de l'une & de l'autre, les moins clairs-voyans connoissent qu'elles ne sont presque point differentes. En effet nous n'y remarquons rien de dissemblable, sinon que la premiere qui n'est pas encore tout à fait lethargique, se soutient un peu sur le reste de ses forces; & l'autre qui est ensevelie toute entiere dans son ordure, & dans son insensibilité, semble dire par son silence criminel, qu'elle se rejouit en son malheur, & que c'est avec volupté qu'elle renonce à cette vie toute glorieuse, & toute divine que nos ames reçoivent de l'action.

To be Vertuous, you must be Active.

**W**ISDOM, having in the foregoing Picture sufficiently instructed her Pupil in his Duty and Danger, is resolved to leave him to himself for some Time, to try what he is capable of doing when alone. But no sooner does this Unfortunate see himself abandon'd by his powerful Conductress, but his Courage fails him. The least of his Enemies alarms him: He trembles; he flies, he hides himself, and thinks he has done much to escape from the Fury of the Monsters that pursue him. He even buries himself alive in Obscurity, in which State our Painter here represents him. Admire with me the Industry with which he has drawn him; trembling, Idle, Affrighted: His Countenance disorder'd; his Head declining; his Eyes, tho' open, not able to distinguish the Difference of Objects. His Spear and Sword are ready to fall from his Hands: In fine, whilst he is thus unactive, he appears to be only a Pretender to Vertue, usurping the Name, but not daring to act up to it's Character. From whence our Painter concludes, that when we cease to be active to defend against Vice, we are Apostates to Vertue. He has therefore placed Sloth so near him, that by comparing the one with the other, the least Discerning may be convinced, that the Difference is very small between 'em. It is true, our Pupil has his Head yet a little supported on his Lance, and will soon awake out of his Lethargy: Whereas the other is entirely buried in his own Ordure; lost in Insensibility, and seems by his criminal Silence to rejoice in his Misery, and to renounce with Pleasure that glorious Life, which the Soul enjoys by an active Vertue.

VIRTUS IN ACTIONE CONSISTIT.

Hor. lib. 4. *Paullam sepulta distat inertia*  
Od. 9. *Celata virtus.*

Claudian. *Major & utilior facta conjuncta potenti*  
*Vile latens virtus. Quid enim submersa tenebris*  
*Proderit? obscuro veluti sine remige puppis,*  
*Vel lyra qua reticet, vel qui non tenditur arcus.*

VIRTUE CONSISTS IN ACTION.

Virtue from Sloth, if hid from Fame,  
Would differ only in the Name.

Virtue that basely flies the welcome Light,  
In Shades and Darknes hid, conceal'd from Sight,  
Useless as Lyre untouch'd, or Bow unbent,  
Or Ship unmann'd, cannot be innocent.



*Il faut agir incessamment  
Et tenir l'Ame en exercice :  
Car par l'Action seulement  
La vertu differe du vice.*

Let us each fleeting Hour employ,  
Our Souls must be by Action shown :  
Let Pains and Labours be our Joy,  
Thus Vice from active Vertue's known.

E

The

## The Explanation of the Seventh Picture.

Qui ne commence jamais, ne scavoit rien  
achever.

He that never begins, will never accomplish any  
thing.

**N**OSTRE inclination est enfin sortie de ses tenebres & de sa solitude. Mais elle est bien en peine du chemin qu'elle doit prendre pour ne se pas égarer. Elle trouve d'abord de grands obstacles; & ces grands obstacles l'ont d'abord arrestée. C'est ce que le Peintre nous represente en ce tableau. Le dessein est tiré de la pensée d'Horace, qui pour exprimer la naturelle fayneantise de quelques esprits grossiers, impute à un pauvre homme des champs, une stupidité qui n'est pas vray-semblable. Nous voyons par son art aussi bien que par celui du Poëte Stoïque, un Paysan que la necessité ayant chassé de chez luy pour gagner son pain à la sueur de son corps, rencontre un fleuve en son chemin. Mais au lieu de le passer à nage ou à gué, il le considere attentivement appuyé sur sa bêche; & bien que la faim le sollicite, il est neantmoins si timide qu'il attend pour achever son voyage, ou que le fleuve remonte vers sa source, ou qu'il cesse de couler. Mais si sa brutalité n'estoit aveugle, l'exemple de son voisin luy donneroit le courage & l'adresse de vaincre cette difficulté. Car jugeant qu'il ne peut sans hazarder quelque chose venir à bout de cet empeschement, il quitte hardiment le rivage, & traverse l'eau malgré toute son impetuositè. Le Peintre aussi pour faire voir, que se commencement emporte avec soy sa recompense, a peint ce mesme homme dans un lointain, attelant ses bœufs à sa charuë, pour nous apprendre que les premiers difficultez estant surmontées, les autres se vainquent facilement; & nous mènent comme par la main à cet agreable repos qui ne se peut acquerir que par un honeste travail.

**O**UR Pupil is at length come forth from Shades and Solitude, but much in doubt what Way to take, that he may err no more. He is apprehensive of great Dangers, stops, looks on every Side, and knows not what to resolve upon. It is this State of Mind that our Painter exposes in this Piece, the Design of which is taken from the witty Horace: Who, to describe the natural Slothfulness of some base Minds, charges a Country Clown with a Stupidity, almost exceeding Belief. The Poet and Painter join their Art in this Story. Behold this Peasant, whom Necessity has driven from his Home, to go and earn his Bread by the Sweat of his Brows. He meets with a River in his Way, that he is obliged to pass over, either by Swimming or Fording; instead of which, he stands Leaning on his Staff, attentive, considering the Danger: And tho' Hunger strongly sollicit him to venture, yet he is so foolish as to wait in Expectation of its ceasing to flow. Vain Hope! the Example of his wiser Neighbour might undeceive and excite him to take Courage, and boldly conquer this Difficulty. For he, tho' he knew that he could not, without some Hazard, gain his End, yet bravely leaps into the Flood, and in spite of its impetuous Waves, crosses over. And to shew you how this Action is rewarded, our Painter has at some Distance, represented the same Person, chearfully plowing a Fertile Field. Thus the first Difficulties being overcome, all others yield, and gently lead us to that Repose of Mind and Body, which is not to be attain'd, but by Industry and Labour.



## INCIPIENDUM ALIQUANDO.

Hor. lib. 1. *Dimidium facti qui capit habet; sapere aude.*  
Epist. 2. *Incipe; qui rectè vivendi prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille  
Labitur, & labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.*

Avion. *Incipe. Dimidium facti est capisse: super sit  
Dimidium: rursum hoc incipe, & efficies.*

He has half finish'd, who some Good intends,  
Begin; the Active always gain their Ends.  
Not like the silly Rustick, stupid seem,  
Who idly fears to cross the rapid Stream:  
Expects the River would grow dry in vain;  
And dreads to venture to the distant Plain.

Begin forthwith, the Deed's half done,  
If you the Work have once begun.  
To finish what remains, begin anew,  
And all is finish'd, what you had to do.



*Cours apres les travaux où la vertu s'appelle :  
Surmonte constamment toute difficulté.  
Quand un cœur généreux adore une beauté,  
Est-il quelque tourment qu'il ne souffre pour elle ?*

*Virtue's Commands with Cheerfulness obey,  
Bravely surmount what e're obstructs your Way ;  
No Pain or Toil a Lover would refuse  
To serve the Beauty whom his Soul pursues.*

*Expla.*

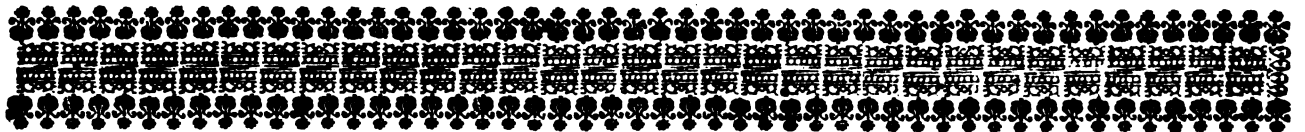
## The Explanation of the Eighth Picture.

En courant on arrive au But.

LES difficultez que nous avons craintes sont enfin heureusement surmontées. Nous voicy dans la carriere. Nous commençons à courir, mais ce n'est pas sans rencontrer de nouveaux obstacles. Nous sommes tous representez en ce tableau, sous la figure de ce Coureur. Vous voyez comme il est attaqué de divers Ennemis. D'un costé l'Amour & le Dieu des destouches disputent avec luy la victoire, tantost par la force de leurs sollicitations, & tantost par la puissance de leurs voluptez. Mais ce sage nourrisson de Pallas évitant par la fuite, les agreables surprises de ces dangereux adversaires; & se desrobant à leurs traits aussi bien qu'à leurs charmes, semble nous dire que c'est principalement contre des persecuteurs si doux & si aymables, qu'il faut se servir des instructions qu'il a reçues de sa sage Conductrice; que la fuite est bien plus honorable dans de semblables combats, que la resistance; & que le hazard qu'on y court, n'estant que pour celuy qui veut disputer la victoire, il est mesme dangereux de la remporter. De l'autre costé il semble que toutes les injures du Ciel aient conspiré pour la deffaitte de nostre jeune Heros. Le froid, le chaud, le vent, la pluye, la graille, le soleil, enfin tous les obstacles qui peuvent empescher ou retarder sa course, semblent s'estre mis d'accord pour le forcer de se rendre. Mais luy qui tesmoigne que sa fuite est une preuve de la grandeur de son courage, resiste fortement à tant de d'ennemis; & s'animant de despit & de colere, desse toutes leurs puissances, marche plein de resolution & d'esperance; & s'assure de cueillir bien tost le fruit de tant de travaux qu'il a soufferts, & la recompense de tous le perils qu'il a courus.

By Running we arrive at the Goal.

OUR Fears are happily surmounted; behold us in the Course. We are set out, and on the Way; but yet must expect to meet with new Difficulties. We are all represented in this Picture, under the Figure of the Youth before you: See how he is on all Sides beset with Enemies. On the one, enchanting Love; and the seducing God of Wine, dispute the Victory with him: Now by their artful and insinuating Intreaties, and anon by all the united Power of their Charms. But Pallas's wife Pupil avoids by Flight the alluring Calls and Stratagems of these dangerous Adversaries, and escapes from them: Instructing us, that the best Way to conquer such Temptations, is not to listen to, but turn our Backs upon them. On the other Side, it seems as if all Nature had conspir'd to defeat our young Hero. The North Wind, the Mid-day Sun, Rain, Hail, Snow and Thunder assail him; and in fine all Things that can deter or incommode him, seem to unite to force him to yield. But he remains Deaf and Dauntless, redoubles his Speed, and proceeds on his Way resolute, full of Hope, despising soft Pleasures and sharp Pains; being certain to receive at the End of the Race, as a glorious Recompence of all his Labours, such Honours and Rewards, as a Noble Mind prefers to Empires.



CURRITE UT COMPREHENDATIS.

Morat. de Art. Poet. *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit, fecitque puer: sudavit & alfit:  
Abstinit Venere & vino. Qui Pythia cantat  
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.*

Ovid. li. 2. de arte. *Dum vires amique finunt, tolerate labores:  
Nam veniet tacito curva senecta pede.*

RUN, THAT YE MAY OBTAIN.

The Youth resolv'd to win the noble Prize,  
Oft breaths himself, and every Sinew tries;  
Both Heat and Cold endures, his Strength to find;  
Nor dares indulge with Wine or Womankind.  
He that in Musick's Art is famous grown,  
Has labour'd long, and long a Master known.

Labour endure, whil't Youth and Vigour last;  
Age gently on us steals, the Hours fly fast.





*Fuy des charmes des appas séculiers ;  
Souffre les feux du Sud, & les glaces de l'Ourse ;  
Si tu veux acquiescer les trésors éternels,  
Que les Dieux ont promis pour le prix de ta course.*

From the delusive Charms of Pleasure fly :  
Nor parching Heat, or freezing Cold regard ;  
Eternal Glories are thy Toils rewarded,  
The Gods have promised Immortality.

F

The

## The Explanation of the Ninth Picture.

La Vertu fuit les excez.

Virtue flies all Extremes.

**P**UISQUE nous avons appris que la vertu n'est qu'action, il faut nécessairement rompre avec elle, ou se résoudre à ne plus souffrir l'oisiveté. Le travail doit être nostre repos; & nous ne pouvons que dans nos sueurs, trouver nostre rafraichissement. Aussi sommes nous entrez dans la carrière avec cette resolution. Mais nous n'avons pas considéré quelle est son estenduë, & quels sont ses limits. C'est dequoy le Peintre a dessein de nous instruire en ce Tableau. Il nous y represente la vertu au milieu d'un cercle, & par consequent renfermée dans la circonférence de cette figure. Il nous la montre sous le visage de la liberalité, & la fait paroître pleine de majesté; constante; inbranlable; ne regardant ny à droit ny à gauche; & nous tesmoignant par son action, que les deux femmes qui sont à ses costez, sont également ses ennemies. La plus jeune se peint, se deguise, & se pare pour essayer d'esblouir les yeux; & se faire prendre pour ce qu'elle n'est pas. Mas la vertu qui ne peut être trompée, luy reproche aussy bien qu'à l'autre, ses dereiglemens & ses feuteurs; & les accuse toutes deux, d'avoir rompü cette celeste mesure avec laquelle elles sont obligées de travailler à la distribution de leurs biens. Ces brutales s'offencent de la severité de ses reprehensions; & par une ridicule ostentation, veulent se faire passer l'une & l'autre pour la mesme vertu. La vielle comme la plus opiniastre & la plus folle, luy soustient que la mesure dont elle fait tant de cas, luy est absolument inutile; pource que n'ayant nulle intention de donner, elle n'a nul besoin d'un instrument, qui ne sert qu'à ceux, qui veulent partager avec les autres, les biens qu'ils possèdent. Quant à la prodigalité, elle fait une bien haute declaration qu'elle n'a que faire de ce que son ennemie luy presente; pour ce qu'elle est naturellement si magnanime, qu'elle ne conte ny ne mesure. Mais nous luy pouvons reprocher avec justice, qu'au lieu d'être naturellement magnanime, elle est par la corruption de sa nature, incapable de magnanimité: puis qu'elle ne fait ses profusions que par le seul deffaut de ne pouvoir garder ce qu'elle trouve en sa possession; & que bien qu'elle enrichisse indifferemment ceux qui le meritent, & ne le meritent pas; elle n'oblige neantmoins ny les uns ny les autres.

**H**AVING now learn'd that Virtue consists in Action, we must necessarily break with her, or resolve to be no longer idle. Labour ought to be to us Repose; for we can only in our Sweats find Refreshment. Are we then enter'd the Lists thus resolv'd, and have we well consider'd what are the Bounds and Limits to which Virtue is confined? This is what our Painter designs to inform us of in this Picture: He here sets Virtue before us in the Midst of a Circle; and by Consequence contain'd within the Compass of this Figure. She appears under the Form of Liberality; full of Majesty, constant, immoveable, not inclining either to the Right Hand, or the Left; manifesting to us by her Posture, that the Two Persons which are by her, are equally her Enemies. The youngest of those Women paints her Face, and adorns her Body; endeavouring to blind our Eyes with the false Lustre of her Outside, with Design to make her self be taken for what she is not. But Virtue, who cannot be imposed on, reproaches her, as well as the other, with Hypocrisy and Sin: Accusing both, with having broken that Divine Rule, by which they are obliged to distribute the Treasures committed to them. These Monsters, stung with their own Guilt, and the Severity of her Reprehensions, ridiculously endeavour to pass for the same Virtue with her self. The oldest, being most opiniated and obstinate, maintains, that the Rule which she mentions, and so highly commends, is altogether useles; for as she has no Design to part with any Thing, she needs no Directions to divide with others what she desires to continue the sole Possessor of her self. Prodigality, on the other Hand, declares aloud, that she has nothing to do with what her Adversary pleads, since 'tis her generous Nature, neither to Number or Measure what she bestows. But Virtue replies, Away, you are alike criminal: You, Avarice, in not bestowing what Divine Providence has committed to your Charge, on the Needy and Deserving. You, Prodigality, in not discerning where a-right to confer your Favours; unable to keep any Thing; you throw away with lavish Hands amongst the Crowd every Thing; and striving to oblige All, you oblige None, but waste what Heaven gave you to dispose of, where Wisdom should direct.

IN MEDIO CONSISTIT VIRTUS.

VIRTUE CONSISTS IN A MEAN.

Hor. lib. 1. *Virtus est medium vitiorum in utrumque redactum.*  
Epist. 18.

True Virtue in the Center stands alone,  
And Vice at Distance kept will still be known.

Lib. 1. *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,*  
Satyr. 1. *Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

Within fix'd Bounds all Virtue is compriz'd;  
And all without is only Vice disguis'd.

Dan



*Dans les extremitex toujours l'homme s'égare,  
L'Avare & le Prodigue ont le mesme defaut.  
Marche comme tu dois. Jamais le fol Icare  
Ne fut tombé si bas, s'il n'ens' volé si haut.*

**Still to Extremities Men blindly fly ;  
The Prodical and Niggard are the same.  
Aspiring Icarus soar'd too high,  
So fell, and gave the Seas a Name.**

The

## The Explanation of the Tenth Picture.

En Fuyant un Vice, l'imprudent tombe en l'autre.

By flying one Vice, the Imprudent fall into another.

**N**OSTRE sage Conductrice nous vient d'enseigner ce que la vertu nous oblige d'entreprendre. Maintenant elle nous montre ce que la plus part des hommes ont accoustumé de faire ; Et pour nous donner de la honte de nos propres actions, elle expose à nos yeux l'estat infame où nostre foiblesse nous réduit. Considererez bien cette folle qui se jette au col d'une autre folle, c'est nostre Ame qui paroist presque tousiours, incertaine, flottante, insensée ; Et qui ne scachant à quoy s'attacher, se porte tantost à une extremité, Et tantost à une autre. C'est à dire qu'elle est ordinairement où dans l'excez ou dans le deffaut. Mas par ce que le vice nous est odieux, toutes les fois qu'il n'emprunte rien de la vertu, il arrive souvant que nous nous laissons tromper à l'apparence du bien ; Et par consequent que nous nous jettons du costé de la prodigalité pour ce qu'elle nous semble magnanime ; plustost que de celui de l'avarice, à cause qu'estant toute bideuse Et toute déchirée, elle fait horreur à quiconque n'a pas perdu le sentiment de la noblesse de son estre. Toutefois puis qu'il est constant que la vertu est également ennemie des extrêmes, concevons de bonne heure cette importante verité, que le crime est tousiours crime ; Et bien que le temps, le lieu, ou quelque autre circonstance y mettent de la differance, il est vray neantmoins qu'ils n'en changent point la Nature.

**O**UR wife Tutrefs has now fully inform'd us what Virtue obliges us to undertake ; and likewise shewn us what the greatest Part of Mankind are accustom'd to do. And to make us blush at our own Actions, she again sets before our Eyes the shameful State to which our Weaknesses reduce us. Consider well this Idiot, who throws her self upon the Neck of Prodigality. It is our Soul which appears almost continually floating, inconstant, and changing ; not knowing where to fix, but is still carry'd from one Extream to another : For Example ; Vice is generally hateful to us, when it borrows nothing of Virtue ; but it often happens, that we are deceived by it, under the specious Resemblance of a Good. And for this Cause we throw our selves on the Side of Prodigality ; because it appears to us something more noble than Avarice ; who is indeed so hideous and deform'd, that she must be hateful to every Soul that has not lost all Sense of the Dignity of its Nature. Nevertheless, believe me, it is a constant Truth, that Virtue is equally an Enemy to both Extremes : And know, that whatsoever is not Virtue her self, is Vice ; and that Vice under every Shape is still the same, changing not its Nature with its Form.



IN VITIUM SÆPE DUCIT CULPÆ FUGA.

ONE EXTREAM OFTEN BEGETS ANOTHER.

Hor. lib. 1. *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.*  
Satyr. 2.

Fools in the Moment they one Vice decry,  
Swift to its Opposite mistaken fly.

Lib. 2. *Nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,*  
Satyr. 2. *Si te aliò pravum detorseris.*

'Tis but in vain, that they avoid one Vice,  
Who blindly do another patronize.

Dans



*Eviter tout excez, n'est pas chose facile.  
Si l'un nous semble laid, l'autre nous paroist beau.  
Ainsi fait l'ignorant qui conduit un vaisseau,  
S'il evite Caribde, il se jette dans Seylle.*

'Tis difficult all Kinds of Vice to shun,  
Tho' one we hate, we to another run.  
Thus by a Pilot, who knows not the Coast,  
The Vessel steer'd from Scylla's on Charibdis loff.  
G The

## The Explanation of the Eleventh Picture.

## La Nature regle nos Desirs.

**I**l est vray. Toutes choses ont leurs bornes, & la vertu s'en prescrit elle mesme. C'est pourquoy nous ne pouvons avec justice, nous dispenser d'une si douce & si aymable contrainte. Mais ne passons pas aussi d'une extremité à l'autre. Ne craignons pas eternellement; & ne nous devorons pas l'esprit de scrupules renaissans, & de desiances pepetuelles. Il est tres certain que beaucoup de choses sont permises au Sage; & que la nature comme la Lieutenantte Generalle de cette providence, qui a tout fait avec poids, nombre, & mesure, luy a gravé dans le cœur, une loy secrette, & une regle cachée, avec lesquelles il luy est impossible de faillir. Cette verité nous est desouverté en ce Tableau. Il justifie la Nature, des accusations que les ames dereiglees inventent tous les jours contre l'innocence de ses intentions. Les mechans la nomment inique, inhumaine, insensée, & l'accusent d'avoir donné à ses creatures, mille mouvemens, qu'elle condamne presque aussi tost qu'elle les leur a données. Mais cette calomnie est aussi grossiere qu'il est aisé de la confondre. Car ces brutaux se figurent que nos passions sont incapables de recevoir un bon usage; & qu'il ne faut jamais les suivre, ou qu'il faut se résoudre de s'abandonner à leur fureur. S'il nous est permis, disent ils, d'aspirer aux richesses, il nous est aussi permis de fouler aux pieds la Justice & l'humanité; puis qu'en les consultant, il est impossible de les aquerir; & si l'ambition n'est pas un crime, ce n'en est pas un aussi, de pousser le poignard dans le sein de sa patrie, & faire passer son chariot sur le ventre de son pere. Mais ses gens là ignorent, que la Nature a donné à nos passions, aussi bien qu'à la Mer, des rivages & des limites; & qu'il ne tient qu'à nous d'y conserver le calme, & d'en chasser ces vents impetueux, qui si souvent y excitent d'horribles tempestes, & qui presque tousjours y font faire de si étranges naufrages.

## Nature regulates our Desires.

**I**t is most certain, that all Things have their Bounds and Limits; and that Virtue her self prescribes them. Therefore we cannot, with good Reason, dispense with our selves from being subject to this sweet Restraint, which needs not fill us with Fear and endless Scruples, for many Things are permitted to the Wise: And Nature, the Vice-Roy of Providence, that has made all Things by Weight and Measure, has engraven in our Hearts a secret Law, a hidden Rule, which if we follow, it is impossible for us to err. This Truth is discover'd to us in this Picture. Wherein Nature is justify'd from the Calumnies continually invented to blast the Innocence of her Designs by the wicked, who lay to her Charge, that she has given them Passions and Inclinations, which at the same Instant she condemns in them: And that they are born Slaves and Vassals to them, from the Moment that she gives them Being. Easy it is to confound them. Fools, to persuade themselves that these Inclinations cannot be turn'd to their Advantage, and are not much rather their Vassals and Creatures. If it is permitted us, says one, to aspire to great Riches without a Crime, it must be necessarily permitted us to lay aside Justice and Humanity; since it is hardly possible to consult either, and pursue that Aim. And if Ambition be in some Cases not criminal; doubtless it is not so, to put such to the Sword, or at least to ruin all, who oppose us. But they forget, that Nature abhors all such Actions; that she has set Bounds and Limits to our Desires, as well as to Seas and Rivers: And that when we do Things cruel or unjust, we become our own Tormentors, act contrary to our Natures, and are the Authors of our own Destruction.



## NATURA MODERATRIX OPTIMA.

Hor. lib. 1. *Nomme Cupidinibus statuit natura modum quem*  
 Satyr. 2. *Quid latura sibi, quid sit dolitura negatum,*  
*Quarere plus prodest, & inane abscindere soldo?*

Lib. 2. *Non in caro nidore voluptas*  
 Satyr. 2. *Summa, sed in teipso est.*

## NATURE IS THE BEST MISTRESS.

But Nature's Laws, all needful Things do grant;  
 Great are the Gifts she gives; nor can we want  
 The Things deny'd; so small, so few  
 If we distinguish false from true:  
 Nor Things forbid, for Things allow'd pur-  
 sue.

'Tis not the Scent of costly Meat,  
 That makes you like a Glutton eat:  
 The Fault is in your self, you'll find,  
 'Cause you are to Excess inclin'd.

Les



*Les loix qui reglent nos plaisirs  
Ne sont point des loix inhumaines.  
La Nature & le Ciel ne bornent nos desirs,  
Que de peur d'acroiſtre nos peines.*

The Laws that regulate our Pleasures are  
Neither inhuman, nor indeed severe.  
Nature and Heaven, Man's wild Desires restrain,  
But only to prevent th' Increase of Pain.

The

## The Explanation of the Twelfth Picture.

Pour hayr le Vice il le faut connoistre.

To hate Vice, we must first know how to distinguish it.

**I** L le faut avoier à la honte generale des hommes : Nous sommes tous des violateurs & des sacrileges. A toute occasion nous arrachons les bornes ou nos passions sont r'enfermées. Nous profanons la sainteté de ces divines enceintes ; & suivons l'exemple pernicieux de ce jeune inconsideré, qui au mespris de son frere, renversa les premiers murs de la premiere Ville du monde. La sage Conductrice de nostre vertu naissante, luy fait remarquer ce deffaut presque universel ; & de peur qu'elle ne s'y laisse tomber, luy montre combien horribles sont les demons, ausquels nos passions sont changées, toutes les fois que nous leur permettons de s'estendre au de leurs véritables limites. A cet objet cette noble & genereuse inclination entre en une magnanime cholere ; & pleine d'une averfion heroique, oze appeller ses ennemis au combat. Mais sa celeste Gouvernante satisfaite de ce premier mouvement, tempere une hardiesse qui pourroit estre malheureuse ; & ne luy donnant pas la liberté d'en venir aux mains avec ces vieux & experimentez adversaires, luy commande seulement de considerer combien ils sont fiers, combien ils sont hardis, & combien ils sont redoutables, afin que de bonne heure elle prepare toute sa force, & tout son art, pour se bien defendre si jamais elle en est attaquée. Admirez maintenant avec moy combien ingenieusement le peintre nous represente un si beau spectacle. Vous diriez à voir la Sagesse servant elle mesme de bouclier à son Echoliere, que tout ainsy qu'une divine & puissante Enchanteresse, elle la r'enfermée dans un cercle inviolable aux demons qui l'environnent ; & que les luy monstrant les uns apres les autres, sans qu'elle en puisse estre offencée ; elle l'accoustume à la veüe de ces spectres, & par un bien heureux prodige, luy fait tirer de la communication mesme des vices, l'Amour qu'il faut avoir pour la vertu.

**I** T is to be confes'd, to the Shame of Mankind, that we are all, in some Measure, sacrilegious Violators of the Laws of Nature. On the least Occasion we break the Bounds that should restrain our Passions, and act in Contempt of that Reason, which God has furnish'd us withal to govern our Inclinations ; following the Example of that rash Youth, who deriding his Brother, stain'd with his Blood the Foundation of those Walls, which have since been rais'd to a City, Mistress of all others. Virtue is here represented with her amazed Pupil, holding her by the Arm, whilst she causes him to observe, what dreadful Monsters we become, so oft as we permit our head-strong Passions to pass the Limits of Moderation. Behold our excellent Painter here shews a further Proof of his Art. Here is what should be just Anger, turn'd to Rage ; Emulation to Envy ; Desire to Lust ; Decency to Pride ; Ambition to Madnes and Fury ; Retirement to Stupidity and Sloth. Our Pupil fir'd with a just Indignation renounces them all, beseeching Wisdom to be his Shield and Defence against these dreadful Enemies of his Repose. She guards him in the divine Circle of her Arms from those Inchanters ; so that he can look upon the Spectres unmoved, and by her miraculous Power makes him draw from the Knowledge of Vice, the Love he has for Virtue.



DISCIPLINÆ ANIMUS ATTENTUS.

A MIND ATTENTIVE TO DISCIPLINE.

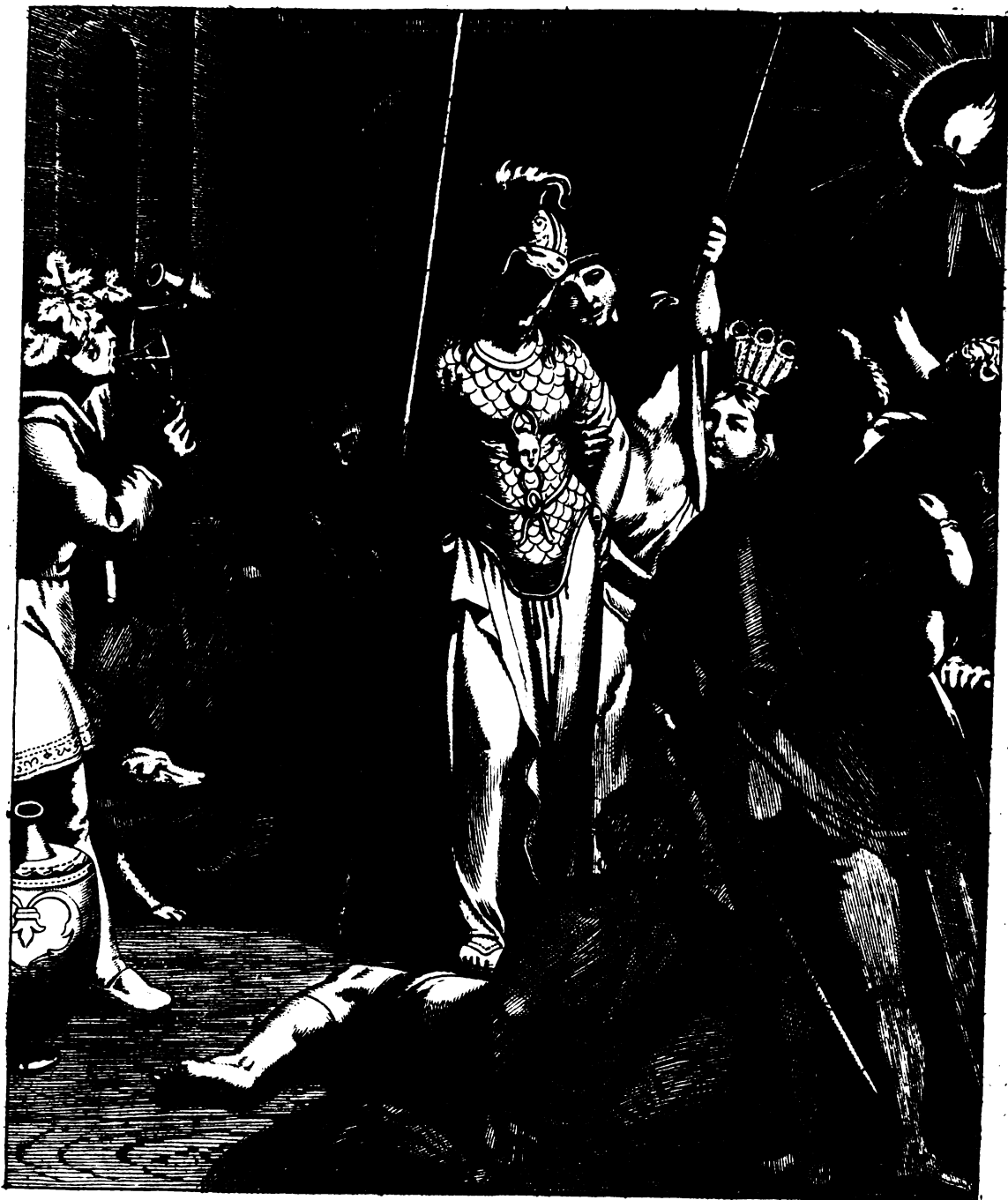
Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 1.  
*Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator,  
Nemo adeo ferus est, qui non mitescere possit,  
Si modò cultura patientem commodet aurem.*

The envious, angry, slothful, drunken Soul,  
The wild, the am'ours may his Will controul ;  
If to wise Precepts he an Ear will lend,  
Read Nature's Laws, and Wisdom make his  
[Friend.

*Pallas sapientia Dea, rectam Virtutis viam demon-*  
*strat,*

*Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, shows us the  
true and direct Way to Happiness.*





*Plus le vice est horrible, & plus il a d'appas :  
Il voit toujours en masque, & n'est rien que feintise.  
Aussi c'est au rochers qui ne paroissent pas,  
Que le nœcher se trompe, & la barque se brise.*

Vice, tho' adorn'd with Art and Wit,  
Is still disguis'd, and still a Cheat :  
Thus on the Rocks, that don't in Sight appear,  
The Vessel strikes, and cheats the Pilot's Care.

H

The

## The Explanation of the Thirteenth Picture.

L'estude de la Vertu est la fin de l'homme.

*The Study of Virtue is the chief End of Man.*

*A sagesse humaine a ses causes secondes aussi bien que la divine. Elle agit par leur entremise ; & bien qu'elle opere eternellement, il semble neantmoins qu'elle se repose quelque fois ; & qu'elle se descharge sur une autre, de l'instruction de ses disciples. Nous en avons un exemple en ce Tableau, ou cette Sage Conductrice apres nous avoir fait toucher les bornes dans lesquelles les passions doivent estre renfermées ; & cognoistre que c'est de leur seul dereglement que les vices tirent leur naissance, nous met entre les mains du Temps, & luy commande, qu'en son absence il contribue tout ce qu'il a de bon, à la conduite de nostre vie. Le Temps obeit ; & cultivant les premieres semences que la Nature & la Sagesse ont jettées dans nos ames ; nous mène en ces lieux admirables, ou des Jardiniers spirituels sont capables par leur culture & par leurs soins, de les faire fructifier. Ce sont les Philosophes que nous voyons assemblez au lieu le plus apparant de cette peinture. Ils sçavent desja le progres que nous avons fait dans la Doctrine des mœurs ; & pour nous faire penetrer plus avant, ils nous etalent les merveilles que leurs longues meditations leurs ont fournies. C'est en vain que les vices nous parlent à l'oreille ; & nous proposent tout ce qui peut toucher le sens, pour nous arracher d'une si bonne echole. Nous avons d'abord esté convaincus par les veritez qui s'y enseignent. Nos Docteurs nous les feront voir bien tost les unes apres les autres. Cependant ils nous assurent que tous les esprits sont également capables de cet estude ; qu'il n'y a point de condition qui en soit excluse ; & que nous n'avons à faire autre effort sur nous mesme, qu'à rendre à la partie superieure de nostre ame, l'empire que son esclave luy a violamment usurpé.*

*U M A N* Wisdom has its second Causes, as well as the Divine ; and works by them : And tho' it is always working, yet it sometimes seems to repose ; and leaves to another the Instruction of its Pupils. An Example of which we have in this Picture, where our wise Governess having shewn us the Bounds to which our Passions must be confined ; and convinced us, that all Vices owe their Birth to our Neglect of her Laws ; puts us into the Hands of Time, commanding him, in her Absence, to furnish us with all that is good and necessary for the well-governing our Lives. He obeys ; and cultivating the Seeds which Nature and Wisdom have sown in our Souls, leads us into those delightful Walks, where learned Tutors, like skilful Gardeners, manure and render them capable of bearing Fruit worthy their Toil. Such are these Philosophers, whom we see here assembled in the Midst of this Picture. They already know what Progress we have made in the Doctrine of Morality ; and to enable us to penetrate yet farther into it, they communicate to us what rare Discoveries their long Experience and Studies have procured for our Use. It is now in vain that Vice whispers in our Ear, offering sensual Pleasures to draw us from this lovely Place. We are at the first View convinced, that here Truth resides ; and that the Things here taught are such as well deserve our utmost Application, and will answer our Curiosity and Pains. Each Doctor in his Turn will acquaint us with something worth the treasuring up in our Memories : First assuring us, that every Soul is in some Measure capable of this Study ; that no Condition excludes us from being eminently Virtuous ; and that we have nothing more to do, but to submit to the superior Part of Man (our Reason) the Command of our Passions, which have unjustly usurp'd the Dominion over us.



Hor. lib. 1. *Inter cuncta leges ; & percunctabere doctos ;*  
Epist. 18. *Quâ ratione quæas traducere leniter avum :*  
*Ne te semper inops agitet, vexetque Cupido :*  
*Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

Petf. *Petite hinc juvenesque senesque*  
*Finem animæ certum, miserisque viatica canis.*

Books oft peruse, and wise Men's Counsel court ;  
Learn how to spend with Ease a Life that's short ;  
Lest fear of Want, or eager Thirst of Gain,  
Your Peace destroy, and keep your Soul in Pain.

The Young from hence may early learn whereon  
Their Minds to fix, and Aged to feast upon.

*Degagez*



*Degagez vos esprits de crainte & d'esperance.  
Souffrez que la vertu vous rende la raison.  
L'esclave est insensé qui craint sa delivrance,  
Et le malade est fou qui bait sa guerison.*

From Hope and Fear thy Soul set free,  
And Virtue to reform your Mind endure :  
The Slave is mad that fears his Liberty ;  
The Sick a headstrong Fool, that fears his Cure.  
The

## The Explanation of the Fourteenth Picture.

En toute Condition on peut estre Vertueux.

In every State of Life a Man may be Virtuous.

**U**OMME la Sageſſe eſt également neceſſaire à tous les Hommes, elle leur eſt auſſi également favorable. Elle a de l'amour pour le Pauvre comme pour le riche, pour le laid comme pour le beau, pour le villageois comme pour le Prince. Quiconque la deſire, la poſſède; & toutes les fois qu'elle échappe à noſtre poursuite, ce n'eſt jamais par ſa rigueur, ny par ſa legereté; mais toujours ou par noſtre negligence, ou par noſtre perfidie. Les deux excellens philoſophes que vous avez devant les yeux, ſont les chefs de deux ſectes directement oppoſées: Et toutefois comme deux Athletes tres-hardis & tres-robustes, ils marchent contre les vices avec une egale Reſolution; & nous demandent pour ſpectateurs de leur combat, pource qu'il ſont également aſſurés de la victoire. D'un coſté Diogene, ennemy des grandeurs, de la pompe, & des richesses, paroît auſſy glorieux à l'entrée de ſon tonneau, qu'un Conquerrant dedans ſon char de Triomphe; & nous temoigne par ſon action, qu'il ſe ſent deſja victorieux de la fortune, & qu'il foule aux pieds toutes les choſes pour qui ſeules, les crimes trouvent des adorateurs. D'autre part s'avance pompeux & brillant, le Philoſophe courtiſant Ariſtippe, qui n'a pas laiſſé de remporter la victoire, encore qu'il paroïſſe armé pour un jour de Triomphe, pluſtoſt que pour un jour de bataille; & tout ſuperbe de la gloire qu'il vient d'acquérir, raille agreeablement la gueuſerie de Diogene, & l'accuſe luy meſme de trahir la Majeſté de la Philoſophie, en la contrainçant par ſa mauvaiſe humeur, de n'avoir pour Throſne, que le fumier ſur lequel il eſt couché. Mais n'entreprenons pas de le accorder. Voilà le grand Alexandre qui ſ'eſt conſtitué leur Juge; & qui par les loüanges qu'il donne à l'un & à l'autre; temoigne qu'ils meritent reciproquement les Couronnes immortelles, auſquelles ils aſpirent par des voyes ſi contraires.

**W**ISDOM is alike neceſſary for all Men, ſo is ſhe always ready to offer herſelf to all Men. She loves the poor equal with the rich; the deformed as well as the beautiful; the Peaſant is as dear to her as the Prince. Whoſoever deſires her, poſſeſſes her; and whenſoever ſhe avoids our Purſuit, it proceeds neither from Cruelty nor Inconſtancy, but from our own Neglect and Ingratitude. The two excellent Philoſophers before us are the Heads of two different Sects directly oppoſite; yet like two reſolute Combatants both march with equal Courage and Bravery to oppoſe Vice, inviting us to be Spectators of their Combat, with full Assurance of being Conquerors. On the one Hand, *Diogenes*, the profeſſed Enemy of Glory, Honours, and Riches, appears ſeated in the Mouth of his famous Tub, more happy and glorious than a Conqueror in his triumphal Chariot; and witneſſes to us by his Geſtures, that he already finds himſelf victorious over Fortune, and treads under foot and deſpiſes all thoſe Things for which Vice alone gains Admirers. On the other Side advances the courtly Philoſopher *Ariſtippus*, all gay and ſhining in Purple and Diamonds, juſt triumphant from a Victory gained by his inimitable Eloquence diſplayed in the Defence of Virtue. He divertingly rallies the ſordid Humour of *Diogenes*, accuſing him of debaſing, by his moroſe odd Temper, the Dignity of Philoſophy; which rather merits to be ſeated on the Throne, than on Straw and Earth, which he choſe to lie on. But let us leave the deciding this Diſpute to the mighty *Alexander*, who makes himſelf their Judge. He gives great Praiſes to both, and confeſſes that they equally deſerve immortal Honours and Commendations, being alike the Friends of Virtue, tho' they follow her in Ways ſo vaſtly different.



Hor. lib. 1. Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti  
Epist. 17. Nollet Ariſtippus; ſi ſciret regibus uti,  
Faſtidiret olus, qui me notat.

Ariſtoph: Virtuoſus bene utitur quibuſcumque.

Ovid. Peſſoribus mores tot ſunt, quot in orbe figura;  
Qui ſapit, innumeris moribus aptus erit.

Could *Ariſtippus* Herbs and Roots ſuffice,  
He would the gaudy Courts of Kings deſpiſe.  
If you, *Diogenes*, a Court well underſtood,  
You'd quit your Herbs for nobler Friends and Food.

A virtuous Man makes a good Uſe of every Thing.

Each Mind as many different Paſſions bears,  
As Nature various Forms and Faces wears,  
And yet the wiſe Man always wiſe appears.

}  
}



*En tous Lieux la Vertu se trouve,  
Chacun peut entendre sa Voix ;  
Et bien souvent on la découvre  
Telle parmy les Bruits de Louvre,  
Qu'elle est au Silence des Bois.*

Virtue in every Place is found,  
And every list'ning Ear  
Her charming Voice may hear ;  
Oft in the croud'ny noisy Louvre dwells,  
The same as in the lonely unfrequented Cells ;  
Oft on the shining Throne, as on the humble Ground.

I

The

## The Explanation of the Fifteenth Picture.

La guerizon de l'Ame est la plus Necessaire.

*The Cure of the Soul, is more necessary than that of the Body.*

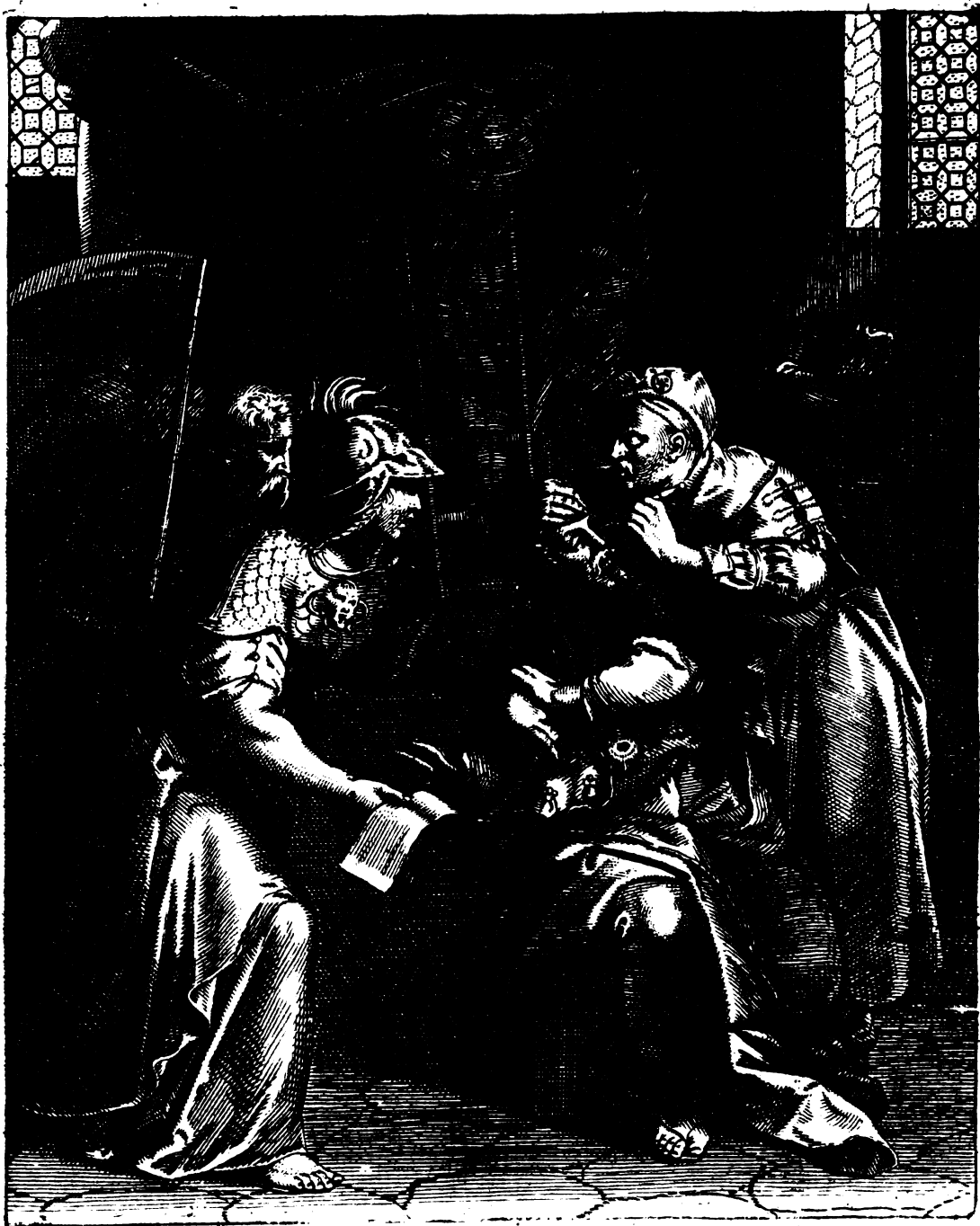
**P**UISQUE nous avons appris que nous sommes tous également appelez à l'Ecole de la Philosophie, & qu'il est absolument necessaire que nous respondions de nostre vocation, il faut que nous conoissions nostre devoir ; & que pour nous en acquitter dignement, nous sc'achions ce que la vertu exige de nostre obeyssance. Le voicy. Elle veut que nous sortions de sa compagnie, meilleurs que nous n'y sommes entrez. Pour ce sujet elle nous donne une leçon fort commune, mais fort instructive ; & nous arrachant de l'esprit, une erreur qui à presque infecté tout le monde, nous fait confesser que jusques à present nous n'avons esté sensibles qu'à nos moindres maladies ; & par consequant, que nous n'avons travaillé qu'à la guerison de celles qui estoient les moins considerables. Tous les personnages dont cette peinture est composée, sont autant de temoins qu'elle produit contre nos habitudes brutales ; & qu'elle produit exprés, pour nous contraindre à signer nous mesme nostre condemnation. Nous voyons d'abord un miserable, du nombre de ceux que le monde nomme bien beureux, qui ayant l'ame mangée d'ulceres, le cœur rongé de tous les vers que les crimes y forment ; & l'esprit combattu de toutes les passions les plus deregées, refuse neantmoins les remedes agreables & infaillibles, que le Temps & la Sageffe luy offrent. Il s'offence impudamment de la generosité, par laquelle ils ont daigné prevenir ses prieres ; & les renvoye avec ce compliment orgueilleux, que s'il à jamais besoin de leur assistance, il ne manquera pas de les faire appeller. Cependant pour un peu de rougeur qui luy paroist à l'œil, il crie impatientement apres le secours de tous les Oculistes. Cette petite inflammation luy oste le repos ; & luy faisant oublier ce grand nombre de biens qu'il s'est acquis par un plus grand nombre de crimes ; luy persuade, que toute sa felicité est r'enfermée en la guerison de son mal. L'Operateur aussi travaille avec toute l'industrie dont il est capable ; & promet à cet aveugle volontaire, que bien tost il soulagera sa douleur. A la verité l'œil exterieur peut estre guery. Mais la veüe la plus precieuse ne le sera pas. Aussi est ce d'un art bien plus subtil, & bien plus divin, que n'est la chirurgie ; qu'il nous faut attendre la guerison de ses sens delicats, par qui seulement l'homme est véritablement homme.

**W**E are now, I doubt not, convinced that all Men are equally obliged to repair to the School of Virtue ; and that it is absolutely necessary for us to be well inform'd, and to use the utmost Diligence at our Entrance there, to know what our Duty is, that we may acquit our selves handsomely in all that Virtue requires of us. Behold, she is here come in Person to instruct you : First, and above all Things, she enjoins that we go forth from her Presence, Wiser and Better than we enter'd into it ; a Thing almost impossible for any of us to fail in. For who can be so stupid as to converse with Virtue, and not cease to be Vicious ? She would next free us from an Error, with which great Part of the World are infected, by convincing us, that we were till now only sensible of our smallest Infirmities, and have labour'd to cure those Indispositions that were least worthy our Notice, neglecting those which were most dangerous. All the Persons represented in this Picture are Evidences of this Truth which she produces, to oblige us to sign with Blushes our own Condemnation. Behold here an unfortunate Wretch, (yet of the Number of those, whom the World stiles happy,) who having his Soul ulcerated, and his Heart devoured by the Vultures his Crimes have created there ; his Reason and Passions in a continual War, yet refuses the healing and wholesome Medicines, which Time and Wisdom offer him. He even proceeds to affront those who generously prevent his Wishes, and vouchsafe to visit him untreated ; knowing that he must perish without their Aid. He sends them away with the ungrateful Compliment of, If I want your Assistance, I shall not fail to send for you. But the Moment he feels a small Disorder in his Eye, he impatiently cries out for help from the Oculist. This slight Inflammation wholly ruins his Repose, and makes him forget and neglect to take Pleasure in all he possesses, (tho' gotten with the utmost Pains and Injustice.) He believes all Happiness consists in the Cure of his Eye. The Operator uses his utmost Skill to gain the vast Reward he offers ; and promises him Ease and Sight, which no doubt but he may possibly perform. But alas ! the Light of his Reason is yet blinded : It is from a nobler Art than Surgery he must hope a Cure. The Divine Artist Wisdom must give him Sight and Health : The Infirmities of our Souls only she can cure, and render us worthy to be called that noble Creature Man.



Hor. lib. 1. *Qua ladunt oculos festinas demere : si quid*  
 Epist. 2. *Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum.*

Why if your Eyes offended are,  
 Do you look out for Help with Care ;  
 And if your Mind is sick, the Cure defer ?



*As tu dans l'un des yeux quelque tache un peu sombre,  
Tu veux que L'Oculiste en arreste le cours.  
Ton ame cependant souffre des maux sans nombre,  
Et tu la vois perir sans luy donner secours.*

If in your Eye there should a Speck appear,  
Wou'd you not seek for Help, and Blindness fear?  
Yet numerous Ills your fickle Soul oppress,  
And you regardless seek for no Redress.

The

## The Explanation of the Sixteenth Picture.

Aime la Vertu, pour l'amour d'elle-mesme.

Love Virtue, for her self alone.

**N**OUS ne pouvons plus ignorer que la vertu n'est pas vertu, si elle n'agit, si elle ne combat, & si malgré le grand nombre des ennemis dont elle est attaquée, elle ne demeure victorieuse. Voyons maintenant de quelle sorte elle doit agir; & par quel mouvement elle se doit porter aux entreprises les plus difficiles. Le peintre nous la fait voir dans un éloignement, qui refuse en la personne d'un de ses adorateurs, les Couronnes qui lui sont offertes. Elle nous proteste par ce magnanime refus, qu'elle trouve son prix en elle mesme; & qu'elle seroit toujours tres-satisfaite de sa fortune, quand il n'y auroit n'y tesmoins pour voir ses actions, ny Heraults pour les publier, ny gloire pour en estre la recompense. Mais la Peintre ne s'est pas contenté de nous montrer cette beauté toute nue, pour nous la rendre encore plus aymable, & nous embrazer plus puissamment du desir de sa possession, il luy oppose tout ce qu'il y a de difforme, & de bayssable dans ces ames laches & mercenaires, qui ne seroient jamais du party des gens de bien, s'il y avoit de la seureté dans celuy des mechans. Considerés cette troupe d'hypocrites de toute condition, & de tout aage. Vous croiriez à leurs gestes, qu'ils sont nés ennemis irreconcilables de l'injustice, & de l'interest. Cependant ils engloutissent des yeux, ces vases d'or, & ces sacs d'argent, qu'on leur presente exprez pour les tanter; & bien qu'il feignent de les avoir en horreur, ils sont toutefois interieurement devorez du desir de les posseder. Mais nous n'avons pas besoin de deviner, qui leur fait faire cette violence sur eux mesmes. Nous voyons le frain qui les arreste. C'est cette Deesse boiteuse qui les suit. Cette implacable Nemesis, qui chargée de tous les instrumens inventez pour punir les crimes, les chasse à grands coups de foëet; & les contraint de retirer leurs mains, des choses ou ils ont des-ja mis tout leur cœur.

**W**E can be no longer ignorant, that Virtue would cease to be, if she was not active to resist, defy, and be ever victorious over all the Enemies that attack her. Behold then the Manner how she behaves her self in the most difficult Enterprizes. The Painter has here shewn her to us at some Distance, under the Form of one of her Followers, who is refusing the Diadems and Honours that are offer'd him. In this magnanimous Action she declares to us, that she finds her Reward in her self; and that she is always satisfy'd with her Condition, even when she has no Witness of her Actions, nor Heralds to publish, nor Honours to recompence them. But the Painter, not content to shew us this Beauty, thus unadorn'd and simply clad, proceeds likewise to convince us that she is no less lovely and charming, even in Rags and Obscurity. To induce us also to Love and Desire her, he sets near her all that is deform'd and hateful in those base and mercenary Souls, who never side with the Virtuous and Honest, if there is any Safety in the Company of the Wicked. Consider this Troop of Hypocrites of all Ages and Conditions. You would believe by their Gestures, that they are born the irreconcilable Enemies of Injustice and Interest; but, alas! they devour with their Eyes those Vessels of Gold and Bags of Silver, which are set there on purpose to tempt them; and tho' they feign to have such Thoughts in Detestation, yet are they in Reality rack'd with an impatient Desire to possess them. But we need not give our selves much Trouble to divine what obliges them to do this Violence to their Inclinations. You may see what restrains them: It is the lame Goddess that pursues them, the implacable Nemesis; who, loaden with her torturing Instruments of Justice, drives them before her, and lashes them on with Scorpions; constraining them to withhold their Hands from those Things, on which they have already set their Hearts.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 16. *Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.  
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœna.  
Sit spes fallendi: miscebis sacra profanis.*

For Virtue's Sake the Good all Crimes detest;  
But you for fear of Punishment forbear.  
Conscience you think is only a mere Jest;  
Let Laws permit, and you no Crimes would fear.





*Si de peur du suplice, Et non de peur du crime,  
Tu t'abstiens des tresors à ta garde commis,  
Ta justice apparente est indigne d'estime,  
Le larcin n'est pas fait, mais le crime est comis.*

If you for Fear of Punishment alone abstain  
To touch the Treasures to your Keeping left,  
All your Pretence to Virtue is but vain,  
You're guilty of the Sin, tho' not the Theft.

K

The

## The Explanation of the Seventeenth Picture.

Dieu seul n'a point de Maître.

**A** PRENEZ qu'il est un Dieu, Ames ambitieuses & brutales; & ne vous figurez plus que la Religion soit le partage du peuple. Vous regnez, il est vray. Vous marchez sur la teste des hommes, il est vray; & pour adjouster l'opprobre à la cruauté, vous violés les premiers, les loix que vous leur avez imposées. Leurs biens, leur honneur, leur repos, leur innocence, & leur vie sont les jouëts de vostre fureur. Vous profanez les choses Sacrées. Vous renversez les Autels. Vous pillés les Temples; & c'est dans les lieux les plus Saints que vous commettez vos actions les plus abominables. Dieu les voit. Dieu les souffre. Dieu y paroist insensible. Je l'avouë. Mais attendez encore un peu, Esprits orgueilleux, & vous sentirez qu'il est le Dieu jaloux, qu'il est le Dieu vengeur, qu'il est le Dieu visitant l'iniquité des Peres sur toute leur posterité. Non non, ne suivez pas le conseil que mon juste couroux vous donne. Il est digne de vous, mais il n'est pas digne de la Philosophie. Pensés plustost à craindre les jugemens que vous avez toujours méprisés. Regardez cette eternité malheureuse qui doit châtier vos crimes; & si ce n'est l'amour qu'au moins la crainte vous donne de l'horreur de vous mesme; & vous porte à la penitence. Vostre salut ne sera pas desesperé, si vous changés de vie, si vous estes touchés de la calamité de vostre prochain; & si vous reconnoissez une puissance bien plus haute, & bien plus legitime, que celle que l'exces de vostre ambition vous a follement persuadée. Venez voir, & estudiés le bon Roy que cette peinture vous donne pour exemple. Il est environné de ses peuples. Il rend justice à la Veuve & à l'Orphelin. Il arrache le foible de l'opression du fort; & prend en main la cause du pauvre contre les persecutions du riche. Mais voyons qui sont les Ministres & les Conseillers qu'il consulte. Il leve les yeux au Ciel. Il contemple cette Justice supreme qui est la reigle & l'idée de toutes les autres; & declare hautement qu'il n'a pour objet que l'exécution de ses volontez. Cette declaration ne luy est pas infructueuse. Elle attire du Ciel, les bénédictions & les graces sur ce Roy, veritablement digne d'estre Roy; & l'esleve autant au dessus des autres Princes, qu'effectivement il s'abaisse devant le Maître des Princes.

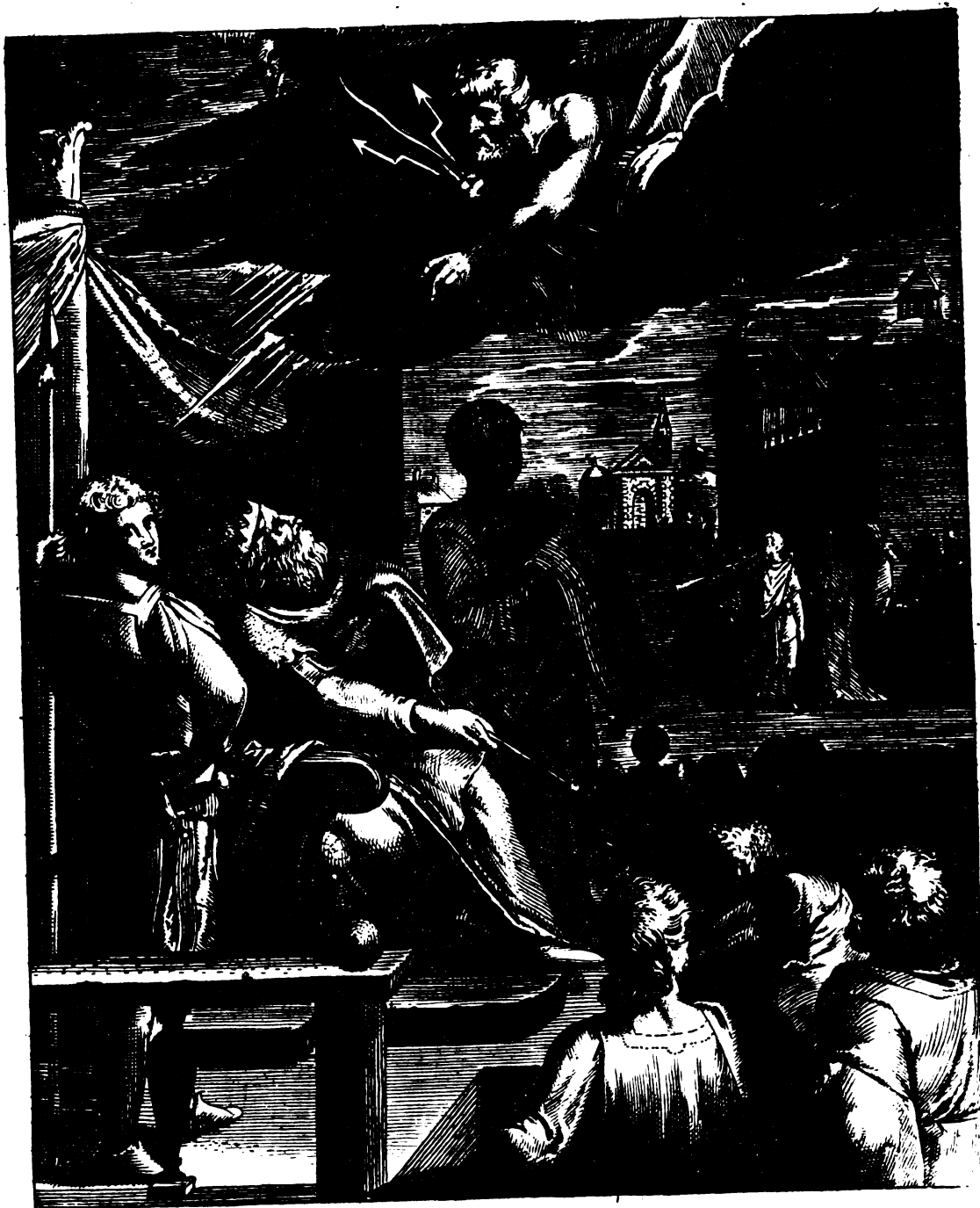
God alone has no Superior.

**N**OW that there is a God, great and ambitious Tyrants, whom his Providence has raised on high; and think not that Religion is the Business of common People only. You rule, 'tis true, you fill Thrones, before which they tremble and bow. There you command like Gods; adding to Injustice, Cruelty and Oppression, and violate the Laws you have imposed on others. The Lives, Honours, Fortunes and Happiness of your Subjects you dispose of in Sport and Merriment: You prophane the most sacred Things; throw down Altars, pillage Temples; and even in Places consecrated to the Almighty, commit Actions the most impious and detestable. God sees, God suffers, God takes no Notice as yet, I confess. But stay a little, you mistaken Souls, and you will be convinced that God is a jealous God, and will visit the Sins you commit, upon you and your Posterity. You smile; well! go on; follow not my Counsel; perhaps it proceeds from a peevish Humour in me. You think it becomes you to act thus: But 'tis my Duty to reprehend: My Mistress Wisdom commands me to do so. Yet look back, repent, and rather fear his Justice whom you have despised. Look towards that unhappy Eternity, which is prepared to recompence your Crimes; and if not for Love, yet at least for Fear; view your selves with Horror; and before it is too late repent. Your Salvation is not yet to be despair'd of, if you amend your Lives; become touched with the Calamities of your Neighbour, and acknowledge that Power which your blind Ambition has made you till now forget. Draw near and take notice of this good King here represented for your Imitation. He is surrounded with his Subjects, rendering Justice to the Widow and Fatherless: He frees the feeble from the Oppressor; and takes the Cause of the Poor into his Hands, against the Persecutions of the Rich. Behold who are the Ministers and Counsellors that he consults. He lifts up his Eyes to Heaven, and contemplates the supreme Justice, who is the Rule and Perfection of all Things; declaring, that he desires nothing but to fulfil his Pleasure. This Piety goes not unrewarded; Heaven showers down Blessings and Favours on him; and raises him as far above all other Kings, as he bends his Heart, with the greatest Humiliation and Submission, to adore the King of Kings.

Hor. lib. 3. Regum timendorum in proprios greges,  
Od. 1. Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,  
Clari Giganteo triumpho,  
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

Tho' potent Kings do Laws to Nations give,  
And trembling Subjects in Subjection live,  
Yet even they by Jove are made;  
He the strong Giants did overthrow,  
And with his Nod rules all below.  
He smiles at Man that's Dust and Shade,  
And will by Monarchs be obey'd.

Mor.



*Mortels, il est un Dieu. Vous en estes l'Image.  
Aimez le comme tels, & reverez ses loix.  
La foy qui de vos cœurs exige cét homage,  
L'exige également, des Berges & des Roys.*

Mortals, there is a God ; his Laws revere ;  
Love him as such, since you his Image are.  
The Law that this requires, alike does bind  
Kings, Peafants, Swains, and all Mankind.

The

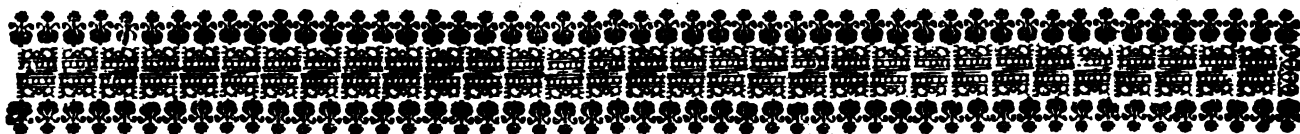
## The Explanation of the Eighteenth Picture.

Tremble devant le Throne du Dieu vivant.

Tremble before the Throne of the Living God.

**A**UTANT de fois que ton ame corrompue, que tes sens depravez, & que ton inclination abrutie, ozeront te porter aux attentats ou l'impiete attire les mechants. Autant de fois que tu seras assez insense pour douter s'il est un Dieu. Autant de fois que tu voudras entreprendre quelque dessein au dela de tes forces; vien consulter cet horrible spectacle, & medite profondement sur le succez que le Ciel reserve aux entreprises abominables. Tu apprendras bien tost à humilier ton orgueil; à reprimer ta temerité; & à connoistre combien il est espouvantable, de tomber entre les mains de Dieu, quand nos crimes l'ont mis en cholere. O! que cette fable exprime bien cette verité. Ceux que nous voyons icy chargez de rochers, & montez jusque au dessus des nuës, estoient les plus grands & les plus redoutables des hommes. Mais quelque extraordinaire que fut leur courage aussi bien que leur puissance, ils firent toutefois des efforts inutiles; & tenterent des choses criminelles, pour ce qu'ils ozerent se porter contre le Ciel. Les Geants ne furent pas ecrasés pour avoir entrepris au de la de leurs forces, mais pour s'estre revoltez contre ceux qui les leur avoient données.

**A**S oft as your corrupted Inclinations and depraved Desires tempt you to Thoughts, which Impiety inspires in the Vicious, (if ever you are so infatuated as to doubt whether there be a God;) or that you would undertake any Thing above your Strength and Power, come and consult this horrid Spectacle, and think seriously on the Success Heavengives to wicked Enterprizes. Thus will you soon learn to humble your proud Soul; to blush at your own Temerity, and tremble to think what a dreadful Thing it is to fall into the Hands of the Living God, when our Crimes have render'd him angry with us. How well does the Fable here before us explain this Truth? Those whom we behold loaden with Rocks and Mountains, climbing up the Hills to scale the Battlements of Heaven, and appearing the most daring and boldest of Mankind, (altho' Gyants in Stature and Impiety) fail in their Attempt; and by the Almighty Thunderer are struck down to perish in their own Foolishness. Yet I desire you would observe, that these Gyants are destroy'd, not for attempting Things above their Strength; but because they employ'd it against him that gave it.

Mor. lib. 3.  
Od. 4.

*Vis consili expers mole ruit sua :  
Vim temperatam Di quoque provebunt  
In majus, iidem odere vires  
Omne nefas animo moventes.*

Lib. 1.  
Od. 3.

*Nil mortalibus arduum est.  
Calum ipsam petimus sultitia : neque  
Per nostrum patimur scelus,  
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.*

Born down by their own Weight the Wicked Fall:  
The Pious by the Gods assisted live,  
Still get the Victory and conquer all;  
But mighty Crimes the Gods will ne're forgive.

Giants in ill, and impious grown,  
Our Folly bids us scale the Sky:  
Boldly we do assault the Throne  
Of mighty Jove, his Laws defy;  
Nor give him leave to lay his Thunder by.



*On te porte ta rage, homme digne du foudre ?  
Crois tu chasser ton Dieu de son Trône éternel ?  
S'il n'avoit pour toy-mesme un amour paternel,  
Des-jà son bras vengeur t'auroit réduit en poudre.*

What will thy Rage attempt, Wretch worthy Death,  
Think'st thou th' Almighty to dethrone ?  
Long since with Thunder he had stopp'd thy Breath,  
But his Paternal Love alone  
Has spar'd thee yet, and Mercy shewn.

L

The

## The Explanation of the Nineteenth Picture.

L'Impiété cause tous les Maux.

**C** E Spectacle qui nous a frappez d'un juste étonnement, n'est qu'une partie des calamitez dont l'impieété est suivie. Tous les siècles, & toutes les nations en fournissent des exemples. Celui qui se presente à nos yeux, n'a pas moins de horreur que le premier; & ne doit pas moins que luy, nous donner de la terreur des jugements de Dieu. Non seulement c'est une tragique représentation des desolations passées, c'est aussi un fidelle advertissement, & un certain presage des ruines, & des destructions que le courroux du Ciel prepare pour le chastiment de nostre impiété. Considerons ces Temples abbatuz, ces maisons bruslées, ces hommes esgorgez, & ces miserables femmes que le Soldat ne semble espargner, que pour leur faire acheter au prix de leur bonheur, la servitude qu'il leur destine. Ce sont autant de monuments de la vengeance celeste, & comme autant de propheties qu'elle fait marcher devant elle, pour annoncer sa venue, & porter les hommes à la penitence. C'est pourquoy s'il nous reste quelque sentiment de nous mesme, & quelque crainte de tant de miseres, commençons à travailler serieusement à ce grand ouvrage de nostre conversion, & croyons qu'elle est la seule chose qui peut destourner de dessus nos testes, la foudre dont nous sommes menacés.

*Impiety is the Cause of all Calamities.*

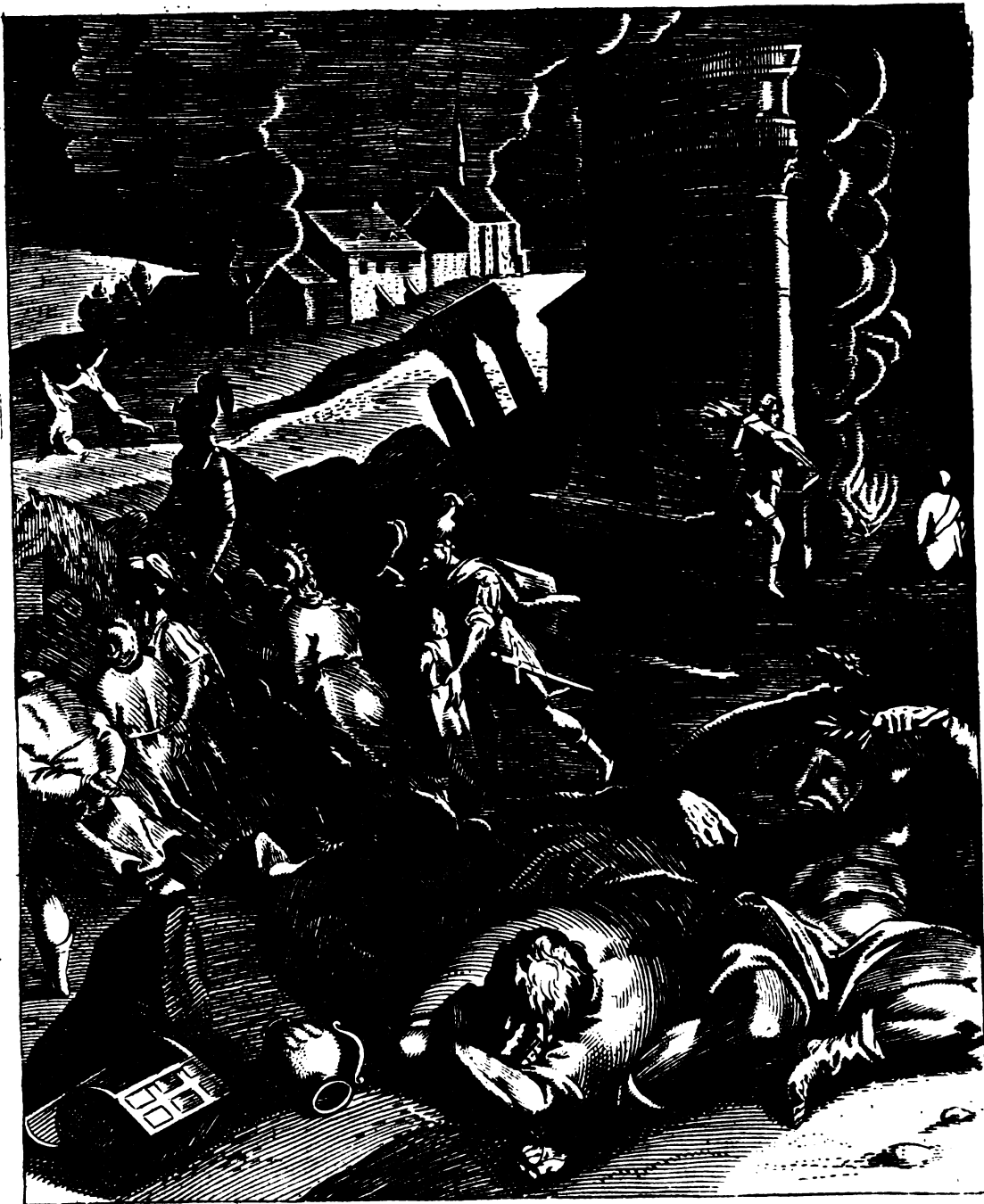
**H**IS Sight, that strikes us with a just Astonishment, is but one Part of the Miseries with which Impiety is attended: All Ages and Nations can furnish us with Examples of this Kind. This which is here presented to our Sight, is no less full of Horror, than the Precedent, and ought to fill us with no less Dread of the Judgments of God. It is not only a tragick Representation of Desolations past, but it is also a faithful Advertissement and certain Presage of the Ruin and Destruction Heaven prepares for the Chastisement of our Impiety. Consider these beautiful Remains of ruined Temples, level'd even with the Earth: This noble City all in Flames; These Heaps of dying Men, and more wretched living Women and Virgins, whose Lives are preserved by the relentless Soldiers to lose their Honours, and who seem condemn'd to perpetual Infamy and Slavery; a Misfortune without Comparison, worse than Death. These are all certain Monuments of the divine Vengeance, and so many Messengers that he sends before him, to denounce his Coming, to persuade and lead Men to Repentance. If therefore there still remains in us any Love and Esteem for our selves, any Desire to avoid the like Miseries, let us now begin from this Moment, to set seriously about the great Work of our Conversion, and be convinced that it is the only Way to avert the Storms and Judgments that hang (as yet) over our Heads, and threaten us with entire Ruin and Destruction.

Hor. lib. 3.  
Od. 6. *Delicta majorum immeritus lues  
Romane, donec templa refeceris,  
Ædeisque labentis Deorum, &  
Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.*

Virg. 6.Æ. *Discite Jusitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.*

Oh, helpless Romans! by the Gods decreed,  
For your Fore-Fathers horrid Sins to bleed,  
Unless your Piety prevent; make haste,  
New Shrines and Temples build, by them defac'd.  
Obey the Gods who only made you great:  
'Twas they first raised, and must support your State.

Let Mortals learn to grow more wise;  
Nor Justice, or the awful Gods despise.



*Si le glaive & la flame, ont les champs defertez ;  
Les Temples abattus, & les Villes brulées:  
Si tu vois au tombeau, tes fils precipitez,  
Et traifner aux cheveux tes filles defolées :  
Toy ; par qui tant de loix ont esté violées,  
S'acbe' que c'est le fruit de tes impietez.*

If Fire and Sword have laid thy Cities waste ;  
Thy Temples, and thy stately Towns defac'd :  
If in thy Sight thy darling Sons are slain,  
And cruel Victors do thy Daughters stain ;  
Thou art the fatal Cause : Thy Crimes alone  
Have reach'd the Skies, and brought these Judg-  
[ments down.  
The

## The Explanation of the Twentieth Picture.

Les Mechants se punissent l'un l'autre.

**T**OUS les mechans sont punis. La justice  
eternelle n'en dispense pas un ; & quand  
les bourreaux ont achevé de tourmenter les  
coupables, ils sont à leur tour, condamnés  
aux suplices, pour ce qu'ils ne sont pas  
plus innocens que les autres. Les horreurs de ce Ta-  
bleau vous annoncent ces veritez. Voyez cette ville em-  
brasée. Nombrez ces hommes, ces femmes, & ses en-  
fans assassinez. Contemplez ces gibets & ces roües.  
Ils ne sont pas moins le chastiment que les effets de nos  
crimes. La punition suit le mal comme l'ombre suit le  
corps. Bien qu'elle soit boiteuse, & qu'elle ne marche  
pas tousiours aussi viste que le meschant, elle le suit toute-  
fois sans cesse ; & quand elle est bien longue à venir,  
c'est une preuve certainé qu'elle a long-temps medité sur  
le genre de suplice, dont elle veut punir ces persecuteurs  
inhumains qui ont esté les instrumens de la justice di-  
vine.

The Wicked punish one another.

**A**L L that are wicked are punish'd ; eter-  
nal Justice spares not one : And when  
the Executioners have finish'd tor-  
menting the Guilty , they themselves  
are in their Turn condemn'd to the  
Torture, because they are equally culpable. The  
Horrors of this Picture denounce this Truth to  
us. Behold another City in Flames ! What con-  
fused Heaps of murder'd Men, Women and In-  
fants ! Consider the Gibbets, Wheels and Scaffolds,  
which are less the Punishments, than the Effects  
of their Crimes ; for Punishment ever follows Sin,  
as the Shadow does the Body. Tho' perhaps Ju-  
stice may seem lame, and follows not so fast as  
the Villain offends ; yet she surely overtakes him,  
when he is least aware ; and when she stays long  
behind, 'tis a certain Sign that she is meditating  
some uncommon Vengeance to manifest God's  
Anger on those inhuman Persecutors of others, who  
having executed the Divine Justice upon many Of-  
fenders, ought now in their Turn to feel it them-  
selves.



Hor. lib. 3. — Sape Diespiter  
Od. 3. Neglectus, incesto addidit integrum :  
Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Seneca. Sequitur superbos à tergo Deus.

Tibull.  
Lib. 1. El. 9. Ab miser, etsi quis primò perjuriam celat ;  
Sera tamen tacitis pœna venit pedibus.

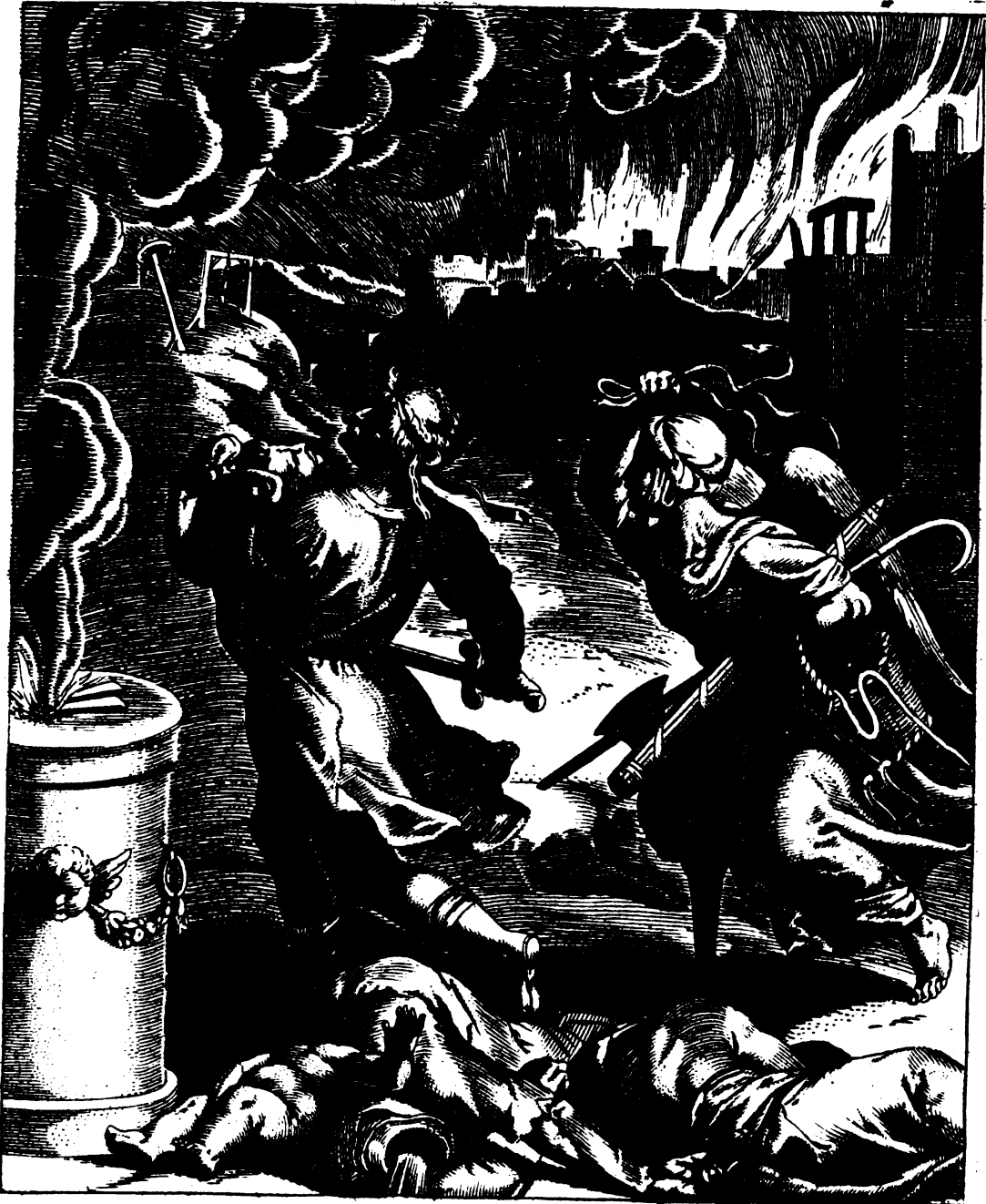
Jove sometimes angry seems on all  
To let his dreadful Thunder fall:  
Nor does the Good, more than the Villain spare ;  
But the lame Goddess still pursues  
The guilty Souls ; and Time does chuse  
To strike, and right the Gods who blameless are.

Divine Vengeance always pursues the Proud.

Unhappy Wretch, that thus himself deceives,  
For tho' his Perjury he well conceals ;  
Justice, when he himself secure believes,  
Does soon o'take, and gently on him steals.

Tragiques





*Tragiques instrumens des vengeances celestes,  
Monstres dont la fureur se deborde sur tous :  
Regardez ces bourreaux inhumains comme vous,  
Bien tost vous sentirez leurs atteintes funestes.*

You tragick Instruments of Vengeance see ;  
Monsters whom Heaven did in Anger frame,  
Such as your selves, well skill'd in Cruelty ;  
And from their Hands expect to feel the same.

M

The

## The Explanation of the One and Twentieth Picture.

L'Homme est Né pour aymer.

Man was born to Love.

**L**E Christianisme n'est point le destructeur de la Philosophie. Il n'a pretendu de son origine, que de luy rendre ses premiers beautez; & la porter à ce haut point de perfection, qu'elle receut lors que son Auteur luy commanda de venir esclaire les hommes. Vous voyez aussi qu'ils se tienent come par la main; & que la Morale chrestienne n'enseigne rien, que la naturelle ne nous ordonne. L'un & l'autre premierement exigent de nos cœurs, l'adoration de Dieu; & veulent en suite, que tous les hommes s'ayment avec autant de tendresse, que si effectivement ils estoient sortis d'une mesme mere. C'est à cette importante & necessaire partie de la vie civile que nous sommes arrivez. Ce Tableau nous presente les devoirs de l'amitié; & nous fait entendre combien doivent estre inviolables & saintes, ces loix qui ont esté gravées du doigt mesme de la nature, dans le cœur de tous les hommes. Vous voyez aussi comme elles sont religieusement observées par les deux amis, dont nostre Peintre nous donne les portraits. Ils sont tellement conformes, & tellement unis, qu'on pourroit dire que ce sont deux corps qui ne sont animez que d'une ame. Ils quittent l'un pour l'autre tout ce qui peut nuire à leur amour. Les bonheurs, les richesses, les delices, n'ont point de charmes qui puissent ny les separer pour long-temps, ny mesme suspendre pour un seul moment, l'activité de leur affection. Pourveu qu'ils se possèdent l'un l'autre, ils croyent posséder toutes choses; & trouvent dans leur contentement reciproque, une plénitude de felicité que la fortune ny la beauté ne promettent que fausement.

**C**hriftianity is not the Destroyer of Philosophy. It never aim'd at more from its Beginning, but to restore Morality to its first Beauty, and to refine and raise it to that high Perfection, which it receiv'd from God its first Author, when He commanded it to go and illuminate Mankind. You see that they walk Hand in Hand; and that Christian Morality teaches nothing but what the Natural ordain'd. They both equally oblige all Men, first, to adore their Creator; and next, to love one another as tenderly, as if they were really all Children of the same Parents, and the Fruit of one Womb. It is to this important and useful Time of Life that we are now arriv'd. This Picture represents to us the Duties of Friendship, and shews us how sacred and inviolable we ought to esteem them, since her Laws are engraven in the Hearts of Men, with Nature's own inimitable Fingers. Of this our Painter gives us an admirable Proof in the Two Friends here delineated. They are so conformable and obliging to each other, so very much *One*, that you would conclude they were *Two Bodies*, actuated but by one Soul. They quit for each other whatever is prejudicial to their Friendship; Honours, Riches and Pleasures have not Charms powerful enough to separate them long; no, nor to suspend for one single Moment the Ardency of their Affection; if they possess but one another, they believe they possess all Things, and find that mutual Satisfaction in each others Conversation, which Riches and Beauty promise (but in vain) to those who gain the largest Share of them. It is in the Union of Souls alone, that we can have a Taste of eternal Felicity.



Hor. lib 1. Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.  
Sat. 5.

Unless my Reason fails, and makes me err,  
I'll nothing to a pleasant Friend prefer.

Virgil. Omnia vincit amor; & nos cedamus amori.

Love over all Things Victor reigns,  
Then yield, and gladly wear his Chains.

Eccles. 19. Perde Pecuniam propter amicum. Amico jucundo magis amamus, quam aqua vel igne.



*L'amour anime de ses flammes,  
Tous ceux qui sont dignes du jour.  
Les hommes qui n'ont point d'amour,  
Sont des corps qui vivent sans âmes.*

Friendship and Love a gen'rous Warmth bestow  
On each, that's worthy Life and Joys to know :  
But he, whom no such sacred Flames inspire,  
Stranger to friendly Bliss, or fond Desire ;  
On whom no soft endearing Arts can win,  
'Tis true, a Body has, but not a Soul within.

The

## The Explanation of the Two and Twentieth Picture.

En ayment on se rend parfait.

By Loving we become perfect.

**V** OICT un des principaux dogmes de la Philosophie d'Amour, que le Peintre nous met devant les yeux, avec cette judicieuse dexterité que nous avons des-ja tant de fois admirée. Ces deux hommes doivent estre veritablement semblables, pour estre veritablement amis. Nous voyons cependant qu'il y a beaucoup de vertus d'un costé, & beaucoup de vices de l'autre. Si l'on met des choses d'une si visible disproportion dans une balance juste, on y doit rencontrer infailliblement une notable differance. D'ailleurs il n'est pas possible que l'amitié puisse durer si cette differance subsiste. Que fait l'Amour? Ce qu'il doit. Estant comme il est tout ingenieux, & tout accommodant, Il vient au secours du parti le plus foible; & se met luy mesme du costé de la balance qui est le moins pesant. Ainsi non seulement par son contrepoids, il donne de l'egalité aux choses inegales; mais il fait que les imperfections & les vices se convertissent peu à peu en la nature des vertus qui leur sont opposées; & que par la puissance de ses charmes, devenant une mesme chose, elles composent de differantes parties cet accord harmonieux, qui est le lien indissoluble des ames.

**B** EHOLD one of the principal Doctrines of Philosophical Love, which the Painter sets before our Eyes with that ingenious Dexterity, which we have so often admired. These Two Men ought to have much Resemblance to each other to become real Friends; yet may you discover that there are many Virtues on the one Side, and many Imperfections on the other, if they were weigh'd in a just Balance; and so visible a Disproportion, that it is impossible a Friendship should continue between them, unless this can be remedy'd. What does almighty Love? He flies to the Assistance of the weaker Side, and throws himself into the lighter Scale; giving by his Weight not only the Advantage to that Side, but with his active Heat purifies the grosser Passions so, that they become the Virtues oppos'd to them, and the Two Souls grow equally bright and pure; composing of the differing Humours that harmonious Accord, that is the indissoluble Tye of Souls.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Saryr. 3.

Amicus dulcis, ut aquum est,  
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus bisce,  
Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinēt, amari  
Si volet: hac lege in trutina ponetur eadem.

A generous Man who does intend  
To know him well, he makes his Friend,  
Who weighs my Virtues and each Vice;  
And finds the first are most, if wise,  
Nay just, will let that Scale go down, content  
And I'll to do the same by him consent.

Laert. li. 7. Zeno Citticus rogatus, quid revera esset amicus: respondit, Alter ego.

Cittiean Zeno being ask'd what a perfect Friend was, answer'd, Another I.

Cupere eadem, eadem odisse, eadem metuere, homines  
in unum cogunt: sed hac inter bonos amicitia est,  
inter malos fœlio est.

To have the same Inclinations, the same Aversions, the same Fears, is the Means of uniting Men. This betwixt good Men establishes true Friendship, but with the Bad is only but Pretence.

Seneca. Dicebat Hecaton, Ego tibi monstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ullius venefica sarmine: Si vis amari, Ama.

It was a Saying of Hecaton's, I will, says he, teach you a Love-Potion, made not with Herbs or Magick-Spell: If you would be beloved, Love.

I

L'homme



*L'homme recout également  
Le bien & le mal en partage :  
Et Dieu l'a fait expressement,  
Afin que sa vivante image  
Dent aux sains de l'amour, son accomplissement.*

The Gods not any Mortal perfect make,  
But still some little Frailty leave, to shew  
That tho' we of Divinity partake,  
Yet 'tis to Love we must Perfection owe.

N

The

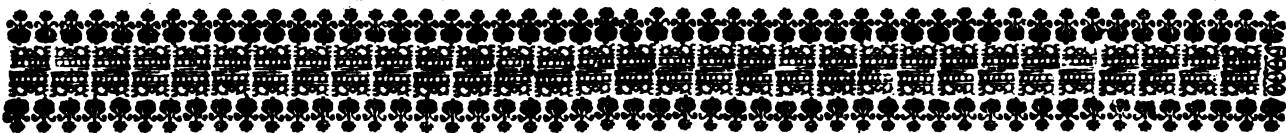
## The Explanation of the Twenty-Third Picture.

Il faut aymer, pour estre aymé.

It is necessary that we should Love, to be Beloved.

**C**ONFESSONS que pour sçavoir parfaitement aymer, il faut sçavoir parfaitement complaire. Nostre Peintre qui nous veut graver cette verité dans l'ame, a choisy de tous les exemples de l'antiquité, le plus puissant & le plus propre a son dessein. Voyez vous ces deux hommes, qui par la difference de leurs visages, montrent clairement la contrariété de leurs inclinations. Ce sont deux freres toutesfois : deux freres di-je qui ayant surmonté par une reciproque complaisance, la diversité de leurs temperaments, ont mérité de vivre en la memoire de tous les hommes. L'un est Amphion, cet incomparable Musicien : & l'autre Zethés ce déterminé chasseur. Le premier ayme le repos : L'autre le travail. L'un n'est touché que de la douceur de sa Lyre. L'autre ne l'est que du son enroué de son Cor. L'un donne tout à l'exercice de l'esprit. L'autre tout à l'exercice du corps. Cependant par un concert véritablement amoureux, & par une mutuelle condescendance, Amphion fait taire sa lyre toutes les fois que Zethés veut faire entendre son Cor. Mais Zethés aussi rend aux bois, & aux bestes, le repos qu'il leur a si souvent troublé, quand Amphion à son tour, voulant troubler l'ordre de la nature, fait par la puissance de sa voix, marcher les rochers & les pierres dont il a résolu de bastir les murailles de quelque Ville.

**W**E must acknowledge, that if a Man would know how perfectly to Love, he must know how perfectly to please. Our Painter who would even engrave this Truth upon our Souls, has chosen from all the Examples of Antiquity the most proper and fit for his Purpose. Behold these Two Men, who by the Difference of their Countenances clearly shew the Difference of their Inclinations. They are however Two Brothers, who by a mutual Complaisance have conquer'd their Dispositions, which were extremely unlike ; and by so doing justly merited to live in the Memories of Men. The one is *Amphion*, the incomparable Musician : The other, *Zetbe*, the indefatigable Hunter. The first loves Repose ; the other Labour : The one is touched with nothing but the sweet Sound of his Lute ; the other is pleased with nought but the Musick of his Hounds : The one esteems no Exercise but that of the Mind ; the other none but that of the Body. Notwithstanding this vast Difference of Humours, both animated by a real Affection, mutually condescend to oblige each other. *Amphion* silences his Lyre, as oft as *Zetbe* sounds his hunting Horn ; and *Zetbe* likewise gives Repose to the Beasts and Woods (which he so often disturbs,) when *Amphion* in his Turn takes delight to disorder Nature, causing by the Power of his inimitable Voice the Rocks and Stones to follow him, to erect some City with, where he would perpetuate his Name and Art.



Hor. lib. 1. *Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes :*  
Epist. 18. *Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges.*  
*Gratia sic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque*  
*Zetbi dissiluit : donec suspecta severo*  
*Conticuit lyra, fraternis cessasse putatur*  
*Moribus Amphion.*

Sall. in *Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea*  
Catil. *demum firma amicitia est.*

If thou dost Musick love, or Poesy,  
And thy Friend kindly asks thy Company  
To Hunt, or Ride, refuse not but comply.  
The Harp *Amphion*, *Zetbus* sports pursu'd ;  
*Zetbus* to please, *Amphion* Beasts subdu'd,  
And laid his Harp aside to show,  
What to oblige his Friend he'd do.  
Brothers in all Things grown ; they only strove  
To give each other mutual Proofs of Love.

The Title of true Friends those only claim,  
Who the same Things do love, and hate the same.

Les



*Les amis doivent tour à tour  
Se tesmoigner leur defferance.  
Ceux la n'ont pas beaucoup d'amour  
Qui n'ont gueres de complaisance.*

Friends mutually should strive to show  
How each his Will to please can bend :  
He nothing can of Friendship know,  
Who won't delight to please his Friend.

The

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Fourth Picture.

L'amour des Peuples, est la force des estats.

*The Love of the People, is the Strength of a Kingdom.*

**T**OUT ainsi que le Soleil ne regarde point de lieux qu'il ne les remplisse de lumiere ; de mesme l'amitié n'est jamais dans une Republique, qu'elle ny produise la Paix, l'union, & la force. Nostre Peintre passant de l'amitié partiuliere à la publique, philosophe ainsi dans ce Tableau ; & pretend de montrer aux peres de familles, aussi bien qu'aux Ministres d'Etat que le nombre de leurs ennemis ne sera jamais capable de les perdre, s'ils n'y contribuent eux mesmes par leurs secrettes mes-intelligences, & par leurs divisions domestiques. Mais ne se croyant pas assez eloquant pour prouver cette grande verité, il emprunte le visage & l'esprit de Sertorius, afin que par la haute opinion que sa vertu luy a donnée, il luy soit plus facile de nous persuader ; & pour rendre ses persuasions plus populaires, il se sert de la familiarité d'un exemple qui peut frapper indifferemment les sages, & les idiots. Il fait amener devant une armée, deux chevaux, dont l'un paroist jeune, & vigoureux ; & l'autre vieil, foible, & débarné. Il commande à un vieil homme, cassé de travail, & fraîchement relevé de maladie, de tirer poil à poil la queue du beau cheval ; & à un jeune & robuste Soldat de prendre celle de l'autre cheval, & la luy arracher tout à la fois. Le dernier obeit ; & abusant de sa vigueur, entraîne le cheval tout entier, luy donne mille secousses, & se fait mille efforts. Mais autant qu'ils sont grands, autant sont ils inutiles. Cependant le vieillard tout debile, & tout extenué qu'il est, oste les poils du cheval fougeux, les uns apres les autres ; & vient aisement à bout de ce qui luy a esté commandé. Voila, nous dit nostre Philosophe muët par la bouche du sage & vaillant Romain, la representation de la vie civile. Tant que les peuples sont bien unis, & bien affectionnez les uns aux autres, ils ne peuvent estre la proye des estrangers, mais quand les haines & les partialitez leur ont fait autant d'ennemis domestiques qu'ils sont de particuliers, quelques foibles que soient ceux qui les attaquent, il leur est facile d'en usurper la liberté.

**A**S the Sun beholds no Place that he fills not with his Light, so Amity is never in a State where it produces not Peace, Unity and Strength. Our Painter passing from particular Friendships to the Publick, philosophizes also in this Picture, with design to instruct Fathers of Families, as well as Ministers of State, that the Numbers of their Enemies Abroad are not able to ruin them ; unless they, by their intestine Jars, and domestick Feuds contribute to their own Destruction. But fearing his single Eloquence will not prevail to convince you of this Truth, he borrows the Face and Language of Sertorius ; that by the vast Reputation his Wisdom has gain'd him in the World, we may be the more readily induced to credit what he tells us. He here makes use of a popular Example proper for the Comprehension of the Vulgar and Unlearned, in Imitation of that great Man, who caused to be brought before the Roman Army Two Horses ; the one young and vigorous, the other feeble and past Service : He commands a decrepid weak old Man, worn out with Years and Labour, just risen from a sick Bed, to pull off Hair by Hair the young Horse's Tail. And then he bids a young robust Soldier, to take hold of that of the other feeble Horse, and tear it off all at once. He obeys, and employing his whole Strength draws the Horse backwards, making a hundred fruitless Attempts: For, alas! he might sooner have torn the Beast in Pieces, than accomplish his Design whilst he held the Tail entire. On the other Hand, the old Man, not concern'd at the Strength of the young Horse, dissevering the Hairs, easily performs what he was commanded; Behold then, says the wise and valiant Roman, the true Emblem of the Republick; whilst the People are unanimous and affectionate to one another, they can never become a Prey to Strangers ; but when particular Quarrels and Prejudices render them Enemies to each other, any united Force (tho' never so small) of an Invader that attacks, ruins and subdues them.

Hor.  
Epist. 1.*Quid non proffit rerum Concordia ?*Tacit.  
in Ann.*Boni amici, magnum boni Imperii instrumentum.*Salust. in  
bell. Jug.*Regnum, si boni eritis, firmum ; si mali, imbecillum.  
Nam Concordia parva res crescunt, discordia  
maxima dilabuntur.*

What cannot Concord do ?

Faithful good Friends are fit Instruments to support an Empire.

A Kingdom where the Subjects are good Men, is in it self strong ; but where Bad, weak and tottering : For by Concord small Things grow great and formidable ; by Discord great gradually weaken and decay.

Arti-





*Artizans insenséz des discordes civiles,  
N'accusez point le Ciel, de vos calamitez.  
Vos haines, vos complots, vos partialitez  
Sont les premiers Tyrans qui desolent vos Villes.*

You senseless Workers of the publick Ills,  
Blame not the juster Gods if you're undone.  
Your Plots, your private Feuds, your Country kills;  
You are its Curse, and bring its Ruin on.

O

The

8

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Fifth Picture.

La vraie Amitié est des-intéressée.

**S**IL ny avoit point de contraires, il n'y auroit point de combats; & si les combats cessoient, en mesme temps cesseroit l'emulation & la gloire. C'est pourquoy il faut qu'il se rencontre continuellement des occasions de faillir, afin qu'incessamment ils s'en presente, pour donner de l'exercice à la vertu. En voicy une bien grande & bien commune. C'est d'apporter en toutes nos amitiés, une ame des-intéressée; & ne point faire un sale commerce, d'une chose qui ne doit jamais estre ny achetée ny vendue. L'amour est le prix de l'amour. Quiconque se propose en ayant, une autre fin que d'aimer, viole les plus saintes lois de la nature; & comme un sacrilege abominable, pollue les sanctuaires, renverse les autels, & employe à un usage profane, les choses consacrées au seul service du Dieu de l'union, & de l'amour. Nostre Peintre qui n'ignore pas cette vérité, & qui sçait aussi combien elle est aujourd'hui mesprisée, nous reproche nostre bassesse, nostre corruption, nostre lasciveté; & par la plus infame de toutes les comparaisons, nous veut obliger nous mesme, à concevoir de l'horreur de nostre infamie. Il nous accuse que nous ne sommes amis, qu'autant que nous sommes payez de nostre amitié. Que pour posséder nos affectiuns venales, il n'est nécessaire que d'avoir une bonne bourse; & que les hommes vulgaires sont plus incapables de la belle discipline d'amour, que les bestes les plus lourdes, & les plus stupides ne le sont du noble exercice des chevaux.

True Friendship is disinterested.

**I**F there were no vicious Persons, the Virtuous would not find Trials to distinguish themselves. If no Recompences for the Conqueror, Emulation and Glory would cease. We must therefore not tire in the glorious Pursuit of Virtue. We must endeavour to vanquish our selves in all that we find defective in us. Every sordid Desire or unruly Passion must be subdued. Now then something offers, little known, or at least thought of by the greater Part of Mankind; in all our Friendships we must keep a disinterested Soul, and make not a base Traffick of a Thing, that ought not to be bought nor sold. Love only is the Price of Love; and whosoever proposes in loving, any thing more than to be loved again, violates the most holy Law of Nature; and commits the most abominable Sacrilege, equal to that of polluting Temples, and despoiling Altars, by putting to a prophane Use a Thing sacred to the Service of the God of Unity and Love. Our Painter, well acquainted with this Truth, and sensible how little it is in this Age regarded, does here reproach by an apt Simile all base and mercenary Souls, whom he would this Way reform, comparing such to the most stupid and contemptible of Brutes, the dull Ass, who may as easily be taught to imitate or out-do the noble and docile Horse, as selfish, servile Souls to love sincerely.



Hor. lib. 1. ——— Si cognatos, nullo natura labore  
Satyr. 1. Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, servareque amicos;  
Infelix operam perdas: ut si quis asellum  
In campum doceat parentem currere frenis.

Ovid. 2. Turpe quidem dictu: sed si modo vera fatemur,  
de Pontico. Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.

Can you e're hope to keep your Friends Esteem,  
Whilst you are covetous, and sordid seem?  
No, no, my Friend, it is an idle Thought,  
Like his, who to the Field his Ass once brought;  
Hoping he soon might learn to run the Race,  
Grow fleet, and with the noble Horse keep pace.

It may be thought a Saying too severe,  
But if one would the very Truth declare;  
The Vulgar all their Friendships basely prize  
By what they gain, and know no other Ties.

The



*Le profit est l'objet de l'amitié vulgaire.  
Mais un cœur grand & noble, aime sans intérêt ;  
Et je croy que l'Amour, estant Dieu comme il est,  
N'est usurier, ny mercenaire.*

'Tis Interest only vulgar Friendships binds,  
But Interest has no Place in noble Minds.  
Love is a God, and does disdain  
All base, all fordid Thoughts of Gain.

The

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Sixth Picture.

L'amy ne voit point le deffaut de l'amy.

A true Friend sees not his Friend's Faults.

**C**ELUT-la cognoissoit bien la nature, ou plusost la fatalité de l'amour, qui s'est persuadé que l'amour ne pouvoit estre véritablement amour, s'il n'estoit privé de l'usage des yeux. Nostre Peintre nous l'en-seigne en nous faisant voir dans ce Tableau, un Pere qui tout infortuné qu'il est en sa race, ne laisse pas, par un bien doux & bien nécessaire avenglement, de trouver dans les disgraces de sa famille, non seulement dequoy se consoler, mais dequoy rendre graces aux Dieux. Il la voit au travers de ce bandeau trompeur, que l'amour luy a mis devant les yeux. Il donne de beaux noms à des choses difformes. Il corrige par son affection, les manquements de la nature. Il cherchue en la beauté du visage, dequoy opposer à la difformité de la taille; & rencontre dans une taille bien faite, dequoy recompenfer la laideur du visage. Ce que ce Pere fait pour ses enfans, l'amy le doit faire pour son amy; & croire qu'il viole les loix fondamentales de l'amour, toutes les fois que son jugement envieux, luy fait remarquer quelque defaut en la personne qu'il ayne.

**H**E well knew the Nature, or rather Fatality of Love, who conceived that no Man could be said really to love, who could not in that Respect be truly esteem'd to have lost the Use of his Eyes. Our Painter, to verify this Truth to us, shews us in this Picture a Father, (who tho' most unfortunate in his Children) fails not by a wife and necessary Blindness to find in the Misfortunes of his Family somewhat, not only to console him, but even Occasions of praising God. He looks thro' the Vail with which Love has cover'd his Eyes, and gives soft Names to the Deformities of his Offspring. He amends with Affection what Nature has neglected. He finds in the Beauty of the Face of One of his Sons, somewhat to comfort him for the Deformity of his Body; and in the excellent Shape of another, a Compensation for the Homeliness of the Face. What this Father does by his Children, we ought to do by our Friends, being fully persuaded that we violate all the Laws, and sacred Ties of Love and Friendship, whenever our malicious Natures incline us to be severe, remarking, divulging, or taking Advantage of any the least Imperfection in the Person we pretend to Love and Honour.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Satyr. 3.

*At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici  
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. Strabonem  
Appellat patrum pater: & pullum, male parvus  
Si cui filius est: ut abortivus fuit olim  
Sisyphus, hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum  
Ealbutit scaurum, pravus fultum male talis.  
Parcius hic vivit: frugi dicatur, ineptus,  
Et jactantior hic paulo est: concinnus amicis  
Postulat ut videatur: at est truculentior, atque  
Plus aquo liber: simplex, fortisque habeatur.  
Caldior est: acres inter numaretur opinor,  
Hac res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.*

As Parents Childrens Faults conceal,  
We should our Friends, but ne're reveal.  
He that a Son has got, whose Eyes or Shape  
Is much deform'd, cries, 'Tis a pretty Ape:  
Or if like Sisyphus, untimely he  
Be born a Dwarf, ne're from Diseases free,  
He calls him Chick, and loves him tenderly.  
Is thy Friend covetous and close? beware;  
Say, he's a thrifty Man; and still take care  
Not to expose and blast his Character.  
If he is vain, to boast and brag inclin'd,  
Say, he's a pleasant Man, and Mirth design'd:  
If he is rude, morose, and apt to rave,  
Say, he's a downright Friend, and very brave.  
If he be humorous, then applaud his Wit.  
This I do think a Friend will keep or get.

Ibidem.

*vitii nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,  
Qui minimis urgetur.*

For no Man e're was born from Failings free;  
He perfect is, in whom the fewest be.

L'AMOUR



*L'amour porte un bandeau, seul pareil à soy mesme.  
On ne voit au travers, rien qui ne semble beau.  
Quiconque veut aymer, doit porter ce bandeau ;  
Et trouver tout parfait en la chose. qu'il ayme.*

Love wears a Veil, thro' which all Things appear }  
Bright as himself, for Love makes all Things fair ; }  
He that would Love, this useful Veil must wear. }  
So ravish'd, view the lovely she,  
And all Perfections in her see.

P

The

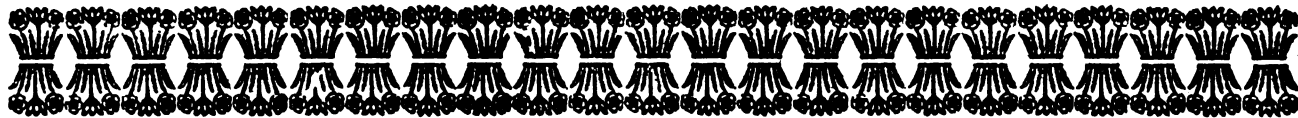
## The Explanation of the Seven and Twentieth Picture.

Respecte ton amy : Et prend garde a toy.

Respect your Friend, but take Care of your self.

**C** E Tableau devoit estre tiré du lieu ou il est, pour estre attaché par tous les carrefours ; dans les Palais de tous les Roys ; & en tous les autres lieux ou les hommes ont coustume de s'assembler. Car de tous les vices dont la société civile est infectée, le plus pernicieux & le plus frequent, est celuy que le Peintre nous represente sous le visage malicieux de ces curieux impertinents. Cet amour propre qui nous oste l'usage des yeux toutes les fois que nous avons besoin de les tourner sur nous mesmes ; & qui nous rend des Argus lors que nous avons à traiter avec les autres ; est l'irreconciliable ennemy de la parfaite amitié. Vous voyez ces trois perfides amis qui penetrent jusque dans le fond du cœur de leur amy, pour en arracher le plus secret de ses crimes, ce sont des monstres que la nature a formez en sa cholere ; & qui meritent d'estre cruellement chastiez, comme des violateurs de la Religion ; ou si vous voulez, comme des traistrès, qui feignent les zelés pour la liberté de leur patrie, & qui cependant traittent avec les estrangiers pour les en rendre maistres.

**H**IS Picture should be taken from the Place where it now is, to be hung up in Kings Palaces, and all other publick Places, where Men usually assemble. For of all the Vices, with which civil Society is infected, the most pernicious, but most frequent One is, what the Painter here represents under the malicious Countenances of these curious Impertinents. This Self-love, which deprives us of the Use of our Eyes, whenever we turn them inward upon our selves, and renders us as clear-sighted as *Argus* in judging of others, is a most destructive Enemy of true Friendship. You see there three perfidious Villains, who under the Pretence of Friendship, are diving into the very Bottom of their Friend's Secrets ; that having discovered his whole Heart, they may the more entirely ruin him. These are the Monsters, that Nature form'd in her Anger, who deserve as cruel Treatment as those Traitors that feign a mighty Zeal for the Liberty of their Country, and at the same Time treat with Strangers to betray it.



Hor. lib 1.  
Sat. 3. *Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,  
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,  
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi con-*  
[ tra. *Evenit, inquirant vitia in tua rursus & illi.*

Terent.  
Heautont. *Ita comparata est hominum natura,  
Aliena melius ut videant & judicent, quam sua.*

Perf.  
Satyr. 4. *Sic nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo :  
At precedentis spectatur mantica tergo.*

— *Ne curetis,  
Ædibus in nostris qua prava aut recta gerantur.*

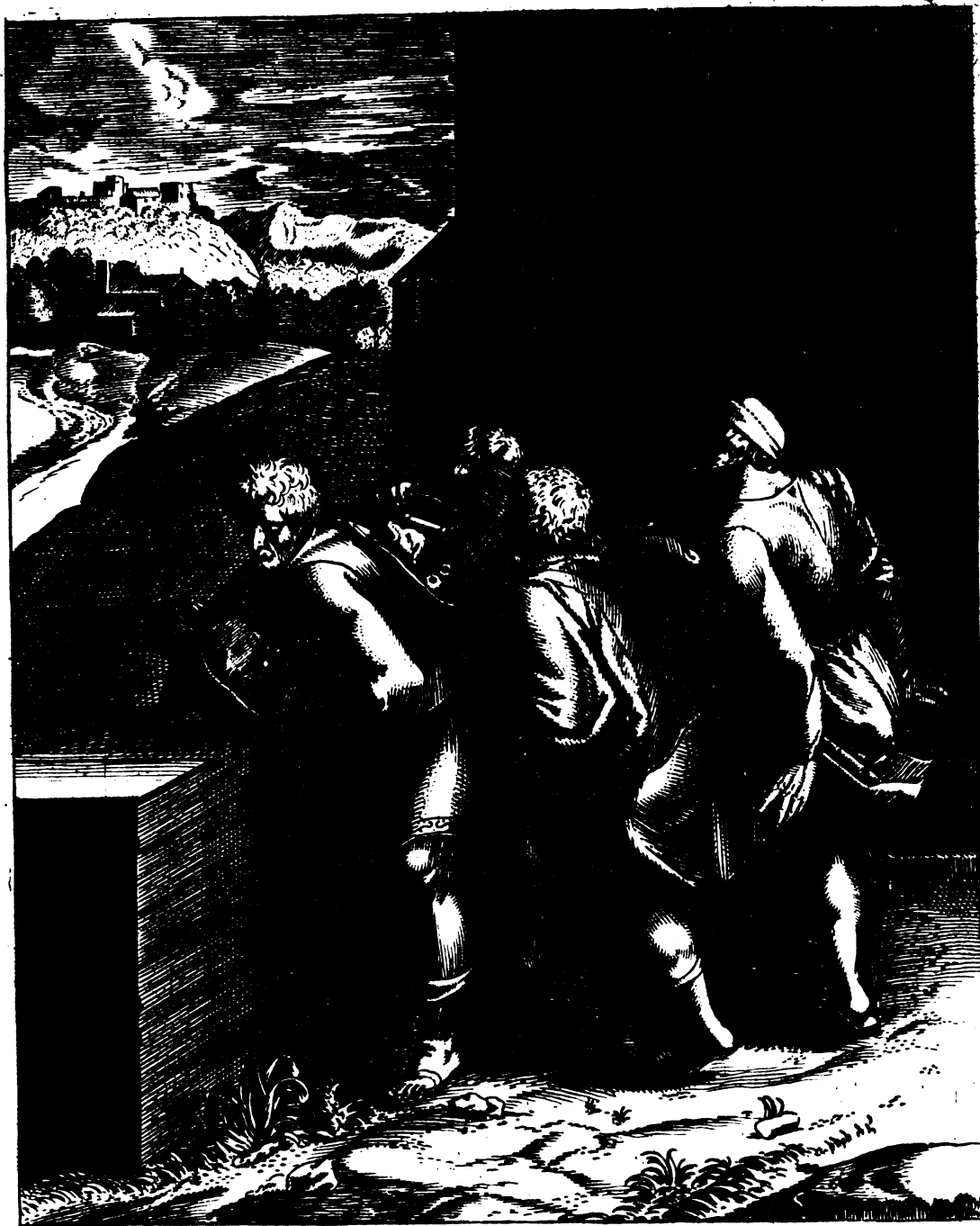
Of thy own Faults insensible and blind,  
Thy Friend's Defects, so soon, how can'st thou find?  
The Eagle's and the Serpent's piercing Eyes,  
By thine's out-done ; thine every Thought descries.  
Go on, and glut thy Soul, thy Friends abuse ;  
But know, with you they'll the same freedom use.

Such is Man's Nature, that he can better see into  
and judge of other Men's Affairs, than his own.

Into himself no Man attempts to pry ;  
Nor is there One that is not curious to descry  
What's in his Budget that before him goes.

— Pray do not criticise upon,  
Or mind what in my House is done.

Doux



*Doux & traistres censeurs, Amis à deux visages,  
Qui croyez fausement, que tout vous est permis ;  
Cognoissez vos deffauts : & si vous estes sages,  
Vous serez indulgeants a ceux de vos amis.*

You Censurers, who double Faces wear,  
Basely traduce your Friends, and no Man spare.  
View rather your own Lives, your Actions try ;  
And if your're wise, you'll pass their Failings by.  
The

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Eighth Picture.

Le Silence est la vie de l'Amour.

**I**L est quelquefois juste que l'amy parle librement à son amy, mais il ne l'est presque jamais, que l'amy parle librement de son amy. Si la première loy d'amour, c'est d'aymer, & la seconde d'avoir bonne opinion de son amy, la troisième est infailliblement comme aux mysteres de ces anciennes Religions, voir, ouïr & se taire. Car il n'y a rien qui soit si propre à conserver l'amitié, que ce respectueux silence, qui nous fait garder dans le cœur, tout ce que nous savons de nos amis. Le Peintre nous represente cette verité, par la figure du Dieu du silence, qui tousjours muët, & tousjours maistre de soy, commande à toutes les passions qui peuvent troubler, ou le repos des ames, ou l'harmonie de la parfaite amitié. S'il a des aïsses, c'est pour tesmoigner qu'il emprunte son activité de l'amour, & que nous eslevant de l'affection des creatures à celle du Createur, il peut porter nos cœurs jusque dans ce Temple Eternel, ou nous devons devenir les véritables adorateurs de ce véritable Dieu, qui en toutes ses operations, conserve un silence perpetuel, je veux dire le repos immuable de sa nature bien-heureuse.

Silence is the Life of Friendship.

**I**T is sometimes requisite that a Friend should speak freely to his Friend, but hardly ever, that he should speak freely of his Friend. If the first Law of Love is to love; and the Second to have a good Opinion of his Friend, the Third infallibly is, what was practised in the Mysteries of the ancient Religions, to see, hear, and be silent. For there is nothing so proper to preserve Friendship, as this respectful Silence, which treasures up Secrets and keeps them inviolable.

The Painter represents this Truth to us, by the Picture of the God of Silence, who always mute, and always Master of himself, commands all the Passions that are used to discompose either the Repose of Souls, or the Harmony of a perfect Friendship. If he has Wings, it is to shew he lends Activity to Love, and raises our Affections to the Creator; that he carries our Hearts even into that eternal Temple, where we are made sincere Worshippers of the true God, who in all his Works conserves a perpetual Silence; or rather that immutable Repose which suits the Divine Nature.



Hor. lib. 3. *Est & fidei tuta silentio Merces.*  
Od. 2.

Lib. 1. *Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam :*  
Epist. 18. *Commissumque teget, & vino tortus, & ira.*

Cato lib. 1. *Virtutem primam esse puta, compescere linguam :*  
Distich. *Proximus ille Deo est, qui scit ratione tacere.*

Silence is always rewarded.

In Secrets never pry : Nor what thou know'st dif-  
[close :  
Tho' Wine and Anger urge, yet don't thy Friend  
[expose.

The chiefest Proof of Virtue, is to refrain and  
curb the Tongue. He is almost a God, who  
knows when to be silent.

Le





*Le silence est un bien suprême.  
C'est la vertu du sage ; & celle d'un amant :  
Qui ne parle que rarement  
N'offense jamais ce qu'il aime.*

Hail, Silence, good Supreme, chief Excellence  
In the Brave, Lover, and best Proof of Sense.  
The Wise ne're let their Tongues their Thoughts  
He seldom will offend, who will but little say. [betray.  
Q The

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Ninth Picture.

Le Silence est la vie de l'Amour.

VOICÏ dans un mesme Tableau deux supplices bien cruels. Mais c'est ne pas conoistre la difference des peines, que de les comparer l'un à l'autre. L'execrable invention de l'inhumain Perille, estonne les courages les plus assurez; & c'est tout ce que nostre philosophie peut faire, que de donner à ses Sectateurs assez de fermeté, pour entendre sans effroy, les mugissements, qui sortent par les organes de ce Bœuf artificiel, des Innocents malheureux qui brulent tous vifs dans son ventre. Cependant si vous considerez ce monstre si hideux, si devorant, & si ennemy de tout le genre humain qu'il est contraint de se manger le cœur, quand il ne peut trouver sur qui assouvir sa rage; vous avouerez avec moy, que c'est le plus redoutable, & les plus horrible des supplices. En effet les serpens qui servent de cheveux à ce demon, la faim enragée qui le devore, & la cruauté qui ensanglante ses lèvres noires & livides, ne sont que des crayons commencez, & des images imparfaites des tortures que souffrent ces ames inhumaines & brutales, que les prosperitez de leurs amis font entrer en fureur; & qui portent le fer, & le feu dans toutes les familles bienheureuses.

Silence is the Life of Friendship.

BEHOLD, in the same Piece are represented Two cruel Tortures. How different their Pains are we can only know by comparing the One with the other. The execrable Invention of the inhuman *Perillus* daunts the Beholders; and 'tis as much as our Philosopher can do to inspire his Spectators with Courage enough to look on, whilst Fancy fills their Ears with imaginary Sounds of the Bellowings and dreadful Cries sent forth from the Organs of this artificial Bull, by the unfortunate Innocents, who are supposed to be burning alive in its Belly. Notwithstanding all this, if you consider the other hideous Monster Envy, the devouring profess'd Enemy of all Mankind, who preys upon her own Vitals, when she cannot find ought else to satisfy her Rage; you will confess with me, her Tortures are the most terrible and painful of the Two. — The Serpents which spring from her Head as Hair; the insatiate Hunger that seems to devour her; the Cruelty that appears in her Face; her bloody, black and livid Jaws, are but the Out-Lines and imperfect Images of the Tortures those inhuman brutish Souls feel, whom even their Friends Prosperity puts into a Frenzy; who constantly, wherever they gain Admittance, bring into all unhappy Families, Distraction, Ruin and Confusion.



Hor. lib. 1. *Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis:*  
Epist. 2. *Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni*  
*Tormentum majus.*

Sil. lib. 17. *O dirum exitium! o nihil unquam*  
*Crescere, nec patiens magnas exurgere laudes*  
*Invidia.*

At their Friends Wealth, the envious still lament;  
No Tyrant e're could Pains like theirs invent,  
To which compared, the Rack's no Punishment.

— Oh! horrid Envy, that can't bear to see  
That any Thing should thrive, or happy be.

L'art



*L'art d'aimer est un art le plus beau de la vie.  
Qui le pratique bien peut se rendre immortel.  
Mais pour devenir tel,  
Il faut avoir vaincu le monstre de l'envie.*

No Art's more excellent than loving well :  
And he that well does practise it, shall be  
Sure of a glorious Immortality :  
But he must first the Monster Envy quell.

The

## The Explanation of the Thirtieth Picture.

Qui a le neccessaire, n'a rien a souhaïter.

He that enjoys the Necessaries of Life, has nothing more to wish for.

**E**LUT la fut véritablement digne de la gloire, que les meilleurs siècles luy ont donnée, qui nous a le premier enseigné que la souffrance faisoit la moitié de la vertu, & que l'autre consistoit en l'abstinence. Notre Peintre instruit en l'école de ce grand Philosophe, nous esleale les images, & nous propose les emblèmes de cette importante verité. Il a satisfait aux deux grandes & principales loix de la Nature : c'est à dire qu'il nous a montré ce que nous devons à Dieu, & ce que nous devons à nos semblables. Maintenant il nous instruit de ce que nous sommes obligez de nous rendre à nous mesme ; & produit à nos yeux, le visage severe, mais magnanime de l'abstinence. Par la il veut nous faire cognoître qu'il ny a rien qui nous destache si puissamment de la servitude des vices, que la resistance que nous apportons aux charmes, & aux sollicitations dont ils ont accoustumé de vaincre nos ames par l'intelligence de nos sens. Regardez bien ce Sage, qui mesurant à sa soif, ce qu'il faut pour l'esteindre, porte un petit vase en une petite fontaine ; & y recevant goutte à goutte la liqueur qu'elle verse sans aucun mélange de sable & de limon, se desaltiere aussi pleirement, que s'il avoit bu dans les sources mesme du Gange & de l'Euphrate. Mais ne desfournez pas si viste les yeux de dessus cette peinture. Vous n'en avez encore vu qu'une partie. Considerez ce loingtain qui se perd parmy des precipices inaccesibles, & des rochers effroyables ; & vous y verrez un ennemy de l'abstinence, emporté par la violence d'un torrent, qu'il pouvoit, s'il eust voulu, facilement éviter. Mais ce pauvre fou, qui dans les écoles du monde a receu cette pernicieuse doctrine, qu'il n'y a que les petits esprits qui se contentent d'une petite fortune ; s'est persuadé qu'il luy falloit un fleuve tout entier pour estre delivré de son alteration. C'est aussi pour ce sujet qu'il s'est imprudemment engagé dans les perils où il se perd ; & pour ne s'estre pas voulu contenter du peu qui suffisoit à sa conservation. Il a recherché le trop, qui au lieu de luy oster la soif, luy oste l'esperance & la vie.

that nothing less than a super-abundance of all Things is able to make a Man happy. Thus he thought nothing but a whole entire Flood could suffice to quench his Thirst ; and therefore imprudently engaged in Difficulties and Dangers in which he perishes ; and not contented with that little which would have sufficed for his Conservation, seeks that Superfluity, that instead of only quenching his Thirst, deprives him both of Hopes and Life.

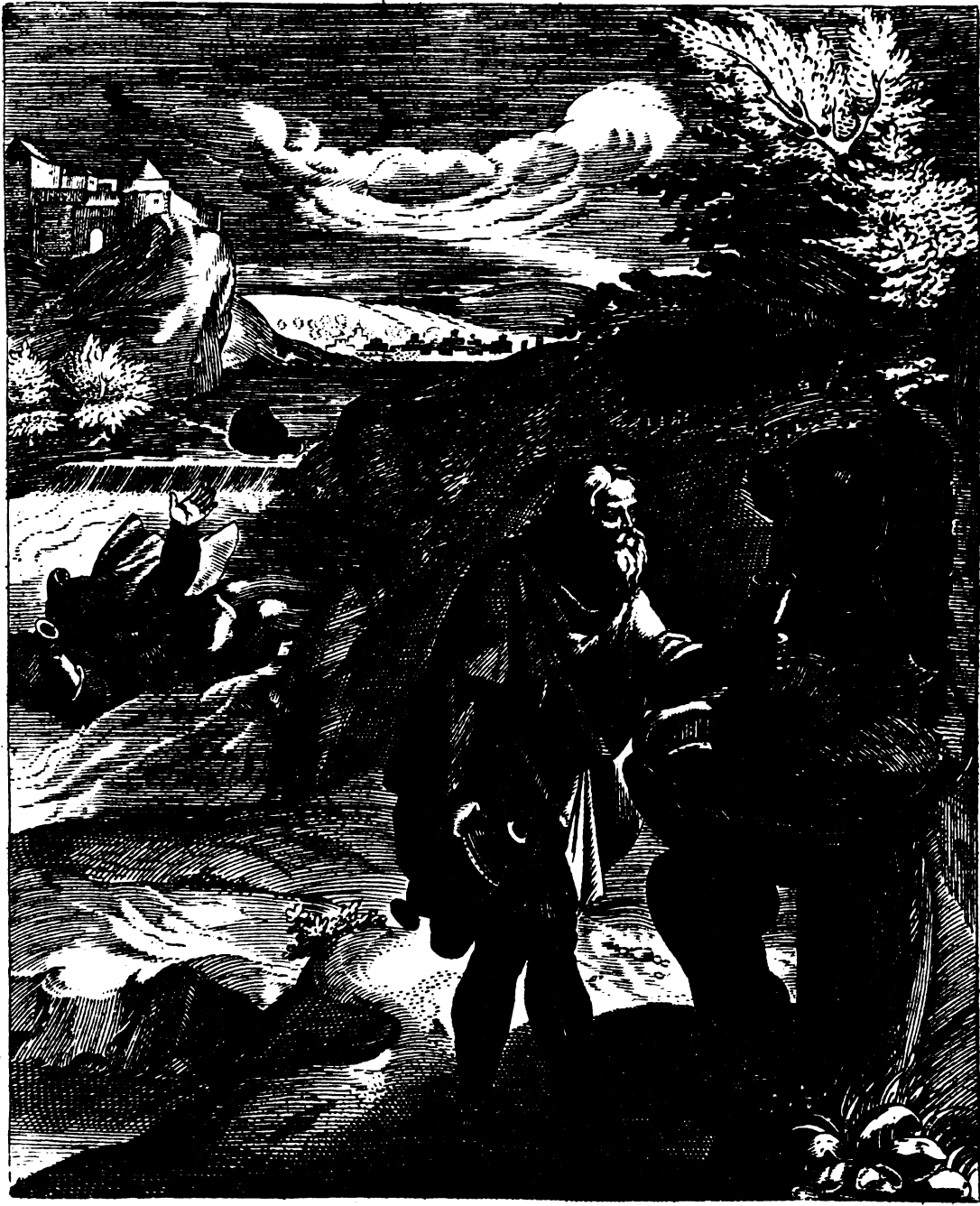
**R**ULY worthy of the Honour the best Ages gave him, was that great Man, who first taught Mankind that Patience makes one half of Virtue, and Temperance the other. Our Painter educated in the School of this eminent Philosopher, shews us by Images and Emblems of Things, this important Truth. He has explain'd to us the Two chief and principal Laws of Nature, inform'd us what we owe first to God, and next to our Neighbour ; he now proceeds to instruct us what we are obliged to do for our selves ; setting before us the severe but magnanimous Face of Abstinence, desirous to convince us, that to deny our selves a too great Indulgence of our Appetites is the most ready Way to free us from the Tyranny of all Vices. For the most powerful Charms with which Vice vanquishes our Souls, are generally those that hold Intelligence with our Senses, and delude the Sight, Taste, and Touch ; enchant the Understanding by the Ear, and distill the poisonous Pleasures into our Blood, whilst Wine and costly Diet continue the Flame that consumes us. Consider attentively the Reverend Old Man, who measuring his Thirst by what is only necessary to quench it, carries a little Earthen Pitcher to a small Fountain, and receives Drop by Drop, the lovely Water that distills from it, unmix'd with Clay and Dross ; and departs as well satisfied as if he had drank at the Head-Source of Ganges or Euphrates. But, hold, turn not away your Eyes from this Picture, you have seen but the one half of what it contains : Behold, a distant Prospect of Mountains mix'd with Rocks and dreadful Precipices, where one would believe Men would not dare to go ; there you will see an Enemy of Temperance, born away by a Torrent, which, if he had pleas'd, he might with Ease have avoided. This is one of those Fools, who in the infatuated Crowd had learn'd that pernicious Maxim, That none but mean Souls are contented with a small Fortune ;



Hor. lib. 1. Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquis,  
Satyr. 1. Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris ?  
Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna,  
Vel cyatho : & dicas, magno de flumine mallem,  
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. Eo fit,  
Plenior ut si quos deleat copia iusto,  
Cum ripa simul nullus ferat Aufidus boer.  
At qui tantuli eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo  
Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in undis.

4

I know not why you should your Granary prefer  
Before my little Store, or Flagon to my Jar ;  
For if a Cup you'd fill, the little Stream hard by,  
Would better than yon mighty Flood your Want  
[supply.  
Mistaken those who Superfluity do prize ;  
And nought but a whole River, or a Sea suffice  
To quench their raging Thirst, drown'd in the ra-  
[pid Stream,  
Aufidus rowling, bears away the Banks and Them ;  
Whilst those who covet only what's enough, secure,  
Taste all the Sweets of Life, drink all their Water  
[pure  
Dan.



*Dans l'heureuse cabane ou la paille me couvre,  
 Je goûte des plaisirs qui sont bannis du Louvre,  
 Et préfère mon sort, au sort mesme des Rois.  
 Ne desirant que peu, j'ay ce que je desire.  
 Et trouve que j'ay fait un choix,  
 Plus grand & plus beau que l'Empire,  
 Pour qui mille Tyrans ont destruit mille loix.*

In the blest quiet Cottage where the Thatch alone  
 Does shrowd my Head, I Pleasures taste to Kings  
 unknown ;  
 And would prefer my humble Mansion to a Throne.  
 Asking not much, I all I ask possess,  
 And find the Way of Life I've chose,  
 More solid Joys than Crowns bestows,  
 Which Tyrants buy with Loss of Happiness.

R

The

## The Explanation of the One and Thirtieth Picture.

La Temperance est le souverain bien.

Temperance is the sovereign Good.

**M**ARCHONS doucement ; & estudions des preceptes qui nous sont si necessaires. Le Tableau qui s'offre à nos yeux ne merite pas moins d'attention que le precedent. Il nous represente l'image de cette magnanime frugalité, dont les premiers Philosophes ont composé la beatitude du siecle d'or. Admirez avec moy, je vous prie, ce couple bien heureux qui tout mortel qu'il est, s'est eslevé par sa propre vertu, à la condition mesme des Dieux. Il nous tesmoigne par son action qu'il a besoin de si peu de chose, que je ne diray rien avec exageration, quand je diray, qu'il a miraculeusement surmonté les necessitez de la vie ; & par son abstinence trouvé l'art de s'affranchir de la miserable servitude, ou la nature purement humaine, a de tout temps esté condamnée. Vous le voyez aussi dans une tranquillité qui n'est troublée, ny par les maladies de l'ame, ny par les dereglemens du corps. Il vit sur la terre, de la mesme sorte que l'on vit dans le Ciel. Les Passions n'ozent l'approcher ; & les regardant de loin, comme si elles estoient devenues elles mesmes, jalouses de sa félicité, confessent à la gloire de l'abstinence, que les temperants sont d'une espece beaucoup plus noble que ne sont communement les hommes ; & qu'à mesure que nous nous retranchons, ou le desir, ou l'usage des biens qui perissent ; nous nous mettons en possession de ceux qui sont eternels.

**L**ET us move gently on, and well consider the Precepts that are so necessary for us to remember : The Picture that here offers it self to our Eyes, merits no less Attention than the Precedent ; it represents to us in a lively Manner, that magnanimous Frugality, in which the Philosophers of former Ages conceived the Felicity of the Golden Age to consist. Admire with me, I beg you, this happy Pair, who, tho' mortal, are by their own Virtue raised to be almost equal with the Gods themselves. They seem to witness to us by their chearful Countenances, that they are so far from wanting any Thing the World can give, that I come short of Truth, when I tell you, they have surmounted miraculously the Necessities of this Life : and by a noble Self-denial found the Art of being, in a manner, freed from that miserable Slavery to which human Nature is generally subjected by Passion and Appetite. Behold, they appear in a Tranquillity uninterrupted by Disorders of the Mind, or Diseases of the Body. They live upon Earth, after the same Manner as they will in Heaven. Vice and Passion dare not approach them, but stand gazing afar off, as if even they were become (not only envious but) Admirers of their Happiness ; and refuse not to confess, to the Honour of Abstinence, that temperate Persons are much nobler, and far above the rest of the World. Like them, we by restraining our Passions and Desires, by contemning Riches and Honours here below, may become Heirs to, and Possessors of Pleasures that will never End nor Cloy ; and Treasures exceeding all our Wishes, such as Time cannot take from us, but will continue ours to all Eternity.

Hor. lib. 4. *Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum  
Od. 16. Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,  
Nec leveis somnos timor, aut cupido  
Sordidus aufert.*

Lib. 1. *Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus.  
Epist. 12. Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis, nil  
Divitia poterunt regales addere majus.*

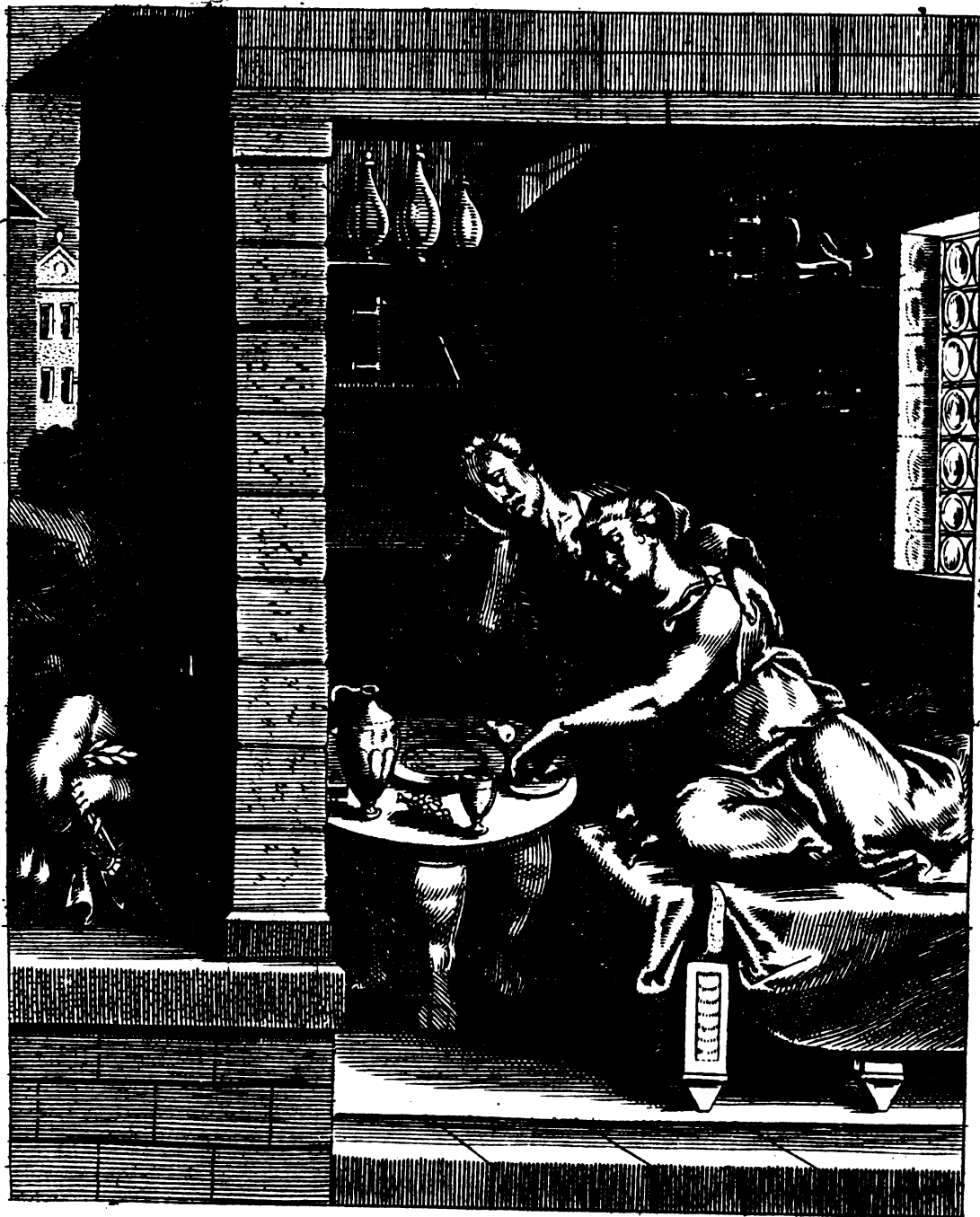
Lib. 1. *Modò, sit mihi mensa tripes, &  
Satyr. 3. Concha salis puri, & toga, qua defendere frigus,  
Quamvis crassa, queat.*

He's only blest, who in his humble State  
Content, his Table graces with no Plate ;  
But the bright Salt his honest Father left,  
By neither Fears nor Cares of Sleep bereft.

He that a Competency has, and knows  
Well how to use what bounteous Heav'n bestows,  
Can't be accounted poor : If thou hast Food  
And Cloaths for use, not rich, but clean and good,  
What more could Empire give. If you decline  
At Feasts to eat, and chuse on Herbs to dine,  
And are content ; you could enjoy no more,  
If Fate with Mines of Gold increas'd your  
[Score.]

Give me, says he, to hold my Salt a Shell ;  
A Little Table with Three Legs ; a Cell ;  
A Coat that's warm, not fine, and fits me well ;

Tem-



*Temperance heroïque & sainte,  
Quiconque te loge en son cœur ;  
Peut se vanter qu'il est vainqueur  
De l'esperance & de la crainte.*

Blest Temperance, Virtue divine,  
He that does lodge thee in his Breast,  
A Conqueror o'er Vice shall shine,  
By neither Hopes or Fears oppress'd.

The

## The Explanation of the Two and Thirtieth Picture.

Qui ayme sa condition, est heureux.

He that is happy in his own Opinion, is really so.

PERSONNE n'ignore la fable de Philemon & de Baucis. Elle est peinte dans toutes les Galeries. Elle l'est dans toutes les memoires. Mais peu sçavent l'intention de ces anciens Philosophes qui l'ont les premiers inventée. Les communs Mytologistes se persuadent que c'est un portrait des recompences de l'Hospitalité; & veulent par la grandeur ou sont eslevez ces deux pauvres viellars, apprendre aux hommes, d'estre perpetuellement charitables, & donner au moins leur bonne volonté, si la fortune ne leur permet pas de donner avantage. De moy je vay plus avant; & vous declare que la pensée des anciens Theologiens a pour son obiet en cette agreable feinte, la recomandation de l'abstinence, & la splendeur des couronnes qui luy sont assurées. Tous les Hospitaliers n'ont pas tousiours des Dieux dans leurs logis. Mais les temperants les ont tousiours en leur compagnie. Qui supporte sa mauvaise fortune sans murmure. Qui rend grâces aux Dieux, des incomoditez de sa condition, & de telles de sa viellese. Qui s'abstient mesme des petites choses que ses soins innocens luy ont acquises. C'est luy la seul attire les Dieux de leur sejour eternal; & les oblige de se communiquer a luy. Ils le visitent. Ils le respectent. Ils recoivent avec joye, tout ce qu'il leur presente de son cœur, aussi bien que de ses mains; & l'associent au partage de leur gloire, ils ne l'abandonnent point, qu'ils ne l'ayent revestu de ce sacerdoce Royal & perpetuel, par le ministere duquel decoulent sur la nature humaine, les graces & les privileges de la condition divine.

PERSONNE any Person is ignorant of the fabulous History of *Philemon and Baucis*. The Painters of all Nations have employ'd their Art and Pencils to represent the beloved Story: And the learned Poets have blest almost every Language with the pleasing Tale; but very few are perfectly acquainted with the true Meaning and Design of the ancient Sages, who were the Inventors of it. The common Mytologists are of Opinion, that it is a Representation of Recompence given to Hospitality. The Grandeur to which these poor Cottagers are raised at last, they believe design'd to induce Mankind in Hopes of Reward, to be generous and charitable to Strangers. And if adverse Fortune permits not to give largely, yet (at least like this Hospitable Couple) to give what they are able, Bread and a kind Welcome, instead of Dainties. My Opinion is, that there is yet something more contain'd in this agreeable Fable. The ancient Historian, doubtless, design'd in it to recommend to us the noble Virtue of Temperance, by which we are enabled to be bountiful to others, and shall not fail of immortal Rewards our selves. All Men have not had the Honour of entertaining Cœlestial Beings; but the Temperate have the Gods always in their Company. He who supports ill Fortune without Murmuring; who can render Thanks to God even for Disappointments and Poverty, not complaining of the Incommodities of old Age; and abstains from all Excess even in those little

Things that his innocent Industry has acquired, desiring nothing more than Necessaries for Life; it is he only whom the Gods vouchsafe to visit and converse withal. For him they quit their Heavenly Mansions; him they love and honour, and willingly accept whatever he presents; and in Return, ere they depart, like God's Reward, create him their High-Priest, and grace him with an Understanding suitable to that great Employ, by which he becomes a Sharer of the Glory and Wisdom of that Divine Being, by whom he is thus cherish'd and honour'd.



Hor. lib. 4.  
Od. 9.  
*Non possidentem multa, vocaveris  
Rectè beatum, rectius occupat  
Nomen beati, qui Deorum  
Muneribus sapienter uti  
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.  
Non ille pro caris, amicis  
Aut patria, timidus perire.*

'Tis wrong that Men should call him blest,  
Who Lands and Store of Gold has got;  
He's only so, who is possess'd  
Of Sense to use what is his Lot.  
Whose noble Soul his Fortune does excel,  
And Talent is to manage all Things well.

He that can Poverty endure,  
And Death it self prefer to Shame:  
This Man his Country to secure,  
Or Friend, less Fond of Life than Fame,  
Will bravely in their just Defence engage,  
Fight till he dies, and nobly quit the Stage.

Le





*Le mépris des grandeurs, de la pompe, & du bruit ;  
Et le repos obscur d'une innocente vie ;  
Ont ce couple sacré jusqu'au Trône conduit.  
La gloire est comme l'ombre. Elle suit qui la suit ;  
Et fuit ceux dont elle est suivie.*

Contempt of Greatness, Noise, and Show,  
The harmless, quiet Life they lead,  
This sacred Couple crowns below,  
And makes them great before they're dead.  
Glory's a Shadow, if pursued it flies,  
And follows him, that Honour does despise.

The

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Third Picture.

La vie des Champs est la vie des Heros.

**N**OUS venons de cognoître combien sont rares, & combien sont desirables, ces biens spirituels que nous recevons de la frugalité. Contemplons tout à nostre aise, ceux qui tombent sous les sens, & qui peuvent estre, ou vus, ou touchés. Ce sont les felicités de la vie des champs, & les travaux délicieux qui composent la destinée bien-heureuse de ceux qui loin de la cour & du grand monde, goustent sur la terre cette profonde tranquillité, qu'à peine les ambitieux se figurent dans le Ciel. Ne vous persuadez pas que ce labourer se plaigne du travail, qu'il est obligé de partager avec ses bœufs. Sa peine luy est un repos. Sa tâche un divertissement, & un jeu; & à la fin de la journée, son corps ne se trouve pas plus fatigué que son esprit. Le Vigneron qui l'accompagne, & que possible vous estimez malheureux, pour ce que vous n'êtes pas tout à fait guéris de l'intemperance, ne reçoit pas une moindre satisfaction. Il marie les vignes aux ormeaux, & fait cette alliance avec tant de joye, que si nostre Peintre avoit le don de faire parler les images, nous entendrions cet innocent bien-heureux, rendre grâces au Ciel des douceurs de sa condition. En effect ceux la sont véritablement heureux qui se possèdent tous entiers, & qui desirant peu, possèdent tout ce qu'ils desirent; & non pas ceux que nous voyons dans un lointain, armez de fer & de feu, se porter comme bestes enragées, à la destruction les uns des autres.

Painter the Art to make his Figures speak, we should now hear this happy Peasant rendering Thanks to Heaven for the Felicity of his Condition. For know, those only are truly happy, who with Innocency enjoy what Heaven bestows; who desiring but few Things, possess all Things they wish for; And none more curs'd than those the distant Prospect shows us, who arm'd with Fire and Sword, behaving themselves like enraged Beasts, destroy one another; and not contented with the Condition they were born to, strive to acquire more unjustly, and so meet the wretched Fate they merit.

A Country Life is preferable to all others.

**W**E are now inform'd how excellent and desirable the spiritual Advantages are which we shall gain by a temperate and frugal Life. Let us now see what sensual Satisfaction it brings. If the Senses of Man can here be gratify'd, if Retirement suits best with Nature, and fresh Air and plain Diet be more agreeable than Noise, Excess and Grandeur; see here the Charms of a Country Life. 'Tis this alone will make you blest'd. The sweet, the delicious innocent Employments and Pleasures that there every sweet Season brings! Happy the Fate of those, who far from Courts and all the numerous Inconveniences that attend them, taste in the cool Shades, that charming Tranquillity of Soul, and Pleasures which the Ambitious promise to themselves (but in vain) in the Possession of Empires. Fancy not that the Labourer complains of the Toils he here seems to share with his Oxen: Labour is to him delightful; he applies himself to it as a Diversion, and at the End of the Day finds his Body and Mind rather refresh'd than tired. The Husbandman that accompanies him, who possibly you may imagine less happy, believe me, receives not less Satisfaction in his Employ than the Plowman: With a secret Joy he joins the circling Vine to the young Elms; and makes this Alliance with more Eagerness and Pleasure, than others (less wise) conquer Kingdoms. Had our



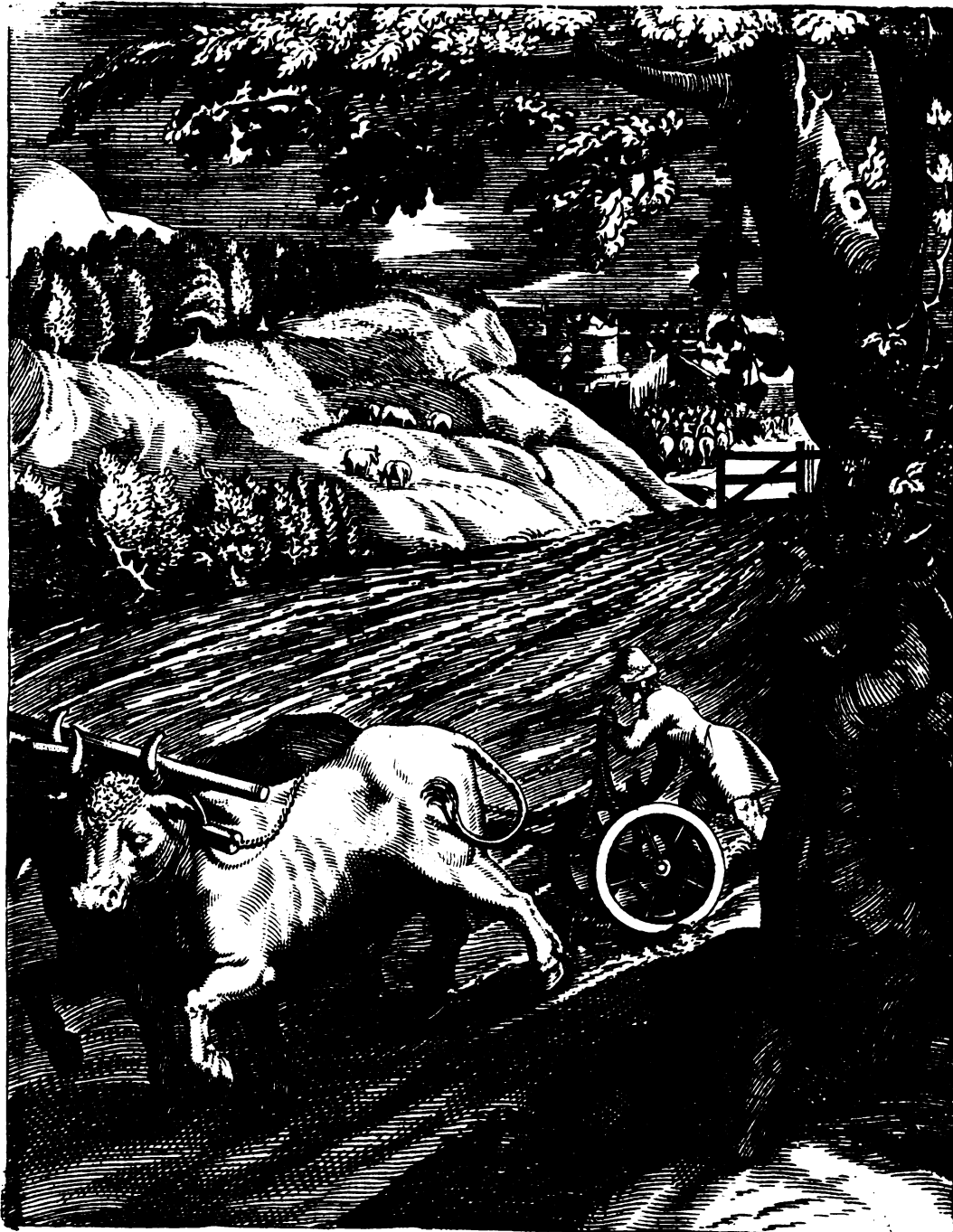
Hor. lib. 1. *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,*  
Epod. od. *Ut prisca gens mortalium,*  
2. *Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,*  
*Solutus omni fenore:*  
*Nec excitatur classico miles truci,*  
*Nec horret iratum mare,*  
*Forumque vitat, & superba civium*  
*Potentiorum limina.*

Virgil. 2. *O fortunatos istum! sua si bona norint*  
Georg. *Agricolae, quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis*  
*Fundit humi facilem victum justissima tellus:*

Happy the Man, and only blest'd,  
Who of paternal Lands possess'd:  
From Debts and Business free, does live,  
Nor Interest to the Miser give.  
Sees that his Servants plow his Fields and Fence,  
And lives like Man in his first Innocence.  
No dreadful Trumpet breaks his Sleep,  
Nor will he trust the faithless Deep.  
The brawling Bar, and Noise he ever flies;  
Nor fawning courts the Great, or cares to rise.

Oh, happy, happy Swains! if they but knew  
Their Blifs, to whom kind Ceres grants  
A safe Retreat, and all that Nature wants;  
Secur'd where clashing Arms do ne're pursue.

Vante



*Vante qui vaudra les Citoz,  
Ou les mortals comme enchantez,  
Tiennent pour des grandeurs, leur contraintes servilles.  
Pour moy j'ayme les champs. Car j'y voy des beau-  
[tez  
Que l'on ne voit point dans les Villes.*

4

A City Life let who will chuse,  
And stay, where Men their Freedom lose.  
Mortals methinks enchanted there appear,  
And base Constraint to Liberty prefer.  
I love the open Fields, where Joys abound,  
That can't in busy Courts and Crowds be found.

The

## The Explanation of the Four and Thirtieth Picture.

La vie cachee est la meilleure.

A retired Life is the best.

**S** I c'estoit assez d'estre content, pour estre vraiment beureux, nostre Peintre n'ajouteroit pas ce Tableau aux quatre precedants. Mais il nous declare qu'en ce luy-cy, il acheve ce qu'il n'avoit qu'esbauché dans les autres. Il nous a communiqué les avantages, & les douceurs que goustent les temperants. Il veut maintenant leur apprendre, que pour estre parfaitement beureux, ils doivent cognoistre leur bon-beur; & le regoustant, s'il est permis de parler ainsi, par la reflexion, & par la memoire, faire de cet estude, le principal, & le plus assidu exercice de leur vie. C'est pourquoy il nous peint un parfait Temperant dans le fond d'une valée obscure & solitaire. Par son action arresee & meditante, il nous tesmoigne les speculations de son ame: & semble nous dire qu'examinant sa vie passee, il tâche de decouvrir dans le fond de son cœur, s'il ne s'est point egaré de ce milieu, qu'il s'est proposé, comme le terme de ses actions; & si ces mesmes actions respondent bien au niveau, par la justesse duquel il a dessein de les regler. Pour nous autres qui ne sommes pas dans cet examen, portons nos yeux de tous costez, & voyons soigneusement ce qui se passe au dessus de luy. Voicy des roches bien haut eslevez. Mais ils sont emportez par la violence des tonneres. Voicy des tours d'une excessive hauteur. Mais le teste sera bien tost au dessus des fondements. Voicy des Pins qui portent insolamment leurs points jusque dans le Ciel. Mais ils sont arrachez par les racines; & servent de but à la cholere des vents. Tous ces spectacles superbes & funestes, sont autant d'enseignemens que la nature nous donne, pour nous faire éviter les excez, & pour nous obliger à croire qu'une grande ambition est un grand mal; & que les intemperances d'esprit ne sont pas moins criminelles que celles du corps.

**I**F to be really happy we need only to be contented, our Painter would not add this Picture to the Four precedent; but in this he finishes what he has only touched on in them. He has communicated to us the Advantages and Satisfactions the Temperate enjoy; but now he informs us, that to be compleatly happy, it is absolutely necessary that we are truly sensible of our good Fortune; that we are hourly reflecting upon the Providences and Bounty of Heaven, and calling to Mind what Blessings we have formerly and do at present possess, whilst others are wretched and miserable; and that we should next turn our Eyes inward, and examine what Returns we have made to God. This ought to be the principal Study and Business of our Lives. For this Reason our Painter represents a Man of consummate Virtue, fitting in the Bottom of a lonely obscure Valley. Silent he seems, and deeply meditating; and it is not difficult to guess the Business in which his Soul is employ'd. He is examining his Life pass'd, and endeavouring to discover in the most hidden Recesses of his Soul, whether he has not any ways swerved from that strict Mediocerity which he has propos'd to keep in all his Actions; or whether they are exactly squared to the Rules of Virtue, which the Plumb-Rule in his Hand represents. — For us who are not at present so employ'd, let us lift up our Eyes to see what is doing on the Mountains that cover him. Behold there mighty Rocks rent by irresistible Thunder; likewise Towers of an excessive Height, whose Roofs are soon levell'd with their Foundations. — See next lofty Pines, whose proud Tops almost reach'd the Skies, torn up by the Roots. All these fatal Sights, are but so many kind Advertisements that Nature gives us, to make us avoid all Excess; and to convince us, that it is a great Sin to be ambitious or proud; and that Intemperances of the Mind are no less criminal than those in which the Body shares.

Hor. lib. 2.  
Od. 10.

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sorāibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.*

*Sapius ventis agitur ingens  
Pinus, & celsa graviore casu  
Decidunt turre, feriuntque summos  
Fulmina montes.*

He that the middle State of Life does chuse,  
The wretched homely Cottage does refuse,  
And wishes not for envied Palaces,  
But in a decent Mansion lives at Ease.

The lofty Pines are torn when Tempests rise,  
And Towers destroy'd whose Tops approach'd the  
[Skies.  
Thunder the highest Mountains first does rend,  
And mighty Rocks with dreadful Force descend.  
Cesse



*Cesse de te ronger de soins ambitieux ;  
Foule aux pieds les grandeurs qu'en vain tu te proposes,  
Vy pauvre ; mais content. Ceux la sont presque Dieux  
Qui n'on besoin d' aucunes choses.*

Cease to diffract thy Mind with vexing Care,  
Contemn the Grandeur that thy Soul admires :  
Live meanly, but content ; like Gods they are,  
Who need no more, than just what Life requires.

T

The

## The Explanation of the Five and Thirtieth Picture.

Les excez de la Bouche font la mort de  
l'ame.

*The Excesses of the Body are the Death of the  
Soul.*

**N**OSTRE sçavant Designateur emprunte du malheur de quelque vertu foible, l'instruction qu'il nous veut donner; & tirant de la perte d'un particulier, un avertissement capable d'en savor beaucoup, nous veut faire cognoître que nous ne faisons pas si souvent naufrage par les grandes tempestes qui trompent nostre conduite, que par l'ignorance, avec laquelle nous nous embarquons sur une mer qui nous est inconnüe. Les apparances du calme nous ostent la crainte de l'orage; & comme au commencement elle nous a rendu temeraires, à la fin elle nous rend impuissans & timides. Le miserable que vous voyez ensevely tout vivant dans son ordure, ne s'est pas représenté en faisant la destache, les incommoditez dont elle est suivie. Il n'a jugé du vin que par le goust; & n'a pensé ny a la force ny a la malignité de ses fumées. Aussi la teste fait à bon droit, la penitance de sa propre faute; & pour n'avoir pas donné de bons conseils, souffre la peine qu'elle a meritée. Ne laissez pas d'accorder quelque chose à l'infirmité de l'homme. Traitez cét yorogne plus doucement qu'il ne devoit estre; & le considerant comme un nouveau soldat, qui pour n'avoir pas sceu bien combattre, est demeuré estendu sur le champ de bataille, accüez que s'il se fut servi de ses armes, & de son cœur, aussi bien que son compagnon, il auroit comme luy, triomphé des ennemis, qui luy ont fait mordre la poudre. Toutes ces figures ne nous representent autre chose sinon, que la prudence, la sobriété, & la vigilance, doivent estre inseparables d'une ame qui veut monter au temple de la vertu.

**U**R learned Painter borrows from the Misfortune of a weak Virtue the Instruction he here gives us; and at the Expence of one Fool endeavours to save many unexperienc'd Persons; designing to convince us, that we are not so often shipwreck'd by great Tempests that our Prudence could not foresee; as by ignorantly launching out into a Sea altogether unknown to us. The Appearance of a Calm takes from us all Fear of a Storm. Thus at the Beginning we are bold and fearless, and in the End become impotent and helpless. The contemptible Wretch, which you here see deprived of Sense, did not foresee, in committing the Debauch, the Inconveniences with which it was attended. He judged the Wine good by the Agreeableness of its Taste, and forgot the Strength and Malignity of its Fumes if immoderately taken. His Head with just Reason does Penance for not having counsel'd him better, and is the greatest Sufferer, as indeed it merits. But in Consideration of the Frailty of Man's Nature, let us treat this Debauchee with some Pity, looking on him as a young unexperienced Soldier, who for want of knowing how to defend himself vigorously, is left extended in the Field of Battel; confessing, that if he had used his Arms and Courage, as well as his Companions, he had like them triumphed over his Enemies, who have now made him lick the Dust. Let these Reflections bring us to noble Resolutions; and since we are convinced that Prudence, Sobriety and Vigilance must be the inseparable Companions of those, who would ascend to that glorious Temple, where Virtue makes her Residence: Let us court their Friendship, resist all Temptations to Vice, and doubt not but Virtue will reward us amply in the End.

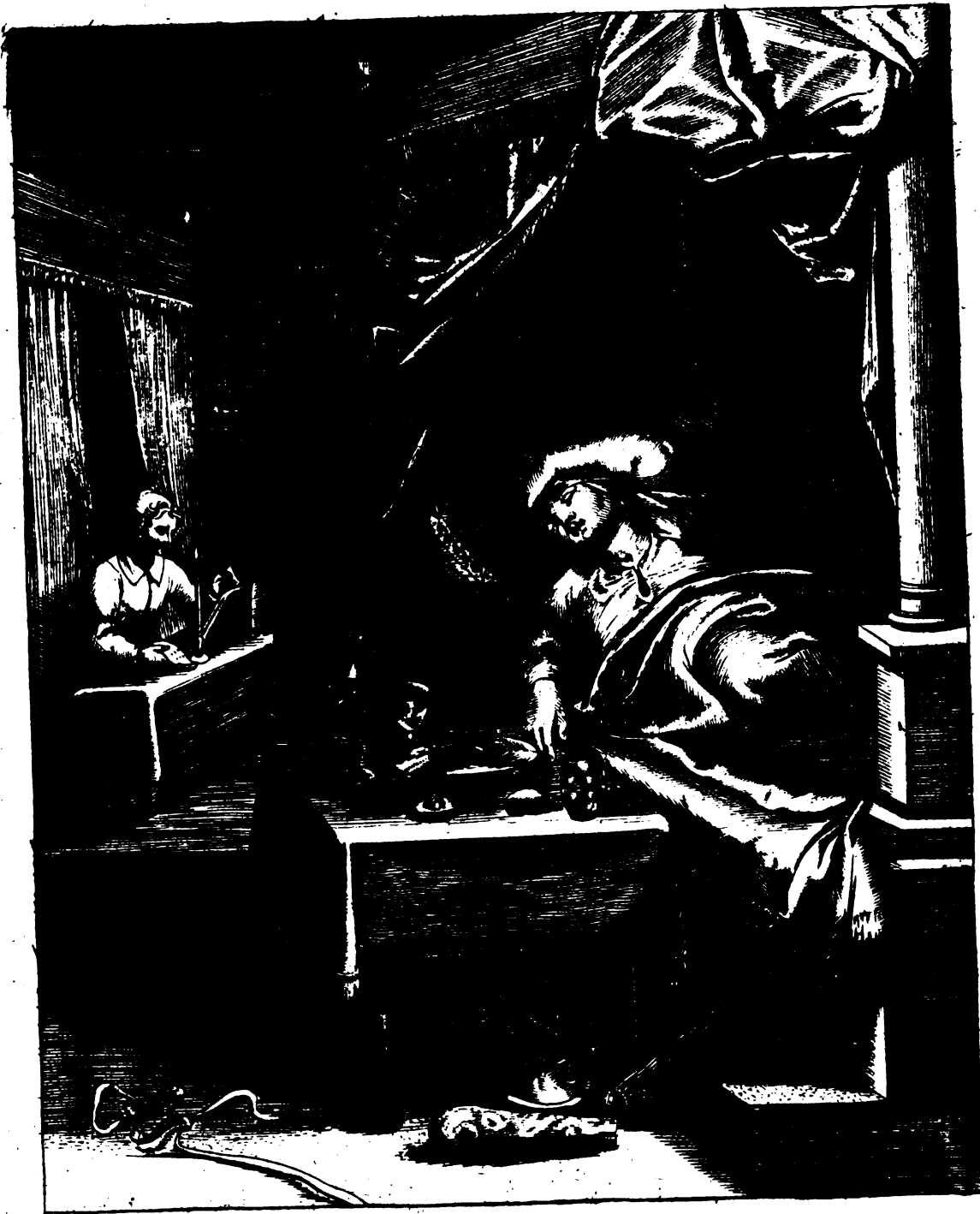


Hor. lib 2.  
Sat. 2.

Quin corpus onustum  
Hesternis vitis animam quoque pregravat una,  
Atque affigit humo divina particulam auræ.  
Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori  
Membra dedit, vegetus prescripta ad munia surgit.  
Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;  
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,  
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus; ubique  
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas  
Imbecilla volet.

Yet what is worse, Excess the Sense impairs,  
The Body sick, the Soul its Weakness shares.  
The Stomach over-charg'd, black Fumes arise;  
Our Minds are dull'd, and lose their Faculties.  
Not so with those who moderately live,  
And sparingly do eat, their Bodics give  
Short Slumbers; so refresh'd and vig'rous wake  
To follow their Employ: Yet these will make  
On Festivals, or when Friends come to eat;  
Or they're inclined to Mirth, a splendid Treat.  
Wisely reflect that Age will come, and then  
You something more will want, than younger Men.

*Monstre*



*Monstre que l'on voit toujours yvre,  
Pourceau dont le ventre est le Roy :  
A tort tu te vantes de vivre ;  
Ceux qui sont au tombeau, n'y sent pas tant que toy.*

4

Monster of Man, who ne'er art sober found,  
Thy Appetite's thy God, thou art its Slave :  
Boast not thou liv'st, in vile Excesses drown'd ;  
Lost to the World, as those that fill the Grave.

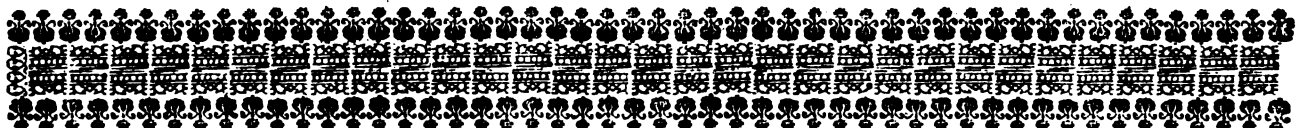
The

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Sixth Picture.

Qui achette les voluptez, achette un repenter. *The Price of sensual Pleasures, is Repentance.*

**E** ne m'arreste pas à vous expliquer les folies, & les dereglements de ce Tableau. **I**l faut n'estre pas du monde pour le ne les pas cognoistre, & pour n'estre pas persuadé que le bal, le jeu, le vin, & l'amour sont les plus ordinaires, & les plus delicates liaisons de la conversation civilisée. En cela les cours ne sont point distinctes des villes. Les bourgeois encherissent sur la galanterie des courtisans. Ils marchent tous également aux desbauches; & l'austerité des anciennes meres-de-familles, s'estant aprivoisée par la galante communication des coquettes, c'est maintenant estre du grand monde, que de voir les filles conduites par leurs meres vaines & ridicules, en ces marches solemnels, ou la pudeur & l'honesteté sont presque aussi rarement données, que souvant elles sont vendues. Mais que ces voluptez ne nous corrompent pas aussi bien que les autres; si nous ne sommes pas assez magnanimes pour ayner la vertu à cause d'elle mesme, au moins soyons prudants; & l'aymons pour l'amour de nous mesme. Voyons de quelles incomoditez les voluptez sont suivies. Apprenons ce qui se passe dans le cabinet des desbauchez; & écoutons ce que disent ces gueux, & ces malades que nostre Peintre à cachez dans le fond de son Tableau. Fentends leurs plaintes, je voy leurs larmes, & apprends de leurs propre bouche, que les douleurs, & la mandicité qui est la plus grande de toutes, sont les interests épouvantables, que le temps exige de la jeunesse perdue, pour les voluptez pernicieuses, que cet usurier leur a prestées.

**I** Will not stop to explain to you all the Follies and Disorders represented in this Picture. He must be a Stranger to the World, who does not know that Masquerading, Gaming, Drinking and Intriguing, are the most frequent and most charming Parts of Conversation in this vicious Age. In this the Court is not to be distinguish'd from the City: The old Alderman delights in the Courtezan's Company, as well as the young Nobleman. They all with equal Ardor fly to Debauchery. The Gravity and Prudence of Matrons and Mistresses of illustrious Houses are corrupted by the vile and wanton Conversation of Coquets and Jilts. It is now customary to see Daughters brought by their unwise vain Mothers to publick Assemblies; Places where Bashfulness and Honesty are more rarely found, than frequently sold. To prevent these ruinous Diversions from corrupting us as well as others, if we are not yet wise enough to love and prefer Virtue, out of a true Sense of her own Worth; yet at least in Prudence and Pity to our selves, let us follow and serve her, and observe here with what Inconveniences Vice is attended. Let us here learn what passes in the Closets of Debauchees: Let us hear what these dying and miserable Spendthrifts, whom our Painter has placed in the most remote Corner of this Picture, say. Methinks I hear their Groans, and see their Tears, their miserable Despair; and learn from their own Confession, that these Diseases and Want, and this most abject Poverty they are fallen into, (the worst of Ills) are the dreadful Interest which Time claims from undone Youth, for all the fleeting illspent Moments they borrow'd from him.



Hor. lib. 1. *Sperne voluptates, nocet emta dolore voluptas.*  
Epist. 2.

Aul. Gellius.

*Lais Corinthia ob elegantiam venustatemque formæ, grandem pecuniam demerebat: conventusque ad eam ditiorum hominum ex omni Græcia celebres erant: neque admittebatur, nisi qui dabat, quod poposcerat. Ad hanc Demosthenes clanculum adit; & ut sibi sui copiam faceret, petit. At Lais μείας δραχμῶς ἢ τάλαντον poposcit. Tali petulantia mulieris atque pecuniæ magnitudine iktus expavidusque Demosthenes avertit; & discedens, ἐν ὄνειμον, inquit, μείων δραχμῶν μεταμύλλειται.*

Fly all Excess, Excess destroys, and we,  
Ne're fail to pay for it, with Pain and Misery.

*Lais* a Courtezan of *Corinth*, by the Beauty and Excellence of her Wit and Person, (which she exposed to Sale, and set a Price upon), gain'd vast Sums of Money; being frequently visited by many of the most noble and wealthiest Men of *Greece*; of which not one was admitted to her Embraces, till he had paid down the Money she demanded. To this Woman *Demosthenes* came privately, and earnestly intreated her to let him enjoy her: *Lais* ask'd a Talent of him for the Favour. He much surpriz'd, and indeed confounded at the Insolence of the Woman, and Exhorbitancy of the Sum, turn'd himself away; and departing said, I will not buy Repentance at so dear a Rate, as the Expence of Ten Thousand Drachmas.

*Misera-*





*Bale, masque, brelande, yuoyne, fais l'amour,  
Sois-tout aux voluptez; Et les possede-toutes.  
Bien tost la pauvreté, la gravellé, ou les gontés;  
Et mille autres douleurs qui viennent à leur-tour,  
Te feront par de longs suplices,  
Payer à chaque heure du jour,  
Le cruel interest de tes courtes delices.*

Make Balls and Masques, Game, Drink, and court  
[the Fair;  
A Slave to vicious Pleasures be, and taste  
Of every Sin: The Gout, Stone, Want and Care  
Will seize thee soon: Pain will thy Hours waste,  
And tedious Sufferings make thee sadly pay  
A Cruel Interest for Enjoyments past,  
For short-liv'd Joys, which soon are fled away.

U

The

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Seventh Picture.

Il n'y a point de Crime fans chastiment.

There is no Crime without its Punishment.

**E**U T estre n'avez vous pas remarqué ce que je vay vous dire. C'est que la peinture a cela de commun avec la poësie dramatique, qu'en chaque Tableau, aussi bien qu'en chaque piece de theatre, l'on y doit observer l'unité de sujet. Ne faisons pas ce tort, je vous prie, à nostre excellent Peintre, de croire qu'il ait ignoré cette reigle fondamentale de son art. Il les a toutes conuës, & les a toutes judicieusement pratiquées. Mais ayant dessein de nous donner en ce Tableau, une instruction toute entiere, il s'est volontairement dispensé de la severité de ces lois, afin de joindre des choses qui estoient separées de temps & de lieux ; & par cet artifice, nous monstrent comme tout d'une veuë, la cause & l'effet de nos incontinences. Vous voyez confusement l'Europe & l'Asie ; la Phrigie & la Grece ; Troye & Lacedemone. Ces hommes armez, & combattans, sont les complices du jeune Prince de Troye, qui tous ensemble ont enlevé cette fameuse Reine, dont la beauté fut fatale a tous les demy-Dieux de son siècle. Ses ravisseurs la portent dans le vaisseau, qui la doit mener à Troye. Mais si vous haussiez les yeux, vous l'y verrez de-jà arrivée ; & vous la verrez bien distinctement, à la lueur des flammes, qui consomment cette superbe & malheureuse ville. Permettez moy, s'il vous plait, de faire maintenant une nouvelle reflexion, sur le sujet de cette peinture ; & dire à la gloire de mon Peintre, qu'il a tres religieusement observé les mysteres de son art. Car le ravissement d'Helene, & l'embrasement de Troye ne sont qu'une mesme chose, puis que Troye commence à brusler dans Sparte mesme ; & que les Troyens sont condamnez a la servitude des Grecs, au mesme instant que le voluptueux Alexandre ravit la femme impudique du trop indulgeant Menelaus.

**O**U are ignorant perhaps of what I am going to tell you : It is, that the Rules of Painting, and Dramatick Poesy oblige Poet and Painter in one Picture or Scene to observe Unity of Action, and not to bring Things acted at Distance of Place and Time at the same Instant to View. But our judicious Painter, designing in this one Piece to instruct us fully of the Beginning and Effect of a wicked Action, has willingly dispensed with this Rule, and shewn you together *Helen's Rape*, and *Troy in Flames*. Behold here a mix'd Company of Men of all Nations, divided into two mighty Armies fiercely engaged ; the one is form'd of the Accomplices of the young Prince of *Troy*, who assist him to ravish from her Husband that famous Queen, whose Beauty was fatal to all the Hero's of that Age. The Ravishers bear her to the Vessel that carries her to *Troy* ; but lift up your Eyes and see what succeeds her Arrival there. The Flames that are consuming that noble unfortunate City, will inform you. And give me leave to tell you, the Rape of *Helen* made the Destruction of *Troy* inevitable ; and *Troy* drew on its own Ruin at the Moment it received and protected the lustful Prince *Alexander*, and the shameless Wife of the too indulgent *Menelaus*.



Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 2. Seditio, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, & ira,  
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.

Lib. 1.  
Od. 15. Passor cum traheret per freta navibus  
Idais Helenen perfidus hospitam,  
Ingrato celeres obruit otio  
Ventos, ut caneret fera  
Nereus fata. Mala ducis avi domum,  
Quam multo repetet Gracia milite,  
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,  
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Nothing in Camp, or Town, but Vice appears ;  
Lust, Rage and Villany no Vizard wears.

When wanton *Helen* cross'd the Seas and fled,  
With faithless *Paris* from her Husband's Bed,  
*Nereus* in Pity still'd the angry Seas,  
Making the raging stormy Winds give o'er,  
And foaming Billows cease to lash the Shore ;  
Which the impatient Lovers did displease.

Then sung, Fond Youth thou bearest with thee  
Her who'll thy own, and Country's Ruin be.  
The injur'd *Greeks* incens'd, shall all unite  
To fetch her back ; both Wit and Force employ  
Thy noble Race, and Father to destroy ;  
And even tear her from thy Arms and Sight.

Miserables



*Miserables Troyens, par les Dieux immolez.  
A leurs vengeances legitimes :  
N'accusez plus les Grecs, si vous estes brulez.  
Vostre Prince impudique, & l'excez de vos crimes,  
Ont allume le feu qui vous a desolez.*

Oh, wretched *Trojans* by the Gods destroy'd,  
To their just Vengeance doom'd a Sacrifice !  
Blame not the *Greeks*, the cruel Flames that rise,  
And burn your City, you'd in vain avoid.  
Your shameless Prince, and your own Crimes suf-  
fice  
To've lit the Fires, and caus'd your Miseries.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Eighth Picture.

Le Vice est une Servitude perpetuelle.

Vice is a perpetual Slavery.

**VOUS** vous souvenez bien, comme je croy, de l'excellente methode, dont se servoyent les Romains, pour detourner leurs enfans de ce chemin fatal que l'abord artificieux de la volupté, leur figuroit plein de delices. Plutarque raconte qu'autant de fois que ces grans hommes vouloyent donner à ces jeunes gens, borreur de l'yrognerie, ils avoient acoustumé de faire enyurer leurs esclaves, & les leur faisoient voir comme noyez dans l'ecume, & dans le vin qu'ils avoyent rendus. Nous avons trop bonne opinion de nostre Peintre stoique, pour croire qu'il ayt quitté les galeries de Zenon, pour se jeter sur le fumier de Diogene. Cela n'est pas aussi. Mais il s'est persuadé qu'il ne pouvoit faillir d'imiter la sagesse Romaine; & que pour imprimer bien avant dans les ames, l'averfion de ces desbauches, que l'honnesteté ne permet pas de nommer, il devoit les représenter, avec toutes les circonstances perilleuses & ridicules, dont elles sont presque toujours accompagnées. Il jouë donc icy la catastrophe d'une comedie Italienne. Le Pantalon que tous les destins comiques condamnent; à la necessité d'estre toujours poltron, & tous-jours cocu; ayant esté adverty par son valet, que quelque Leandre, ou quelque Lelio est avec sa femme, entre la dague à la main, pour immoler l'un & l'autre, à la memoire de son honneur. Mais Marinette, qui est faite au badinage, n'a pas manqué d'avertir les amants de la penvie du bon homme. Leandre aussi n'a fait qu'un saut du lit dans un coffre; s'est imaginé que le cocu n'auroit pas le nez assez fin pour se mettre sur ses voyes. La fortune toutefois le trompe, car le vieux punais a senty l'odeur de la beste; & vous le voyez courir à la vangeance, mais en une posture plus propre à faire rire, qu'à faire peur. Isabelle cependant contrefait la desolée; & reclame les Dieux auxquels elle ne croit point. Pour le galant bien qu'il sçache que le Pantalon est une mauvaise lame, il ne laisse pas de se repentir de la dangereuse curiosité, qui luy a donné l'envie de prendre part aux plaisirs d'autrui; & par de belles remonstrances conjure le Pantalon, de ne point tremper son glaive dans le sang d'un homme plus malheureux que coupable.

that has undone him: Begging with Tears and Sighs, for that Life he is unworthy of. O! Spare me, he cries, generous *Pantaloon*, and dye not your Sword in the Blood of a Man, that is now as wretched as criminal. *Pantaloon*, moved with Pity, consents to spare him. And thus he saves his Life with the Loss of Reputation, and the most abject Submillions; to which Practice a brave and honest Man would prefer even Death it self.



Hor. lib. 2. Quid refert, uri virgis, ferrôve necari?  
Satyr. 7. Auctoratus eas: an turpi clausus in arca,  
Quò te demisit peccati conscia berilis  
Contractum, genibus tangas caput?  
pallida lesto  
Lib. 1. Desliat mulier: miseram se conscia clamet.  
Satyr. 2. Estne marito  
Lib. 2. Matrona peccantis in ambos justa potestas?  
Satyr. 7. In corruptorem vel justior?

**YOU** cannot but think well, I believe, of that excellent Method which the Romans made use of, as *Plutarch* relates, to deter their Children from Vice, which to unexperienced Youth appears very alluring and delightful. He says, to create in their young Noblemen an Averfion to drinking, the great Men would sometimes make their Slaves drunk, and bring their Sons to see them; who could not but abhor and fly a Vice that renders a Man so odious and contemptible. Think not our Painter in this Picture is changed from a reserved Stoick to a Debauchee; or quitted *Zeno's* Gallery to throw himself on *Diogenes's* Muckhill, because he here represents something to raise your Blushes: He, in Imitation of the Roman Prudence, to imprint in our Souls a true Dislike to Crimes which Modesty permits not almost to be named, represents Lust with all the ridiculous and dangerous Circumstances, with which it is generally attended. See here a Story represented in an Italian Comedy: The old Man, who is call'd *Pantaloon*, is a Person whom the ill-natur'd Stars had destin'd to be both a Coward and a Cuckold. He being inform'd by his Servant, that a Gallant is with his Wife, enters the Chamber with a Dagger in his Hand, threatening to sacrifice both her and her Lover, to his Honour and Resentment. But *Marinet* her Maid had given Notice to the Lovers of the good Man's coming. *Leander* makes but one Leap from the Bed to a Chest; and there conceal'd, smiles at his injured Rival's Threats; imagining, that the old Fox has not his Senses sharp enough to find him out. But Fortune again deceives him, for the Eyes of the Jealous are sharp: And *Pantaloon* discovering him, flies to execute his Vengeance on him: Yet trembling and irresolute, whilst *Isabella* appears disconsolate, and implores his Pity; exclaiming against that God, in whom she believes not: Whilst the miserable Adulterer, who with good Reason fears to die, fails not to repent of his dangerous Curiosity; and curses the vile Passion

It matters not, whether with Rods you'r beat,  
Kill'd on the Spot, or in the End retreat;  
Expos'd, and forc'd with Shame a Life to buy:  
Or basely in some Coffe'r trembling lie.  
Bound Neck and Heels, by the vile Chambermaid,  
Who does the Secret keep, and is like you, afraid.  
Whilst the poor guilty Wife with Fear half dead,  
Shrieks out, and leaps from off the Conscious Bed.  
And her unhappy Lover now too late  
Repents, and sighing mourns his Fate.  
Think you the injured Husband of the Dame,  
The wanton She, an equal Right don't claim  
O'er her and you, to punish both; nay, may  
More justly you, who did her Heart betray,  
And shameless, taught her first the vicious Way.

The



*Voleur d'un bien si cher a son vray possesseur,  
Monstre qu'un feu brutal incessamment consume,  
Confesse au triste objet du glaive punisseur,  
Que ton plaisir passé n'a point eu de douceur,  
Que ton peril present ne change en amertume.*

Robber, who basely steal'ft what is most dear,  
The fair One to another does belong.  
Slave to a brutish Flame, now fill'd with Fear  
At the dread Sight of him whom thou didst wrong,  
Freely confels that all the Pleasures pass'd  
Are into Torments turn'd, and lose their Taste.

X

The

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Ninth Picture.

Le desbauché passe d'un Crime a l'autre.

*The Vicious still go on from one Crime to another.*

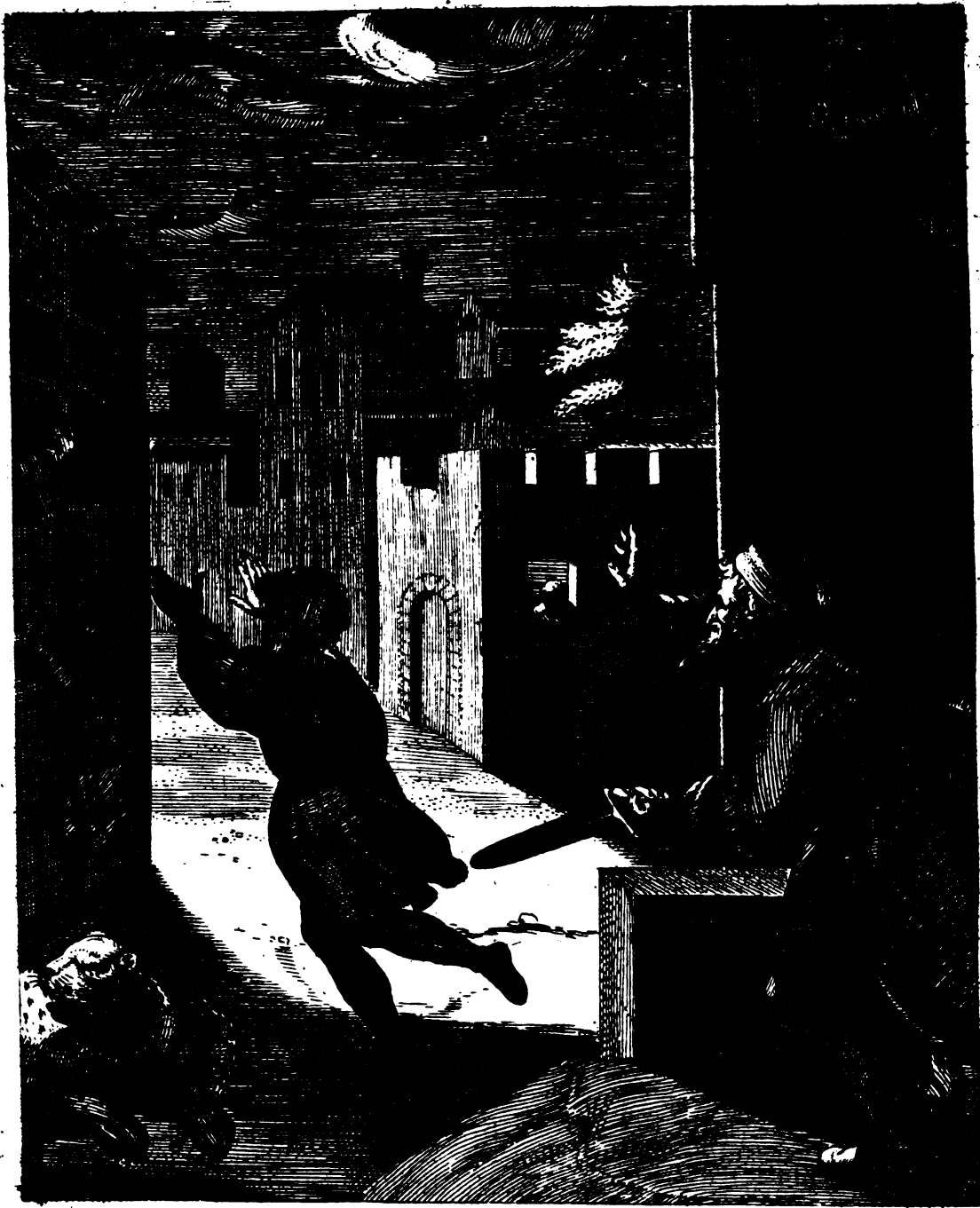
**L**E Pantalon n'avoit pas deſſein, comme vous voyez en ce Tableau, de pardonner l'injure qu'il avoit receüe. Mais ayant pour le moins autant de peur que l'adultere, il luy a donné le temps de ſe deſembarraſſer de ſon coffre, & de gagner la campagne. Le voila qui ſe coule le long de la rue; & qui ſe rit des menaces que le Pantalon luy fait ſur le ſeuil de ſa porte. C'eſt aſſez de cette Comedie. Ne nous divertifſons pas d'avantage de ces folies criminelles; & reprenant noſtre ſerieux, ſeparons le pur de l'impur. Voyez vous ce deſbauché, qui a par maniere de dire, le poignard à la gorge. Peut eſtre vous figurez vous, qu'eſtant devenu ſage par le peril qu'il a courü, il ſe retire chez luy, avec une ferme reſolution d'abandonner le vice, & de ne courre plus de hazard, que dans les occaſions d'honneur. Nullement. Mais plus inſenſible a ſa propre honte, & a ſon propre danger, que le Lyon ou le Tygre ne l'eſt à la cage, & aux fers, dont il eſt eſchappé, il paſſe d'une abyſme en l'autre; & va chercher chez un ſecond Pantalon, une ſeconde Iſabelle. Que cette fidelle image de la corruption du ſiecle nous doit ſenſiblement toucher. Certes la vie de la deſbauché, eſt une vie bien baſſe, bien honteſe, & bien brutale. Il ne faut pas ſ'eſtonner ſi les ſages font tous les jours de ſi grands efforts ſur eux meſmes, pour ſurmonter de ſi grandes foibleſſes; & ſi pour n'y tomber jamais, ils déclarent une guerre ſi ſanglante, & ſi mortelle a la malheureuſe chair, qui toute eſclave & toute déchirée qu'elle eſt, ne laiſſe pas de nous ſolliciter continuellement à des ordures.

**ANTALOO**N has no Deſign to pardon the Injtry *Leander* has done him, but fearing Trouble, he conſents to let the Adulterer eſcape, giving him an Opportunity to diſengage himſelf from the Cheſt, and to gain the Street. He follows him no farther than to his Door, and from thence purſues him only with Threats, of what he will do if ever he returns thither again. At which, the other, now ſafe, laughs aloud; tho' Fear perſuades him not to ſtay to manifeſt the little Senſe he has of Shame or Gratitude. But let us, inſtead of being diverted with theſe criminal Follies, return to the ſerious Conſideration of this Matter. Behold this wretched Libertine, whom you ſaw not many Minutes ſince with a Poniard at his Breſt, and under the greateſt Apprehenſions of Death. One would now imagine that he is grown wiſer, and retiring to his Home, firmly reſolved to abandon Vice, and never venture to hazard his Life again, in any other Cauſe than in the Defence of his Religion or Country. But, alas, he thinks of nothing leſs! Inſenſible of Shame or Danger; like a Lion or Tyger eſcaped from a Den or Chains, he is madly going in ſearch of another *Pantaloön*, and a ſecond *Iſabella*. How true an Emblem is this of this corrupted Age! And how ſenſibly ought we to be touched, when we reflect how much we, in repeating our Follies, reſemble this inſatuated Man! In Truth, the Life of a Libertine is ſo ſhameful, ſo monſtrous, ſo miſerable, that a wiſe Man would even macerate his Body, and chuſe to dye a Victim to Virtue, rather than ſubmit to Paſſions and Inclinations that would thus undo him. And indeed it is neceſſary (ſuch are the Frailties of human Nature) that we declare War againſt our Paſſions; that we obſtinately and even to Death reſiſt all our Inclinations and Propenſities to ſenſual Pleaſures; for tho' our Bodies are mortify'd and kept under with the utmoſt Care, yet will our Deſires never ceaſe ſtrongly to ſollicite us to ſin.

Mor. lib. 2.  
Sat. 7.

*Evaſti? credo metues doctuſque cavebis:  
Qua res quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire  
Poſſis. O! toties ſervus qua bellua ruptis  
Cum ſemel eſſugit, reddit ſe prava, catenis?*

Once more got looſe, ſure you will wiſer grow  
By Dangers warn'd, and ne'er again do ſo.  
What, you'r reſolv'd on Ruin, madly fly  
To the ſame Vice, to Death and Infamy.  
Oh, ſlave to Luſt, how oft in vain  
Haſt thou eſcap'd! Is there a Brute like thee,  
Who having broke his irkſome Chain,  
Will back return to hateful Slavery?



*Qu'un esprit impudique est esclave du vice,  
Que l'homme est mal'heureux, qui si laisse emporter.  
Regarde ce perdu qui sort du precipice.  
Il n'en est eschappé que pour s'y rejeter.*

How much a Slave to Vice, how curs'd is he  
Who gives his Passions way? With Wonder see  
The thoughtless Wretch who just got free,  
Seems only sav'd for greater Misery.

The

## The Explanation of the Fortieth Picture.

Celuy la seul est riche qui méprise les Richesses.

He only is Rich, who despises Riches.

**C** E n'est pas assez de vaincre une partie de nos ennemis. Tant qu'il y en aura en estat de nous attaquer, nous serons en danger d'estre battus. Il faut donc achever de les deffaire, afin de remporter une entiere victoire. Je me figure que nous avons profité des enseignemens que nôtre Philosophe nous a donnez. L'amour, le jeu, le vin, sont possible autant d'ennemis renversez à nos pieds. Mais l'ambition ne l'est pas. Cét insensé desir des tiltres, des couronnes, & des richesses, nous ronge encore les entrailles, nous pique l'esprit, & tâche de triompher de nôtre temperance. Voyons de quelles armes nous avons besoin, pour éviter cette honteuse deffaite, & nous arracher à une servitude, qui est d'autant plus ignominieuse, que les marques que nous en portons, estant des marques fort esclatantes, sont visibles a tout le monde. Mais il ne faut pas que nous cherchions ailleurs, l'instruction qui nous est necessaire. Nous la pouvons tirer de la magnanimité du demy-Dieu, qui est peint en ce Tableau. Considerons je vous prie, comme il se conduit parmy les tentations de la fortune, & les appas de l'ambition. Le Peintre nous le represente couvert de sa peau de Lion, & armé d'une masse victorieuse de tous les monstres, dont il a esté combattu. Il foule aux pieds l'amour des richesses; & par la victoire qu'il a remportée sur ses passions, doit inspirer un grand desir à tous les hommes, de mépriser des biens qui ostent le seul bien de la vie. L'Orient & le Couchant, le Midy & le Septentrion: en un mot, l'un & l'autre monde luy offrent à l'envy des couronnes. Mais il les refuse, avec plus de generosité, qu'elles ne luy sont offertes; & ne pretendant autre gloire, que celle dont la vertu le fait eclatter, nous apprend que celuy la seul qui foule aux pieds les grandeurs, est digne de les posseder.

**I** T is not enough, that we have vanquish'd one Part of our Enemies, since whilst there is yet more in a Capacity to hurt us, we are in Danger of being yet overcome: Let us then proceed to finish a Work so well begun, and gain an entire Victory. I doubt not but you have much profited by the Instructions our learned Painter has already given you. And that Lust, Gaming, and Drinking are now probably but so many Enemies prostrate at our Feet. But Ambition is not yet conquer'd. The senseless Desire of Titles, Empires, and shining Gold, yet preys upon our Souls, disorders our Minds, and endeavours to triumph over our Temperance; let us arm then, and, if possible, avoid this shameful Defeat: Let us deliver our selves from a Slavery so ignominious, that rightly consider'd, a Man would loath it. For Crowns, (unjustly gain'd,) tho' bright and dazzling, mark us for greater Monsters than the rest of Mankind; and are but the hated Proofs of illustrious Villany. We need only behold the Picture before us, to learn all that is necessary for us to do. See but how this Hero behaves himself, amidst the Temptations of Fortune and Charms of Ambition: He appears habited in the Skin of a Lion, and arm'd only with a Club, yet victorious over all that opposes him. He treads under Foot the Daemon of Riches; has nobly gain'd the Mastery of all his Passions: And by his Example should methinks inspire all noble Souls, like him, to despise those Things that we cannot gain with Innocence, nor keep without Anxiety and Fear. All Nations revere and offer him Crowns and Empires, paying a just Homage to his Fame, which has reached the remotest Corners of the Earth; but he refuses them with more Generosity than they are offer'd him; and aims at no other Glory than that which Virtue makes him Possessor of; teaching us, that only he, who condemns Honours and Riches, who would not stoop to do a base Action for a Kingdom, is worthy to possess one.

Hor. lib. 2.  
Od. 2. *Latius regnes avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Panus  
Serviat uni.*

Senec.  
Thyest. *Rex est, qui posuit metus,  
Et diri mala pectoris:  
Quem non ambitio impotens,  
Et nunquam stabilis favor  
Vulgi precipitis movet.  
Qui tuto positus loco,  
Infra se videt omnia.*

The Man who his own Soul can guide,  
And Wishes bound; an Empire wide  
Has gain'd, and's greater than if he  
Could Spain with Libya join, and be  
Their King; or Carthage call'd him Lord;  
By Nations honour'd and ador'd.

He is indeed a King, who nothing fears,  
Nor darling Vice does harbour in his Breast;  
No torturing Crime that hourly breaks the Rest,  
And guilty Minds like hungry Vultures tears.  
He whom no Pride or wild Ambition fires;  
Nor vain Applause of fickle Crowds desires.  
Whose Virtues only having raised him where  
He may secure look down on Earth, and chuse,  
Does all below with just Contempt refuse;  
Thinking what's Mortal is not worth his Care.  
Peoples





*Peuples de l'un & l'autre monde,  
Vous tantex vainement, un homme égal aux Dieux.  
Le globe ou vous marchez, est un point a ses yeux :  
Et bien loin de regner, sur la terre ou sur l'onde,  
Il medite un Empire, aussi grand que les Cieux.*

*Natives of distant Worlds, in vain you try  
To tempt a Man, who scorns Mortality.  
This Globe appears a Trifle in his Eyes ;  
Empires and Crowns, nay Worlds he does despise, }  
Nor can a less than Heaven his Soul suffice. }  
Y The*

## The Explanation of the One and Fortieth Picture.

La crainte de la Mort, est la punition des ambitieux.

*The Fear of Death is the just Punishment of the Ambitious.*

**V**OUS avez trop ouy parler du fameux & redoutable festin, qui est peint en ce Tableau, pour me persuader que vous en soyez en peine. Neantmoins je ne laisseray pas de vous en entretenir succinctement, puis qu'estant encore extremement malades de la maladie dela cour, il est necessaire de vous donner souvant des contrepoisons, contre un si dangereux venin. Mais je vous traite trop favorablement, de ne vous considerer que comme des malades ordinaires. Vostre mal est surnaturel. Vostre ame en est attaquée aussi bien que vostre corps; & j'oze dire, sans vous offencer, qu'estant possédez par le demon de l'ambition, vous estes de ces Energumenes infortunez, que les conjurations, & les exorcismes mesme ne sont pas capables de guerir. Mais vous ne le ferez jamais, si vous ne l'estes par la vertu de l'exemple que je vous propose. Vous connoissez bien cet ancien Tyran de Syracuse, a sa mine orgueilleuse & cruelle. Ne vous arrestez donc pas a le considerer; mais tenez les yeux arrestez, sur l'ambitieux Damocles, aussi fixement qu'il a la veuë attachée a la pointe du fer, qui luy pend sur la teste. S'il n'estoit espouvanté comme il est, j'aurois bien envie de luy demander s'il se souvient des derniers vœux qu'il a faits; & s'il gouste bien le superbe & delieieux appareil, pour lequel il les a faits. Mais il n'a non plus d'oreilles pour nous, qu'il en a pour la musique qu'on luy donne. C'est pourquoy je vous conseille de laisser ce timide, & ridicule courtisan, dans le supplice qu'il a merité; & rire de le voir à la table d'un Tyran, aussi gesné, que s'il estoit à la torture. Confessez aussi que Denis estoit un habille homme, quoy qu'il fust un meschant Prince, puis qu'il avoit une si parfaite cognoissance de sa condition; & puis qu'il nous confesse encore aujourd'huy, qu'il a toujours esté plus malheureux, que ceux la mesme qu'il a les plus tourmentez; & quoy que le monde insensé se figure, que la condition de bourreau, n'est gueres moins funeste, que celle des miserables qu'il estend sur des rouës.

**I** AM apt to think, that being skill'd in History, you are not ignorant of the Story of the magnificent Feast here represented. Yet I must beg leave to entertain you some Time upon each Particular of it. I am indeed obliged (being to speak of one extremly infected with Ambition) to arm you with Antidotes to prevent the contagious Disease from prejudicing you. But, alas, I think too favourably of you, it may be: You, like others, are already sick, your Souls disorder'd as well as your Bodies; if so, you are most unfortunate; for he that is possess'd with the Demon of Ambition, may be accounted one of those miserable Demoniacks whom even Conjurations and Exorcisms themselves are scarce able to deliver. But you will never be recover'd, if the Virtue of the Example I have propos'd to you fails to cure you. The Man with haughty Mien and cruel Look is Denis the bloody Tyrant, who at that Time governed the Kingdom of Syracuse; from whom turn your Eyes, and fix them upon the ambitious Damocles, as attentively as his are kept upon the Point of that threatning Sword, that only fasten'd by a Horse's Hair, hangs over his Head. If he was not thus terrify'd, I would methinks ask him, What he now thinks of his rash Wish, and whether Greatness is desirable? How he relishes the costly Meats and rich Robes, for which he so much sigh'd and pray'd? But he would doubtless be as deaf to us, as to the Musick that in vain endeavours to divert him. Pity he deserves not; let us then despise his Folly, who though seated on a costly Throne, and at a Prince's Table, yet is as uneasy as if extended on the Rack. The Tyrant does, I own, deserve Applause, who so ingenuously confesses, that he perfectly knows his own Condition; that he was at all Times more unhappy, than even those Innocents, whom he put to the cruel Tortures, by his guilty Conscience's continually tormenting him. From whence the blind World must be convinced, that Ambition is the greatest Folly Man can be guilty of: That Innocence is preferable to Kingdoms; and that Tyrants are more miserable than those their Cruelty condemns to Wheels and Gibbets.

Hor. lib. 3. *Districtus ensis cui super impia  
Cervice pendet, non Sicula dapes  
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,  
Non avium, cytharæque cantus  
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium  
Lenis virorum non humiles domos  
Fastidit; umbrosamque ripam,  
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.*

The wicked Wretch that o'er his guilty Head,  
Sees the impending Sword of Death in dread,  
No Relish finds in the most costly Meat;  
Musick Divine, and warbling Birds repeat  
Harmonious Airs in vain. No Joy he knows.  
The peaceful God in vain his Eyes would close:  
The sweet, the gentle God, that don't disdain  
To bless the humble Cottage, and the Swain,  
Still loves the shady Groves, and haunts the Cell,  
The purling Brooks, where Innocence does dwell:  
The humble Vale where fragrant South Winds blow,  
And on the Swains sweet Slumbers does bestow.

*Voyez*



*Voyez vous ce Tantale au milieu des festins,  
Qui meurt à tous momens, pour trop aymer la vie.  
Sçachez, ambitieux, qu'ayant la mesme envie  
Vous aurez les mesmes destins.*

See you this *Tantalus* amidst a Feast,  
Wrack'd with the Fear of Death, he hourly dies.  
Thus you ambitious Fools are still unblest'd,  
And to your own Desires a Sacrifice.

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Second Picture.

La crainte est la compagne de la puissance.

*Fear is the constant Companion of Greatness.*

**F**oyez bien l'intention, avec laquelle nostre Peintre a formé le dessein de ce Tableau. Il veut que nous soyons nous mesmes juges en nostre propre cause; & que nous confessions nostre aveuglement, & nostre imprudence; puis que tous ce que nous sommes, nous cherchons nostre repos, où jamais personne ne la trouve. Les uns se sont imaginés, que l'abondance, & les richesses ne sont désirées, qu'à cause des aises, & des contentemens qu'elles donnent à leurs possesseurs. Les autres ont cru que les grandes fortunes estoient trop hautes, & trop respectées, pour apprehender ces petits demons familiers, qui sous le nom de soucis & d'inquietudes, tuent les corps, & empoisonnent les ames. Mais le Tableau que nous regardons, est une belle & convainquante refutation de toutes ces erreurs; & tout ensemble, un excellent remede pour guerir les ambitieux. Considerez le avec presence d'esprit, & vous y verrez comme entassez les uns sur les autres; tous les biens dans lesquels chaque homme croit rencontrer, ce que tous desirent également. Voicy l'un des Césars assis dans un Throsne, d'où il regne sur tout le monde. Il est victorieux de mille peuples, chargé de mille lauriers, riche des despoilles de l'Orient, & du Midy; enfin adoré des peuples les plus esloignez de l'Italie. Il est cependant si persecuté des bourreaux secrets, qui sont inseparables des grandes fortunes, qu'il ne considere tous les avantages qu'elles luy donnent, que comme autant de cruels, & irreconciliables enemis, qui succedent les uns aux autres, pour remettre le fer de moment en moment, dans ses playes toutes sanglantes. Ce n'est pas aussi cognoistre l'excellence de la nature de l'homme, que de croire que son bonheur soit attaché à des choses qui dependent du caprice, & de la brutalité d'un monstre qui a mille testes; & ne pas avoüer avec nostre sage, que les soucis, les soubçons, & les craintes, sont les plus assidus, comme les plus importuns courtisans, qui font la foule dans le cabinet des Princes.

**I**T is not difficult to discover the Intention of our Painter in this Picture; he would here make us our own Judges, and confound us with a Sense of our Stupidity, in seeking Repose where never any Person found it. He boldly avers, that Ambition is equally a Crime and a Folly in Men of all Conditions. Some imagine, that great Riches are to be desired chiefly for the Ease and vast Satisfaction they procure to their Possessors: Others, that high and eminent Stations gain Respect and set Men above the busy Vulgar, Ikreen them from Scandal, and secure them from those little familiar Demons, who under the borrow'd Names of Fear and Distrust, destroy and poison the Mind. But this Picture refutes all these Errors, and is a most effectual Cure for the Ambitious. Consider it attentively, behold whole Heaps and Coffers full of that shining Ore, which all Mankind covet; in the Possession of which, all Men hope to find that Happiness which all equally desire. Amidst these is seated on a Throne, the Mighty Julius Caesar, Lord of all the known World, and Victor over all Nations, loaden with Palms and Laurels; rich with the Spoils of the East and Western World; adored and fear'd of Nations, whom Providence has placed at the farthest Distance from Rome: Yet is he inwardly tormented with those cruel and irreconcilable Enemies, Fear and Distrust, (the constant Attendants of great Men,) who cease not every Moment to stab and wound him, with new Doubts and Jealousies; and so render him insensible of all the Advantages of his Condition. He is a Stranger to the Excellency of Man's Nature, who believes that Things which Chance, or the brutal Voice of the Rabble, may take from him, (such as Wealth, Honour, and Fame,) can make him happy. It is in his own Breast alone where he must seek Repose. There he may fix a Throne, and reign absolute Lord of himself, whilst wretched Kings confess that our Philosopher speaks Truth, when he avows, that anxious Cares, Jealousies and Fears constantly crowd into their Closets, break their softest Slumbers, and pall all their Enjoyments: And that a private Man with just a Competency, and a good Conscience, is infinitely happier than a King.



Hor. lib. 2.  
Od. 16. *Non enim gaze, neque consularis  
Sommovet liſor miſeros tumultus  
Mentis, & curas laqueatq; circum  
Tecta volanteis.*

Lib. 1.  
Epist. 2. *Non domus & fundus, non aris acervus, & auræ,  
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febris,  
Non animo curas: valeat poſſeſſor oportet,  
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.*

It is not Wealth or Power can free,  
Or drive away the Troubles of the Mind:  
The Cares that fill an Entrance find,  
Where Greatness dwells, and Tyranny.

Not Palaces, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Ore,  
Can to their feverish Lord lost Health restore,  
Or cure the tortur'd Mind. He must be free  
From Pain, that hopes to taste Felicity.

Ces



*Ces gardés aux casques peints,  
Dont les Rois sont environnez ;  
Ne les deffendent point des creintes,  
A quoy Dieu les a condamnez.  
C'est en vain qu'ils ozent se pleindre,  
D'un Arrest si juste & si doux.  
Celuy qui se fait creindre à tous  
Doit estre réduit à tout creindre.*

These dreadful Guards, with shining Helmets grac'd,  
Who round this wretched, mighty Prince are plac'd,  
Cannot defend him from the racking Fears,  
The Tyrant feels who Heaven's Anger bears.  
In vain he murmurs at the Gods Decrees;  
'Tis just that he no Peace of Mind should know,  
Who makes himself be fear'd by all below ;  
Nor ever, ever taste one Moment's Ease.

Z

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Third Picture.

Par tout le foucy nous accompagne.

*Fear accompanies the Wicked every where.*

**C**ETTE peinture n'est que l'explication d'une pensée du plus instructif, & du plus moral des Poètes Latins. Pour nous monstrier qu'il ny a point de condition ou l'homme trouve son repos, il nous propose certaines personnes, dont les unes cherchent leur element dans la licence de la guerre; & les autres dans cette vie oysive & paresseuse, qui compose la felicité des matelots. Le Peintre nous represente apres luy des Soldats à pied & à cheval, armez pour l'attaque, & pour la deffence; & neantmoins il nous les figure tellement frappez de terreurs paniques, & si puissamment combattus d'ennemis invisibles, que bien qu'ils fuyent à toute bride, ils desesperent toutefois de pouvoir echapper au fer qui les poursuit. Les blesseurs, la servitude, & la mort; enfin tout ce qu'on se figure de plus effroyable, dans une condition extraordinairement malheureuse, se presente à leur imagination; & par le redoublement de leurs craintes, leur fait payer avec usure, la fausse joye qu'ils ont goustée dans l'impunité de leurs crimes. Ce n'est pas assez d'avoir vû ces malheureux. Voyons en d'autres, que la folle curiosité de passer d'un monde à l'autre, ou l'insatiable avidité des richesses, ont fait inconsiderement embarquer sur l'Ocean. A peine ont ils perdu la terre de veüe, & decouvert les premiers signes de la tempeste qui se forme, qu'ils se repentent d'avoir cru leurs mauvais conseillers; & se trouvent environnez de soucis bien plus cuisans, & d'apprehensions bien plus vives, que n'estoient les incommoditez qui les ont chassés de leurs maisons.

**T**HIS Picture is the Explanation of a Thought of one of the most judicious and moral of all the Latin Poets. Here you shall see, that there is no Condition in which a wicked Man can find Repose. Here are some Persons who quit their Countrey in hopes to escape the Punishment of their Crimes; and seek in the licentious Army to find Security and Peace of Mind. Others, who prefer the uncertain Seas, and chuse to be confin'd to a close wooden World, where sudden Drowning or grim Want, are hourly to be expected; and greedy Death seems constantly in View. Next, Soldiers appear, both Cavalry and Foot, arm'd at all Points, fit to attack their Enemies, or defend themselves. Yet they all appear struck with such pannick Fears, by the powerful Enemies, who, unseen, pursue and wound them, (the Terrors of a guilty Conscience, that stings them within,) that they sink into the utmost Despair, and think of nothing but Death, Wounds, Slavery, and whatever elle can be imagin'd most dreadful and terrible in a Condition the most miserable. This is the Price they pay for all the Satisfaction they enjoy'd in committing those Crimes which they now vainly repent of. But this is not all: See yet those others, whom a foolish Curiosity of seeing strange Lands, or the insatiate Desire of Riches, has made inconsiderately embark upon the Ocean: Scarce have they lost Sight of Land, but they discover Signs of an approaching Storm; and begin to bitterly repent their Folly; finding themselves seized with Fears and Apprehensions far more dreadful and uneasy, than all the Inconveniencies that drove them from their more safe and peaceful Homes.

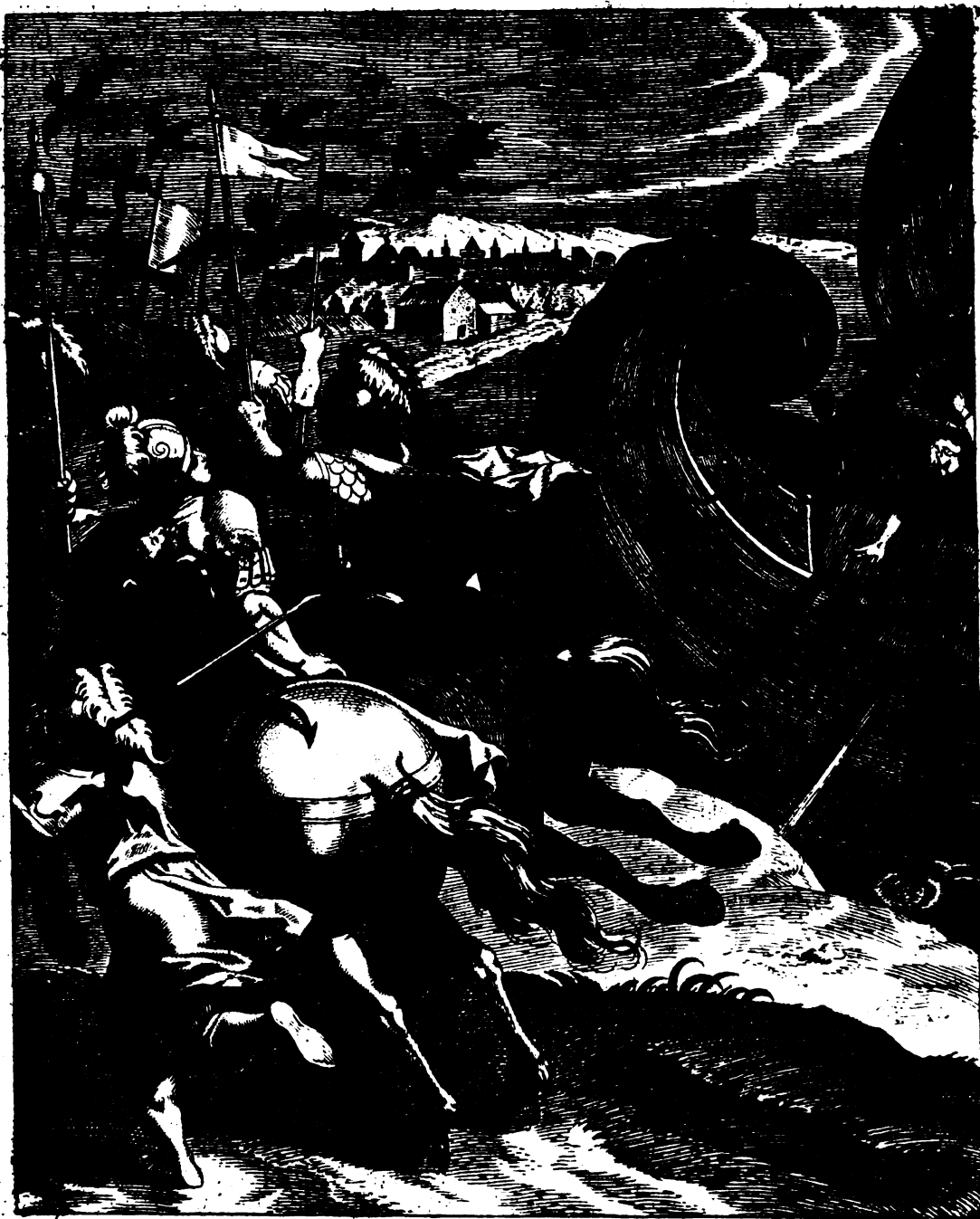


Hor. lib. 2. *Scandit aratas vitiosa naveis*  
Od. 16. *Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,*  
*Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos*  
*Ocyor Euro.*

Lib. 3.  
Od. 1. *Scandunt eodem quo dominus: neque*  
*Decedit arata triremi, &*  
*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*

Fears that in Minds depraved are hourly bred,  
Attend us every where; into the Vessel goes,  
If Voyages we make: And fill'd with Dread  
The guilty Soldiers haste to meet their Foes;  
Fear still pursues, and with the Swift keeps pace;  
More fleet than Does, or than the angry Wind  
That dissipates the Clouds. It dogs the Mind,  
And finds us out in the remotest Place.

But anxious Fears and Dread still keep  
Their Souls in Pain, and every where attends.  
Weary of Land they plow the Deep,  
But Fear into the Vessel strait ascends.  
If they take Horse, **black Care is also there,**  
Sits close behind, and haunts them every where.



*Fette toy dans la Cour. Etre dans les affaires.  
Monte sur l'Océan. Cours les deux Hemispheres.  
Demeure en l'autre monde. Habite celuy-cy.  
Suy les arts de la Paix ; ou l'horreur de la guerre ;  
Tant que tu vivras sur la terre,  
Tu ne peux vivre qu'en soucy.*

■ Fly to the Court, the brawling Courts frequent ;  
Ride on the Seas, the distant Coasts survey.  
In India dwell, or on the Continent ;  
Or War, or peaceful Arts pursue, each Day  
Thou liv'st on Earth, each Hour will readily show  
No perfect Peace of Mind is found below.

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Fourth Picture.

La Pauverté est plustost bien que mal.

Poverty is rather a Blessing, than a Misfortune.

**F** ENTENDS vos murmures secrets ; & voy bien à vos actions , que vos sentimens ne sont pas tous-jours d'accord avec la Philosophie. Vous avouez avec elle , que la Cour , que les richesses , & que les conditions eminentes sont accompagnées de grandes inquietudes. Mais vous voulez aussi , qu'elle confesse , que la pauverté est un grand mal ; & que chagrin pour chagrin , soucy pour soucy , supplice pour supplice , l'abondance est incomparablement plus suportable que la misere. Nostre Peintre a prevenu vos objections ; & pour vous le tesmoigner , il represente en ce Tableau , toute la rage & toute la tyrannie de la pauverté. Mais ce n'est pas de la pauverté illustre , de la pauverté volontaire , de la pauverté heroique. Cette pauverté barbare & inhumaine qu'il nous peint , est une pauverté populaire , une pauverté forcée ; enfin une pauverté lache , infame , & corrompue , qui n'a autre pere que le crime , ny autre objet que le mal. En effet si cette enragée rencontre une ame foible , une ame timide , une ame ignorante , il faut avouer qu'elle exerce d'estranges supplices sur elle ; & quand une fois , elle s'en est rendue maistrisse , elle devient la plus cruelle des furies , & luy tient toujours devant les yeux ses serpens , & ses serpents , pour luy imprimer le desespoir. Si cette miserable possedée resiste à cette tentation , elle la fait succomber sous une autre. Elle luy commande imperieusement de tout faire , & de tout souffrir. Elle la contraint de se jeter les yeux fermés , dans les precipices qu'elle luy presente. Elle efface peu à peu le caractere divin , que l'homme porte sur le front. Elle luy arrache les sentimens d'honneur , & de vertu , que la nature luy a gravés dans le cœur & l'ayant detourné de penible chemin , par lequel on monte aux Temples de ces deux divinités , elle luy deffend mesme de hausser les yeux vers la cime de la montagne , ou elles sont adorées.

**I** Perceive you secretly murmur , and your Looks discover , that your Sentiments do not yet agree with our Philosopher's. You own that Courts , immense Riches , and eminent Stations are attended with many Cares and great Inquietude ; but you require him likewise to acknowledge , that Poverty is a great Misfortune ; and that comparing the Inconveniencies of the one with the other , Abundance with many Cares is much to be prefer'd to Want with Few. Our Painter allows your Objection , and in this Picture does admirably represent that wretched Condition , with all its Circumstances of Misery , in the Form of a Woman , whose Face is full of Rage , her Eyes hollow , her Body almost naked , clad with nothing but Rags ; her Food only Roots and Pulse ; in fine , a Creature so wretched and forlorn , that nothing can better express the Terrors of extreme Want and Poverty. But this is not the Poverty he would recommend to you : It is that heroick , glorious Poverty that is voluntary ; such as is the Choice of those great Souls who quit the World , to gain Heaven ; who bestow Possessions on the Poor , and resign Crowns and Honours , to enjoy Repose and Solitude. The inhuman barbarous Wretch before you , is a vulgar Poverty , the Consequence of Idleness and Sloth , infamous and shameful ; which has no Parents but Vice , nor Cause but Sin. If this enraged Monster seizes on mean Souls , she certainly exercises a cruel Tyranny over them , and is the most inexorable of Furies ; holding continually before their Eyes a Scorpion's Scourge to lash , sting , and drive them to Despair. If they resist one Temptation , she leaves them not till they sink under another , but imperiously forces her Slaves to do and suffer all she pleases ; and often constrains the Wretch whom she pursues , to throw himself blindly into the Precipice she leads him to. A Poverty of this Kind effaces by Time even those divine Principles that are imprinted in Man's Soul , and tears from him all Sense of Honour and Virtue ; and having turn'd him out of the Path which we must ascend with Difficulty to the Temples of the Gods , forbids him to lift up but even his Eyes to that glorious Place ; where they are worshipp'd.

Hor. lib. 3.  
Od. 24. *Improbis  
Magnum pauperies opprobrium , jubet  
Quidvis & facere , & pati :  
Virtutisque viam deserit ardua.*

Senec.  
Consol. ad Helviam. *In paupertate nihil mali esse , quisquis modo nondum  
pervenit in insaniam omnia subvertentis avaritia , atque  
luxuria , intelligit.*

If Poverty , the worst of Ills esteem'd ,  
Oblig'd Mankind to do , or suffer ill ;  
If it a Foe to Virtue always seem'd ;  
Turn'd us out of her Paths , constrain'd our Will ,  
It justly might a dreadful Thing be deem'd.

Every Man , whose Understanding is not prejudiced with destructive Avarice , or Luxury , is sensible that Poverty is in it self no Ill.





*La pauvreté n'est pas indifferante ;  
Zeno à tort de la mettre en ce rang.  
Par sa vertu, l'ame la moins puissante,  
Peut triompher de la chair & du sang.*

Poverty's not a Thing indifferent ;  
Zeno to call it so, was much to blame :  
It Power has in Minds to Goodness bent,  
Even all vicious Habits to reclaim.

A a

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Fifth Picture.

La Pauverté ne nuit pas tousiours à la Vertu.

Poverty is no Hinderance to Virtue.

**E** voy bien que mes raisons sont capables de vous vaincre, mais qu'elles ne le sont pas de vous persuader. Vous n'avez rien à repartir, & toutefois vous n'êtes pas satisfaits. Voicy nôtre Peintre qui vient à vôtre secours. Il nous presente un Tableau, qui semble parler en vôtre faveur; & nous montre jusqu'à quelle honteuse servitude, l'homme est réduit par la rigueur de la pauvreté. A n'en mentir point, cet objet est une puissante raison, pour porter les esprits à la recherche des biens de la terre. Mais ne triomphez pas de la confession qui m'est eschappée. Vous ne conserverez gueres l'avantage qu'elle vous donne. Qui pensez-vous, Je vous prie, que soit cet infame, qui pour un bien imaginaire vend son honneur, sa conscience, & sa liberté? C'est un de ces miserables aveugles volontaires, qui par une lâche & brutale intemperance, deshonnorent la pauvreté; & qui font une esclave, une caimande, une prostituée, de celle dont les Philosophes ont fait une Reyne, une conquérante, une Sainte. Le Ciel aussi qui s'est tousiours déclaré pour elle, ne laisse pas long-temps cet ennemy de la vertu, dans l'impunité de ses crimes. Le Tableau que nous regardons, est tout plein des supplices, dont il est diversement tourmenté; & vous voyez que ceux la mesmes qu'il a choisis pour ses protecteurs, deviennent ses tyrans, & ses bourreaux. En effet pour ce qu'il ne peut supporter une condition qui l'approche bien pres des Dieux; il tient à honte ce dont les Philosophes, & les Heros ont fait toute leur gloire, & prostitué tantost sa liberté, & tantost sa vie, pour se défaire d'un bien qui doit estre acquis, aux despens de la liberté mesme, & de la vie. Mais detournez les yeux de cet objet indigne de vôtre compassion; & regardez ce riche insolent qui s'est fait une monture du miserable, qui le croit plus heureux que luy. C'est une furie vangeresse, que la justice du Ciel a inseparablement attachée à ce grand coupable, pour luy faire sentir combien est horrible, & combien digne de punition, cette bassesse d'ame, qui le rend esclave des richesses.

**Y** Reasons are doubtless such as must silence you. But yet I fear you are not fully convinced, you have nothing left to reply, yet are not satisfied, or willing to abandon all Things for Virtue's Sake. Our Painter here seems to favour you, shewing to what a shameful Servitude Men are reduced by a rigorous Poverty. And I own this seems a sufficient Reason to excite us, ardently to covet and endeavour to obtain the Treasures of this World. But triumph not, I shall soon undeceive you; the Wretch before you is one of those base Souls, who has blindly sought for Happiness in sensual Pleasures; and having consumed by Intemperance the reasonable moderate Fortune Providence had bestow'd on him, now wanting Bravery and Sense to support that Poverty which his own ill Conduct has brought him to; and which Labour and Retirement could render not only supportable but sweet and delightful; chuses vilely to sell himself for Bread to an imperious Lord, and prostitute that freeborn Soul, of which Philosophy would have made a Monarch or a Saint. Heaven who still takes Virtue's Part, fails not to punish this Enemy of hers; his Patron proves his Tyrant and Tormentor, using him with the utmost Contempt and Cruelty. Behold this Picture is fill'd with Representations of what he suffers: And it is but just that he who could not support a Condition nearest to that of the Gods; who held in Scorn what Philosophers and Heroes glory'd chiefly in, who has sold his Liberty and Repose only to get rid of a happy Poverty, a glorious Freedom Men can only taste in Retirement, and an obscure Cell or Cottage, to attend on Greatness; to fawn and be subjected to another's Will: I say it is but just, that such a one should live wretched and despised, and die unpitied. But now look on the rich Insolent that thus insults him, who is in Reality himself no happier than this Wretch; a revenging Fury, whom the Justice of Heaven has inseparably join'd to this Criminal, to make him sensible how detestable that Baseness of Soul is, which has thus render'd him a Slave to Vice and Gain.



Hor. lib. 1. Sic qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis  
Epist. 10. Libertate caret, dominum vebet improbus, atque  
Serviet aeternum, quia parvo nesciat uti.

So he that fearing to be poor, does give  
Himself away, chusing a Slave to live,  
Parting with all that's dear, his Liberty,  
A Vassal to another's Will shall be.  
Shall still a Master fear, and be ill used;  
Because to live with little he refused.

Menand. Paupertatem ferre non omnis, sed viri sapientis.

The feeble Mind Adversity does fear:  
The Wise alone Misfortunes nobly bear.

Ricbe



*Richie infame, il est vray : Les estoiles ingrates  
T'ont fait tyran du pauvre, & l'ont mis sous ta loy.  
Mais s'il est magnanime, il est plus grand que toy :  
Et tel que fut Cesar au milieu des pirates,  
Eien qu'il soit ton esclave, il te commande en Roy.*

Rich Knave, 'tis true, thy lucky Stars decree  
The Poor thy Slaves, whilst thou curs'd Wretch  
[art free;  
But he that has a nobler Soul than thee,  
Like Cesar in the Pyrate's Chains still brave,  
Shall even make thee fear, altho' thy Slave.

## The Explanation of the Forty-Sixth Picture.

Tout cede au Demon des richesses.

All yield to the Damon of Riches.

**L**E Tableau devant lequel vous vous arretez, esté mis en suite du precedant, pour combattre mes raisons, & mes exemples. Aussi me le montrez-vous pour tacher de me convaincre, & me faire changer d'opinion. A la verité cette assemblée me surprend ; & l'idolatrie qui s'y exerce me met presque en colere contre la vertu que j'ay tant deffenduë. Je vois icy un melange espouvantable de choses saints & prophanes. Je voy le demon estropié des richesses assis sur le throne, ou doit regner la pauvreté heroïque. Mais ce qui m'espouvante le plus, c'est que je voy la sagesse elle mesme, ploye les genoux devant ce monstre ; & que la Religion détruisant son usage tout spirituel, employe ses Autels & son encens à l'adoration des idoles. La renommée, la liberté, la noblesse, l'honneur sont du nombre de ces adorateurs. Mais leur lâcheté ne me met pas en peine. Ce sont quatre mercenaires, qui ont coustume de se prostituer pour un peu d'intéress ; & qui se vendent à vil prix, toutes les fois qu'ils rencontrent des acheteurs. Quiconque a de l'argent, trouvera cent Poëtes, qui le porteront jusqu'à la table des Dieux ; & autant de Genealogistes qui indifferemment le feront descendre de Priam ou d'Agamemnon : des *Æacides*, ou des *Cæsars*. Mais que la sagesse, & la piété se soyent abaissées jusqu'à l'adoration du vice, c'est un prodige qui peut estre mis au nombre de ceux, dont l'imagination trop audacieuse des Peintres & des Poëtes, peuple tous les jours, leur monde fabuleux. Je ne puis toutefois me persuader, que dans une matiere si sérieuse, nostre Peintre qui est si sage, ait voulu abuser de sa Philosophie, & se dispenser de son ordinaire severité. En effet je recognois le secret de son ame, dans les lineaments de sa peinture. Cette vertu qu'il peint a genoux, n'est pas la véritable vertu qu'il adore. C'est cette fausse & pernicieuse vertu qui trompe les simples, qui mesle les fourbe, & les trompeurs a la société des gens de bien ; & qui se tenant sur les leures des meschants, leur est un masque subtil & charmant, qui les fait tousiours prendre pour ce qu'ils ne sont pas. F'en dis autant de la piété, qui l'accompagne. C'est l'hypocrisie qui estant, comme vous savez, toute imposture, & toute ambition, se couvre perpetuellement du manteau de la piété, pour abuser les innocens, & leur couper la bourse. Cela estant, comme il est, ne devez vous pas avouer, que je n'ay point sujet de me rendre, puis que tous ceux qui sont armez contre moy, je veux dire, contre la verité que je deffends, sont ces mesmes monstres, que desja tant de fois vous m'avez vu fouler aux pieds. Confessez donc ingenuëment, que ce Tableau ne donne aucun avantage aux avarés ny aux ambitieux, puisque nous ne voyons que des vices cachez, ou des vices decouverts, s'abaisser devant l'idole des richesses.

**T**HE Picture before which you stay, seems placed next the Precedent, to dispute against my Reasons and Examples, and you seem full of Hopes to convince me that I am in the Wrong ; and that Riches only can make a Man (whilst on Earth) happy and respected. I must confes I am surprized at this Assembly ; and the Idolatry here practised, makes me ready to blaspheme that Virtue I have so long ador'd : I see here a frightful Mixture of Things sacred and prophane. The deform'd Dæmon of Riches seated on that Throne, where heroick Poverty ought to reign. But what startles me more, is, That even Wisdom her self bows down before the Monster ; and Piety, false to Heaven, employs her Altars and Incense to honour the Idol : Fame and Honour are of the Number of its Votaries. But their Baseness moves me not ; they are Mercenaries that are accustom'd to prostitute and sell themselves to every Purchaser. He that has Wealth shall not fail to find Poets to rank him with the Gods in Virtue and Renown ; and Genealogists who will prove him descended either from *Priam* or *Agamemnon*, *Hercules* or *Alexander*. But that Wisdom and Piety should debase themselves so low as to worship Vice, is a Prodigy far exceeding all those which the too audacious Imagination of the Poet has ever devised ; I can no longer persuade my self, that in a Matter so serious, our wise Painter would abuse Philosophy, and divest himself of his usual Severity. And at length I discover the Secret of his Soul in the Lineaments of his Painting. The Wisdom here kneeling is a Cheat, not the Goddess he adores. It is the dissembled Virtue that the Wicked put on to introduce themselves into the Company of the Good and Virtuous. Virtue that dwells not in the Heart, but on the Tongues of Deceivers ; the most subtle and taking Disguise they can put on. Such also is the Piety that accompanies her. It is Hypocrisy, who you are sensible is all Imposture and Pride, and covers herself with the Mantle of Piety, to abuse and undo the credulous ; and is ever taken for what it is not. See then all those that oppose that Truth which I maintain, are (tho' in other Shapes disguised) but the same Vices I have all along warn'd you of, and taught you to vanquish. Be not any more deluded, Virtue will never bow to Vice ; or great Souls bend for Avarice or Ambition.

Hor. lib. 2.  
Satyr. 3.

Omnis enim res,  
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris  
Divitiis parent : quas qui construxerit, ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens etiam, & Rex ;  
Et quidquid volet. Hoc, veluti virtute paratum,  
Speravit magna laudi fore.

For well he knew that every Thing below,  
Virtue, and Fame, the Young, the Fair, and all  
Divine and Human Things must cringe and bow,  
And prostrate to the God of Riches fall.

He that has mighty Treasures got, with Ease  
May Wife, Renown'd, Noble, and Valiant be ;  
A Lord, a King, nay, thought a Deity :

For he with that is every Thing he please.  
Believing this, he thought immortal Fame  
He might procure, if that his Tomb proclaim  
His mighty Wealth, together with his Name.

Mon-



*Monstre, de qui le front est ceint d'un diademe,  
 Corrupteur des esprits, far tyran des Mortels !  
 Qui peut te résister ? puisque la vertu mesme  
 Oubliant ce qu'elle est, t'estève des Autels.*

Monster ! whose Head a Diadem does grace,  
 Thou vile Corrupter of the Mind ;  
 Fierce, cruel, Tyrant o'er Mankind,  
 Who boldly do'st usurp bright Virtue's Place:  
 Who can resist thy Charms, since here we see,  
 Virtue forget her self, and worship Thee ?

B b

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Seventh Picture.

Si Terfite est riche, on le prend pour Achille. *If Therfites was rich, he'd be taken for Achilles.*

**C**ROIEZ vous que ce Tableau soit une nouvelle refutation des veritez que j'ay defendues? Si vous estes de cette opinion, vous estes extremement abusez; car au lieu d'en tirer avantage, vous allez voir que les richesses n'ont jamais eu le privilege de rendre illustres, ceux qui les possèdent, ou pour parler plus regulierement, ceux qui en sont possédez. Je ne veux que vous faire la description du principal personnage de cette peinture; afin que vous demeuriez d'accord, que malgré toutes ses richesses mal-acquises, c'est un monstre qui a beaucoup plus de la beste que de l'homme; & qui sans l'offencer n'est qu'un sot, encore qu'en la posture où il est, il contrefasse l'homme d'importance, & passe pour tel parmy les fateurs qui l'environnent. Vous voyez Venus, les Graces, l'Amour, & l'Eloquence, qui par leurs cajoleries, & par leurs fausses loüanges, persuadent à ce camus, à ce punais, à ce jorge qui parle, qu'il n'y a rien de beau ny de grand, où, avec justice, il n'ait raison de pretendre. Mais vous sçavez que ce sont des fourbes & des railleuses, qui ont coustume de se divertir aux despens des sots; & qui pour se mocquer adroitement de la vanité de celui cy, en seignant de luy presenter la couronne de la galanterie, le coiffent de celle qu'il a meritée. Regardez à sa main gauche, cette troupe de Matrones hypocrates, d'Escrivains mercenaires, & d'autres semblables affronteurs. Ils le traittent de Caton & de Fabrice. Ils l'élevent plus haut que les Cedres du Liban; & le font sortir d'une tige plus ancienne & plus fameuse, que celle des chesnes de Dodone. Sçavez-vous pourquoy tout cela se fait? C'est pour luy faire prendre pour femme, une belle & jeune gallante, qui a besoin de son argent, pour faire éclatter ses charmes, & enrichir d'bonnestes gens incommodez. Ce Squelette animé, mesurant son merite à la hauteur de ses sacs & de ses coffres, se croit homme de bonne mine & de qualité; & sourient impertinamment à cette jeune merveille, luy promet, que pourveu qu'elle s'ache connoistre le bon-heur que sa vertu luy a procuré, il ne luy refusera pas l'honneur de son alliance. Mais ce qui est plaisant en cette rencontre, c'est que l'Usurier se figure qu'il n'y a rien au monde qui le vaille, & par consequent, qu'il est assuré d'estre tout seul le possesseur de sa femme. Cependant, deha toute la jeunesse de la ville se poudre, se frise, se paré, & fait mille parties, pour luy affermir sur la teste, la couronne que Venus luy a si liberalemt donnée. Aussi, ne sera-ce pas une petite merveille, s'il se trouve un seul jour de disjance, entre son mariage, & son infamie.

old Ufurer believing that nothing is more charming and agreeable than himself, fancies that he is consequently sure of being the sole Possessor of his Wife; whereas all the Youth of the Town are powdering, dressing, and laying Designs to fix on his Head the Coronet Fate has destin'd him; and it will be a Wonder if a Day passes betwixt his Marriage and Disgrace.

**Y**OU will now be fully convinced, that Wealth never had the Privilege to render those truly noble and illustrious who possess'd it; or to speak more properly, those whom it possess'd: That is what Virtue and Bravery can only do. I need only to describe to you the principal Person in this Picture, to oblige you to agree, that notwithstanding all his ill-gotten Riches, he is unworthy of the Name of Man. He is in Person deform'd, but in Mind much more resembling a Beast, and a Sot; busy'd in counting over the immense Sums, which griping Ufury and base Craft have made him master of. He seems a Man of Consequence, and crouded with Sycophants, who court his Acquaintance for his Monies sake: He grows vain and impudent; and fancies himself to have great Merit. Venus, the Graces, Love and Eloquence unite to cheat and cajole him; and endeavour to persuade the contemptible Wretch, (who has the Face of a Monkey, and less Manners than a Peasant; and a Soul fordid and incapable of one great Action,) that he has Desert and Beauty, and may not fear to gain the Heart and Affection of the most Fair and deserving Lady whatever. Next, diverting themselves at the Fool's Expence, they proceed to offer him Crowns of Flowers; call him Bridegroom, and excite him to be so, in Hopes to see him made by a Wife what he deserves to be. On his Left Hand there stands a Troop of Women, hackney Poets, and a Lady richly adorn'd; whose Face and Person are both set forth with all the Art and Cost imaginable: They salute him with the Titles of *Cato* and *Fabricsius*; set him above the Cedars of *Lebanon*, and praise his Race as more ancient and famous than the Oaks of *Dodona*. But why all this? And with what Design? Why, to draw him in to marry the Jilt, which has need of his Fortune to maintain other Men, who have more Sense, and no Possessions; and to purchase the Ornaments for her Person, that must enhance her Charms, and keep their Affection. This Baboon rating his Worth by his Bags and Coffers, fancies himself deserving of all this; and grinning, with Transport, tells her, that since she is sensible of her good Fortune, and chuses him to enjoy her, tho' he had no Thoughts of marrying, yet he will condescend to accept of the Honour of her Alliance, and so consents to espouse her. What is most diverting is, that this

Hor. lib. 1. Scilicet uxorem, cum dote, fideinque & amicos;  
Epist. 6. Et genus, & formam regina Pecunia donat,  
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Gold is a Queen, that can all Things bestow;  
A Wife with mighty Dower, Young and Fair;  
True Friends, Nobility and Beauty rare.  
Venus her self, and Eloquence do show  
Respect, and court the ugly Ufurer.



O ! que tu fais d'outrage aux vertus heroïques,  
 Dont si faussement tu te piques ;  
 Homme sans honneur & sans foy.  
 Tu flattes l'âchement un infame Tantale ;  
 Et le cœur embrasé d'une flame brutale,  
 Tu fais de son argent, ton Idole & ton Roy.

Heroick Virtue you do basely wrong,  
 And most unjustly are her Enemy.  
 Base Man, to whom no Honour does belong ;  
 Meanly thou flatterest one whose Infamy  
 Is what thy servile Mind adores, his Gold ;  
 The Idol God, for which thy Soul is sold.

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Eighth Picture.

Le desir des biens est contraire aux choses  
honestes.

An inordinate Desire of Riches, is inconsistent  
with Honesty.

**V**OICIT le premier des crimes importants, où nous fait tomber l'aveugle passion des richesses. D'abord qu'un homme en est possédé, il perd cette grandeur d'ame avec laquelle il est né; & se precipitant de cette haute elevation, dans tout ce qu'il y a de plus bas & de plus infame en la vie, il renonce publiquement à la vertu, & par consequant, à tous les avantages qu'il avoit reçeus de la liberalité de la nature. Si vous estudiez bien ce Tableau, c'est ce qu'il pretend de vous enseigner. Ce jeune courage, qui poussé par les mouvemens de grace & de la nature, vouloit marcher sur les pas d'un Alcide; & comme luy, monter au Temple de la vertu, est à peine entré dans un si penible sentier, qu'à l'objet des richesses que le vice luy presente, il se trouble: il s'arreste: il consulte: il se repent de sa genereuse resolution: il tourne le dos à la vertu; & ayant abandonné laschement les armes qu'elle luy avoit données, se met avec ses semblables, à faire cas de choses qui à proprement parler, au lieu d'estre les derniers efforts, & les chef d'œuvres de la nature, comme les avarés se sont persuadez, n'en sont que les excremens & les parties bonteuses.

**S**EE here the first considerable Crime which the Man who is eager to obtain great Riches, falls into. No sooner does he begin to covet Wealth, but he loses that Greatness of Soul with which he was born, and falls into Contempt; not blushing to do Things the most base and servile: He renounces Virtue, and grows careless to improve all the Advantages he has received from Nature or Education. If you consider well this Picture, you will discover this is what it is design'd to teach us to avoid. This (once hopeful) young Man excited by Grace and Reason, set out in the Paths of Virtue, as resolved and vigorous as Alcides; and like him, purposed to ascend to Wisdom's glorious Temple: But he was no sooner entered on the rugged Way, than Vice meets and offers him vast Treasures to turn Back again. At the Sight of which he stops, grows thoughtful, troubled, unresolv'd; at length he yields, forgets his first noble Design, turns his back upon Virtue, and having basely abandon'd the Field, associates with such undone Wretches as himself, makes nothing but Money his Care; Gold and Silver are the Gods he worships: These he looks on as the noblest Work of Nature, and Gift of Heaven: For these he wastes his Strength, and wakes all Night. Thus are the Covetous deluded, who will not be convinc'd, that this is the least valuable Thing Nature produces for Man's Use, since it can scarce be gain'd with, or kept without much Anxiety and Care; or will be of any Service to us after Death.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 16. *Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deseruit, qui  
Semper in augenda festinat & obruitur re.*

Lib. 2.  
Sat. 3. *Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.*

Lib. 1.  
Satyr. 4. *Quamvis media erueturba,  
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.*

The Man that ever toils, with Cares oppress'd;  
Anxious his Fortune to increase, unblest'd,  
Basely deserting Virtue, quits his Post;  
And is to all that's good or noble lost.

His Folly is observ'd by few with Care;  
'Cause most Men seiz'd with the same Sickness are.

Amidst the Crowd make choice of one, you'll find  
That Avarice, or Pride, infects each Mind.





*Homme avare & brutal, pourquoi murmures-tu ;  
Contre la supreme sagesse ?  
Il n'en faut point douter. L'amour de la richesse,  
Est la baine de la vertu.*

Vile, fordid Wretch, why do you still repine,  
And dare to murmur at the Power Divine ?  
No longer can we doubt, or need debate ;  
He that does Money love, must Virtue hate.

C c

The

## The Explanation of the Forty-Ninth Picture.

L'argent corrompt tout.

Money corrupts all Men.

**S** I vous estes aussi sensuels que vostre âge & vostre mine veulent me le persuader, je ne doute point que vous ne trouviez en ce Tableau, un grand sujet d'aymer les richesses. Le Peintre y fait éclatter tout ce que l'or a de charmes; & la fable qu'il represente, est un grand exemple ou de la force de ce metal, ou de la foiblesse des femmes. La beauté que vous voyez voluptueusement couchée sur ce liét, est cette fameuse Princesse, que la jalousie de son pere enferma dans une Tour d'airain; & fit garder par tout ce qu'il avoit d'hommes vaillans & incorruptibles. Cependant ces demy-Heros, ces cœurs de lion, ces ames incapables de lascheté, qui desfoient les Cieux & les Enfers, & qui demandoient tous les jours, qu'il se presentast une occasion où ils peussent tesmoigner à leur Prince leur valeur & leur foy, sont éblouys au premier éclat de l'or qui brille sur leurs testes; & pour le posseder, ils oublient leurs promesses, & abandonnent leur honneur & leurs armes. Toute leur fidelité est corrompue par ce dangereux metal. Ils trahissent aussi l'attente & la destinée de leur Prince; & furent à la mercy du corrupteur; la proye que sans son or, il avoit vainement poursuivie. La fragile Danaë n'a pas plus de vertu que ses gardes. Elle prend plaisir à voir tomber sur elle des gouttes d'une pluye si precieuse; & l'innocente qu'elle est, se decouvrant toute pour estre rafraichie d'une si douce rosée, ne s'apperçoit pas de la perfidie qu'elle exerce contre soy-mesme. Mais il ne nous serviroit de rien de luy donner cet avis. Elle a desja receu le prix de son honneur. Il faut par consequent qu'elle livre ce qu'elle a vendu; & que son artificieux amant qui s'est coulé dans son liét avec son or, entre en possession de ce qu'il a si bien accepté.

**I**F you are as sensual as your Years, and Looks persuade me, I do not doubt but you will find in this Picture a fair Pretence to love Money. The Painter has here set forth in its full Lustre, all the Charms of Gold. And the Fable he here represents, is a great Example of the Power of this bewitching Mettle, and of the Frailty of Women. The beautiful Lady that you see wantonly laid on her Bed, is that famous Princess, whom her jealous Father had secured in a Tower of Brass: To keep which he set a Guard, composed of the bravest Men in his Army; such as he believ'd would not be bribed or seduced. Yet these Lion-hearted Heroes, these noble Souls who boasted themselves incapable of base Actions, calling the Heaven they believed not, and the Hell they fear'd not, to witness their Integrity; pretending they had long wished for an Opportunity like this, in which they might manifest their Valour and Fidelity to their Prince. These very Men dazzled with the first Appearance of that glittering Cloud, in which Jupiter conceal'd himself, abandon their Arms, forget their Charge, open the Gates, and tumultuously strive to share the golden Shower that falls on them. And thus at once they betray their Princess and their Prince's Fortune; delivering into the Arms of the amorous God the fair One, whom he had without his Gold pursued in vain. The thoughtless Danaë frail as her Guards, sees with Joy the shining Drops of that glorious Rain fall on her Bed, and innocently leaves her lovely Body all exposed, to tempt and receive the transported Ravisher, who steals into her Arms; and before she is aware undoes the harmless, innocent Maid. Methinks I would warn her of her Danger, but 'tis, alas! too late; she has accepted the Price of her Honour, and must permit her subtle Lover, whose Gold covers her Bed, to enter there, and possess the Treasure which he has bought at so great Expence.



Hor. lib. 3.  
Od. 16. *Inclusam Danaen turris aenea  
Robustaque fores, & vigilum canum  
Tristes excubiae munierant satis  
Nocturnis ab adulteris:*

*Si non Acrisum, virginis abdita  
Custodem pavidum Jupiter & Venus  
Rississent: fore enim tutum iter, & patens,  
Converso in pretium Deo.*

*Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius  
Ilu fulmineo.*

When old *Acrisus* did with pious Care,  
Within a Tower of Brass secure the Fair,  
The lovely *Danae*, with a double Guard;  
He surely thought he took the wisest Way,  
'That no bold Lover should the Maid betray;  
Whilst Dogs did watch, and all the Gates were

[ barr'd,

But *Jove* and *Venus* did his Care deride:  
With potent Gold the Gates they open'd wide.  
They knew the Way to Gold must open lie.  
In Liquid Gold the God himself convey'd,  
And in the glorious Shower enjoy'd the Maid;  
That forc'd the Gates, and shut each watchful Eye.

Gold through the strongest Guard and Doors will  
pass;  
Makes Rocks to melt, and brittle be as Glass.  
With greater Force than pointed Lightning flies.  
'Tis Gold that gains all Hearts, and blinds all Eyes.



*Beauté qui mets nos cœurs en cendre,  
Et qui mesme des Dieux, fais tes adorateurs ;  
L'or est le Roy des Enchanteurs,  
Ton cœur tout fier qu'il est, ne scauroit s'en deffendre.  
Et s'il trouue des acheteurs,  
Il n'a rien qui ne soit à vendre.*

Beauty who do'st our Hearts enflame,  
And even of the Gods can't Captives make ;  
Gold is the powerful God, whose Name  
Has Charms, all the fair Sex to take ;  
And him thy Heart resists in vain.  
Believe me, there's nothing on Earth so rare,  
But can be bought, if there's a Purchaser.

The

## The Explanation of the Fiftieth Picture.

La Fortune ne fait point le merite.

OUR peu que vous sollicitiez ma complaisance, elle est assez vaste & assez facile, pour prendre vostre party, contre mes propres sentimens. Afin donc de vous tesmoigner combien je suis accomodant, je vous confesseray, si vous m'en priez, que les richesses donnent de la mine à un faquin, & font au moins, qu'en apparence un sot a quelque chose d'un bonnest homme. Mais n'exigez pas davantage, de ma naturelle facilité. Car si j'allois plus avant, je serois contraint de me démentir moy-mesme; & vous expliquant le Tableau devant lequel nous sommes arrestez, ruiner entierement les agreables illusions dont ma complaisance vous a flattez. Ne voyez vous pas que la Fortune qui pour faire enrager les gens d'honneur, prend plaisir à voir les sages dans la bouë, & les sots sur la pourpre, n'a pu toutesfois si bien desguiser le Singe qu'elle a couronné, qu'au travers des ornemens & des voiles dont elle l'a couvert, il ne paroisse toujours ce que la nature l'a fait. Tirez de là cette consequence necessaire, qu'un sot est toujours un sot; & que plus un homme mal-fait est paré, & plus ses difformitez se connoissent. Vous me direz que je ne vous tiens pas parole, & qu'à l'entrée de ce discours, je vous promettois plus de condescendance. Il ne tient pas à moy. Mais je ne puis. La force de la raison m'emporte, & bien que je sois fort amy de mes amis, je le suis encore plus de la verité.

Fortune cannot give Desert.

PERHAPS you have hitherto thought me too severe; and therefore as a Proof of my good Nature I will now yield to allow with you, that Riches can give even to a vile and sordid Wretch, at least an Air of Greatness; and that a Knave has often in outward Appearance some Resemblance of an honest Man. But I can proceed no further. For in explaining this Picture, I shall convince you that 'tis all Illusion; that the Difference is so vast between what is really good and noble; and what falsely appears to be so, that you must be blind if you prefer not Virtue in Rags, before Vice and Folly in Purple and Diamonds. It is true, Fortune, that fickle Goddess, to try the Patience of great Souls, often takes delight to leave the Wise neglected in Obscurity and Want, and seats the Idiot on the Throne. But 'tis not in her Power to disguise the Monkey she has crown'd so well, but that through all the gaudy Robes and Ornaments with which she has endeavour'd to conceal his Deformities, he still appears to be such as Nature has made him: Like Men deform'd, who are but more remarkably ridiculous, for being finely dress'd: So also wicked, vain Men, the more they are advanced by Fortune in Wealth and Honour, the more their Faults and Vices become conspicuous. Forgive me that I speak thus plainly. I am constrain'd to be thus warm in Truth's Defence. I would oblige my Friend, and condescend to favour his Opinions, tho' not altogether suited to the strict Rules of Wisdom; but where Virtue is concern'd, I love my Friend well, but Truth much better.



Hor. lib. 1. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,*  
Epist. 10. *Et mala perrumpet furtum fastigia vitrix.*

Things against Nature do, 'tis all in vain;  
She will with double Force return again.  
Your evil Habits cure, and Will constrain.

Lampson. *Caca fove indignos Foras, ut lubet, at tua dona,*  
*Simia ne maneat simia, non facient.*

Blind Fortune, raise the worthless as you please;  
You only can bestow such Gifts as these.  
Dress up an Ape, and place him on a Throne,  
Yet he will still, through all Disguise, be known.

Senec. de vit. beat. *Non faciunt equum meliorem aurei frani: neque hominem praestantiorum fortuna ornamenta.*

Trappings of Gold the Horse don't better make;  
nor is the Man more excellent, who does partake of Fortune's choicest Gifts.

Mange



*Mange deffous un Dais ; dors dedans un Bahufre,  
Sois Fils de mille Rois, & petit Fils des Dieux ;  
Si tu n'as la Vertu qui les mit dans les Cieux :  
Tu ne seras qu'un Sot illustre.*

Sleep always in a gilt Alcove,  
And eat beneath a Canopy,  
Son of a potent Monarch be,  
And near ally'd to Mighty Jove :  
Yet if those Vertues wanting are,  
Which made thy Ancestors be deify'd,  
Thou wilt a gaudy Sot appear,  
And be despis'd in all thy costly Pride.

## The Explanation of the One-and-Fiftieth Picture.

L'Amour des Biens est un Suplice qui ne finit point.

*The Love of Riches is an endless Pain.*

**S**I la perte de la Vertu n'avoit point de suites dangereuses, je ne doute pas que la plupart des Hommes estant lâches & insensibles comme ils sont, ne fussent aisément consolé de sa perte. Mais estant réduits à la déplorable nécessité de souffrir tous les Maux qui accompagnent le Crime, au mesme instant qu'ils ont abandonné la Vertu ; je m'estonne que leur propre Interest ne les oblige point à faire quelques efforts pour tâcher de se la conserver. Il est vray, que le Ciel a resolu que les Ames basses soient toujours mal-heureuses. Il faut donc que leur destin s'accomplisse. En voicy deux qui pour s'enrichir, n'ont appréhendé ni les Dangers de la Terre, ni ceux de la Mer : & qui pour assouvir leur insatiable Avidité, ont violé également les Loix divines & humaines. Ne refusez pas, je vous prie, la grace que je vous demande. Considérez avec moy, quels sont les Fruits de tant de Travaux & de tant de Crimes. A la verité, ces Personnes sont illustres par leurs grands Biens. Leur Ville est ornée des Palais qu'ils ont fait bastir. Les Plaines les plus vastes, ne font qu'une partie de leur Domaine. Les Montagnes & les Vallons les reconnoissent pour Seigneurs. La Mer gemit sous le nombre des Vaisseaux qu'ils envoient d'un Monde à l'autre. Voila des choses qui paroissent fort éclatantes & fort belles. Mais elles le paroissent seulement, & ne le sont pas en effet. Ces Riches miserables, n'ont repos ny nuit ny jour. Leurs Veilles sont troublées de mille fascheux Messages ; & leurs Sommes de peu de durée, sont traversé par des Songes & par des Phantosmes espouvantables. Aujourdhuy ils craignent le desbordement d'une riviere ; Demain la gresse leur donne d'alarme. Le Tonnerre ne scauroit gronder, qu'ils ne tremblent, non de peur d'en estre frapés, mais de l'appréhension que leurs moissons n'en soient renversées. Au seul nom de Banqueroute ils palissent ; & se persuadent qu'ils n'y a pas un Courtier de Change qui ne soit un Voleur déguisé. S'ils osoient reestabli l'Adoration des Idoles, ils feroient de bon cœur des Sacrifices à Neptune & aux Vents, pour en obtenir le salut de leurs Vaisseaux ; & adjoustans le sacrilege à l'usure, interessoient, s'il leur estoit possible, Dieu mesme dans la conservation de leurs Biens mal acquis. Pourvez-vous maintenant appeller ces Gens, Grands, Illustres, Heureux. Si vous le faites, vous n'estes pas du Sentiment d'un Homme qui a pû donner jalousie au grand Alexandre. Vous le voyez dans son Tonneau, sans inquietude, sans crainte & sans douleur, pour ce qu'il est sans richesse. Il se mocque des fous, qui se desesperent de leurs pertes ; & se vante d'estre véritablement grand Seigneur, puisqu'il est au dessus des choses que le Monde estime les plus grandes.

**I**F to be at enmity with Virtue was not attended with very ill Consequences, I fear that the greater part of Mankind are now so base and senseless, that they would little value or court her Friendship. But being certain to suffer all the Miseries that are the Effects of that Crime, and to be wretched from the moment they forsake her ; I am amazed that the Sense of their own Interest does not prevail with Men to make at least some Efforts to preserve her Friendship. Certain it is, that Heaven has decreed all mercenary and ignoble Souls should be in themselves miserable. Behold here two Persons, who to acquire great Riches have despised all Dangers of the Seas and Climates ; and to satisfy that hateful Passion, broken through all Laws, both Human and Divine. Consider, I beseech you, with me, what are the Fruits of all their Pains and Crimes. 'Tis true, these Persons are famous and renown'd for their great Wealth. The City where they dwell, is adorn'd with stately Houses and Palaces built at their Cost. The largest Plains adjoining, are but a part of their Possessions : Mountains and flowry Vales acknowledge them their Lords ; the Seas foam under the vast weighty Ships they send to every Quarter of the World to trade in hopes to increase their Store. These things make their Condition to appear very tempting and happy, I allow : but they are in reality quite otherwise ; miserable is their Condition. They know no Peace day or night. When they are awake, frequent Alarms of Vessels lost, of midnight Fires, and Debtors going off, distract their Souls, and pall all their Enjoyments. When sleeping, strange Dreams of Hell, of Death, and terrifying Fiends, of Tempests, and Ghosts of those they have undone, appear ; and thus they start, and trembling rise, to be a-new tormented. To-day they fear some River should overflow their Lands : to-morrow a Shower of Hail alarms them ; and Thunder cannot roar, but they look pale, not fearing Death so much, as that their Harvest should be spoil'd. Name but a Bankrupt, and they change Colour, and look upon every Man as a Thief, that would borrow any thing of them. If they dared, they would raise Altars to Neptune and the Winds, in hopes to obtain Safety for their Ships ; and so add Idolatry to Usury. Nay, if it was possible, they would even interest God himself in the Conservation of their ill-gotten Treasure, by praying on this Occasion, tho they do so on no other. You may yet continue to stile these Men Great, No-

ble, and Fortunate ; but if you would be truly Wise, hearken to that wondrous Man, whose Condition was even envy'd by the Great Alexander. See here Diogenes in his Tub, free from Fears and Cares, boasting that his Poverty is his Happiness. Fools that you are, says he, whom Losses throw into Despair ! How far am I above you ? I am indeed a mighty Man, who have learn'd to despise all those things which the World most esteems, and for which you sigh and languish.

Horat. l. 3.  
Od. 1.  
Desiderantem quod satia est, neque  
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,  
Nec servus Arcturi cadentis  
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi :  
Non verberata grandine vineæ,  
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas  
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros  
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

He that no more than what will Life suffice  
Does ask, no Change of Fortune can surprize :  
Loud Storms and Tempests he unmov'd can hear,  
And unconcern'd behold the clouded Skies,  
And gathering Winds in horrid Discord rise ;  
Let Nature shake, his Soul's exempt from Fear.  
Let dreadful Hail his hopeful Vineyard spoil,  
Or Olives parch'd, shrink up and yield no Oil ;  
His Field unfruitful all his Hopes defeat,  
His Orchards wanting Fruit, appear to mourn  
The Summer's Drought, and faded look forlorn ;  
Or sudden Frost destroy, his Life is sweet.



*Consulte, Ambitieux, ce que tu vois icy ;  
Et ton Cœur aura fait un excellent Estude.  
Le pauvre Vertueux vit sans inquietude,  
Et le riche Méchant n'est jamais sans soucy.*

Ambitious Men, observe what here you see,  
A Truth of mighty use to all it shows ;  
The Poor and Vertuous live from Terrors free,  
The Rich and Wicked never know Repose.

## The Explanation of the Two-and-Fiftieth Picture.

L'Avarice est un grand Mal.

Covetousness is a great Misfortune.

**C**OMME si ce n'estoit pas assez des Craintes & des Soins dont les Avarés sont tourmenté, toutes les fois qu'ils hazardent leurs Biens, il le sont encore des Demons familiers qui habitent leurs Cabinets & leurs Coffres; & qui les tiennent continuellement dans l'apprehension de perdre l'Argent qu'ils ont enfermé sous cent Clefs. Ces Miserables passent d'une Inquietude à l'autre; & d'une Trouble estrange à un Trouble domestique. Les voicy représenté, apres nature, en la Personne de ce vieil Usurier. Il tient d'une main les Borderaux & les Registres de l'Argent qu'on luy rapporte, avec les Interests à Cent pour Cent; & à l'instant mesme qu'il le reçoit, il est interieurement persecuté de la Crainte d'estre Volé. Il regarde ses propres Enfants comme autant de Harpies qui veillent pour luy devorer avec son Or son bon-heur imaginaire. Il interprete leurs Services & leurs Demonstrations d'Amitié, à des Amors & des Pieges, où ils ont fait dessein de le prendre. Ses Serviteurs n'ont esté admis au ministere de ses Tresors, qu'apres qu'ils ont esté soumis à toutes les espreuves qu'il a desiré. Cependant, quoy qu'il soit asseuré du respect des uns & de la fidelité des autres, il palit, il tremble, il se desesperé. Ses Yeux, ses Pieds, ses Mains, & ses Soupçons, sont d'assidus mais d'infideles Espies, qui errant de Chambre en Chambre, & de Coffre en Coffre, luy donnent jour & nuict de fausses & cruelles Alarmes.

prevail'd with him to permit them to bring in and tho he has all the Reason in the world to be assured he still wakes, startles, listens, and shakes at every Noise. He steals from one Chamber to another, pries into each Corner of his Coffers, to see if nothing's lost. Thus Night and Day he languishes for that Repose, which he never can possess, till he becomes wise, and ceases to fear the Loss of all things but Immortal Treasures, which are only worth our Care.

**T**HE numerous Cares with which the Avaritious are tormented, are not sufficient to compleat their Punishment. There is a sort of familiar Spirits that continually haunt their Closets and Coffers; whose Names are Distrust and Doubt, which keep them perpetually on the Rack, under the most terrible Apprehensions of losing those Treasures which the vigilant Slaves have secured under a hundred Locks and Bolts. The miserable Wretches pass the tedious Hours of Life in continual Inquietudes, and are as much concern'd from what may happen in their Homes, as at what the Seas and foreign Shores may produce, to undo their Traffick, and destroy their Fortunes. See here, most naturally represented in the Person of this old Usurer, the Condition of these People. He holds in his Hand a List of the Sums of Money with the Interest brought him, fill'd with a secret Transport to observe how the abominable Interest of *Cent. per Cent.* has increased the damning Store; and yet at the same instant trembles, with the Fear of being robb'd. He looks upon his own Children as Harpys, who wait in continual Expectation of his Death, and long for nothing so much as to be his Heirs. He even looks upon all their Tenderness and Services to him, as so many Snares and Designs against his Life. His Servants, whose long-try'd Faith has

manage his Treasures, he's still suspicious of: and of his Childrens Affection and their Fidelity, yet He steals from one Chamber to another, pries into each Corner of his Coffers, to see if nothing's lost. Thus Night and Day he languishes for that Repose, which he never can possess, till he becomes wise, and ceases to fear the Loss of all things but Immortal Treasures, which are only worth our Care.



Horat. l. 3.  
Od. 16. *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,  
Majorumque fames.*

Juvenal.  
Sat. 4. *Interea pleno cum turgit sacculus ore,  
Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit,  
Et minus hanc optat qui non habet.*

As Riches do increase, so does Desire;  
Still more we fear their Loss, and more require.

As the Sack swells with the dear Store,  
So does the greedy Miser's Thirst for more;  
Whilst he who least of Fortune's Bounty shares,  
Does least desire Wealth, and 's free from Cares.





*Cet Avare aux lèvres deteintes,  
Met son Bon-heur en son Argent ;  
Cependant le Chagrin luy donne mill' atteintes ;  
Et comme un fier Vautour ses Entrailles rongant :  
Il meurt cent fois le jour, de Soupçons & de Craintes.*

The Miser here, with pale and wither'd Face,  
Does in his Money all his Comfort place ;  
Whilst Care to keep it like a Vultur tears  
His Soul within, and endless Doubts and Fears  
Destroy his Peace, and waste his joyless Years.

E c

## The Explanation of the Fifty-Third Picture.

L'Avare craint tout, &amp; ne craint rien.



**C**'EST un grand Mal-heur que d'estre  
 éternellement dans la Crainte & dans  
 l'Inquietude. Mais pour comble de  
 Mal-heur, & pour le dernier Chastiment  
 des Crimes de l'Homme avare,  
 il arrive quelque fois qu'il devient  
 insensible à ce qu'il souffre ; & que  
 comme un Homme letargique est d'autant plus perilleuse-  
 ment malade qu'il n'a plus de sentiment de son mal.  
 L'Homme qui semble se reposer dans ce Tableau, est un  
 épouvantable Exemple de ces Punitions divines. Il a  
 l'Âme & les Yeux tellement attachés sur son Argent,  
 & est si extraordinairement frappé de l'Insensibilité de  
 son Mal, qu'il n'a plus d'Oreilles pour ouyr, n'y d'Yeux  
 pour voir les horribles Supplices que le Ciel & la Terre  
 luy preparent. Tantost son bon Genie luy découvre le  
 Fer sanglant des Voleurs qui le doivent égorger. Tantost  
 il luy montre les Chaines que luy preparent les Corsaires  
 qui sont en mer, pour s'enrichir de ses dépouilles. Tan-  
 tost il luy presente les Escueils qui sont cachez sous les  
 ondes ; & tantost il assemble tous les Vents, & leur fait  
 exciter des Tempestes capables d'effrayer les Monstres  
 mesmes de la Mer. Cependant, ce faux Philosophe de-  
 meure immobile parmy tant de Spectacles d'Horreur ; &  
 son Avarice luy promettant une Victoire generale sur  
 tant de differents Ennemis, il va au travers du Fer &  
 des Flammes, assouvir l'exécrable Passion qui le de-  
 vore.

cies that whilst he is seated on his Treasures, he is invulnerable. He would not be poor, tho to be freed from all these Dangers. He will endure all things to be rich, and resolves not to part with what he has thus hardly scraped together, but with his Life ; and will expose himself even to Fire and the Sword, rather than voluntarily part with what gratifies his brutish Passion.

The Covetous fear all things, yet seem insensible of all things.



**I**T is a great Misfortune to be per-  
 petually in fear and dread ; but  
 the last and greatest Punishment  
 that Heaven can chastise a Man  
 withal, is to let him become stu-  
 pid and insensible of all he suffers,  
 so as to go on in Sin, without a-  
 wakening to Repentance : This often happens to the  
 Covetous. Like a Man in a Lethargy he grows  
 every day less sensible of his Disease, as he grows  
 nearer his End. The Man who appears in this  
 Picture to repose himself, is a terrible Example of  
 the Divine Vengeance. He has his Soul and Eyes  
 so attached to his Money, that regarding nothing  
 else, he has neither Ears to hear, nor Eyes to see,  
 the dreadful things that Heaven and Earth have  
 prepared for him. His good Genius in vain  
 warns him one moment of the bloody Death which  
 the Swords of the watching Thieves prepare for  
 him. Anon he shows him the ponderous fettering  
 Chains the Pirates have at Sea got ready to bind  
 him withal, in hopes to share his Spoils amongst  
 them. Then reminds him to listen to the assem-  
 bling Winds, who raise Tempests, terrible enough  
 to affright even the Monsters who inhabit the  
 Seas ; whilst the united Waves join their loud  
 Murmurs to augment the Terrors of the astonish-  
 ing Scene. Yet this dull Lethargick remains un-  
 moved amidst all these horrid Spectacles. He fan-

Horat. l. i.  
Sat. i.

— Cum te neque fervidus æstus  
 Demoveat lucro, neque hysms, ignis, mare, ferrum,  
 Nil obstat tibi, dum ne fit te ditior alter.  
 Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat :  
 Ut, cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,  
 Instat equis auriga, suos vincentibus, illum  
 Præteritum temens extremos inter euntem.  
 Inde fit, ut raro qui se vixisse beatum  
 Dicat & exacto contentus tempore vita  
 Cedat, uti convivæ satur reperire queamus.

Whereas neither the Winter's freezing Cold,  
 Or Summer's Heat, or raging Seas with-hold  
 You from Pursuit of Gain ; or Sword, or Fire,  
 Can make you stop, or quell the fierce Desire :  
 All that opposes you surmount, but why ?  
 Because no Man shall Richer be than I.  
 As in pursuit of Wealth one always finds  
 Still one that richer is, which galls our Minds ;  
 So in the Race, when from the Bar  
 The Chariots start, each Driver far  
 From minding those he has past by,  
 Still on the foremost keeps his Eye,  
 Proud to be always first, we ne'er look down  
 On those whose State's inferiour to our own :  
 This is the Cause one rarely finds a Man,  
 Who cries, I own I've happy liv'd, and can  
 Contented be this day to quit the Stage,  
 It is enough, I've liv'd to a good Age ;  
 Cheerful takes leave, and Death does smiling meet,  
 As pleas'd as he that rises from a Treat.



*Ce vieil Avare à tous momens  
Souffre mille divers Tourmens.  
Il craint les Elemens, les Demons, & les Hommes :  
Il croit mal-assuré, ce qu'il a dans les mains.  
Et cependant miserables Humains !  
Voilà ce qui nous plaît ; voilà ce que nous sommes.*

This Usurer each Moment feels  
Torments as great as Racks and Wheels ;  
He fears each Noise, starts at the Air,  
Fancies some Thief, or Devil's near ;  
And thinks not what he grasps secure.  
See miserable Mortals here  
Your wretched State, the Pains you must endure.

## The Explanation of the Four-and-Fiftieth Picture.

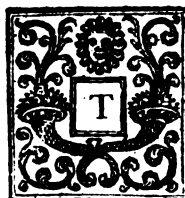
L'Avarice est Infatiable.



*N* E trouvez pas mauvais que nôtre Peintre ait ajouté ces MalediCTIONS à celles qui sont desja tombées sur les Avarés. Il represente ces Miserables, souffrant le plus horrible Suplice dont le juste Dispensateur des choses a de coûtume de punir ces Voleurs, que les Loix civiles ont toujours condamnés & toujours laissé vivre impunis. C'est la Faim renaissante, & l'Infatiable prodigieuse qui les devore. Ils ne pouvoient estre mieux Figures que par le Portrait d'un Hydropique. Les Débauches & la Gloutonnie de ce brutal luy ayant gasté les parties qui servent à la Fabrique du Sang ; & par consequent à la Conservation de la Santé : il est justement chatié par les mêmes parties qu'il a injustement Offencées. Il sçait que son Estomac n'a plus de chaleur qui ne soit à demy etouffée ; que son foye n'est plus capable de ses Fonctions, & que tout ce qu'il prend se convertit en serositées mortelles. Cependant le malheureux qu'il est, il est brûlé d'un feu domestique qui ne peut estre esteint ; & croit qu'à force de boire il recevra quelque soulagement. Il boit donc, & plus il boit & plus s'accroit le desir de boire. Le Corps luy ense jusque aux extremités des pieds & des mains. L'Eau luy regorge presque par la bouche ; & neantmoins il est toujours alteré. Il reprend aussi le verre, & boit sa mort, avec l'Eau qui rend son Mal incurable. Faites l'Application de cette Similitude. Considerez l'Avare, comme nous avons consideré l'Hydropique ; & vous verrez ou qu'ils sont Malades d'une semblable Maladie, ou que s'il y a quelque difference, c'est que l'Hydropique n'est pas si cruellement puni de ses Desordres, que l'Avare l'est de ses Derèglements. Car l'Hydropique ne languit que deux ou trois Ans au plus ; & l'Avare est des trente & quarante Années continuellement tourmenté des Douleurs & des Tortures, que son Infatiable renouvelle à toutes les heures du jour & de la nuit.

three Years at most, and then Death puts an end to his Pain ; but the Covetous generally languish in the World can satisfy ; that Anxiety and Care, which drives Sleep from their Eyes, and Peace from their Souls, and renders them the most contemptible and wretched of all Mankind.

Avarice is Insatiate.



*T* HINK not our Painter too severe, in adding this Example of another Curse that attends the Covetous. Those miserable Wretches are here represented suffering the most cruel Torment with which the just Judge of all things is used to punish these worst of Villains, who make advantage of the Necessities of the Unfortunate. They are such whom the whole World in general condemns, and the Laws have left unpunish'd : but they suffer a never-dying Hunger and Thirst, an insatiate Desire of More, that devours their Souls. No better Representation could be made of this sad Condition, than by this Picture of a Man dying with the Dropsy. This Debauchée has ruined his Health with Excessive Eating and Drinking, and is now justly punish'd in the same kind in which he has offended. He is sensible that the natural Heat of his Stomach is almost lost, that his Liver is no longer able to perform its Office, and that all the Nourishment he takes to support Life, is for want of a good Digestion immediately converted into crude watry Humours, that increase his Pains, and hasten his End. Unhappy Wretch ! he is inwardly consumed with a Fire that Art cannot extinguish, and hopes for Ease by abundant Drinking, which makes his Distemper worse : The more he drinks, the more his Thirst increases. His Body is swoln even to his fingers ends : a Flood of Waters fills his Stomach, and yet he's still dry. He continually puts the Cup to his Mouth, and swallows Death with the greedy Draught. Make you the Application of this Similitude, my ingenious Companions. Consider the Avaritious Man with attention, and you will find him ill of the same Disease, or rather a worse : For the Dropsy holds not above two or

three or four Years, continually tormented with that insatiable Thirst after Wealth, which nothing

Horat. l. 2.  
Od. 2.  
*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,  
Nec firm pellit, nisi causa morbi  
Fugerit venis, & aquosus albo  
Corpore languor.*

Lib. 3.  
Od. 24.  
*————— Scilicet improba  
Crescunt Divitiæ, tamen  
Curta nescio quid semper abest rei.*

He that the Dropsy has, no Ease can gain  
By drinking oft, but does increase his Pain ;  
Indulging it, he still augments his Grief :

He first that watry Humour must expel,  
That does his Body waste, nor can be well  
Till Drinking's left, and Physick gives relief.

Altho the Miser's Riches still increase,  
He seems not satisfy'd, or lives at ease :  
Something's still wanting to compleat his Store ;  
Ye Gods, he cries, give me still one thing more.



*Retranche le desir qui t'agite & te trouble :  
Borne ta convoitise où finit ton pouvoir.  
Plus l'Hydropique boit, plus la soif luy redouble :  
Plus l'Avare a de biens, plus il en veut avoir.*

Quell that untam'd Desire that breaks thy Peace ;  
Wish not for things beyond thy Rank and Power.  
The Dropsical, by drinking, does encrease  
His fatal Thirst ; the Rich still covet more.

## The Explanation of the Five-and-Fiftieth Picture.

L'Avare est son Bourreau.

*The Covetous Man is his own Tormenter.*

**I**L manquoit deux grands maux aux Avarés, pour estre au comble de leurs miseres. Voicy le premier, qui est le plus épouvantable Fleau dont la Justice du Ciel a coustume de les châtier. Si je vous demande pour quoy les Hommes prennent tant de peine, pourquoy si souvent ils hazardent leur vie, en un mot, pourquoy ils deviennent leurs Tyrans, & leurs Bourreaux; vous me respondrez infailliblement, que c'est pour acquerir par le travail de leur esprit, ou par celui de leurs mains, les richesses que la naissance leur a refusée. Si je poursuis ma demande, & vous sollicite de me dire quelle est la fin de tous les travaux que les Hommes souffrent pour acquerir des richesses; je suis assuré que vous me repliquerez, que ces travaux ont pour leur objet, la joye, l'abondance, la bonne chere, & les autres delices, qui ne nous peuvent estre données que par la possession des grands biens. O! que si vous avez cette creance, vous estes dans une grande erreur. Tournez les yeux sur cette Peinture, & vous connoistrez qu'il n'y a point de gueuserie si sordide & si lâche que celle de tous les Riches. Je dis de tous les Riches, pour ce que c'est une verité fondamentale, que tous ceux qui sont devenus Riches par leur travail, sont en mesme temps devenus extrêmement avarés. Celui que vous voyez, est un de ces ennemis de luy même. Ce gueux au milieu de tous ces biens, meurt de soif & de faim; & si quelquefois il accorde à son ventre quelques mauvais aliments, c'est avec tant d'épargne & tant d'avarice, que dans une generale sterilité de toutes choses, il n'y a point de pauvre honteux qui vit si miserablement. Ce monstre cependant, trouve des delices incomparables en cette sorte de misere, d'autant que vivant ainsi, il ne voit diminuer n'y les monceaux de bled, n'y le nombre des tonneaux de vin qui l'environnent.

**T**HERE are yet wanting two great Misfortunes more, to compleat the Miseries of the Avaritious. Behold the first, one of the most terrible Chastisements with which Heaven is used to scourge them. If I should now ask you why Men take so much pains, and so often hazard their Lives by Sea and Land; in a word, why they become cruel to themselves, and fatigue their Bodies: you would doubtless answer, 'tis to obtain by the Labours of their Hands, and Study of their Brains, that Competency and Fortune which their Birth deny'd them. If I should yet proceed to ask you farther, what is the View and Design with which Men labour thus for Riches, I am assured you would reply, 'tis in hopes to enjoy Plenty, Pleasure, and all the Satisfactions which render Life agreeable and happy; and which nothing but a large Fortune can furnish. But believe me, Friends, you are much deceived, if you think thus. Turn out your Eyes on this Picture, and you will be convinced, that there is no Poverty so vile and base as the covetous Man's. For 'tis a known Truth, that all those who have obtain'd great Riches by Usury and Extortion, have in Age become extremely covetous. The Man before you is one of those Enemies to himself. This rich Beggar even starves with Hunger and Thirst amidst his Stores, and affords not to his craving Stomach Food, either good or sufficient; and even that which he does make use of, comes with as much Regret and Sparingness from him, as if it were a time of Scarcity and Famine; nor is there on Earth a more wanting or miserable Creature. Yet this Monster fancies that he finds incomparable Satisfaction in this miserable kind of Life, since he perceives not his Corn and Wine to decrease. There consists his Joy; his Clothes wear not out, and his Barns are full.

Horat. l. 2.  
Sat. 3.

*Qui Nummos, Aurumque recondit, nescius uti  
Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum?  
Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum  
Porrectus vigilet cum longo fuste; neque ilinc  
Audeat esuriens Dominus contingere granum,  
Ac potius foliis parcus vescatur amaris:  
Si positus intus Chii, veterisque Falerni  
Mille cadis, nihil est, ter centum milibus, acre  
Potet acetum.*

What differs he from him, who having Store,  
And Heaps of Gold, does dare no more  
To touch, or use, than if it sacred were?  
Or he that arm'd with a long Staff, with Care,  
Should pass the Nights to guard his Heaps of  
Wheat,  
And almost starv'd, forbear one Grain to eat,  
But feeds on bitter Herbs? His Cellars stor'd  
with Wine;  
A thousand, nay, three thousand Tuns of *Chio* fine,  
Or old *Falernian* of the best, should chuse  
Sour Lees to drink, and better fear to use?



*Non ; il n'est pas besoin d'inventer un supplice  
Pour punir ce brutal de son avidité.  
Il s'est fait son bourreau par excès d'Avarice ;  
Et sçait bien se punir comme il a mérité.*

No ; there's no need a Torment to invent,  
'This fordid Fool to punish ; racking Pain  
He gives himself : His Thirst of Gain  
His Life destroys, and is his Punishment.

## The Explanation of the Fifty-Sixth Picture.

Un Aveuglement est suivy d'un autre.

One Blindness is attended with another.



*I l'Avare est puni au dedans par la crainte qu'il a d'user de ces richesses, il ne l'est pas moins au dehors, par le peu de connoissance qu'il a de sa brutalité. Il est toujours frappé de l'esprit d'aveuglement, & comme certains foux qui se croient parfaitement sages, il se-figure d'estre un Achille & n'est qu'un Tersite. Quelques injustes & quelques opiniastres partisans des richesses que vous soyez, vous ne sçauriez voir le riche & ridicule Midas, que vous ne demeuriez d'accord, qu'on peut estre tout ensemble extrêmement riche & extrêmement sot. Mais ce qu'il y a de pis en cette aventure, cest qu'à proportion que le sot s'élève sa sottise s'élève aussi. Elle monte avec lui sur le Theatre qu'il s'est bâti de ses tresors; & se fait montrer au doigt, par tous ceux qui sont assez clairvoyants, pour ne pas confondre une Marotte & une Diadème. Notre Peintre veut que vous soyez de ces illuminez; car il vous presente en ce Tableau la sottise elle-même, qui coiffe bien plaisamment le Dieu des richesses, du plus ample de ses bonnets ridicules; & lui met entre les mains le sceptre grotesque avec lequel elle commande à la plus grande partie de l'Univers. Tournez, je vous prie, les yeux sur ce kintain, que ce Peintre a si heureusement pratiqué sur la cime d'une montagne. Vous y verrez un exemple bien fameux de la verité que je vous annonce, en ce Prince impertinent, qui ayant demandé aux dieux de convertir en Or tout ce qu'il toucheroit; obtint si mal-heureusement pour luy, l'accomplissement de ces vœux, qu'il fût incapable de tout autre chose que de faire de l'Or. Mais en punition de sa demande criminelle, il perdit si absolument l'Usage de la raison & des sens, qu'il trouva plus d'harmonie au cornet enroué d'un Monstre, qu'à la lyre mesme du Dieu de la Musique.*

of the most curious of all the Stories that Nature or Antiquity records; which though it is a Fiction, has yet an excellent Moral. *Midas* the King, who is there seated, had some time before besought the Gods to grant him his Request; which was, That all things he touched might be converted into Gold; which he unfortunately obtain'd: so that he was in danger to perish, his Food being turn'd into that damning Metal. But as a just Punishment for his criminal Demand, he so absolutely loses the Use of his Reason, that he finds more Harmony in the Horn-Pipe of *Pan*, than in the ravishing Harp of the God of Musick.



*HE Covetous are not only punished with Fears, and that unaccountable Terror that forbids them to make use of those things which they possess, but they even grow stupid and insensible of their own Folly; they seem, as it were, struck with an incurable Blindness; and like most Fools, who think themselves perfectly wise. The Miser fancies himself a second *Achilles*, when he is indeed more ridiculous than a *Tersitis*. Were you one of the most partial and obstinate Favourers of Riches, yet it would not be possible for you to look on the ridiculous Figures here before you, without agreeing with me in opinion, that a Man may be at the same time extremely rich, and extremely foolish and contemptible. Nay, what is worse, it is generally seen, that such People's Folly does increase with their Fortunes. The avaritious Man seems to mount a Theatre which he has raised with ill-got Treasures; on which Folly's placed, cajoling him, whilst he stands exposed and pointed at by all those who have Wisdom enough to distinguish a Fool's Cap from a Diadem. Our Painter is desirous that you should be of the Number of these illuminated Persons; and therefore here represents Folly herself employed in decking the God of Riches, on whom she puts one of her most remarkable Ornaments, a Cap, whose greatest Excellency consists in a large Pair of Ass's Ears; which well expresses the Merit of the Wearer. She puts into his Hands a Grotesque Scepter, with which he indeed governs too great a part of the World. Lift up your Eyes now to the Top of yon Mountain, which our Painter has ingeniously drawn, you will there see an Example one*

Hor. 1.1.  
Epist. 18.

Stultitiam patiuntur Opes

Aristot.  
Rhet. 2.  
Isocrat.  
Areopag.

Ὅτι ἀνόητος ὁ πλεῖστός ἐστι.  
Συμπτάκται καὶ συνακαλουθεῖ τοῖς  
Πλουσίοις, καὶ τὰς δυναστείας ἀνοία, καὶ  
μετὰ ταύτης ἀκολασία.

My Wealth will support my Folly.

A rich Man's always mad.

Madness is always the inseparable Companion of Wealth and Power; and next to her in Favour, is Intemperance.





*Ne te vante jamais n'y d'esprit n'y d'adresse,  
Pour avoir plus volé, que n'ont fait tes ayeux.  
Midas estoit tout d'Or; & malgré sa richesse,  
Il passa pour un Asne au jugement des Dieux.*

Boast not thy mighty Wit and Parts,  
Because by Frauds and cunning Arts,  
'Thou'rt richer than thy Ancestors.  
Midas, who all things turn'd to Gold,  
The Gods in no esteem did hold,  
But crown'd him with an As's Ears.

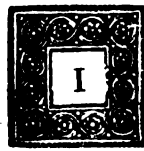
## The Explanation of the Seven-and-Fiftieth Picture.

L'Avare meurt comme il a vescu.

*The Covetous die as they live.*

**Q**UELQUES melancholiques que vous soyez, de vous voir si éloignez de vos pretentions, il faut neantmoins que vous vriez du plaisant spectacle, que nôtre Poësie muëtte vous a preparé. Approchez donc, du miserable liët où gist un malade encore plus miserable; & contemplez l'avare Opimius, contraint par un mal violent d'abandonner la garde de ses Sacs & de ses Coffres. Le catherre l'étouffe. La fluxion lui fait perdre l'usage des sens. Il dort en dépit qu'il en ait, d'un somme presque Mortel; & son ame qui veille encore un peu, ne lui represente autour de lui, que des troupes de voleurs, resolu de s'enrichir de ses depeüilles. Mais ces visions ne sont pas absolument trompées: car ses heritiers acharnez sur son argent, comme des Vautours sur une charogne, engloutissent des yeux & de la pensée, tous les tresors que ce dragon a si long-temps gardez. Ils en parlent comme s'il étoit desja mort. Ils se railent de la peine qu'il a pris à les enrichir; & pour se moquer de luy, s'entre-disent qu'afin que sa mort soit conforme à sa vie, il ne faut pas beaucoup depenser à ses funerailles. Le Medecin cependant, plus charitable que les heritiers, accourt au soulagement du malade. Il vient le remede à la main; & employe toute sa fausse eloquence pour vaincre son assoupissement. Comme il voit qu'il n'en peut venir à bout, il tente le dernier & le plus puissant moyen qu'il a de l'éveiller. Opimius (luy crie t'il) ouvrez les yeux: On vous vole. Vos heritiers ont rompu vos coffres. Ils partagent vostre argent. Chacun en emporte sa part. Suis-je encore en vie, s'ecrie douloureusement l'avare? Ouy, luy répond le Medecin; & si vous ne voulez faire grand plaisir à vos heritiers, prenez vîste le seul remede, par lequel vous pouvez rendre la force à la nature defaillante. Combien couste-t'il, demande bassement le mal-herieux avare? Peu, repart le Medecin. Mais encore combien, adjouste Opimius? Cinq sols, dit le Medecin. Ha! je suis mort, s'ecrie l'avare. Et quoi, n'est ce pas même chose, que je sois assassiné ou par la malignité de mon mal, ou par le vol de mes heritiers, ou par la rapine des Apoticaives? A cette belle consideration le Medecin se met à rire aussi bien que les heritiers, & laisse mourir tres-justement celui, qui à dire vray, merite d'estre assassiné par lui-même.

your Life without Help. What does it cost? *Opimius* replies. A Trifle, says the Physician. But how much, I beg to know? Five-pence, answers the Doctor. O! I am dead, cries the miserable Miser: Is it not the same, whether I am kill'd by my Distemper, by the Cruelty of my Heirs, or by the Extortion of the Apothecary? I will not purchase Life at such an Expence. Confounded at this Fool's reply, the Doctor turns away and laughs, no longer condemning his Heirs, and leaves him to die; who indeed merited no better Fate, since he was his own Murderer.



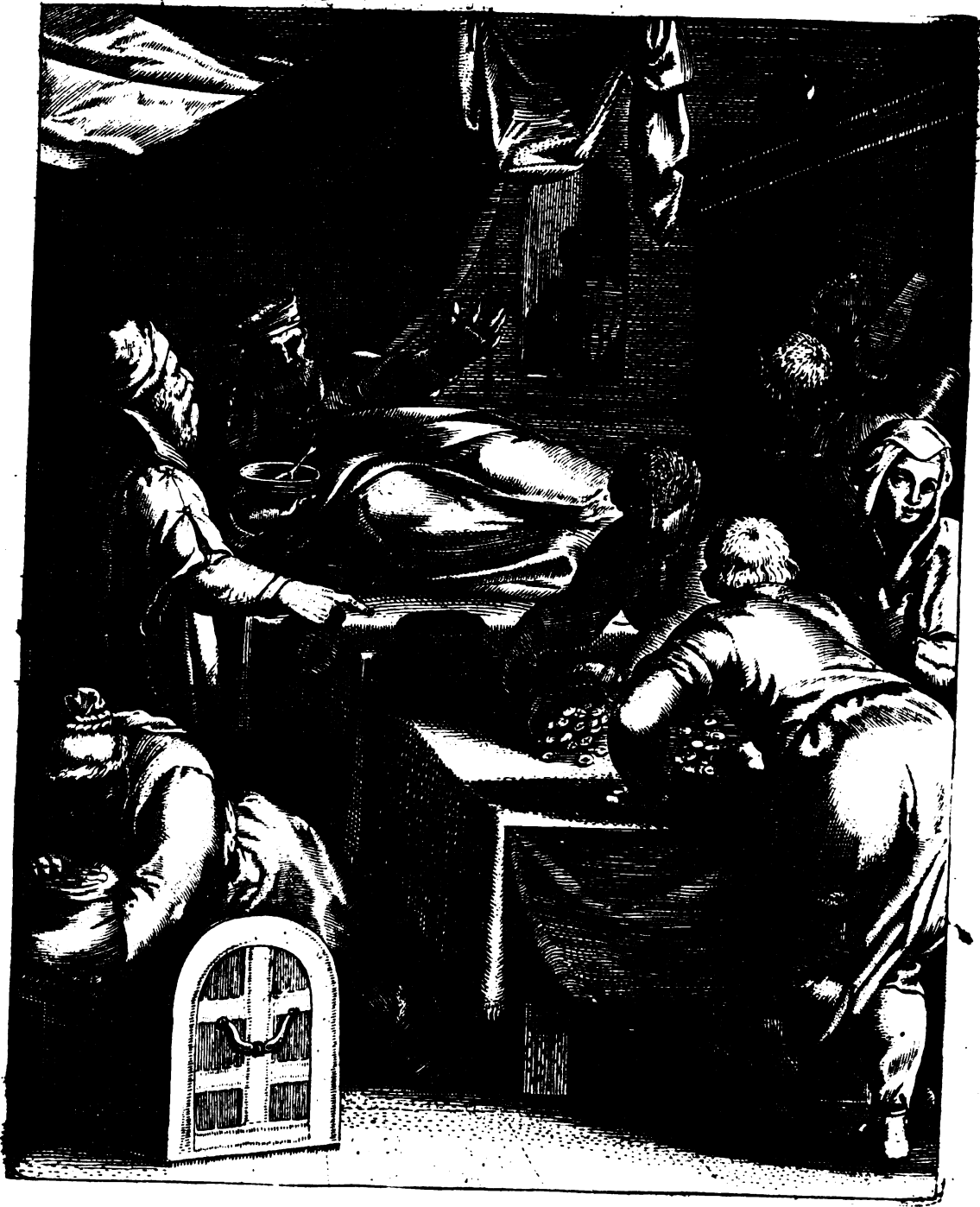
**I**F you was disposed ever so much to Melancholy, or displeas'd to be convinc'd of your Error (if inclined to love Money) yet you must needs be diverted at the pleasant Sight our mute Historian has prepared for you. Draw near then to the Bed-side of a Man more miserable than the wretched Place he lies in appears to be. It is the Covetous *Opimius*, who is constrain'd, by a violent Disease, to abandon the Care of his Baggs and Coffers. A violent Desfluxion almost stifles him; he sleeps notwithstanding, render'd stupid by a Lethargy, which instead of refreshing him, is the Symptom of approaching Death. His Soul, which is yet awake to torment him, represents nothing to his rack'd Imagination, but Troops of Thieves, resolved to enrich themselves with his Spoils. But his Fears are not altogether groundless; his Heirs gaping after his Money, like Vulturs on a dead Carcase, devour with their Eyes the Treasures which this watchful Dragon has so long kept from them; look on him as already dead, and proceed to reflect on his Memory, calling to mind the indirect Ways by which he has gain'd these Riches: and then conclude with Scoffs, that it is fit his End should be answerable to his Life; and that since he was so sparing whilst he lived, he ought to have little expended in his Funeral. The Physician, the meanwhile, more charitable than his Heirs, haltes to succour this poor Wretch. He brings some Remedies in his Hands, and uses all the Eloquence he is Master of, to awaken him from his Lethargy. But finding all in vain, he resolves to try the last and most probable Means to rouze him. *Opimius*, he cries aloud, open your Eyes, look up, and see you are robb'd; your Heirs have broke open your Chests, and are dividing your Money, and each is design'd to carry off his Share. Alas! cries the Miser, with a faint Voice, am I yet alive? Yes, answers the Doctor; and if you are not desirous to oblige your Heirs, take this only Remedy immediately, which will revive your Spirits, and help Nature, that is for want of proper Medicines, decay'd, and unable to continue



Horat. l. 2.  
Sat. 3.

*Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus, & auri,  
Qui Veiemantum festis portare diebus  
Campana solitus trulla vappamque profestis,  
Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus, &c.*

*Opimius* poor, amidst his Store, did use  
On Festivals, poor Wine to drink, and chuse  
A homely Jug, nor four Lees refuse  
On working Days, fell in a Lethargy,  
No Hopes were left of his Recovery:  
His Heirs o'erjoy'd, ran boldly up and down,  
And seiz'd his Trunks, believing he was gone.



*Te voilà, pauvre Avaro, à la fin de ta vie !  
Implore à ton secours l'Or qui fut ton envie.  
Voy s'il te peut tenir tous ce qu'il t'a promis :  
Mais au fort de ton Mal, le traître t'abandonne ;  
Et pour ton desespoir, le voila qui se donne,  
Aux plus grands de tes Ennemis.*

Art thou then here ? Poor Misér, neâf the End  
Of thy unhappy Life : call to thy aid thy Friend,  
Thy Gold, and see if it will Comfort bring,  
Or Health restore. No, 'tis a faithless thing ;  
Now in thy great Distress the Traytor flies,  
And to distract thee more, before thy Eyes  
Gives itself to thy greatest Enemies.

## The Explanation of the Eight-and-Fiftieth Picture.

La Malice de l'Avare vit apres sa Mort.

The Malice of the Covetous Man survives even after he is dead.



**V**OUS me reprochez par votre silence moccueur, que mes Invektives ont trouvee leurs bornes; & puisque l'Avare est mort, que je ne scaurois aller au delà. Vous vous trompez: L'Avare est méchant jusqu'apres sa mort; & vous allez voir une Peinture, qui toute bouffonne qu'elle est, ne laisse pas d'estre aussi instructive que les plus serieuses qui sont en cette Galerie. Ce sont les Funerailles ridicules d'une méchante Vieille, qui toute sa vie avoit regardé ses Heritiers avec les Yeux de l'Avare; c'est à dire, avec les Yeux les plus injustes & les plus envenimez, que la haine puisse donner aux vindicatifs. Comme elle connût que son heure estoit sonn'e; & que la Mort l'alloit donner en proye aux Corbeaux, qui depuis soixante ans attendoient sa charogne, elle s'avisa d'une malice digne d'elle, afin que même en cessant de vivre, elle ne put cesser d'estre ce qu'elle avoit toujours esté. Elle ordonna donc par son Testament, qu'apres sa Mort son corps nu, seroit trempé dans un Tonneau d'Huile; & que tout degoustant de cette Liqueur, il seroit par son Heritier aussi tout nu, porté de sa Maison jusqu'au lieu de sa Sepulture. Il fallut que ce digne Heritier se mit cette digne charge sur les Epaules; & que de peur de perdre la succession, il empêchât que cette coulèure ne luy échappât des mains. Cent fois elle faillit à luy couler d'entre les serres. Mais cet oyseau de rapine scavoit trop bien son mestier, pour quitter ce qu'il avoit si ardemment poursuivy. Il la tient donc, comme vous voyez, si ferme, qu'en dépit de toute l'Huile de l'Attique, il ne l'abandonnera point que pour luy écraser la teste en la precipitant dans la fosse, que pour cette raison il a fait creuser une fois plus qu'à l'ordinaire.



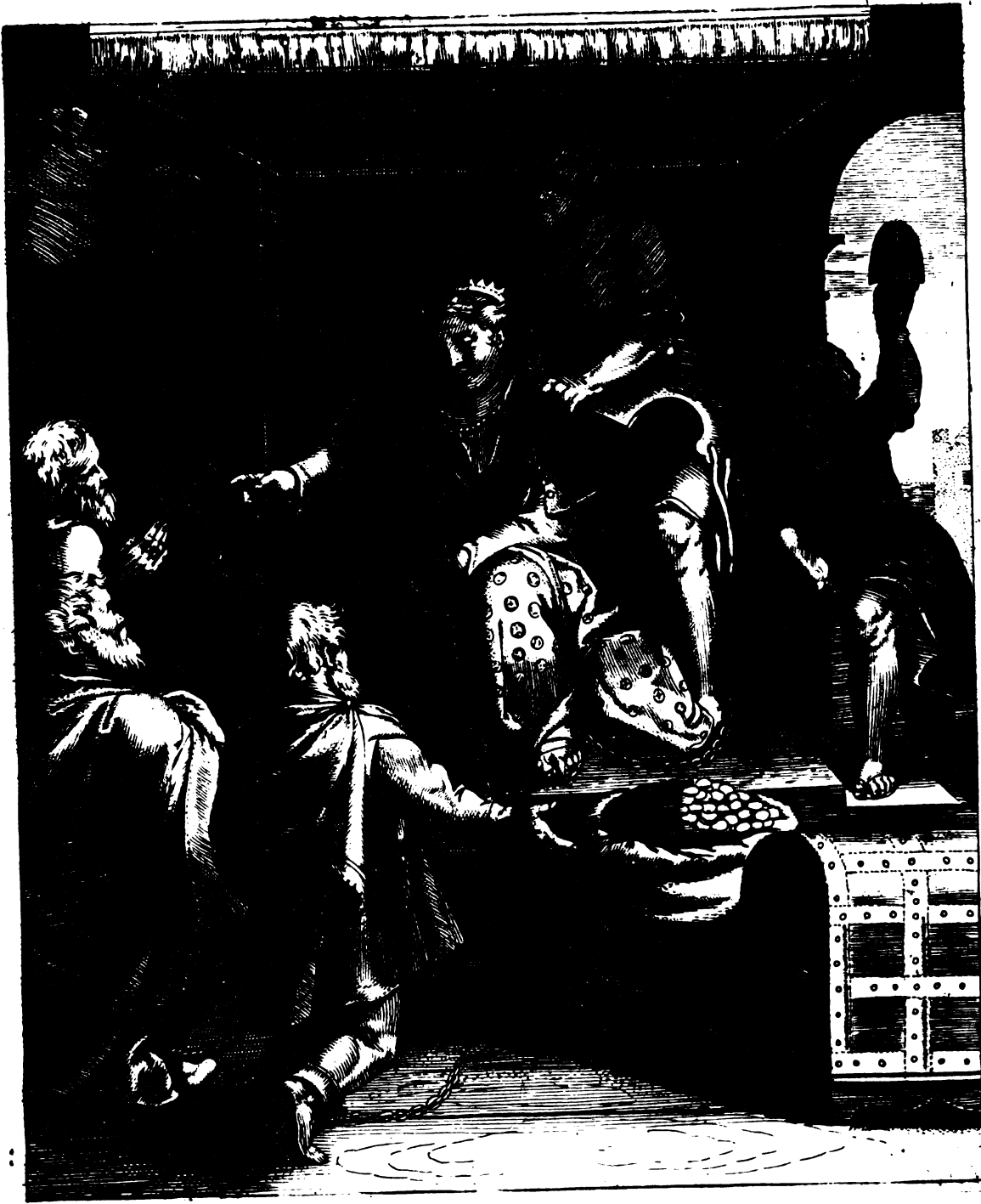
**Y**OU seem now methinks, Companions, to reproach me by your Ironical Silence, that all my Invektives are at an end, and that the Avaritious Wretch being now dead, I have nothing more to charge him or the Vice with. But you are deceived: for the Covetous are wicked and malicious even after Death, as you'll find in the Picture before you: which, tho it represents a Story very odd and ridiculous, yet is it not less instructive than the most serious in this Gallery. It contains the uncommon Funeral of a wicked old Woman of Thebes, who had all her Life-long look'd on the Person that was to be her Heir with the most inveterate Hatred and Aversion that can possibly be conceived, because he must possess what she could not carry with her. She finding that the fatal Hour approached, and that her wither'd Carcase must become a Prey to the Earth (to which indeed she was long a Burden) resolves to do something worthy herself, that she might even after Death be seen to be the same she was whilst living. In order to this, she appoints by her last Will, that her Body should be stript, and thrown into a Tun of stinking Oil, from thence be taken naked and wet with this unpleasant Liquor, and borne by her Heir on his naked Back (who was likewise to be stript) from her House, to the Grave, which was far distant; in hopes to slip from him now she was dead, (from whose Attendance and Importunities she could never be freed whilst living) which if he suffer'd her to do, he was to lose the Estate. Her Heir, as resolute as she was malicious, fearing to forfeit the Succession,

places on his shoulders the Hateful Load, and grips the old Snake, so fast, that tho he was often ready to sink, and in danger to let go his Prey, yet he as oft renews his hold; and, like a true Bird of Prey, lets not go what he has so ardently pursued. You may perceive that he holds her so fast, that all the Oils of Asia cannot unclinch his Hands till he reaches the Grave, into which he throws her with all the Scorn and Fury that she deserved. The Grave being made by his Order of uncommon Depth, he bids the Earth be thrown upon her, and departs, leaving no other Monument but her own detested Actions to record her Name to Posterity.

Hor. l. 2.  
Sat. 5.

————— *Anus improba Thebis,*  
*Ex testamento sic est elata: Cadaver*  
*Unctum oleo largo, nudis humeris, tulit hares;*  
*Scilicet elabi si posset mortua. Credo*  
*Quod nimium insliterat viventi.*

At Thebes a wicked Woman dy'd, her Heir  
Was, by a Will she made, injoin'd to bear  
On his bare Back her Body to the Grave  
Naked, and oil'd, doubtless in hopes to have  
The pleasure to escape his Hands when dead,  
Whose Importunities she living fled:  
For I suppose that he with too much Care  
Did wait and tend, in hopes to be her Heir.



*L'Avare est pleine d'Ire & d'Envie ;  
Le temps qui change tout, n'en change point le sort.  
Il fut méchant toute sa vie,  
Il l'est encore apres sa mort.*

The Covetous are fill'd with Spite and Rage ;  
Time that all things does change, and Age,  
In them no Change can make, wicked alive  
And dead, their Malice does survive.

H h

## The Explanation of the Nine-and-Fiftieth Plate.

## Les Richesses font Bonnes aux Bons.

**A** PRES tant d'exemples des Crimes & des Mal-heurs, dont les Richesses sont accompagnées, nous sommes réduits, me direz-vous, à la nécessité d'estre gueux toute nôtre vie, & de regarder les Biens du Monde, comme des Monstres & des Poisons. Nullement, mes chers Amis, pourveu que les Richesses ne vous possèdent pas; & ne vous portent point aux Injustices & aux Abominations où se plongent tous ceux qui sont possédez de la pernicieuse Envie d'en avoir, il vous est permis de les souhaiter, de les acquérir, d'en user. Cette cruelle beste qui regne jusques dans le Sanctuaire, peut rencontrer son vainqueur. Cette Idole des Richesses devant qui tant de peuples ployent honteusement les genoux, peut perdre ses Temples & ses Autels. Voyez nostre Sage, qui par les Principes de sa Philosophie est le Maître absolu de toutes les choses. Il change l'abus des Richesses en une legitime Usage. Il a comme un autre Jason, mis sous le joug ce Dragon épouvantable qui garde l'Or; & l'ayant contraint de changer de Nature, le rend docile à la Voix de la Vertu. Ce Tableau expose ce beau Spectacle à nos Yeux, & nous apprend que pendant que le peuple idolatre & brutal, reclame la Richesse comme une Divinité, les grands Hommes la gourmandent, l'enchaînent, & la traitent comme une esclave rebelle.

## Riches are a Blessing to Good Men

**A**FTER so many sad Examples of the Crimes and Misfortunes which accompany Riches, we must be now reduced, say you, to a Necessity of being poor all our Lives if we will be happy, or innocent, and to look upon all the Good Things of the World as Monsters and Poisons. Not so, my dear Friends: If Riches are not too greatly esteem'd by you, and your Souls not tainted with that dangerous Desire of more, which plunges Men into all sorts of unjust and abominable Actions, it is permitted you to desire, acquire, and use all things both for Ornament and Convenience, suiting your Quality and Estate. The Golden Idol, who too often seems to reign, even in the Sanctuary, is often overcome; and tho' Crowds of Votaries are daily seen to pay a shameful Homage, and to bend before it, yet her Altars and Temples may be overthrown and ruined by the Wise and Good. Behold here the Wise Man, who by the Study of Philosophy is become absolute Master of himself in all things. He converts the Abuse of Riches into a lawful Use. He, like another Jason, has put a Yoke on the Neck of that terrible Dragon that guards the Golden Fruit; and having constrain'd him to change his Nature, renders him docile and obedient to the Voice of Vertue. This Picture here before us offers this agreeable Truth to our Eyes, and informs us, that whilst the stupid and idolatrous Populace revere Riches as a Deity; the Wise and truly Great hold her in Chains, and treat her as a vile Slave.



Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 10. *Imperat aut servit collecta Pecunia cuique :  
Tortum digna sequi potius, quam ducere funem.*

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 16. *Quò melior servo, quò liberior fit Avarus,  
In rivis fixum cum se demittit ob assem ;  
Non video. Nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque porro ;  
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.*

Money must be our Tyrant, or our Slave ;  
And sure 'tis best that we the Power should have.

How can the wretched Miser be  
More than his Slaves thought free ?  
Or a much better Man, who if he spies  
A Farthing dropt, shall snatch it up, and flies  
When Interest calls ? He that desires more,  
Must fear to want ; he still is poor,  
'Cause not content, his Mind not free :  
His Slave's a happier Man than he.



*La plus part des Mortels sont si peu généreux,  
Qu'ils flattent lâchement des monstres trop heureux  
Que leurs biens mal-acquis sont l'objet de l'Envie.  
Moy qui n'ay point comme eux, le courage abbattu ;  
Je veux toute ma vie  
Mépriser la Fortune, & suivre la Vertu.*

Mankind are so degenerate grown,  
They'll basely court, and vilely praise  
The lucky Monster, Fate does raise ;  
Sigh, and with Envy on him gaze,  
Wishing his Fortune were their own :  
My Soul such Baseness does abhor,  
I'll Vertue, tho in Rags, adore ;  
And Vice despise, tho on a Throne.

## The Explanation of the Sixtieth Picture.

L'Homme Bien faisant est aymé de tout  
le Monde.

**N**OSTRE Philosophe muët ne pouvoit mieux finir la matiere des Richesses que par le Tableau qu'il nous presente. Apres avoir monstré les ordures & les miseres de l'Avarice, il avoit à faire paroistre avec éclat, la Vertu qui luy est opposée, Je sçay qu'il pouvoit par un grand nombre de Tableaux, produire les Beutez & les Beatitudes de la Liberalité. Mais n'ayant qu'une place de reste, il y a tres-judicieusement renfermé, tout ce qui est de plus grand, de plus illustre, & de plus merveillex en la Vertu qu'il represente. En effet, bien que ceux qui s'enrichissent par des voyes innocentes, & qui se servent genereusement de leurs Richesses, ne perdent pas un seul moment de leurs jours ; & ne fassent toute leur vie que des Actions heroïques ; il n'y a toutefois rien de si extraordinaire & de si émerveillable que leur fin. Ils quittent leurs Biens avec plus de satisfaction qu'ils ne les ont possedez. Ils les dispensent sans regret & sans haine ; & se sont tellement acquis le cœur de leurs Heritiers, que c'est de là veritablement que partent les larmes qu'ils voyent répandre. Escoutez, je vous prie, le Discours de nôtre Philosophe. Je vous ay fait voir, vous dit-il, la fin épouvantable de l'Avare. Maintenant pour vous ne faire perdre la memoire, puis qu'il est indigne qu'on se souviennne de luy, je vous monstre l'estat heureux, où se trouve l'homme de bien, quand il rend les derniers Devoirs à la Nature. Vous ne verrez point autour de son liët, cette troupe abayante & affamée de Chiens & de Corbeaux qui attendent la proye. Je veux dire, les detestables Heretiers d'un detestable Avaricieux. De tous ceux qui sont dans la chambre de nôtre malade, il n'y en a pas un qui pense à crochetter ses Cabinets, ny ses Coffres. Personne ne se met en peine, s'il laisse du bien ou s'il n'en laisse point. Tous les siens n'ont autre soin n'y autre pensée, que de le conserver. icy les larmes sont toutes veritables. icy les cœurs ne démentent point le visage. La bouche n'est que l'Echo des discours de l'ame ; & bref, tous ceux qui environnent ce Saint Homme, conspirent unanimement à luy prolonger la vie. Il n'y a point de remedes qui leur semblent chers. Ils croyent que l'Or & les Pierres precieuses ne peuvent mieux estre employées, qu' à la Conservation d'une Personne encore plus precieuse.

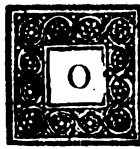
Diffimulation, and each Face speaks a true Grief : The Tongue of each Man that speaks, agrees with the Sentiments of his Soul ; in short, all those that are about this Holy Man, are unanimous in desiring to prolong his Life. There is no Remedy that they think too costly to use, in hopes to save him : They believe that Gold and Diamonds cannot be better employ'd, than in the Preservation of a Life that is infinitely more valuable.



Hor. L. I.  
Sat. I.

*At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,  
Aut alius casus lecto te affixit: habes qui  
Assideat, fomenta parat, medicum roget, ut te  
Suscitet, ac reddat natis, charisque propinquis.*

*The Good Man is beloved by all the World.*



**O**UR mute Philosopher cannot better finish on the foregoing Subject, than by the Picture he here presents to us. After having shewn us the Miseries and Bafenefs of Covetoufness; it remains now that he should represent to us the opposite Vertue, in its most advantageous Light. It would, I am sensible, afford matter for many Pictures, to set forth but a part of the Glories and Blessings that attend Liberality ; but having only this one place left on this side our Gallery, he has been obliged to comprehend in one Piece all that is most noble, charming, and wonderful in the Vertue he would commend to us. In fine, altho those who inrich and make themselves great by Ways laudable and honest, cannot be said to lose one moment of their Lives, and may without vanity say, that their Days have been all spent in doing good and heroïck Actions ; yet there is nothing so extraordinary and surprizing as their End. They leave their Fortunes with more Satisfaction than they possess'd them, and dispose of them without Regret or Hate. They have so intirely gain'd the Hearts of their Heirs, that none are half so much or really concern'd at their departure ; the Sweetness and Generosity of their Behaviour having made their Loss not to be repair'd by the Possession of what they leave behind, tho ever so considerable. Hearken, I beg you now, to our Philosopher : I have shown you, says he, the miserable and unhappy End of the Covetous, to banish the sad Remembrance of such who are indeed not worthy to be thought upon ; I now show you the happy Condition in which the good Man finds himself, when he is call'd to pay the last Debt of Nature. You see none of those Vulturs and Ravens that gape for their Prey ; I mean the ravenous Heirs of a detestable Miser. Of all those that are in our Sick-Man's Chamber, there is not one that so much as thinks of looking into his Coffers or Cabinets. Nobody is in pain, or concern'd whether he will leave any thing or no behind him ; all that belong to him, think only how to preserve and keep him alive. Here Tears flow without.

But if some sudden Cold do seize  
Or you fall sick of some Disease,  
Your Friends will croud to your Bed-side,  
Restoratives and Cordials soon be made,  
And the Physician call'd to aid,  
And nothing costly be deny'd ;  
Entreating him to save your precious Life,  
And give you back to your dear Friends and Wife.

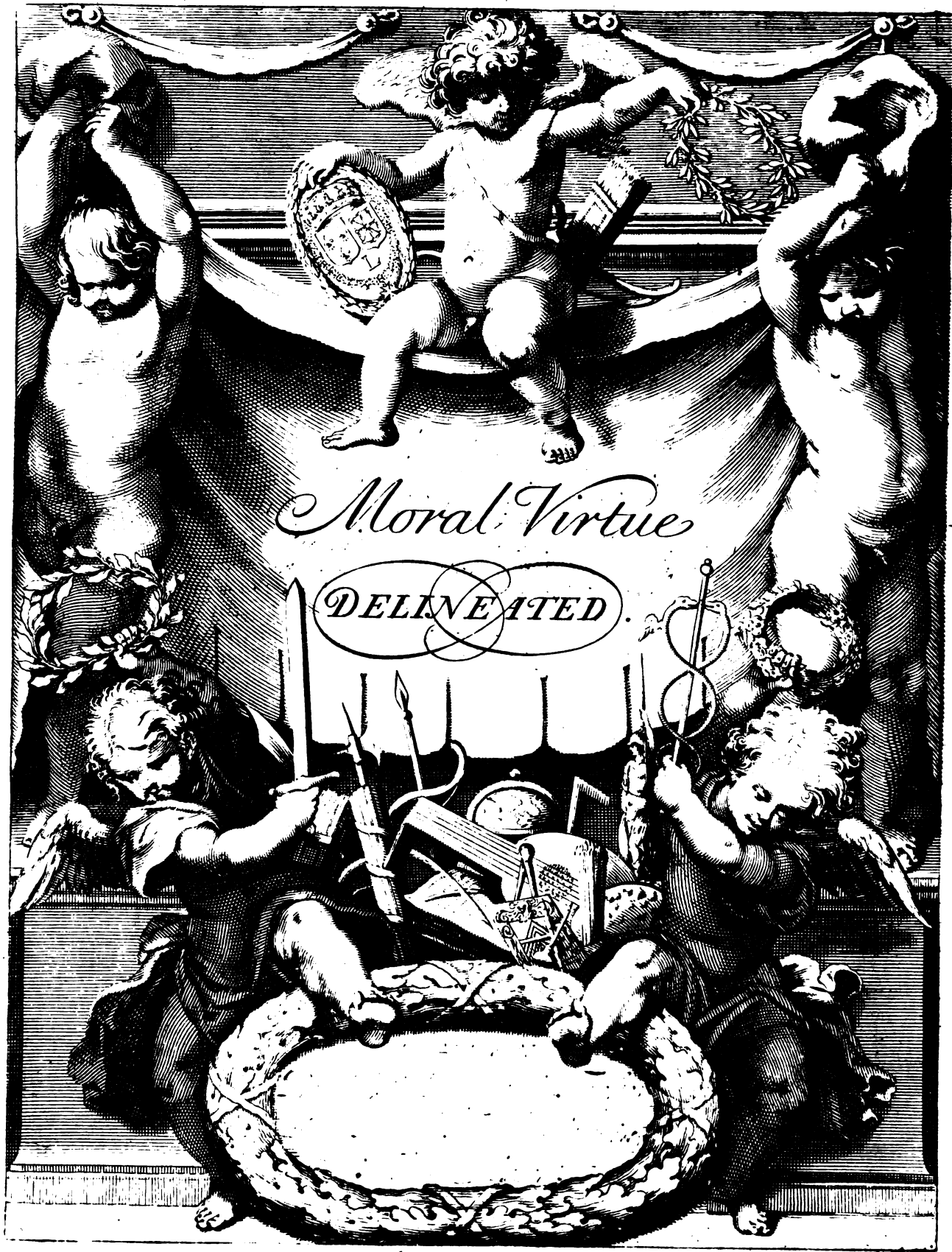




*Heureux ces Hommes Innocens,  
Qui vainqueurs absolus des sens ;  
Quittent avec plaisir cette obscure demeure :  
Qui partagent leurs biens avec jugement ;  
Et qui sont assurez, qu'entrant au monument,  
Leur digne successeur les regrette & les pleure.*

Happy those Glorious Men, who having gain'd  
The Mastery o'er Sense, and liv'd unstain'd,  
With Pleasure quit this Life, and gladly die ;  
To part with all their Wealth with Joy consent,  
Assur'd that o'er their honour'd Monument  
Long time their worthy Heirs, with Grief unfeign'd,  
Shall weep, and Men revere their Memory.







# P R E F A C E.



**M**ENAGEONS nos forces-puif- que nous ne sommes qu'à la moitié de la carrière ; & par une utile Meditation, comme par un agreable repos, preparons nous à finir glorieusement nôtre course. Nous avons vû tous les tableaux qui enrichissent le costé droit de cette fameuse Gallerie ; & je ferois tort à nôtre juste & vertueuse curiosité, si je doutois que de tous ce que nous sommes, il y en eût un seul, qui n'eût aporté à un si beau spectacle, les yeux de l'Âme aussi bien que les yeux du Corps. Cela estant, nous avons tous également remarqué les Vertus & les Vices dont toutes les Conditions sont accompagnées. Pour mon particulier, j'ose croire sans faire le vain, que vous ayant tiré les rideaux dont tant de sçavants Peintures étoient couvertes, j'ai fait voir distinctement aux yeux mêmes les moins clairvoyans, ce que l'art du Peintre sembloit envier aux connoissances vulgaires. Il n'y a maintenant plus de Passions n'y de vices, quelque fard & quelque artifice qui les deguise, qui soient capables d'abuser ou de l'innocence ou de la mauvaise veuë de leurs Spectateurs. Leur malice n'est plus cachée. Leur fard est remarquable. Chacun peut voir leurs pieges & les eviter. L'Amour y est représenté si volage, si cruel, & si perfide, qu'il n'y aura plus que des insensez volontaires, qui serviront de butte à ses traits, & d'aliment à ses flames. L'Ambition qui paroissoit illustre, pource quelle paroissoit genereuse, a perdu les titres pompeux qu'elle avoit injustement usurpée. Nous luy avons arraché le masque & la pourpre qui la rendoient en apparence, la plus noble des Passions ; & par la connoissance que nous avons donnée de sa bassesse & de sa venalité, nous croyons que deormais les ames basses & mercenaires seulement, en pourront estre touchées. La Colere, l'Envie, l'Avarice, l'Orgueil ; bref, tous les crimes y ont esté representez tels qu'ils sont.

Il



*ET us stop a while, and by a little useful Reflection, like a sweet Slumber, refresh our Spirits, and prepare ourselves bravely to finish what we have so well begun; being now arriv'd half way in our glorious Undertaking. We have seen and examined all the Pictures on the Right Side of this famous Gallery; and I should injure you, who have shown so much Curiosity and Patience in going thus far with me, if I should believe that any one amongst us, having so beautiful and enchanting a Sight before him, has not receiv'd good Impressions in his Soul, as well as diverted his Eyes: and therefore I think we must all have observ'd the several Virtues and Vices with which each different State of Life is attended. For my own part, I hope I may without vanity suppose, I have been useful to you, in having explain'd the Meaning and Moral of each particular Piece. And where the Vulgar, who gaze only on the Painting, go away uninstructed, and consequently unimprov'd; you have the Advantage of learning all the beautiful Truths that Philosophy communicates only to the Learned and Wise. There is no longer any Painting or Disguise, with which Vice can conceal herself, or deceive you. All Mankind may here learn to know and avoid the Snares she lays for the Innocent and Unwary. Loose Love appears here so dangerous, so inconstant and infamous, that none but such as are willing to be undone, or are already lunatick, will nourish its Flames, or submit to its imperious Sway. Ambition, that seems a Passion most noble and generous in Men, is now stripp'd of that Purple Habit, and Pompous Titles, with which the World has honour'd her; and appears base, brutish, and worthy the Contempt of a truly great Mind. Rage, Envy, Avarice, and Pride, in fine, all Criminal Passions being shown in their true Shape, are alike hateful to us; and our Souls are fill'd with Horror and Aversion to them, having received the Seeds of Vertue: which will in time produce in us Fruits worthy the Cares and Cultivation of Philosophy.*

Ils nous ont aussi fait également horreur & ont jette dans nos ames, des semences d'Indignation & de haine, qui doivent infailliblement germer en leur saison ; & produire des Fruits dignes des soins & de la culture de la Philosophie. Mais il est temps de continuer nôtre promenade ; & retournant d'où nous sommes partis, donner à nôtre curiosité, la Satisfaction qu'elle attend de nos yeux & de nos oreilles. Toutefois, avant que de les arreter sur le premier des tableaux qui nous reste à étudier ; il est à propos, que je vous donne avis de l'intention de nôtre Peintre Philosophe. Il nous a fait voir jusques ici, toutes les Conditions de la vie, & nous les a fait voir sans nous y vouloir attacher. A present, il nous les offre avec la pensée de nous les faire embrasser, mais il pretend que nous choissions celles qui sont les plus dignes de nous, c'est à dire, qui sont les plus nobles, les plus spirituelles, & les plus proportionnées à la hauteur de nôtre origine. Il ne nous en produira point d'autres dans ce second ordre de ces tableaux ; & s'il s'en rencontre quelques-unes qui vous paroissent honteuses, & mechaniques, sçachez que nôtre nouveau Zenon n'est pas de vôtre sentiment. Car il croit qu'il n'y a point de métier honteux, quand l'homme le peut exercer avec innocence ; & que ceux que vous nommez des Arts nobles & liberaux, deviennent infames & mercenaires, toutes les fois que ceux qui les exercent, les exercent avec une intention servile & corrompue. Cependant, il n'a pas dessein que nous nous arrétions à ces exercices. Il ne les expose à nôtre veue, que comme des yeux & des divertissemens pour ceux qui sont riches ; ou comme des aides & des secours pour ceux qui sont mal avec la fortune. En effet, ils sont comme autant de rudiments, & comme autant de premieres leçons, que la Philosophie nous donne, afin que peu à peu nous puissions atteindre à la connoissance de ce grand Art, de ce Mestier divin, de cet exercice continuel des Heros & des Anges, qui est la pratique de la souveraine sagesse. Tâchons donc de renouveler l'attention de nos yeux (s'il m'est permis de parler ainsi) & de suivre pas à pas un si fidelle conducteur. Nous parviendrons infailliblement par sa prudence, à la possession du Tresor que le peuple cherche vainement ; & recevant la Vertue pour la compagne de toute nôtre vie, nous serons si heureux, que même à nôtre mort elle ne nous abandonnera pas.

*losophy. But it is time for us to continue our Walk, and to return to a farther Search after Truth, to satisfy that laudable Curiosity that has brought us thus far ; to feast our Eyes and Ears in order to enrich our Minds. But before we proceed, let me inform you of the Intention of our philosophical Painter : He has hitherto shown us only what we should avoid in every State of Life, but not any thing that we should chuse to follow. He now is going to recommend to us several Professions, and leaves it to our own choice, which to fix on, in hopes we shall embrace that which is most noble, excellent, and suitable to the Dignity of Man's Nature. And if you here find any Employments that you fancy too mean or mechanick, be cautious not to condemn his Judgment ; for our Author is of Zeno's mind, who held this for an assured Maxim, That there was no Employment base or vile, by which a Man could support Life, with Innocence and Honesty ; and that all those which the World calls noble and liberal Arts, when taught and practised by Men of vile Lives and wicked Morals, render'd them more odious, and the Arts contemptible. Yet he recommends not to you mechanick things, nor shows them but as Diversions and Amusements for the Rich ; or as proper Methods for those to whom Fortune has deny'd a paternal Estate, to provide for, and raise themselves : to put Men in the way to live, that the anxious Cares for Bread should not disturb their Thoughts. Nor can any Condition render us unfit to practise that noble charming Art of Studying ourselves, and Adoring the Almighty ; which is the only thing our Philosopher intends to engage us to. Let us then joyfully follow him to the end, and we shall infallibly obtain, by his Advice, the Possession of that Treasure which the Generality of Men seek for in vain ; and having made Vertue our Companion in all the Actions of our Lives, we shall be so happy as to engage her not to abandon us, even in Death, but to accompany us into the other World.*



## The Explanation of the first Picture of the Second Book.

Chacun doit suivre son Inclination.

Every Man ought to follow his Genius.

**Q**UE pouvoit choisir nôtre Peintre de plus charmant & de plus aymable, pour nous exciter à la pratique de la vertu, que la belle variété qu'il nous figure en ce tableau? Certes, je le considère comme une vive image de la glorieuse condition de nos esprits; & si j'entends bien son langage muet, il me dit, que la Nature nous a trop aymez, pour vouloir que nous vécutissions une vie d'esclaves, ou plutôt pour nous avoir animez d'une ame née à la servitude. Ouy, mes amis, nous sommes nez libres. Nous sommes nez les arbitres & les artisans de nôtre fortune. Nos inclinations ne sont point contrainctes. Elles se portent librement à ce qui leur paroist le plus digne d'estre embrassé; & avec la même liberté, elles nous choisissent nos emplois & nos exercices. Regardez ce Peintre qui se laisse si agreablement emporter à son caprice. Il regne dans son travail; & ne seroit pas heureux comme il est, si au lieu de son pinceau, on luy mettoit un sceptre à la main. Vous en devez croire autant de son voisin, qui trouvant dans sa belle melancholie, & dans ses ingenieuses visions, quelque chose au delà des Empires & des Conquestes, estime le laurier qu'il a sur la teste, plus noble & plus glorieux que celui des Alexandres & des Césars. Si vous jettez les yeux plus loïn, vous decouvrez un Medecin & un Mathematicien qui ont rencontré leur element & leur joye dans la connoissance des choses qui sont conformes à leurs Inclinations. Entrez, je vous prie, jusques dans la Boutique de ces Forgerons; & leurs visages aussi bien que leurs chants, vous apprendrons que leur labeur estant un labeur volontaire, leur est un labeur delieieux. De là, concluez que chaque Homme compose sa propre beatitude; & que pourveu qu'il apporte au choix de sa condition, tout le jugement & toute la connoissance qu'elle exige de luy, il est impossible qu'il ne fasse dès cette vie, un essay des felicitez de l'autre.



**W**HAT could our Painter have chosen more charming and alluring, to invite us to the practice of Vertue, than the Variety of Employments amongst Men, represented in this Picture? Methinks it appears to be a lively Image of the glorious State of our Mind's Freedom; and if I well understand his Language, he tells me, that Nature is too tender of us to desire that we should live like Slaves, and be born with fetter'd Souls, or created to be Vassals to another's Will. No, my Friends, we are born free, and Providence has made us the Arbiters and Builders of our own Fortunes. Our Inclinations are not constrain'd, in things lawful; they are free to chuse our Employments and Exercises, and may with Liberty make choice of what appears to them most worthy to be embraced. Behold this Painter, who is insensibly ravish'd with his own Fancy: he seems to reign instead of work, and could not be more happy, if, instead of his Pencil, a Sceptre were put into his Hand. His Neighbour is no less pleas'd: He finds in his sweet, melancholy, and poetick Visions, something more sweet than Empire, and describes a Battel with more Transport than the Conqueror ever gain'd it. The Laurel on his Brow is, in his esteem, more valuable than those that graced the Mighty Alexander's, or successful Caesar's. If you call your Eyes a little further, you will discover a Physician and a Mathematician, who have placed all their Joy and Satisfaction in the Knowledge of those things that only suit their Genius and Profession. Enter now, I beg you, into the sultry Shop of the laborious Blacksmith, and their chearful Faces and loud singing will inform you, that the Labour they thus merrily perform is their Choice, and so to them delightful. From whence we must conclude, that every Man's Happiness is in his own power, and that if he consults his Genius, and uses Judgment in the choice of his Calling, it is almost impossible but he should be happy, even in this Life, and taste some of that Peace on Earth that is part of the Joys of Heaven.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 14.*Quam scit, uterque libens, censebo, exerceat Artem.*'Tis my Advice, that every Man pursue  
The Business that he understands to do.Hor. lib. 2.  
Epist. 1.*Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotomum agro  
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare. Quod medicorum est  
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilis fabri.*He that ne'er went to Sea, won't undertake  
A Ship to guide: Nor will he dare to make,  
Or Medicines give, who's no Physician bred.  
To heal the Wounded is the Surgeon's Trade.  
Staples and Locks the Smith does understand:  
Each Artist, what he knows, does take in hand.

Ovid.

*Adde, quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes,  
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.*To have learn'd well, and perfectly  
The liberal Arts, the Mind does free  
From Brutish Passions; Inhumanity  
Can't harbour in a Soul refin'd,  
Wisdom will make Men soft and kind.



*Veux tu laisser de toy d'illustres monuments ;  
Et gagner une place au Temple de la Glorie :  
Suy les Arts immortels des filles de memoire ;  
Et ne force jamais tes nobles sentimens.*

Would you immortal Honour gain,  
Or by great Deeds, a Place obtain  
In Glory's Temple ; then the Muses court,  
In Arts Divine, thy Hours employ, not Sport :  
Their Precepts follow, and debase  
Not thy Great Soul, nor Noble Race.

## The Explanation of the Second Plate.

Le Sot se plaint toujours de sa Condition. *The Fool always complains of his Condition.*

**O**N vient de nous enseigner, que nôtre bonne fortune d'pend de nôtre élection; c'est donc à nous à faire un bon choix, puisque c'est luy seul qui nous peut rendre heureux. Mais d'autant que c'est à un pas si glissant que les hommes font ordinairement de bien lourdes cheutes, nôtre Philosophe nous en veut advertir, afin que si nous venons à tomber, nous n'en accusions que nous mêmes. Cette Peinture nous représente par un plaisant caprice, le peu de jugement que nous apportons au choix de nos exercices; & le repentir qui comme le mal-heureux compagnon de nôtre imprudence, marche continuellement sur nos pas. Ce Bœuf pesant & pousif, qui a quitté le joug pour la bride, & le labour pour la guerre, se plaint du changement de sa condition; & se prend au Ciel, de ce qu'ils s'est laissé tromper au faux éclat, & à la vaine pompe des ornements redoutables que les hommes ont inventez pour la servitude des Chevaux. Mais laissons ce Bœuf dans la punition de son orgueil; & confessons que la Nature comme une bonne & charitable Mere, porte également tous les animaux à la recherche de leur beatitude; & que s'ils ne s'écartent point du chemin qu'elle leur montre, ils arriveront infailliblement à la bienheureuse fin qu'ils desirent. Il est vray, que les hommes bien plus déraisonnables que les bestes mêmes les moins raisonnables, semblent affecter les occasions de se dérober à la conduite de la Nature, de rompre les bornes qu'elle leur a prescrites; de fouler aux pieds ses reglemens & ses defences; & pour le seul plaisir du changement, s'enuyer de la bonne aussi bien que la mauvaise fortune.

**B**EING now convinced that our Good-Fortune depends upon our own Election, it remains that we make a good and wise choice, since only that can make us happy. And since Men often make very false Steps in this Affair, our Philosopher gives us warning, that we may have nothing to lay to his Charge, nor any body to accuse but ourselves, of the Dangers we run into. Our Painter represents by a pleasant Whimsy, the little Judgment Men use in the Choice of their Employments, and the Repentance that constantly accompanies our Imprudence, and continually follows us. This fat lazy Ox, who has quitted the Yoke for the Bridle, and Tillage for War, bewails his Change of Condition, and blames Heaven that permitted him to be deceiv'd with the vain Lustre and Pomp of those dreadful Ornaments, which Men invented only to enslave the head-strong Horse. Let us leave this stupid Ox to lament his Pride, and confess to our own Shame, that Nature is a good and tender Mother, and equally inclines all Creatures to search for Happiness: and if they turn not out of the way, she shows them they will infallibly obtain the Fruition of their Desires. But alas! Men, much more unreasonable, than the most senseless Brutes, seem to court Opportunities to steal themselves away from Nature's Conduct, break through the Bounds she has prescribed them, tread under foot her Laws and Injunctions, and only for the Pleasure of changing, grow weary of Good-Fortune as well as bad.



Hor. lib. 1  
Epist. 14. *Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus;  
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio fors.*

Hor. lib. 1  
Epist. 10. *Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,  
Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.*

The Horse would plow, the Ox would saddled be;  
'Tis best Men do what they know perfectly.

The Man whose Fortune does not suit his Mind,  
Too narrow, or too large, his State will find:  
Like those who Shoes do wear unfit,  
If wide, he stumbles; strait, they hurt his Feet.





*Nous accusons les Animaux  
Des desirs. dérègle dont nous sommes coupables :  
Mais les Hommes tous seuls ont de si grands défauts,  
Les Bestes n'en sont point capables.*

We do the Animals, as senseless, blame,  
Whilst only we are void of Sense and Shame :  
'Tis Man alone, who Crimes commits, not they ;  
The Beasts Nature implicitly obey.

## The Explanation of the Third Plate.

Tous nos Defauts ont leur Pretexte.

*For every Failing we find a Pretence.*

**V**OICI la confirmation des veritez, que nos inquietudes ont fait inventer à l'une & à l'autre Poësie. Nôtre Peintre a crû que la comparaison du bœuf & du cheval ne seroit possible pas sur nos ames, toute l'impression qu'il avoit dessein d'y laisser ; c'est pourquoy il propose l'Homme même, en exemple à l'Homme ; & luy mettant devant les yeux, les changements injustes & deshonestes auxquels il est sujet, il pretend par sa propre confusion, de le guerir d'une si infame maladie. Le Soldat veut être Matelot. Le Matelot veut être Marchand. Le Marchand veut être Laboureur. Le Laboureur veut être Hostelier ; c'est à dire, que toute Condition est importune à celuy qui n'est pas sage ; & que quoy qu'il choisisse, il se trouve toujours trompé dans son choix. Il n'en est pas de même de l'Homme prudent. S'il est né libre, il fait éléction de sa fortune ; & la sçait conduire avec tant d'adresse, qu'il ne sen lasse n'y ne s'en repent jamais. Si Dieu l'a fait naitre dans les fers, il se conforme magnanimement à la bassesse de sa Condition ; & sans murmurer contre l'ordre universel des choses, il adoucit par la Philosophie, les amertumes de la servitude.



**B**EHOLD here, to confirm the precedent Truth, another Fancy of the Poetick Painter's, design'd to silence all our Murmurs and Inquietudes : Fearing lest the Example of Brutes might not be of force enough to shame us into a perfect Submission to the Will of Heaven, in being contented, in whatever State or Condition, Providence, or our own Choice has placed us ; he here sets Men before us, by whose Folly we may be made wise, and despise that Inconstancy which seems to reign in Man's Nature, who is never satisfy'd or contented, even with the Thing or State he has himself chosen. The Soldier here before us, would fain turn Sailor. The Sailor would stay at home and trade. The Tradesman wishes himself a Country Swain. The Clown would be an Inn-keeper. In fine, every State of Life is uneasy to him who is not wise ; and though 'tis of his own chusing, the Fool always finds he is mistaken, and desires Change. It is not so with the prudent Man. If he is born free, he makes choice of his Condition with Judgment, and behaves himself so well in it, that he neither grows weary, or repents, but chearfully makes advantage of his Time, always content, and trusts that Providence, which he hopes will crown all his Labours with a happy Eternity. If he is born in Chains, the Son of a Slave, he magnanimously conforms to his low Condition ; and without murmuring against Heaven, thanks his Creator that he is at all, and sweetens with Philosophy the Bitterness of Servitude.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Sat. 1.

*Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,  
Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne  
Audaces mare qui currunt : hâc mente laborem  
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant ;  
Aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria sicut  
Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni Formica laboris,  
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo,  
Quem fruit, haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.*

The Husbandman, that in Earth's Bosom pries ;  
The Subtle Vintner, and the Man unwise,  
Who dares to use the Seas, and merchandize ;  
The Soldier, all alike, pretend that they  
Would not thus sweat and toil, and work each day  
But with Design, at last in Age to rest,  
And live at Ease, with Peace and Plenty blest :  
Having in Youth a Fortune got, to be  
Secur'd from Want, and all Adversity,  
Like the wise Ants, say they, who to us give  
An excellent Example, we will live ;  
For they, poor little Insects, labour more  
Than any Creature, and lay up a Store  
Of all that's proper ; each does something bear  
To the dear Heap, and places it with Care  
Close in his Cell, foreseeing Winter near.



*Le Nocher pauvre & vieux veut fendre les guerets ;  
Le Laboureur les quitte, & se donne à Neptune ;  
La guerre est à la fin au Soldat importune ;  
Le Sot ayme le change. Il court toujours apres ;  
Et changeant de métier, croit changer de fortune.*

The Sailor now grown poor and old, would fain  
Dig in the pleasant Fields, and till the Plain ;  
The Labourer leaves the Land, and ploughs the  
Main ;  
The Soldier, weary of the Wars, returns ;  
The Fool with a Desire of Change still burns ;  
And hopes by changing his Employ to gain  
Content, and better Fortune to obtain.

## The Explanation of the Fourth Picture.

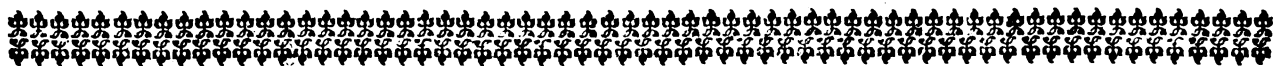
Qui vit bien, Voyage heureusement.

He that lives well, makes a fortunate Voyage.

**A** RRESTONS nous, s'il vous plaist, à considerer ce paisage; bien qu'il semble n'avoir pas beaucoup de rapport avec les autres Tableaux de cette Gallerie, il n'en est pas toutefois le moins utile, n'y le moins instructif. Vous me demandez, que signifie ce pais sauvage; quels sont ces Hommes si bizarres & si mal-vestus qui l'habitent; & sous quel climat on trouve toutes les autres, nouveautez qui vous ont surpris. Sachez que ce Tableau est la carte d'une partie de ces grandes Peninsules, que l'oyfivité de Colombe & l'Ambition d'Espagne ont esté chercher au de là des bornes de la Nature. Nôtre Peintre nous les represente pour corriger nos Inquietudes naturelles; & nous reprocher que nous sommes presque tous de ces voyageurs ambitieux & ridicules, qui ne trouvant pas dans le vieux monde, assez d'espace pour le flux & le reflux de leurs desirs dereglez, voudroient qu'il y en eut autant, que l'un de nos Philosophes s'en est imaginé. Mais si nous sommes sages, faisons aujourd'huy une ferme Resolution de choisir une condition tranquille & durable; & pour trouver du repos, de le chercher en nous mêmes, & non dans la diversité ou des exercices ou des compagnies. Aussi bien ne scaurions nous faire un plus beau n'y un plus necessaire voyage, que de descendre souvent dans nôtre cœur, étudier ce qui se passe dans un pays qui nous est si peu connu; & par de nobles & fructueuses Occupations, consumer le plus agreablement qu'il vous sera possible, le temps que nous avons à languir hors de nôtre veritable patrie.

resolution to fix on something to employ us, that may procure us a lasting Peace of Mind, and fit us for that great Journey we are destin'd to make into the Regions of Death; which is not to be found in desiring Diversities of Climates, or Company. Let us often descend into ourselves, and learn what passes in our own Breast, a Country we are altogether Strangers to. There let us resolve on things noble and advantageous to ourselves and others: thus shall we pass with Satisfaction, the time we are destin'd to languish here, e'er we shall arrive at our native Country, Heaven.

**L**ET us stop a little, if you please, and consider this Landskip, which though it seems not to have much relation to the rest of the Pictures in this Gallery, yet it is not one of the least valuable or instructive. You are, doubtless, curious to know what this savage Country is, who those Men are that inhabit it, whose Drefs and Looks speak them Strangers to the civilized Parts of the World, more wild and barbarous than the Place they live in. What Climate, say you, produceth Fruits, Beasts, and Men like those we see here? Know then, that it is one of those Western Islands, which by the Vanity of Columbus, and Ambition of Spain, was discovered, where Nature seem'd to have conceal'd, and placed it out of the Europeans reach. Our Painter represents it to us, to show, first, that these mean Wretches who dwell here, are highly content, tho' poor; and living in the most desolate manner, sleeping on the Earth, and feeding on Roots and Flesh, which they must hunt for with great Toil, and which we should abhor to taste. They covet not to roam abroad, or travel to see new Worlds, but fear a Stranger's coming to disturb them; whilst we wish to be of the number of those Travellers, who finding not in the old World Places enough to gratify their irregular and unbounded Desires, wish there were as many as *Des-Cartes* fancy'd, to vent their Follies in. But let us be wise, and make this Day a firm Re-

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode. 16.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
 Multa? quid terras alio calentes  
 Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exsul  
 Se quoque fugit?

We that so short a time must live,  
 Why do we Climates change, and waste  
 Those precious Hours that fly too fast,  
 In search of distant Lands, and give  
 Our Souls no Rest? Ah! who is he,  
 That flying from his Home, can be  
 From Cares, and from himself set free.

Hor.lib.1.  
Epist. 11.

Tu, quamcumque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,  
 Gratâ sume manu, nec dulcia differ in annum:  
 Ut, quocumque loco fueris, vixisse libenter  
 Te dicas. Nam si ratio, & prudentia curas,  
 Non locus effusi latè maris arbiter, aufert:  
 Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Bless then the Goddess for the Moments she  
 Does offer you, and taste Felicity;  
 Defer not to enjoy the present Day,  
 That you in Death may smiling say,  
 In every Place and State I've liv'd content,  
 And cheerfully the short-liv'd Hours spent:  
 For if 'tis true (as doubtless 'tis) that we  
 By prudent reasoning with ourselves, can free  
 Ourselves from Troubles of the Mind, and those  
 Who sail the fickle Seas, and seek Repose,  
 By changing Climates, not the Mind,  
 Sadly deceiv'd themselves shall find;  
 So we shall but encrease our Pain,  
 And all our Labour be in vain.



*Nos inconstances continuës,  
Nous font errer par l'Univers ;  
Et sous mille climats divers,  
Voir mille terres inconnuës.  
Mais nous voyageons vainement,  
Notre esprit inquiet nous fait toujours la guerre.  
Aussi pour vivre heureusement,  
Il ne faut point changer de Terre,  
Il faut changer de sentiment.*

M m

The inconstant Humour still remains ;  
We range the World, and, vent'rous, try  
New Climes, and Lands unknown descry,  
Yet find we cannot ease our Pains :  
In vain we travel, 'tis within our Breast  
The Tyrant Passions live, that break our Rest  
We need not from our Native Country fly,  
Reform the Mind, 'tis there the Fault does lie ;  
Suit that but to your State, and you are blest.

## The Explanation of the Fifth Plate.

L'Estude des Lettres est la Felicité de  
l'Homme.

Learning is the greatest Blessing Man can  
acquire.



E voy bien, mes chers amis, à quoy la  
beauté de votre Inclination vous porte. A  
peine avez vous jetté les yeux sur ce ta-  
bleau, que vous vous trouvez ravis des  
merveilles qu'il vous presente. Que vous  
estes heureux d'avoir sçeu vous conformer si prompte-  
ment à la noblesse de votre nature, & par un si digne  
choix respondre à la Majesté de vos ames. En effet,  
il faut qu'un Homme renonce publiquement à la gloire  
de son extraction, quand il est ou si mal-heureux, ou  
si lâche, que d'embrasser une autre Profession que celle  
des Lettres. Approchez-vous donc de cette Peinture,  
& confidez la Grandeur des biens où vous estes ap-  
pellez, par la genereuse election que vous avez faite.  
Les Faveurs que vous recevez des beautés vulgaires,  
sont des Faveurs qui se perdent en les recevant; &  
qui presque toujours perdent ceux qui les recoivent.  
Mais celles que les Muses vous offrent de si bonne  
grace, sont des Faveurs durables; sont des Faveurs in-  
nocentes; sont des Faveurs qui vous elevent en vous  
ravissant & qui vous faisant passer de la condition  
des Hommes à celle des Heros, vous sont comme au-  
tant de souverains Preservatifs, contre tous les Poisons  
que la volupté vous presente.



SEE with pleasure, my dear Com-  
panions, a rising Blush in your Cheeks,  
which informs me, that your Souls  
are fixed with a noble Ambition, that  
on sight of this Picture your Choice  
is made, and your Minds ravished with the Ap-  
pearance of the God of Wisdom and the Muses,  
who are here come to determine you, in this for-  
tunate Moment. Happy, thrice happy are you,  
who have so readily answered to their Call, and  
conform'd yourselves to live suitable to that noble  
Inclination Heaven gave you, when you received  
your Being, agreeable to the Dignity of Man's  
Nature. Alas! 'tis evident, that the Man who  
is so base, or infatuated to embrace (unless con-  
strain'd) any other Profession but Learning, does  
publicly renounce all the Honour due either to  
the Nobility of his Birth, or Glory of his Ancestors.  
Draw yet nearer to this Picture, and con-  
sider the Greatness of that Good to which you  
are elected, by the generous Choice you have  
made. The Blessings bestow'd on us by Nature,  
as Beauty of Face, Elegancy of Shape, noble  
Parents, or great Wealth, are all subject to Chance,  
and easily taken from us; nay, very often prove

the Means of our Undoing. But those offer'd you by the Muses, are durable and excellent in them-  
selves, which will both make you happy in yourself, and procure you Honour from others; nay, will  
even render you Heroes, and enable you to vanquish the Frailties of human Nature: for the God of  
Wisdom's Counsels, and the Doctrines of the Muses, are sovereign Preservatives, and Counter-Poisons  
against all the Charms, with which Vice tempts us to our Ruin.



Hor. lib. 1.  
Ode 26.

Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus  
Tradam protervis, in Mare Creticum  
Portare ventis.

Friend to the Muses, to the Winds I give  
Sorrow and Care; henceforth I'll happy live:  
Grief to my Breast shall now a Stranger be,  
Ye Winds, go drown'd them in the Cretan Sea.

Ovid.

— Carmina latum  
Sunt opus, & Pacem mentis habere volunt.

The Muses were design'd to cheer and please;  
He that would Verses write, must be at ease.

Anxia Mens Hominum, curis confecta dolore  
Non potis est cantus pandere Pierios:  
Carmina proveniunt animo deducta sereno,  
Tristia cum latis non bene signa cadunt.

When a Man's Soul with Cares oppress'd,  
Or torturing Grief does wound his Breast,  
He can't compose Pyerian Strains, or write  
Soft charming Verse; 'tis Ease that does excite  
The charming Muse: from Minds serene springs  
Poesy;  
Sad Constellations can't with cheerful ones agree.

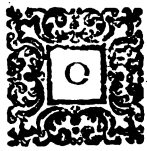


*Nouveaux & genereux Orphées,  
Qui loin de la faveur des Rois,  
Venez au silence des bois,  
Consulter les neuf doctes Fées.  
Vous ignorez les soins cuisans,  
Qui devorent les Courtisans.  
La tristesse & la peur, ne vous font point la guerre.  
Vous estes affranchis des injures du sort ;  
Et de tous les maux de la terre,  
Vous n'éprouvez jamais que celui de la mort.*

You generous Children of the Gods, who fly  
The poison'd Courts, and Smiles of Royalty,  
To silent Groves, and sacred Shades retir'd,  
Conversing with the Nymphs, by *Jove* inspir'd ;  
You of the racking Cares shall nothing know,  
That makes the Courtier sad, and clouds his Brow :  
Sorrow and Fear shall ne'er your Soul molest,  
Nor any Change of Fortune break your Rest ;  
Of all the Miseries we are subje& to,  
You nothing else, but only Death shall know.

## The Explanation of the Sixth Plate.

La Paresse est la Mere des Vices.

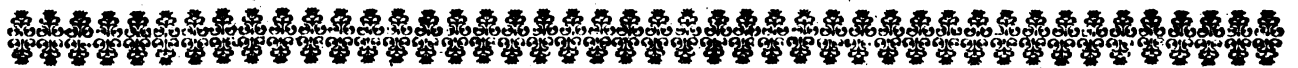
*Idleness is the Mother of Vice.*

Que ce Tableau nous fait bien connoître les avantages qu'en tire de l'amour de l'étude; & de l'activité surnaturelle qu'elle donne à nos esprits. La chambre qui nous y est figurée, se peut proprement nommer la retraite de la Vertu, l'Element de la Philosophie, le Temple des Muses, & le lieu sacré d'où les Passions sont bannies. Aussi le Philosophe qu'il nous représente, comme le Ministre & le Prestre de ce Temple, n'attend pas que le Soleil l'avertisse qu'il est temps de sacrifier au Dieu de toutes choses. Le soin qu'il a de son devoir, & l'ardeur qui le porte à l'Adoration de la souveraine Sageffe, à laquelle il s'est consacré, l'éveillent avant que la Lune ait fait les deux tiers de sa course. Elle est encore bien haute sur l'Horison. Elle illumine de son éclat blanchissant les fenestres de sa chambre; & le voila cependant debout. Il a lui-même éveillé son valet; & par une si juste Sollicitude, il nous a donné cet avertissement salutaire, que le Pilote n'a pas grand soin de son Vaisseau, qui s'en repose sur la foy d'un miserable Matelot. Nous voyons aussi les glorieuses Victoires que ce Sage vigilant a remportées par la puissance de ses veilles & de ses soins. Car les Passions les plus Fortes, les plus Redoutables, & les plus Artificieuses, comme si elles tenoient de la nature des Songes & des Fantomes, se dissipent avec le Sommeil & les Ténèbres; & abandonnent celui qui veille, pour aller tourmenter ces ames paresseuses, qui font leur félicité de leur lit; & tâchent de continuer par un art criminel, ce qu'ils ont innocemment commencé par le benefice de la Nature.



O W well, my ingenious Companions, does this Picture inform us of the vast Advantages which accrue to Man, from the Love of Learning; which does indeed give even a supernatural Activity and Life to our Souls! The Chamber here represented, may properly be call'd the Retreat of Vertue, Abode of Philosophy, and Temple of the Muses, the sacred Place from whence all the Passions are banish'd. The Philosopher, who is seated on this Bed, is the High Priest of this Temple, who waits not till the Rising-Sun calls upon him to wake, and offer Sacrifice to the great Creator of all things; the Regard that he has to his Duty, and the ardent Affection and Zeal that excites him thus to adore the sovereign Wisdom (to whom he has consecrated himself) is sufficient to wake him, before the Moon has half finish'd her Course: She is not yet arrived at her full Height in the Horizontal, and darting her Silver Beams into his unshut Windows, when he is up, and calling his less watchful Servant, to attend God and him. His laudable Diligence instructs us, that a wise Pilot leaves not the Care of the Vessel to another, but watches himself, till he has reach'd the desired Port, to which he is bound. Now let us observe what glorious Victories he has obtain'd by this vigilant Care, these frequent Watchings, and sleepless Nights. Behold the strongest Passions, Lust and Envy, the most subtle and active Enemies of Man's Repose, vanish, and fly from him like Dreams, or Darknes

at the Approach of Day; and retiring from him, who wakes to read and pray, fly thence to torment those wretched Creatures, who delight in Idleness, and rise not, till they are tired with too much Ease; who convert into a Sin, that Rest which Nature design'd only for our Refreshment.



—Et, n̄

Hor.lib. 2.  
Epist. 2. *Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non  
Intendes animum studiis & rebus honestis,  
Invidia, vel amore vigil torquebere.*

Plaut.

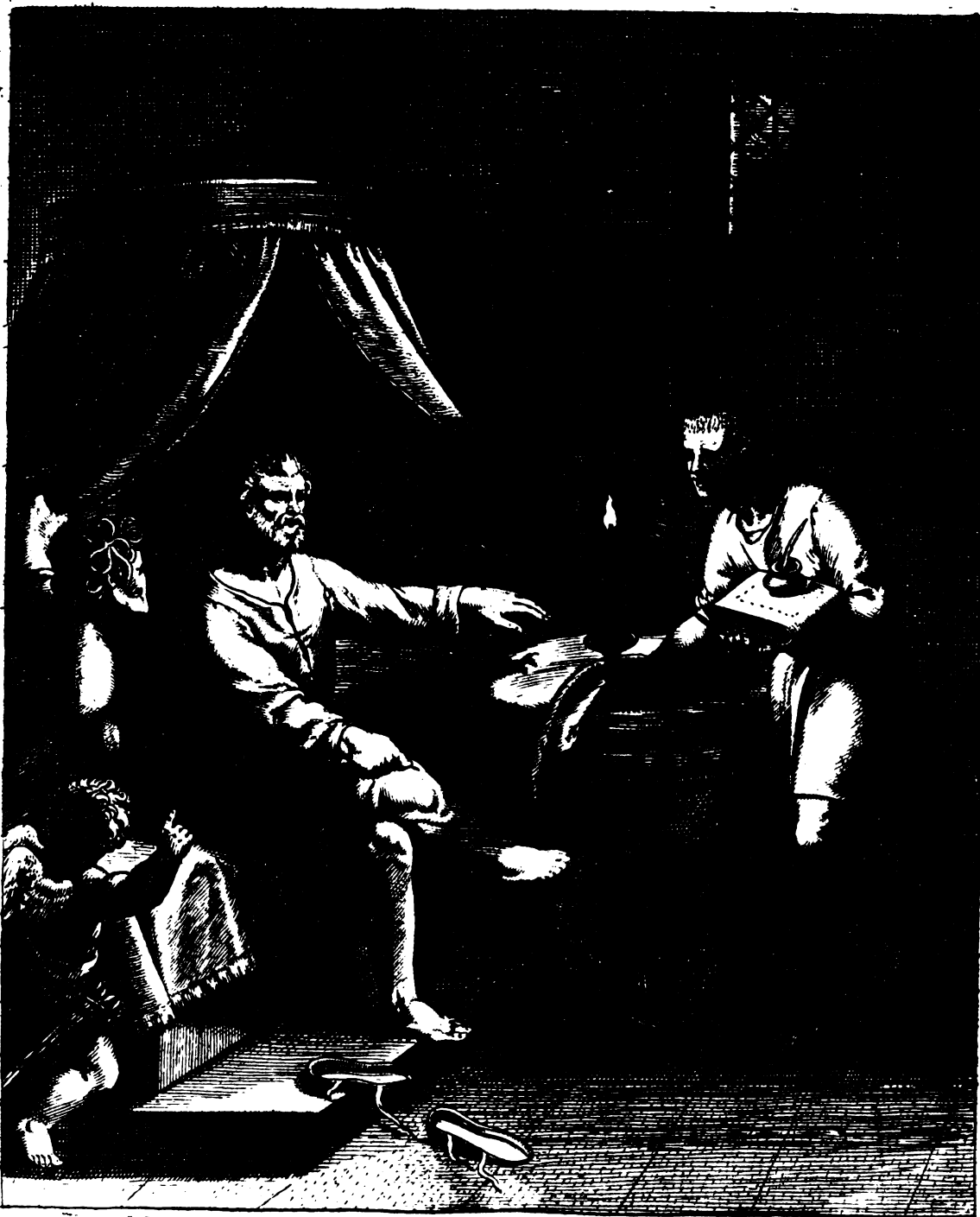
—Vigilare decet Hominem

*Qui vult sua tempore conficere officia:  
Nam qui dormitat libenter, sine lucro, & cum  
Malo quiescit.*

If e'er the Day appear, you do not rise,  
A Book and Candle ask; your Faculties  
To vertuous Studies bend, your Thoughts employ  
On things divine; Love will your Peace destroy,  
Or Envy break your Sleeps, and still annoy.

That Man ought to be most vigilant, who desires  
to perform his Duty in due time, and well; for  
he that delights in Idleness and Sloth, takes his  
Rest, 'tis true, but vastly to His Prejudice,  
reaping no Advantage by it.





*L'Ame est une Machine à beaucoup de ressorts ;  
L'oisiveté les rouille & les rend inutiles ;  
Travaille incessamment de l'esprit ou du corps ;  
Et la Machine aura ses mouvements faciles.*

The Soul is a Machine, which many Springs compose  
By too much Idleness it rusts, and useless grows :  
By constant Exercise thy Mind and Body still improve,  
And the Machine shall swiftly, and in order move.

## The Explanation of the Seventh Picture.

Qui ayme la Vertue, meſpriſe tout le reſte.

Whoſoever loves Vertue, deſpiſes all other things.

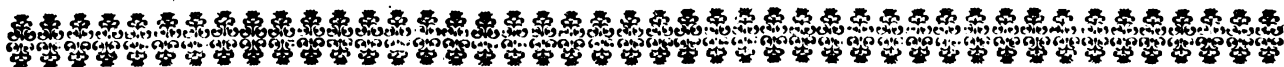


**G**ENEREUSE & heroique Paſſion, de ſçavoir ce qu'il faut ſçavoir, c'eſt à dire d'eſtre vertueux; combien ſont hautes, & combien ſont divines, les Reſolutions que tu fais prendre à ceux que tu poſſèdes veritablement? Cette juſte exclamation m'eſchappe en voyant ce tableau. Regardez-le, je vous prie, des mêmes yeux que je le conſidère; & vous avouèz avec moy, que la Sageſſe & la Science, comme eſtant les Anges tutelaires de nos eſprits, leur inſpirent des penſées dignes de la ſublimité de leur extraction. Elle leur font connoître qu'il n'y a rien de ſi bas, que ce que le monde eſtime de plus haut; n'y rien de ſi vil, que ce que l'ambition & les autres Paſſions dereglées nous offrent, comme les choſes les plus précieufes de la vie. Voyez vous le Philoſophe, que tant de demons environnent. Ils le tentent à la vertu, mais ils le tentent vainement. Icy l'Ambition luy preſente un Thrône. La une Couronne deſtinée aux vainqueurs. Plus loin une ſtatue; & pour dernier effort, la Pompe ſuperbe du Triomphe. Cependant il reſuſe également tous ſes preſens; & leur donnant le juſte prix qu'ils doivent avoir, demeure d'accord avec luy même, que toutes ces choſes ne ſont que vanité. Qu'un Thrône n'eſt qu'un peu de bois enrichy d'or & de pierreries. Que ces autres marques de Grandeur & de Pompe ne ſont que des branches de laurier pliées enſemble, des pieces de marbre taillé, des Armes rompuës & attachées conſuſement. Que le Triomphe même, qui eſt le deſir de tous les grands Courages, n'eſt qu'un meſlange embarraſſé & deplorable de pluſieurs innocents enchainez, d'un grand Nombre de Soldats insolents & criminels, de richèſſes ravies à leurs juſtes Poſſeſſeurs, & d'Aclamations brutales d'une Populace inſenſée.



**G**ENEROUS and Heroick Paſſion, to thiſt after Knowledge, to reſolve to be virtuous! What elevated, what Godlike Reſolutions doſt thou, Goddeſs, inſpire in thoſe with whom thou doſt really inhabit! This juſt Exclamation could not but eſcape my Tongue, in beholding this Picture. Look on it with the like Affection that I do, I beg you, and confeſs with me, that Wiſdom and Learning, like two Guardian Angels, to whom our Souls are committed, continually infuſe into them Deſires worthy the Sublimity of our Extraction; convincing us, that there is nothing more vile, or leſs worth our Eſteem, than thoſe ſhining things which Ambition and Paſſion offer to us as the moſt valuable things of this Life. Behold this Philoſopher environ'd with Demons; who tempt him, 'tis true, but all in vain. Here Ambition tenders him a Throne, there a Crown, deſtin'd only for the Victor's Head; at a little diſtance, a pompous Statue, erected to perpetuate his Name, and for her utmoſt Effort, with the Charms of a publick Triumph, the laſt and higheſt Honour this vain World can beſtow on Man. Yet this will not do; he ſtill reſuſes all theſe glittering Toys with equal Diſdain, and ſetting a juſt Eſtimate upon them, concludes with himſelf, that all theſe things are Pride and Folly, and not worth a wiſe Man's Acceptance. That a Throne is only a little perriſhing Wood, enriched with Gold and Diamonds; and thoſe other Marks of Greatneſs and Honour, Trifles. That Laurels will fade and wither; that even Marble will be defaced by Time; and the Glories of a Triumph, tho' ſo much coveted

by the moſt generous Minds, rightly conſidered, are but a ſad Spectacle of human Miſery; a conſuſed Mixture of, perhaps, innocent Captives, loaden with Chains, and insolent Soldiers, who are far greater Criminals, at liberty; of vaſt Riches, torn from their juſt Owners, the Spoils of Temples, and Palaces, confirm'd to us by the brutiſh Acclamations of an incens'd Rabble, to whom no wiſe Man would be indebted for any thing.



Hor.lib.1.  
Epist. 1.

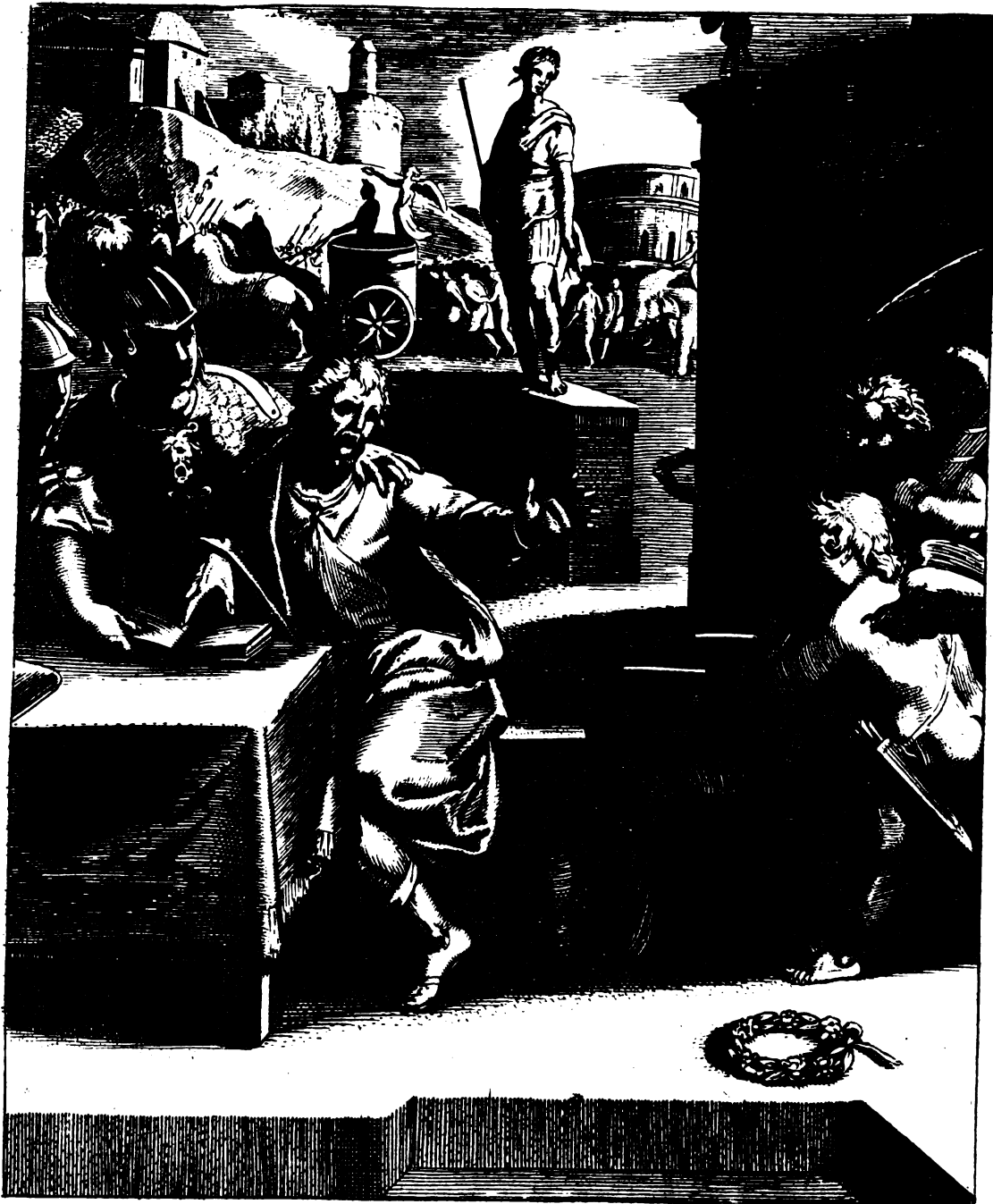
*Eſt quodnam prodire tenus, ſi non datur ultra:  
Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?  
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.  
Laudis amore tames? ſunt certa piacida, que te  
Ter purè lecto poteram recreare libello.*

Hor.lib.2.  
Sat. 4.

*Quem vis mediâ erue turbâ;  
Aut ob avaritiam aut miſerâ ambitione laborat.*

Does Thirſt of Gold, or Luſt thy Soul enflame?  
Why there are Words, and tuneful Songs can tame  
And quench the Fire, and give thee Eaſe,  
Nay, cure great part of thy Diſeaſe.  
Art thou puſt up with Pride, and fond of Praise?  
In Books you'll find moſt certain Spells and Ways,  
That being thrice with Diligence read o'er,  
Will make you ceaſe to ſwell, and Health reſtore.

In Rome, or any where amongſt Mankind,  
You'll hardly one free from Ambition find,  
Or torturing Avarice that racks the Mind.



*L'Homme de bien incessamment soupire,  
Pour la vertu, comme pour un Tresor :  
S'il la possede il a ce qu'il desire ;  
Et par sa force seule, il obtient un Empire,  
Qu'on cherche vainement dessus un Trône d'or.*

The wise and honest Man does Vertue woo,  
For her he fights, as only worth his Care ;  
She's all he asks, if he possesses her,  
The Treasure that his Soul does still pursue :  
By her alone he does an Empire gain,  
Which Men on glitter'ing Thrones do seek in vain.

## The Explanation of the Eighth Plate.

Le Sage seul est libre.

The Wise alone are free.

**B** IEN que vous ayez ou assez de connoissance, ou assez de discretion, pour forcer les sentiments que vous donne la Nature corrompue, je les voy toutesfois qui paroissent malgré vous sur votre visage; & qui me demandent quel est le Prix, & quelle est la Splendeur de la Couronne que les Sciences & la Vertu promettent à leurs Adorateurs. Il est juste que je leur satisfasse; & qu'après vous avoir desia dit plusieurs fois, que l'amour des lettres est un Remede souverain pour les Maladies de l'ame, je vous montre la façon dont ce merveilleux baume doit estre applique sur nos differentes blessures. Vous avez vu au tableau precedant, comme le Philosophe a foulé aux pieds, ces vaines Images de Gloire que le monde a pour l'objet de ses plus serieuses Actions. Vous le voyez maintenant, donnant la loy aux autres Tyrans de l'ame; & regnant avec Empire sur les Passions & sur la Fortune. Qu'il fait beau voir les Ornaments qui parent son triomphe. D'un costé, les palmiers luy presentent autant de Couronnes qu'ils ont de branches; & de l'autre de vieux chesnes inébranlables, luy sont comme autant d'Images vivantes de sa constance & de sa fermeté. Ce n'est pas que ses ennemis soient absolument vaincus, quoy qu'il les tienne dans les fers. La fortune toujours rebelle & toujours audacieuse, entreprend avec le reste de ses forces, de combattre encore une fois son vainqueur. Pour en venir à bout, elle appelle les Demons de l'Ambition, de l'Avarice, & des Plaisirs. La pauvreté qui est toujours ravie des Desordres & des Confusions, accourt à la voix de la Fortune; & produit aux yeux de nôtre Sage, tout ce qu'elle a de plus hideux. L'esclavage même, l'exil, & la mort qui est reputée le malheur de tous les malheurs, se lignent ensemble pour venir attaquer cette place, qui ne leur semble pas imprenable. Mais leurs attentes sont vaines. Car l'ame de nôtre Sage est si regulierement fortifiée, quelle ne peut estre n'y surprise par l'Artifice de ses ennemis, n'y emportée d'assaut par toutes leurs forces assemblées.

thence; their Labour is all fruitless; his Soul is so well fortify'd, that he cannot be surprized by the Artifices of his Enemies, nor borne down by their Assaults, tho' ten thousand more were united with them.

**T**HO' you are already sufficiently convinced, and resolved to conquer your corrupt Nature, and to become virtuous; yet by your Countenances I perceive you are desirous to know what is the Value and Splendor of the Crown, which Vertue and Wisdom promise their Votaries. And indeed it is but reason, that you should be gratify'd, and that after having so often told you, that the Love of Learning is a sovereign Remedy for all the Diseases of the Soul, I should show you the manner in which this marvellous Balm must be apply'd to our different Wounds. You have seen in the precedent Picture how our Philosopher tramples under foot the vain Images of that Glory which the Generality of Men have for the Object of their most serious Actions. You shall now see him even giving Laws to all the other Tyrants that gain the Ascendant over Mens Souls, and reigning with despotick Sway over Vice and Fortune; which the Spoils that grace his Triumph plainly show. The bending Palms seem to tender their Branches to make him Chaplets, and the aged Oaks, who have stood the Shock of Ages, stand as lively Images of his Resolution and Constancy. He holds his Enemies in Chains; yet Fortune seems not to be wholly subdued: she calls her Associates together, to make another Attempt, in hopes still to accomplish her Ends: She appears accompanied with the Demons of Ambition, Avarice, and soft Pleasure, with the meagre Spectre, involuntary Poverty, that base Poverty which is the Consequence of Riots and Excess. These all attend their Mistress, Fortune, and set before the Eyes of our Hero, all that is most hideous and terrible to human Nature, even Slavery, Exile, and Death. Thus they combine to shake his Constancy, whilst he, seated on a Rock, immovable as the Stone, regards them with Disdain: in vain they strive to drive him

Hor. lib.2  
Sat. 7.

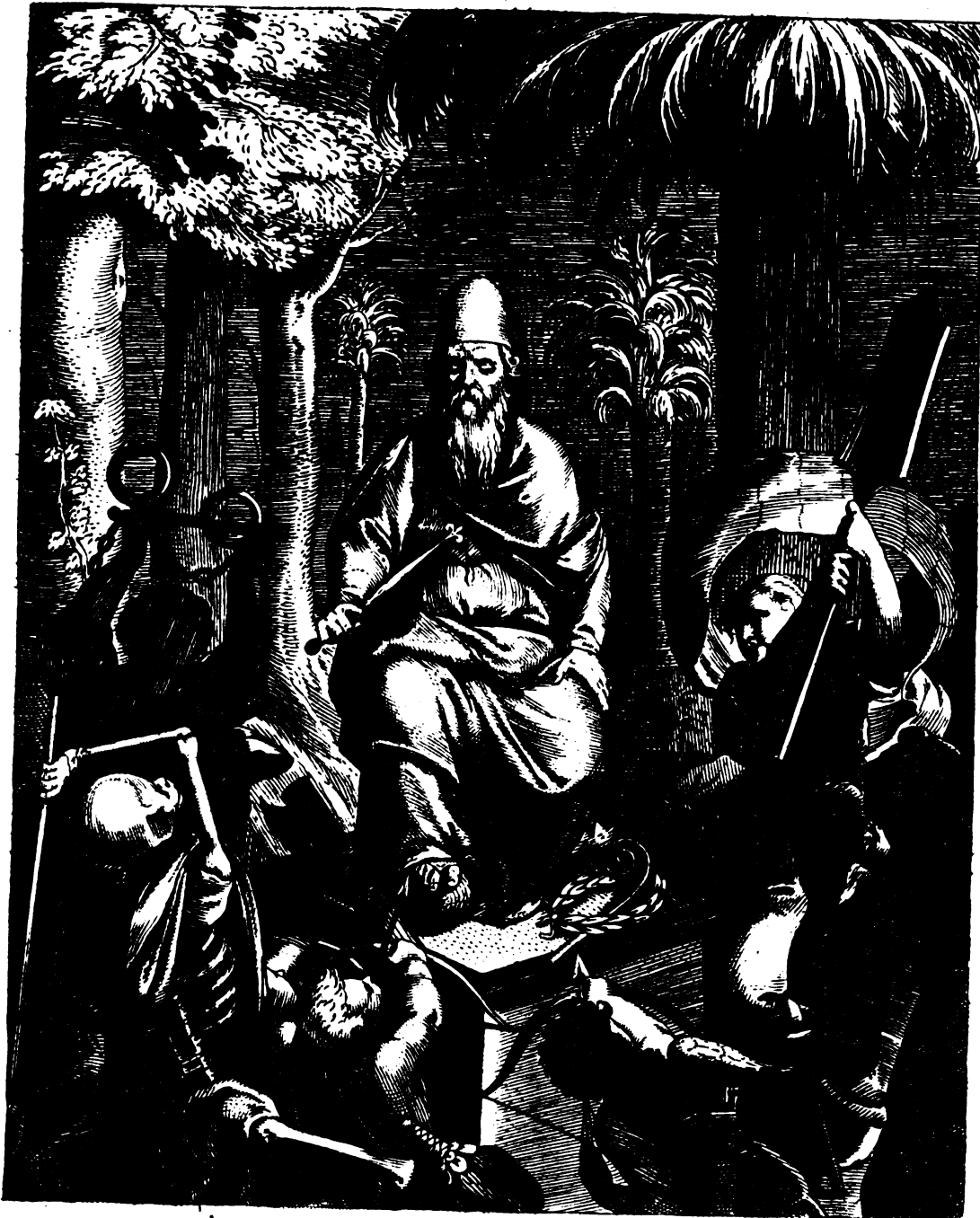
Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens sibi que imperiosus:  
Quem neq; pauperies, neq; mors, neq; vincula terrent;  
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,  
Fortis, & in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.  
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari;  
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.

Laert.

Dionysio recitanti versiculos illos Sophoclis;  
Quisquis tyranni ad tecta se contulit,  
Fit servus illi, liber etsi venerit;  
Aristippus, arrepto posteriore, respondit;  
Haud servus est, si liber illuc venerit.  
Quia, inquiebat, vere liber non est, nisi cujus animum spe metuque liberavit Philosophia.

Who's then the Man that's free? the Wise alone;  
He that himself commands, erects a Throne  
In his own Breast, and reigns sole Monarch there;  
He that not Poverty or Death does fear;  
He who his boiling Passions can restrain,  
Honours despise, and profer'd Crowns disdain:  
Who in himself alone does all things find  
Within the Circle of his Thoughts confin'd,  
Nothing without can wound, or give him pain,  
And Fortune strives to ruin him in vain.

As Dionysius was rehearsing loud  
These Lines of Sophocles; Who e'er he be,  
That in a Palace goes to dwell, tho' free  
When entering there, of empty Honour proud,  
His Liberty does lose; and from that Hour  
Becomes a Slave to a vain Monarch's Power:  
Aristippus catching at this last Line,  
Reply'd, If he was free when there he came,  
He's not a Slave but free, and still the same;  
For no Man's really free, but whom divine  
Philosophy has freed, whose Soul disdains  
To hope, or fear, and still unmov'd remains:  
If with a Soul thus free he enter'd there,  
He cannot cease to be still free as Air.



*Ce n'est ni la Faveur des Rois,  
Ni les Suffrages populaires,  
Qui peuvent soumettre à nos lois,  
Nos fiers & mortels adversaires.  
La Vertu seule a ce pouvoir ;  
Elle fait qu'un esclave est libre dans ses chaines ;  
Qu'un juste mal-heureux, rit au milieu des gesnes ;  
Et que même la mort ne le peut emouvoir.*

'Tis not the Favour of the greatest Kings,  
Nor yet the Populace's Voice and Love  
That can our inward mortal Foes remov'd,  
And headstrong Passions in subjection bring :  
Vertue alone this Power can give ; 'tis she  
Can make the Slave in fettering Chains live free,  
The injur'd Wretch smile on the Rack and Wheel,  
And at the Sight of Death no Terror feel.

O o

## The Explanation of the Ninth Plate.

Le Sage est Inébranlable.

The Wise are Immoveable.



LES Maladies de l'ame, & les autres maux de la vie, sont aux pieds de nôtre Philosophe. Il a fait des esclaves de ses Tyrans. Mais ce n'est pas assez pour la Grandeur de sa Vertu. Il veut estre mis a de plus difficiles espreuves ; & nous montrer comme il sçait resister aux injures du Ciel, & aux violences de ceux qui sont les Executeurs de sa colere. Nous en avons des exemples en ce tableau. En sa plus haute partie, nous voyons la confusion que produisent la querelle & le conflit des deux plus hauts Elements. Au dessous, la Terre ebranlée par leur impetuositè, se detache de soy-même, renverse ce qu'elle porte ; & semble se vouloir ensevelir sous ses propres ruines. Plus bas, paroissent les dereglements des Passions humaines, qui sont encore plus redoutables. Ici, un Roy menace ; & pour satisfaire à son Indignation, soit quelle soit juste, soit quelle ne le soit pas, lance indifferemment la foudre sur la teste de ceux qui sont au dessous de luy. Plus loin, nous appercevons un grand nombre de monstres convertis de la figure d'Hommes, qui ne respirants que le Massacre & la Desolation, portent le fer & le feu dans une ville forcée. Mais parmy tous ces desordres, que fait nôtre Philosophe ? Il est assis sur un siege inébranlable. Ses parens & ses amis l'assiegent, & par la stupidité qui est si commune aux Hommes, luy crient aux oreilles, qu'en fin il s'eveille apres un si long assoupissement ; & qu'il commence à penser a sa conservation, & à celle des siens. Mais cet Homme veritablement Homme, fait la sourde oreille à ces Clameurs impertinentes. Il ne tourne pas même les yeux pour voir qui sont ces importuns Soliciteurs ; & persistant en sa divine immobilité, s'attache tout entier à la consideration de soy-même, pese serieusement les mouvements de son ame ; & tenant la Balance egale, attend avec une profonde paix, tout ce que Dieu a resolu de sa destinée.



THE Diseases of the Mind, and the Evils of Life are subdued, and prostrate at our Philosopher's feet. He has made Vassals of his Tyrants ; but this is all too little for such a Vertue. He courts more Difficulties, and will yet give stronger Proofs of his Bravery, and show us how he can support the Injuries of Chance, and the Violence of all the Storms Heaven exécutes its Anger with. Examples of which this Picture gives us. In the highest part we see the horrid Confusion occasioned by the Conflict of two jarring Elements ; below, the Earth trembling with their impetuous Force, rents asunder, and overturns all it bares, as if it meant to bury all things in its own Ruins. A further Prospect shows the Disorders occasioned by human Passions. Behold a Monarch in Fury, and to vent his Rage, without all Consideration of Justice, falls upon whatever he meets, exercising his Cruelty on the Innocent as well as Criminal. Afar off we may perceive a great Number of Monsters rather than Men, though in human Shape, breathing nothing but Murder and Desolation, and entering with Fire and Sword into a conquered Town. Amidst all these Disorders, our Philosopher is seated in his usual Tranquillity. His Relations and Friends almost deafen him with Intreaties, begging him to think of his Safety, to awake him from that Lethargy of Thought, which has, till this pressing Moment, made him negligent to provide for his Preservation, and loudly call upon him to think of himself and them. But this truly brave Man, the worthy Image of his Maker, appears wholly deaf to their impertinent Clamours. Careless of Life, he vouchsafes not once to turn his Eyes to see who these troublesome Babblers are ; but persists in an unshaken Constancy of Mind,

being wholly employed and taken up in contemplating himself, in nicely surveying the State of his Soul, and levelling the Balance betwixt himself and Heaven, and with a profound Submission waits whatever Providence has determin'd to do with him, committing himself entirely to the Care of him who made him.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 1

*Iustum & tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster,  
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadria,  
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus :  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruina.*

Virgil. 6  
Æneid.

*Ac si dura flex aut stet Marpesia cautes.*

The Just still firm in what he undertakes,  
His Aim pursues, and at no Danger shakes ;  
The raging Multitude with Threats in vain  
His Steps pursue, and Tyrants can't restrain  
Him by their Menaces, nor turn him back ;  
The boisterous Winds may blow, and Tempests make  
The Adriatick Seas to foam ; nay, Jove  
With dreadful Thunder Earth and Sea remove,  
Should the Skies fall, unmov'd he'd stand,  
Nor shake, tho' Death and Ruin were at hand.

The wise Man like to a *Marpesian* Rock,  
Or stubborn Flint, does stand the roughest Shock.



*Le Sage grand comme les Dieux,  
Est maître de ses destinées :  
Et de la Fortune, & des Cieux,  
Tient les puissances enchainées.  
Il regne absolument sur la Terre & sur l'Onde ;  
Il commande aux Tyrans, il commande au trespas ;  
Et s'il voyoit perir le Monde,  
Le Monde perissant, ne l'estonneroit pas.*

The wise Man like the happy Deity,  
Is Master of himself and Destiny ;  
Fortune and Nature he with Ease commands,  
And seems to hold them as his Slaves in Bonds ;  
Reigns o'er the Earth and Seas without controul,  
Treats Tyrants as his Slaves, nor starts his Soul  
At the Approach of Death ; nor would he fear  
To see the World in Flames, and Judgment near.

## The Explanation of the Tenth Picture.

L'Homme de bien est par tout en seurete.

*The Good Man is safe in all Places.*

**V**OUS voulez sçavoir ce que represente cét Homme, qui seul au milieu d'un desert plein de monstres, marche aussi tranquillement que s'il estoit dans l'allée de quelque beau jardin; & qui par une magnanimité plus qu'heroïque, meprise le secours qui luy est offert, & les armes qui lui sont miraculeusement envoyées. Je vous le diray si vous m'en sollicitez d'avantage. Mais, quel besoin est-il que je vous dise son nom? Vous jugez bien à la Description que je vous en fais après le Peintre, que c'est le même Demy-Dieu, que je vous ay montré au dernier Tableau. Là il estoit assis, pour ce qu'il n'estoit obligé que d'attendre le Peril. icy il est debout, pour ce que ne voulant se servir d'autres armes que de celles de la Vertu, il est obligé de marcher sans crainte au devant des Perils. Il ne se détourne point de son chemin, pour y voir des Dragons, des Tigres, & mille autres Bestes furieuses, qui tiennent la gueule ouverte pour l'engloutir. Apprenez à son Exemple, à sçavoir bien user de la vie; & retenez comme le plus utile precepte que vous attendez de nôtre agreable étude, que celui là est à couvert des Outrages de la Fortune, qui s'est fait un azile de la pureté de sa Conscience, & de la Connoissance des bonnes choses.



**Y**OU are, no question, impatient to know who the Person here represented is; who alone, and in the midst of a Desert full only of Monsters and wild Beasts, walks as unconcern'd as if he were in some pleasing Grove or Garden, and by a Magnanimity of Soul exceeding Man, disdains to make use of those Arms for his Defence, which Fortune seems miraculously to have thrown in his way. Sure you by this time guess who he is. You must needs be informed by the Description I (and the Painter before) gave you, that it is the same Demi-God, the Hero whom the precedent Picture shew'd you, tho' in a different Posture. He was there sitting, being obliged by the nature of the Tryals he was to suffer, to wait the coming of his Enemies: but here he is in search of others, and courts Occasions of Glory and Danger. He turns not out of his way at the sight of Dragons and Tygers, and many other furious Beasts, who seem to open their dreadful Jaws to devour him. Let us by his Example learn to set a true Estimate on Life, and retain this Maxim as the most useful Precept that all our Studies can furnish us with, *viz.* That he only is secured from all the Injuries of Fortune, who makes himself an Asylum of the Integrity of his own Conscience, and esteems Death as a beloved Friend, that gives him perfect Freedom.

Hor. lib. I.  
Ode 22.

*Integer vita, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
Fusce, Pharetra.  
Sive per Syrias iter aestuosas,  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.*

He who uprightly lives, whose Breast  
Fosters no Crime to break his Rest,  
Needs not the Bow for his Defence,  
Or Javelin of the Moor, in Death well skill'd,  
Or Quivers with empoison'd Arrows fill'd;  
His only Arms are Innocence:  
He treads on Syria's burning Sands,  
Or fails to yet more Savage Lands,  
Or roams where fam'd Hydaspes flows.





*Une Ame vraiment heroïque,  
Trouve par tout, des lieux de seureté ;  
Et vit même en tranquillité,  
Parmy tous les monstres d'Affrique.  
Le Sage qui sçait que la vie,  
N'est que le chemin de la mort ;  
Ne craint jamais d'aller au port,  
Ou sa naissance le corvie.*

The Man that's truly brave, does dauntless find  
Himself in every Place secure ; his Mind  
Serene, he'd careless live at ease  
Amidst the dreadful Monsters bred  
In Africk's desart Lands, and Seas,  
And neither Death, or Hunger dread.  
The Wife who knows Life is a Road,  
That surely leads to Death's Abode,  
Fears not to reach the happy Port his Birth  
Decreed him for, nor mourns to quit the Earth.

P p

## The Explanation of the Eleventh Picture.

Qui souffre beaucoup, gâgne beaucoup.

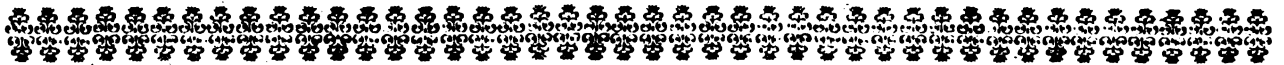
He that suffers much, gains much.



L ne reste plus au Sage qu'un Victoire à remporter, pour avoir tout soumis à son Empire. Cette Peinture vous fait voir que cette dernière Victoire luy est assurée, & qu'il doit commencer son Triomphe. Mais elle vous le fait voir sous certaines figures qui possible vous paroissent des enigmes, apres le sens desquelles, il est besoin que vôtre esprit se travaille beaucoup. Nullement; il n'est rien de si clair n'y de si connu; & sans mentir je fais Conscience de vous dire qui est le Vertueux qui souffre si constamment les Injures & les Outrages d'une mechante Femme. Neantmoins, puisque toute l'Antiquité nous a proposé cet Exemple, comme le dernier effort d'une Vertu consommée, il n'est pas à propos que nous Passions legerement par dessus. Sachez donc, que celui que vous voyez au martyre, est ce Socrate, si connu par son propre Merite, & par les Extravagances de sa Femme. Vous jugez bien aussi, que de tous ceux dont l'Histoire Grecque & Romaine nous ont parlé, il n'y avoit que luy qui pût dignement représenter le Personnage qu'il fait dans ce tableau. Considérez comme il souffre; considérez comme il medite des choses tres-difficiles, & comme pratiquant ce qu'il medite, il nous enseigne que pour l'exercice des ames heroïques, il est nécessaire qu'il y ait de mechantes Femmes, qui comme des Furies domestiques, ayent le fouët à la main, & les Blasphemes à la bouche, afin que les Sages fassent connoître jusques où doit aller la véritable Patience, & combien peut souffrir la véritable magnanimité.



HERE remains but one Victory more for our Hero to gain, to subject all things to him: our Painter assures us that he is very certain of this Conquest, and may even now begin his Triumph. He here in one Example presents to our view that glorious Conquest which alone remains for us to gain over our last and strongest Enemies, Anger and Impatience. Yet methinks I almost blush to tell you who that wondrous Man is, that so patiently supports the Injuries and Outrages done him by a vile outrageous Woman. 'Tis an Example of such incomparable Meekness, that all Antiquity has recommended it to our Imitation, as the most extraordinary and excellent Proof of a consummate Vertue and Wisdom. The Man you behold thus suffering, is the great Socrates, equally famous for his own admirable Merit, and his Wife's Extravagancies. You cannot but know, that of all those whom the Greeks or Romans have made mention of, there is but he alone whom this Picture could perfectly resemble, considering how he here is treated, and how he behaves himself. He seems meditating on sublime things, and putting in practice what he has taught others; convincing us, that it is sometimes even necessary for the most noble Souls to be linked with bad Wives, such as prove domestick Furies, carrying Scorpion's Stings in their Tongues, Scourges in their Hands, perfect Asps and Wasps in their Nature, and wound the Heart to which they creep too near. These afford the happiest Opportunities for the great and elevated Soul to show and exercise itself upon, to give the World a Proof of its Excellency, and convince us what our Nature is able to bear, and to what a Degree of Wisdom a perfect Patience can arrive.



Hor. lib. I.  
Ode 24. *Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ  
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.*

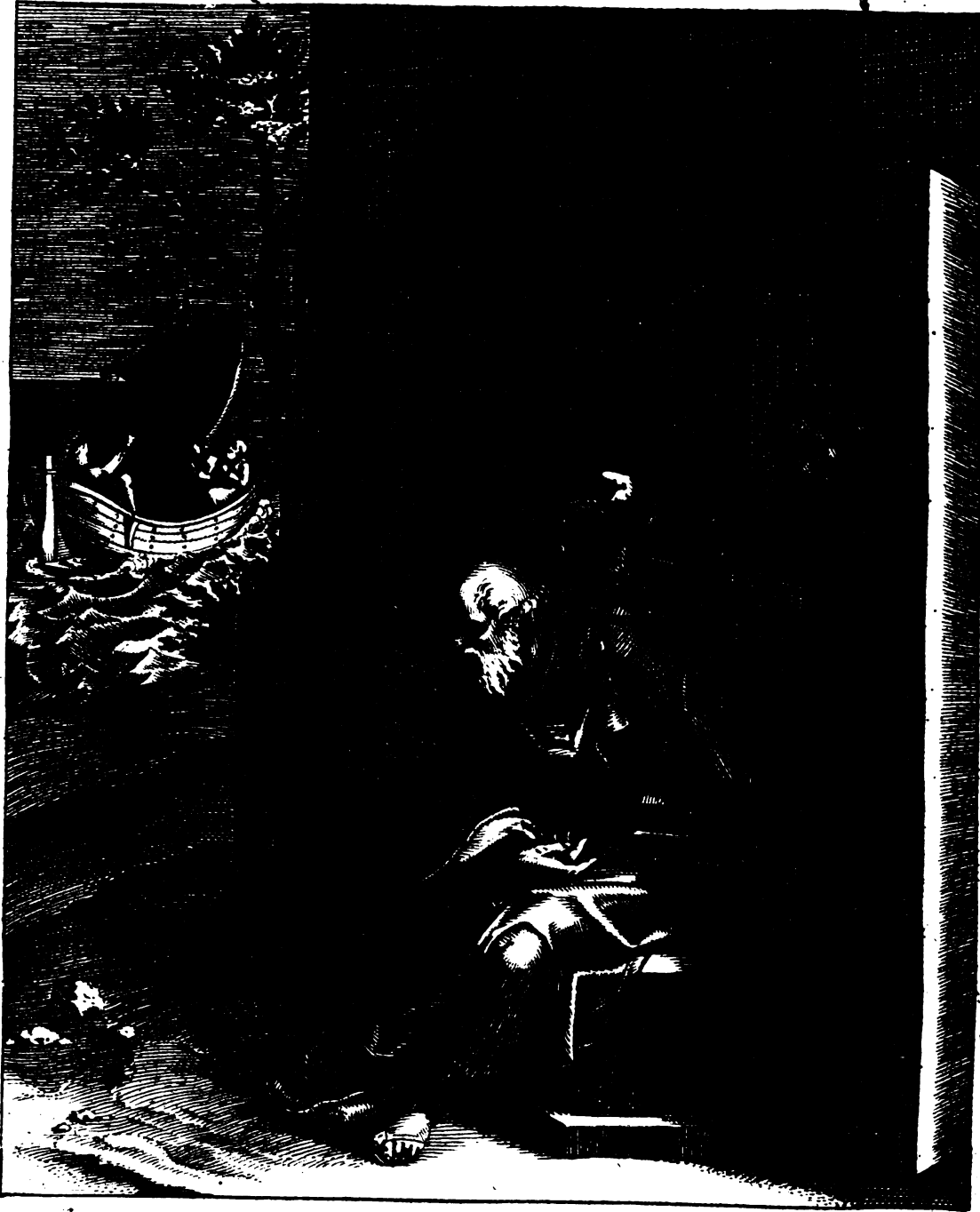
Laert. in  
vita. *Illustre patientiæ exemplar Socrates, ab uxore contumeliosius petitus: Penes te est, inquit, maledicere; penes me autem rectè audire.*

Eurip. in  
Protesfil. *Aliero duorum colloquentium indignante,  
Is qui se non opponit, plus sapit.*

'Tis hard, in truth, but Patience can sustain  
What can't be remedy'd, and ease our Pain.

Socrates, that fam'd Example of Patience, being once rated at in most opprobrious Language by his insolent Wife, said only, 'Tis in your power to give bad words, and in mine to bear them as becomes me.'

When in Conversation between two, the one is in a Passion, he that makes no opposition is the wisest.



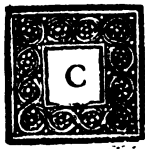
*On tient qu'un Homme doit passer  
Pour un lâche & pour un infame ;  
Quand il endure que sa Femme,  
Le coiffe d'un pot à piffer :  
Socrate cependant ce docteur authentique,  
Soutient publiquement que c'est une vertu :  
Quant à moy qui toujours ay craint d'estre battu,  
Je pense que la chose est fort problematique.*

We think a Man deserves to pass  
But for a poor contented Ass,  
That does endure his noisy Wife to grace  
With a full Chamber-pot his Head and Face ;  
But Socrates, a Doctor of great Fame,  
Does here maintain, that 'tis a Vertue rare :  
But I, who always fear'd a Coward's Name,  
And being beat, his Doctrine think severe.

## The Explanation of the Twelfth Picture.

La bonne Conscience est invincible.

A good Conscience is invincible.



**C**EUX là se trompent, qui croient que le Sage affecte la Reputacion aussi bien que les Vertus; & qu'il ne s'abstient des choses injustes, que pour gagner les cœurs, & recevoir les applaudissements que les mechans mêmes n'osent refuser au merite. Pour faire paroître l'Erreur de ces gens là, le Peintre nous propose ici le Triomphe secret de l'Homme de bien, & la Gloire cachée qu'il reçoit des témoignages de sa Conscience. Il ne pouvoit nous le faire voir en une Action qui témoignât mieux n'y la Grandeur de son ame, n'y le mépris qu'il fait & des Injures, & des Faveurs de la renommée. Il est assis sur un siege si solide & si bas, qu'il ne peut craindre aucune cheute. Il est appuyé sur des Livres, c'est à dire, sur les Armes que la sagesse fournit aux Hommes pour combattre la Fortune. Il est appuyé contre un mur d'airain, qui n'est autre que le repos d'esprit, qu'on acquiert par la haine des Vices, & par la pratique des Vertus. Voyez, je vous prie, avec combien d'Art & d'Esprit le Peintre nous représente auprès de luy, cette dangereuse vipere, qu'on appelle Renommée. Il la fait paroître en une posture flatteuse, & avec un visage charmant. Elle montre à nôtre Sage, ces Instruments pernicious, ces Organes decevants, ces Trompettes infidelles & ininteressées, qui tantost publient nos loüanges & tantost nous accusent de toutes sortes de Crimes. Mais nôtre Philosophe qui en connoist l'un & l'autre usage, & qui les condamne tous deux également, supplie cette folle qui parle toujours, de choisir une plus noble & plus haute matiere à ces harangues, & de se taire d'une Personne qui ne veut estre connuë que de soy-même. En suite, il luy proteste avec cette franchise, & cette sincerite qui luy est naturelle, qu'il ne travaille n'y pour acquerir de la Gloire, n'y pour eviter la honte; & que l'Image des crimes qu'elle luy presente, quelque difforme qu'elle soit, n'ajoute rien à l'averfion que la Nature luy en a donnée. Enfin, pour la chasser honnestement d'aupres de luy, il luy declare que pourveu qu'il puisse perseverer dans l'Innocence qu'il s'est proposée pour la fin de toutes ses Actions, il tient pour indifferent, tout ce que le Monde voudra dire de sa vie.



**T**HOSE Persons are deceiv'd, who believe the wise Man loves Fame equal with Vertue, and abstains not from Ill, but with a design to gain the Affections of Men, and that Applause which even the Vicious cannot refuse to Merit. To make the Error these People are in, appear more visibly, our Painter proposes in this Piece, to set before us the secret Triumph of a good Man, and the hidden Glory that he receives from the Testimony of his own Conscience. Nor could he have chosen any Posture that would have better expressed the Greatness of his Soul, or the Contempt with which he regards either the Injuries, or Caresses of Fame. He is placed on a Seat of Marble, strong as his Vertue, low as his Wishes, from whence he can fear no Fall. He is leaning on his Books, to intimate, that those are the best Arms which Wisdom can furnish Man with to fight against Fortune. He is supported by a Wall of Brass, to signify that Peace of Mind he has gain'd by abhorring Vice, and embracing Vertue. Behold, I beg you, with how much Art and Wit our Painter has represented that dangerous Serpent, called Fame. With a deluding Face and insinuating Mein, she caresses in the most artful and charming manner our Hero. She shews him those pernicious and deceitful Instruments, which to-day she sounds in lavish Praises of those, whom to-morrow she proclaims to be the worst of Men. Her mercenary Voice is bought with Bribes, and Truth she generally is a Stranger to. But our Philosopher, who knows her perfectly, and despises all she offers, modestly entreats this troublesome Babler to seek elsewhere, for some more worthy Theme to busy her active Voice and Tongue withal, and to be silent of a Person, who desires to be wholly unknown to all but himself. In fine, he protests to her with that Frankness and Sincerity which are natural to him, that he labours not to acquire Praise and Renown, nor yet to avoid Shame and Ignominy: That the frightful Scenes of Martyrdom she shews him at a distance, as the Con-

sequences of persevering in Virtue, can in no measure diminish the vast Esteem he has for her, but are rather Encouragements to him to follow such admirable Examples. And to put an end to her further Importunities, he dismisses her with this Declaration; That he is resolv'd to continue in that Integrity, which he will make the Rule of all his Actions, and is perfectly indifferent to all that the World shall say, or think of him.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 1.

— Hic murus abeneus esto:  
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

Would you true Peace, and certain Safety find?  
Wisely preserve a pure unfully'd Mind;  
A Mind that spotless, blushes not within  
At any secret Crime, or hidden Sin.

Ovid.

Conscia mens ut quique sua est, ita concipit intra  
Pectora, pro facto spemque metumque suo.  
Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet;  
Sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

The Mind unerring, or condemns, or clears,  
And from her Voice arise our Hopes or Fears:  
The conscious Soul that's free from guilty Shame,  
Applauds itself, and laughs at lying Fame;  
Tho' most Men Lyes too credulous receive,  
And easily the Truth of Calumnies believe.



*L'Innocence est un mur d'airain,  
Que nul effort ne peut détruire :  
Le cœur où l'on la voit reluire,  
Ayant un pouvoir souverain,  
Ne voit rien qui luy puisse nuire.*

The Innocent unmov'd, from Fear secur'd,  
Can all the fiercest Storms of Fate endure :  
Like Walls of Brass their stronger Vertue stands,  
All Nature yielding to her conqu'ring Hands ;  
Her happy Fav'rites still victorious prove,  
For they ne'er sink, whom Vertue's pleas'd to love.

## The Explanation of the Thirteenth Plate.

Qui vit bien, ne cache point sa Vie.

*He that lives well, conceals not his Actions.*

*I*l est vray la veritable; Sageſſe n'eſt pas Ennemie de la veritable Gloire. Elle ne s'attache point ſi fort à la Connoiſſance qu'elle a de ſoy, qu'elle ne faſſe beaucoup de cas de la Voix publique. Pour nous le reſmigner un de ces Adorateurs ſe preſente en ce Tableau, avec ce qu'il a de plus caché; & le decouvrant à la Renommée, luy declare qu'il ne reſuſe n'y ſes reſcherches, n'y ſes cenſures. Vous devez vous appliquer cette leçon d'Humilité & tout enſemble de Juſtice; & apprendre d'un ſi grand maïſtre, que comme vous ne devez point affecter les Applaudiffements & les Louanges, il n'eſt pas auſſi bien ſecnt de vous dérober les Temoignages, qu'en vôtre Perſonne, la Vertu a mérite de la Reconnoiſſance generale du Monde. Exercez la donc pour l'Amour d'elle même; mais n'imitiez pas ces jaloux & malicieux Animaux, qui portant ſur eux des choſes qui nous ſont fort ſalutaires, les perdent ou les devorent, de peur qu'elles ne ſervent à la Guerifon de nos Maladies. Faites voir vos ames toutes nuës. Souffrez que les Hommes jettent les yeux ſur vôtre vie. Permettez leur de vous conſiderer de dans & dehors. En un mot, contentez les curioſitez etrangeres; & trouvez bon que le Peuple eſtudie juſqu'à vos plus ſecrets Mouvements, afin qu'au moins vous ſaſſiez ceſſer les injuſtes Murmures de tant d'ames oifives, qui ſouppçonnent du mal en toutes les choſes, ſur leſquelles il ne leur eſt pas permis d'exercer leurs jugements.



*I*t is a known Truth, that Wiſdom is not an Enemy to true Glory, nor is the good Man ſo attached to the Knowledge of himſelf, that he altogether neglects, or esteems not the Voice of the Publick. You ſee here for this reaſon one of Wiſdom's Votaries, who ſcruples not to reveal to Fame his moſt ſecret Thoughts and Actions; declaring to her, that he reſuſes not to ſtand her moſt curious Search and Cenſures. You ought indeed to apply this Leſſon of Humility and Juſtice to yourſelves, and learn from this great Miſtreſs of Truth, that as on the one hand you ought not to court the Crowd to gain Praise and Commendations, ſo on the other you ought not to rob Vertue of her Due, by endeavouring to conceal from the World, thoſe Actions which you by her Inſpiration perform, and by which ſhe may be honour'd, in your being ſo. Be virtuous then, for Vertue's ſake, to make her more adored, and gain her more Diſciples; and imitate not that malicious Beaſt, who ſtrives, when purſued, to devour, or loſe what Nature furniſh'd him with, for a Medicine to cure our Diſeaſes. Let us expoſe naked, and without diſguiſe, the Integrity of our Souls, and permit the World to look into our Lives, to conſider us within and without. In a word, let us ſatiſfy the Curioſity even of Strangers, and think it not

amiſs, that the moſt Vulgar ſhould pry into our moſt private, or diſſect our moſt trifling Actions; that we may in the end ſilence all the unjuſt Reports and Scandals, raiſed by thoſe wretched Creatures, who judge every thing to be evil, that is above their Underſtanding, or not ſubmitted to them to exerciſe their Judgment on.

Hor. lib. 1  
Epist. 16.*Tu rectè vivis, ſi curas eſſe quod audis.*

For you are happy, if you really are what Men believe.

Lampſon.

*Vir bonus, Inſpice, ait ſodes, ô fama, quod ante  
Pectus, & à tergo, mantica noſtra gerit :  
Quin noſtra tibi nulla domi volo clauſa fenestra,  
Janua nulla tibi, nulla ſit arca tibi.*

The good Man cries, Fame, come and view me well,  
Into my Wallet look; behind, before,  
I'd have no Window, Trunk, no Room, no Door,  
Deny you Enterance, where I do dwell.

Senec.

*Nihil opinionis cauſa, omnia conſcientiæ factam.  
Populo ſpectante fieri credam, quiſquid me con-  
ſcio faciam.*

I'll do nothing for Opinion's ſake, but all things  
for Conſcience. I'll imagine, that the whole  
World is looking upon me, even when I am  
alone, and doing ſomething that none ſees, or  
is privy to.



*L'Homme de bien à l'esprit toujours net ;  
Il prend plaisir de l'exposer en veüe ;  
Et ne fait rien au Cabinet,  
Qu'il ne fasse bien dans la rue.*

The good Man's Soul is always clean :  
He takes delight his Actions should be seen ;  
And in his Closet, he would nothing do,  
But what he dares expose to publick View.

## The Explanation of the Fourteenth Picture.

La Vertue a par tout sa Recompense.

Vertue never fails to meet with its Reward.



**M**AIS ce n'est pas assez que la Vertu soit reconnue. Elle veut quelque chose de plus eclattant ; & trouve bon qu'on luy rende les Honneurs qu'elle merite. Nôtre Peintre luy fait Justice en ce Tableau ; & luy accorde ce que ses nobles travaux exigent de sa reconnoissance. C'est pour-quoy, il represente un de ces anciens Conquerants, qui entre en Triomphe dans la Ville de Rome, monté sur un Char d'Or & d'Ivoire, couronné d'un Laurier que la Victoire de ses propres mains luy a mis sur la Tête ; & precedé d'un grand Nombre de Soldats, qui portent avec pompe les depouilles des Ennemis vaincus, & les Marques glorieuses de la Liberalité du Triomphant. Un grand Nombre de Captifs environnent son Char. Ils marchent selon le Rang qu'ils tenoient en leur premiere Condition. Les Rois y sont distinguez de leurs Subjects, par la Difference de leurs Chaines ; & rien ne leur reste de toute leur Gloire passée, que le vain eclat de l'Or, dont leurs fers sont composez. Le Peuple est ravuy de tant de merveilles qui luy frappent la Veüe, & quoy qu'il ne doive estre que le Spectateur des Richesses qui entrent en foule dans sa Ville, il ne laisse pas neantmoins de les regarder comme siennes ; & tout impuissant, tout miserable, & tout esclave qu'il est, il se persuade que la Vie & la Mort, la Servitude & la Liberté des Nations, sont les Ouvrages de son Caprice, & l'Execution des conseils qui ont esté resolu par la Pluralité de ses suffrages.



**I**T is not enough that Vertue be known, and respected ; she aims at something more, and is content the World should render her the Honours that she merits. Our Painter has in this Picture done her justice, and granted what her noble Labours claim from Men, as due Acknowledgments of her Worth. See here, admirably represented, one of the antient Heroes return'd from the Field, and entering triumphant into that once glorious City Rome, mounted on a Chariot of Gold and Ivory, crown'd with Laurels, which the victorious Labours of his Hands have fixed on his Temples. He is followed by a Multitude of Soldiers, who bear in Pomp the shining Spoils of the Republick's vanquish'd Enemies, as the glorious Testimonies of the Conqueror's Liberality. A great number of Captives surround his Chariot, marching according to the Dignity of their Stations before they were conquer'd. Kings are here distinguished from their Subjects only by their Fetters ; and nothing remains of their past Glory, but the vain Splendor of that Gold, of which their Manacles are made. The Populace ravish'd with the Sight of all these Wonders, with which their Eyes are dazled, though they are only Spectators of all these immense Treasures ; yet look upon them as their own, and are as much transported, as if each of them were to be a Sharer in the

Spoils ; notwithstanding, in themselves, they are the most wretched and worthless Part of Mankind. Thus they grow insolent, fancying themselves the Disposers of the Liberty of Nations, and that this Victory is owing to their Conduct and Courage : forgetting to applaud the glorious Person, who is the sole true Cause of their present Joy ; who rates not the Honours done him by their Opinion, but by his own Worth ; and would blush to appear on this Occasion, had not his own Arm and Sword given him a Right to triumph.



Hor.lib.1.  
Epist. 17. *Res gerere, & captos ostendere civibus hostes,  
Attingit solium Jovis, & caelestia tentat.*

To war, and Victor be, is all divine ;  
'Tis next in place to Jove himself to shine ;  
'Tis *Caesar's* Work, whose Glory can't decline. }

Lucil. *Virtutem voluere Dii sudore parari :  
Arduus est ad eam longusque per ardua tractus  
Asper & est primum ; sed ubi alta cacumina tanges,  
Fit facilis qua dura prius fuit incluta Virtus.*

The Gods are pleas'd for to ordain,  
That Men to Vertue should attain  
Only by Labour, Toil, and Pain. }  
The Way to her Abode is long and steep ;  
At first it tedious seems her Path to keep :  
But when we once the Top have reach'd, no more  
Vertue does irksome seem, but we adore.





*Que tu produits, Vertu, de fruits délicieux ;  
Que les Hommes par toy, sont differents des Hommes :  
Tu portes tes amants jusq'au de là des Cieux ;  
Et faits que tout ce que nous sommes,  
Nous les nommons nos Sauveurs, & nos Dieux.*

Vertue, delicious Fruits thou dost produce,  
And Men true Excellence by thee obtain :  
Thy Fav'rites mortal Honours do refuse :  
Up to the Skies thou bear'st them, there to reign,  
Making us own thy Power, and employ,  
Their Aid, and them as Gods adore.

R r

The Explanation of the Fifteenth Picture.

L'Eternité est le Fruit de nos Etudes.

Eternal Honours are the Fruits of elaborate Studies.

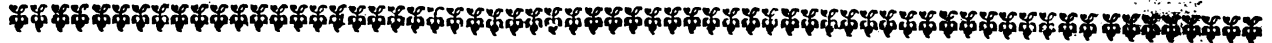


A Vertu n'est pas satisfaite pour nous avoir elevez sur un Char de Triomphe. Elle sçait que cet Honneur est trop vain, trop commun, & trop court, pour estre la Recompense de nos travaux. Il n'est bon que pour ces heureux temeraires, qui apres avoir hazardé leur vie avec succes ; & combattu quelques temps des Ennemis assez à vaincre, attendent de leur Republique des reconnoissances proportionnées à leurs Labours. Mais pour des Heros, qui sont toute leur vie, aux mains avec des Adversaires presque invincibles, comme sont le Vice & l'Ignorance, il est bien juste qu'il ait des Honneurs extraordinaires ; & que la Gloire elle-même, les elevant bien haut au dessus de la Teste des Conquerants, les porte sur ses propres aisles d'un bout du monde à l'autre, & les montre aux Nations avec une Pompe qui ternisse l'eclat de tous les anciens Triomphe. C'est ce qu'elle fait en ce Tableau. Elle contraint le Temps malgré sa puissance & son envie, de luy preter la main pour nous mettre au dessus des choses perissables ; & publiant de siecle en siecle le Merite des Hommes illustres, annoncer qu'ainsi seront honorez tous ceux que la Vertu jugera dignes de l'estre.



VERTUE is not content with having shown us the Hero on a triumphant Chariot ; she thinks that (though a great Honour) yet too momentary, common, and vain, to be a full and ample Reward for Wisdom and Labours. It is indeed the highest Honour that can be done to happy Generals, who after hazarding their Lives, have successfully escaped Death ; and expect from the State some publick Acknowledgments, suiting the martial Services they have done their Country : who generally make Glory more their Aim than Vertué ; and would rather spill their Blood to procure a Title, or a gaudy Tomb, than in the defence of the Oppressed and Innocent. But for the Heroes whose whole Lives are one continued Warfare, who are ever opposing the two (almost invincible Enemies of Mankind's Repose) Vice and Ignorance ; it is but reasonable that they should have some extraordinary and uncommon Honours done them : that Glory herself should place 'em on high, above the Heads of Conquerors. Nay more, that she should carry them from the one end of the Globe to the other, and show

'em to all Nations in a manner so pompous, as shall even furnish all the Lustre of the antient Triumphs. This is represented doing in the Picture before us. She constrains Time, maugre his Ill-Nature and Aversion to preserve things from Decay, to lend her his hand to place her Favourites above perishing things, and to record from Age to Age the Acts of these illustrious Men ; proclaiming aloud, that thus shall all those be honoured, whom Vertue judges worthy of Eternity.



Hor.lib.4.  
Ode 8.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori :  
Cælo Musa beat.*

*O sacer, & magnus vatum labor, omnia fato  
Eripis, & populis donas mortalibus ævum.*

Good Men the Muse from Death does ever free,  
And gives them Bliss and Immortality.

O sacred, and great Power of the Muse !  
From Death she frees the Just, and Fate subdues ;  
To mortal Beings, Immortality does give,  
And makes the Vertuous Dead to live.

Hor.lib.4.  
Ode 9.

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotaque longa  
Noctæ, carent quia vate sacro.*

Before great Agamemnon's Birth,  
Great Captains liv'd, whose Names and Worth  
Are lost ; because no Poet did rehearse,  
Or sing their mighty Deeds in deathless Verse :  
Lost in eternal Night they are,  
Nor are lamented with one Tear.

*Nemo tam claro genitus parente,  
Nemo tam clara probitate fulsit,  
Mox edax quem non perimit vetustas,  
Vate remoto.*

A noble Birth, and famous Name,  
With all the Pomp of human State,  
Without the Poet's Aid, can claim  
No Favour from devouring Fate.

Ovid.

*Quid petitur sacris, nisi tantum fama poetis ?  
Hoc votum nostri summa laboris habet.  
Cura ducum fuerunt olim, regumque poeta,  
Præmiaque antiqui magna tulere chori.*

Have the immortal Poets any Aim,  
But only Glory and eternal Fame ?  
This is the Object of our Hope, the End  
To which all our Desires and Labour tend ;  
Poets, in Ages past, the Darlings were  
Both of the Monarch and the Conqueror :  
The Poet by his Prince was still preferr'd,  
And every Chorus met a just Reward.



*Muses, que vos sacrez Mysteres  
Changent le destin des Mortels :  
Que ceux qu'un beau desir consacre à vos autels,  
Portent de puissans caracteres ;  
Leur nom a plus d'eclat que le Flambeau des Cieux.  
Le Temps rompt, pour leur plaire, & sa faux, &  
ses aisles.  
Et quand ils ont quitté leurs depouilles mortelles,  
La Gloire en fait autant de Dieux.*

Sweet Muses, how your sacred Mysteries  
Mortals transform, changing their Destinies :  
How great ! how awful ! do all Men appear,  
Who consecrate themselves to you, and are  
Your vot'ries : their Names more glorious grow,  
Than the bright Orb that lights the World below ;  
For them Time both his Scythe and Wings lays by,  
And when they quit the wretched World, and die,  
Jove makes them each a happy Deity.

## The Explanation of the Sixteenth Picture.

La Vertu nous rend Immortels.

Vertue renders us Immortal.



**D**ONNONS, je vous prie, à la Science, ou si vous voulez à la Vertu, car je tiens que c'est une même chose, tout la Gloire qu'elle a meritée; & luy rendons tous les tesmoignages de reconnaissance qu'elle doit justement attendre de nos cœurs. Vous avez veu ce qu'elle a fait pour nous rendre l'Admiration des autres Hommes. Voyez maintenant ce qu'elle entreprend pour nous elever jusqu'à la Condition des Anges. La voicy, qui foulant aux pieds le Monde; & s'elevant au dessus des choses perissables, s'envole dans son Sejour natal, & dans ces lieux bien-heureux, où l'Immortalité luy prepare une Couronne plus brillante & plus durable que les estoilles mêmes. Mais elle n'est pas de ces beautés qui se plaisent au changement; ou qui par un volontaire manquement de memoire, enferment dans le Tombeau de leurs amants, l'Amour que durant leur vie, elles leur avoient tesmoigné. Celle-cy force les loix de la Necessité. Elle triomphe du pouvoir de la Mort comme elle a fait de la Tyrannie des Vices. Elle arrache des mains du Temps, les depouilles de ses Adorateurs. Elle descend dans leurs Sepulchres, & r'animant leurs cendres, elle les r'appelle à une seconde vie, d'autant plus desirable qu'elle n'est sujette n'y aux Persecutions de la Fortune, n'y aux foiblesses du Corps, n'y a cette rigoureuse Loy qui impose la Necessité de mourir à quiconque reçoit le Privilege de vivre. Mais nôtre Peintre, pour ne pas donner à la Vertu, des amants qui fussent indignes d'elle, les a choisis dans le meilleur siecle, & parmi des peuples qui faisoient une particuliere Profession de la Suivre & de l'Adorer. Il luy fait porter au Ciel, deux de ces premiers Heros de la Grece, qui par une magnanimité digne du titre d'enfans des Dieux, ont passé d'un bout du monde à l'autre, pour en exterminer les plus cruels Tyrans & les Monstres les plus effroyables, je veux dire l'Ignorance & le Vice; & qui joignant les Armes aux Lettres, & la Politique à la Morale, ont merité que la Vertu elle-même, les mit en possession de la Gloire qu'ils s'etoient acquise par deux si belles & si difficiles voyes.

These Godlike Men joining Arms with Learning, Policy, and Morality, refined the Age, subdued the mighty Wicked, gave Freedom to the Innocent; and justly merited, that Vertue herself should put them in possession of that Glory they had acquired by such difficult and laudable Methods.



**G**IVE now, I entreat you, to Wisdom, or Vertue, who are indeed the same, all the Honour that she merits, and render her the Homage and Acknowledgments that our Souls ought in gratitude to pay her. You have seen what she has already done, to render us the Admiration of Mankind; let us now see farther what she more undertakes, to raise us even to be equal with the Angels. Here she appears spurning the World from her, and soaring above all perishable things: she flies to her native Land, the Skies, with our Hero, and enters into those happy Regions, where Immortality prepares for her a Crown more bright and durable than the Stars themselves. She is none of those inconstant Fair-ones, whose Delight is Change, or who, through a voluntary Forgetfulness, bury in the Tombs of their Lovers, the Affection which, during their Lives, they pretended to bear 'em. She even forces the Grave to restore them back to her, and triumphs over the Power of Death, as well as the Tyranny of Vice; snatching from the devouring Hands of Time, the Spoils of her Votaries. She descends into their Sepulchres, and re-animates their Ashes; calling them back to a second Life, far more desirable than the former. A Life no more subject to the Persecutions of Fortune, the Infirmities of Mortality, exempt from that rigorous Law which obliges all who enjoy the Privilege of Life, once to die. But our Painter, to inform us who are the Persons whom Vertue thus loves and honours, has been obliged to search into the best Ages, and amongst that People, who made profession of loving and adoring her above others. She is bearing to Heaven two of the greatest Heroes of Greece, who, inspired with a generous Charity, worthy of the Children of the Gods, travell'd through all the habitable Regions of the World, to free it from Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind, and the more dreadful Monsters, Ignorance and Vice.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 2.

*Virtus recludens immeritis mori  
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ:  
Cætusque vulgares, & udam  
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*

Seneca  
O&av.

*Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis, ferâ  
Cæde abstinere, tempus atque iræ dare,  
Orbi quietem, sæculo pacem suo,  
Hæc summa virtus, petitur hæc cælum viâ.*

*Nunquam Stygias fertur ad umbras  
Inclita virtus: vivite fortes,  
Nec Lethæos sæva per amneis  
Vos fata trahent; sed cum summa  
Exiget horas consumpta dies,  
Iter ad Superos Gloria pandet.*

Vertue, who Heaven unbars to those  
Who merit Immortality,  
Up through the yielding Air she goes;  
From the scorn'd Earth and Clouds does fly,  
And stops not, till she's reach'd the Sky.

Our Country's Good to make our Care,  
The Wretched and Oppress'd to spare,  
To curb one's Passion, free from Murders live,  
Quiet and Rest to the mad World to give,  
Peace to restore, thus good and great to be,  
Will surely give us Immortality.

Immortal Vertue never dies; then spend  
Thy Life in noble Deeds, brave to the end;  
And Fate shan't drag thee to sad *Lethæ's* Shore:  
When the Day comes that Death exerts his Power,  
And claims your mortal Part, Glory the Way  
To you shall show; from whence she shall convey  
Your Soul to Bliss and everlasting Day.



*La Vertu nous arrache à la Fureur des Parques ;  
Alcide en la suivant est monté dans les Cieux ;  
Et ses chers nourrissons, soit Bergers soit Monarques,  
Sont mis sans difference à la Table des Dieux.*

Vertue shall snatch us from the Destinies ;  
Alcides following her, has reach'd the Skies :  
Her darling Pupils with the Gods she seats,  
Shepherds and Kings do share immortal Treats.

S f

## The Explanation of the Seventeenth Plate.

L'Esprit a besoin de repos.

*The Mind must sometimes be unbent.*

LES Muses nous ont beaucoup donné. Il leur reste toutefois une libéralité à nous faire; & comme c'est leur coutume de joindre aux récompenses publiques & immortelles, des satisfactions particulières & secrètes, elles veulent que le Philosophe se délasse l'esprit, & descende de ses hautes Speculations, pour s'abaisser jusques aux jeux & aux divertissemens des Hommes vulgaires. Les voici elles-mêmes, qui pour nous en donner Exemple, prennent le frais dans leur agreable solitude. Le sçavant Dieu qui les conduit, a mis bas son arc & ses fleches; & endort ces neuf belles sœurs par l'Harmonie & la Douceur de sa Lyre. Ne vous figurez donc pas, que l'estude nous engage à un travail perpetuel; & que ce soit une gesne qui nous persecute sans cesse. Il veut des intermissions, des reprises & des divertissemens. Il veut que de temps en temps l'esprit se délasse de ses travaux, de peur qu'il ne vienne à se rompre pour avoir esté trop tendu. Mais il ne faut pas que ce repos soit une oisiveté vicieuse; ou un assoupissement letargique. Ces doctes Vierges le témoignent assez par leur action. Car bien quelles paroissent endormies, elles sont neantmoins délicieusement touchées du doux chant de leur Conducteur; & meditent même dans leur sommeil, des choses dignes d'avoir place dans leurs plus nobles travaux.



THE Muses have given us many rich Gifts; one yet remains for their Liberality to bestow: and it being their Custom to join with publick and immortal Rewards, particular and secret Satisfactions, she is willing now, that Philosophy should unbend the Mind, and descend from elevated Speculations, to partake of the innocent Diversions of other Men. Behold her here in Person, condescending to teach us by her own Example, after what manner we may recreate and entertain our Minds. She is reposing in the cool Evening's pleasant Shades, tasting the Pleasures of divine Solitude. The God of Wisdom, her Guide, has laid by his Bow and Quiver, and drawn to grateful Slumbers the nine harmonious Sisters, by the Charms of his inimitable Voice and Lyre. Persuade not then yourselves, that Vertue obliges us to labour incessantly, and in a manner persecutes us by continual Fatigues and knotty Studies. She allows us Hours of Diversion and Pleasure; nay, is desirous, and invites us to give an innocent loose to our Minds and Fancies, and mix the Agreeable with the Useful. But indeed she never permits, that we should be idle or vicious, drown'd in Sleep, stupid and unactive. These wise Virgins testify to us by their Postures, how we must take Repose; for though they seem to slumber, they are not regardless of the Voice and ravishing Songs of their Tutor. They are only meditating on those noble things, which they will perform and teach, so soon as they return to Action and Business.



Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 10.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus, informes hiemes reducit  
Jupiter : idem*

*Summovet ; non, si malè nunc, & olim  
Sic erit, quondam cythara tacentem  
Suscitât Musam, neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

A Mind for all Events prepar'd,  
Good or Ill-Fortune don't regard :  
Jove, who the Winter sends, again  
The Spring restores, to bless the Swain,  
And with fresh Flowers crowns the Plain.

If we unhappy be to-day, next Morn  
Good-Fortune may with Smiles return ;  
Apollo sometimes takes his Lyre,  
The Muse awakes, doth Mirth inspire,  
Nor keeps his Bow still bent in Ire.



*Un travail continue, nous est un long suplice ;  
Le Bal qui dure trop lasse le plus dispos :  
Il faut menager à propos,  
Le temps qu'on donne à l'exercise,  
Et celui qu'on donne au repos.*

What lasts too long, does painful to us prove ;  
Diversions tire even those who Pleasure love :  
We must of every fleeting Minute try  
Good use to make : some to Repose apply,  
And some to Exercise ; but still take care,  
That we for Death, our certain Fate, prepare.

## The Explanation of the Eighteenth Picture.

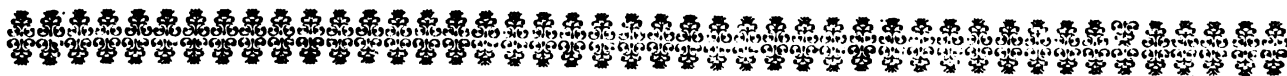
Le Sage n'est pas toujours Serieux.

*The Wise Man is not always Grave.*

**V**OUS vous souvenez bien qu'un grand Homme de l'Antiquité, faisant une agreable confusion des Virtus & des Vices de Caton, en disoit ce paradoxe ; que ce grand Homme pouvoit rendre l'yvrognerie honorable, plustost que d'en pouvoir estre deshonore. Je ne diray pas la même chose de notre Sage, mais j'en diray une qui en est fort approuvée. C'est que le Philosophe peut quelquefois faire le fol sans cesser d'estre sage. Le Tableau que nous regardons, est la Confirmation de cette Verité. Car les trois Figures, dont il est composé, sont comme trois Figures Hieroglyphiques, qui ne signifient autre chose, sinon qu'en temps & lieu une parfaite sagesse peut être Associée avec une courte folie, sans que cette communication puisse luy être prejudiciable. Regardez, je vous prie, comme l'Occasion se presente elle-même à la Sagesse ; & luy amene cette petite enjouée, qui deride les Fronts, échauffe la Froideur de la Melancholie, delasse l'esprit travaillé de longues Meditations ; & sçait si bien se transformer en la chose qu'elle ayme, que peu à peu elle devient une autre Vertu. Ne craignons point apres une si solemnelle Permission, de nous réjouyr lors que l'Occasion nous en sera offerte. Souvenons-nous que l'Homme est Homme ; & que ces continuelles contentions d'esprit, qui nous eslevent au dessus de la matiere, ne sont propres qu'à ces Intelligences bien heureuses, qui en sont entierement separées.



**Y**OU cannot surely be ignorant of the Saying of one of the most famous Men of the Antients ; who making an agreeable Mixture of the Vices and Verrues of *Cato*, spoke a Paradox, saying, That this Great Man could render even Drunkenness honourable, much sooner than be dishonoured by it. I will not say as much of our Sage, but I will venture to advance something very like it ; which is, that a Philosopher may sometimes play the fool, without Prejudice to his Wisdom : the Picture before us explains this Truth. These three Figures are Hieroglyphicks, signifying, that at a fit time, and in a proper place, a perfect Wisdom may be consistent with a short Folly, without receiving the least Injury. See here Opportunity presents herself to the Goddess of Wisdom, bringing to her this little gay Idiot ; who diverts her Melancholy, cheers her Spirits, worn with long Meditations and laborious Studies, and converts itself into an innocent Joy ; such as shining in her Eyes, becomes a Grace and Ornament to her. Let us not fear then, with her Permission, to lay aside the Gravity and Air of Philosophers, to be merry and pleasant, when a convenient Occasion offers itself. Let us remember, that Man is but Man still, and that incessant uninterrupted Exercises of the Mind, in great and sublime things, are not proper for all, but only those happy few, whose Souls are entirely disengaged from the World, and whose continual Converse in Heaven renders all the Satisfactions of Life tasteless and hateful.



Hor.lib.4. *Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem ;*  
Ode 12. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

Hor.lib.2. *Juvat interdum,*  
Sat. 3. *Ludere par, impar, equitare in arundine longa.*

Ovid.1. *Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque pascitur illis ;*  
Pont.el. 5. *Immodicus contra carpit utrumque labor.*

Harmless Diversions mix with Cares, nor fear  
Sometimes both gay and publick to appear.

Go use some Exercise ; go hunt, or run,  
Ride the great Horse, or to the Chace be gone.

Quiet and Peace the Mind and Body cheers,  
But both decline with Toil and Cares.





*La Vertu n'a rien de sauvage ;  
Elle charme les cœurs par l'attrait de ses loix ;  
Et permet justement que l'Homme le plus sage,  
Fasse l'enjoué quelquefois.*

Vertue has nothing savage, or severe ;  
Her Precepts charm, and draw our Hearts to her ;  
Her Laws forbid not Mirth ; the Wise may smile,  
And with indulgent Mirth the Hours beguile:

T t

## The Explanation of the Nineteenth Picture.

La Joye fait Partie de la Sageſſe.

Mirth is a Part of Wiſdom.



*I*l ne vous eſt plus permis de douter, de la Verité que je viens de vous apprendre, puisſque la Deeſſe même de la Sageſſe ne paroît en cette Peinture, que pour en rendre temoignage. Elle vous declare par ſon Action, qu'elle n'entend pas que le Sage vive d'une vie d'eſclave ou d'Hypocondriaque. C'eſt à dire, qu'il ait toujours les Rides ſur le Front, les Larmes aux Yeux, les Ampoules aux Mains, & la Triſteſſe dans l'Âme. Elle veut que nous nous abandonnions judicieuſement aux plaiſirs honeſtes, & aux débauches ſérieuſes ; & par maniere de dire, que nous laiſſant vaincre aux charmes innocens du Dieu de la Joye & des bons mots, nous faiſſions pour quelques temps divorce avec les Soins, le Travail, & les Ennuits. Si vous conſiderez bien l'Action dont la Deeſſe de Sages nous offre ſon philtre, vous remarquerez qu'elle n'y meſe rien de lâche, rien de laſcif, rien de vicieux. On diroit même, tant elle fait bien toutes choſes, qu'en nous ſollicitant aux plaiſirs, & à la bonne chere ; elle nous excite à la Moderation, à la Temperance, & à une façon toute nouvelle de combattre la Volupté.



*I*t is no longer permitted us to doubt of the Truth I am here going to acquaint you with, ſince the Goddeſs of Wiſdom is herſelf come to witneſs it. She declares to you by her Geſtures, that ſhe expects not the wiſe Man to live the Life of a Reclufe, or to be ſlavifhly ty'd to ſpend his Hours in Sadneſs, and alone ; to have his Face wrinkled with Frowns, his Eyes fill'd with Tears, and his Soul with Melancholy. She deſires him to give himſelf up to lawful Pleaſures, at ſome times to unbend his Mind, and give a looſe to Joy ; that he deny not to taſte the grateful Wines, or Charms of good Company, and lay aſide his Careſ, his Books, and Meditations. Wiſdom has mixed up Joys, and filled a Cup, inviting him to taſte of Pleaſures in which he'll find no Bitters, no Allay of Vice or Ill, no Poiſons in the Draught ſhe gives, but all is charming ſweet ; all ſhe incites us to, is noble : feaſting with her, we ſhall be more in love with Temperance, and better able to reſiſt all Temptations to Licentiousneſs.

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 7.

*Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo*  
*Sæpe notus, neque parturit imbres*  
*Perpetuos : sic tu sapiens finire memento*  
*Tristitiam, vitæque labores,*  
*Molli, Plance, mero.*

As South Winds often clear the Skies  
Of lowring Clouds, that threatenng riſe,  
Yet bring not always Rain : ſo, *Plancus*, you  
With ſprightly Wine ſhould wiſely give  
Eaſe to your Mind, and chearful live,  
And ſome Refreshment to yourſelf allow.

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 18.

*Siccis omnia nam dura Deus propoſuit : neque*  
*Mordaces aliter diffugiunt Sollicitudines.*

For the God *Bacchus* Pain and Grief doth give,  
To all who Wine reſuſe ; but doth revive  
All thoſe who honour him : and only he  
The Mind from racking Care and Grief can free,

Epod.  
Ode 13.

———*Omne malum vino, cantuque levato,*  
*Deformis ægrimoniam,*  
*Dulcibus alloquitur.*

Remember then all Heavineſs  
By Wine and Muſick to remove ;  
To the afflicted Mind they prove  
A Cure ; 'tis they alone that bring Redreſs.

Lib. 2.  
Ode 11.

———*Dissipat Evius*  
*Curas edaces.*

*Bacchus* drives ſordid Care away.

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 7.

———*Nunc vino pellite curas,*  
*Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*

Let's eat and drink to-day ; for we  
To-morrow, Friends, muſt plow the Sea.



*Le Sage ſçait bien choiſir,  
Le Temps de rire, & de boire ;  
Et n'ôte point à ſa Gloire,  
Ce qu'il donne à ſon plaiſir.*

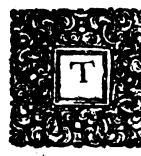
The Wiſe know ever how to chuſe  
Fit times for Joy, the Mind to cheer  
With ſprightly Wine, and do not loſe  
By decent Mirth their Character.

## The Explanation of the Twentieth Plate.

Le Sage rit quand il faut rire.

*The Wise Man laughs in Season.*

LES Personages qui sont representez en ce Tableau, executent ce qui leur est commandé par la Sagesse. Mais ils ne sont pas assez adroits pour suivre exactement la Ligne qui leur est marquée. Ils montent & descendent inconsidérément; & font voir qu'ils ne sont pas encore bien gueris de leurs Imperfections. En effet, les Visages extravagants & les Actions bizarres qui composent cette Peinture; nous feroient croire qu'il n'y a que des yvrognes communs en cette assemblée; si les Discours serieux qui s'y tiennent mal à propos, ne nous apprennent que cette compagnie est bien plus yvre des fumées de l'Esprit que de celles du vin. Au lieu que les Festins ont été introduits pour donner du repos à l'Esprit; & reparer les Forces du Corps, ceux-cy en font des exercices serieux, & n'y lassent pas moins leurs entendemens que leurs Corps. Les uns se querellent sur les plus importants Points de la Religion. Les autres se font des Armes, des Pots, & des Plats; pour defendre le Partie des Sectes qu'ils ont embrassés. Quelques-uns decident les Affaires des Estats, & comme s'ils en avoient la souveraine Administration, partagent les Empires avec la même facilité qu'ils ont partagé les meilleurs Morceaux du festin. Tout cela est pour nous apprendre, que chaque chose a son temps; & qu'il n'est pas moins ridicule de faire le Serieux dans la Débauche & parmy la Licence des festins, que de faire des contes pour rire dans l'Escole des Philosophes, ou dans le Conseil des Princes.



THE Persons represented in this Picture, are putting in practice what Wisdom has advised them to, but are not yet prudent enough exactly to follow her Instructions, as plainly appears from their extravagant Gestures, and noisy manner of disputing. One would imagine them over-heated with Wine, rather than Zeal. They are so hot in Argument, that Reason seems banished from their Company. But they are the Fumes of Passion, not Wine, that occasion this Disorder amongst them, ignorant of the true Use of proper Times and Seasons. They meet not to feast, but to dispute and disagree when they should eat, and be merry. Instead of improving that fortunate Opportunity, design'd to restore Strength to the tired Body, and Repose to the Mind, they strait fall into ill-manner'd Disputes, and serious Debates, whilst the Meat spoils. The one makes the most important Points of Religion the Subject of his Quarrel; which ought not to be mentioned, but with Reverence, and without Passion. Some enraged, make use of the Pots and Flaggons for Arms, to defend the Sects they have embraced. Others again are settling the State, and, as if invested with Sovereign Power, divide the Empire with as much ease as a nice Carver would the Meat on the Table. Hence let us learn to take care, never to disturb others with ill-timed Arguments, nor talk of serious things in Places where Mirth is required; or trouble those who are disposed to be cheerful, with the Relation of melancholy Stories; which is as ridiculous as it would be, to rehearse things only proper to excite Laughter in the Schools of Philosophy, or in the Council in presence of a King.

Hor.lib.2.  
Sat. 2.

*Discite non inter lances, mensasque nitentes,  
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum  
Acclinis falsis animus, meliora recusat.  
Verum hinc impransi mecum disquirite: cur hoc?  
Dicam si potero, malè verum examinat omnis  
Corruptus iudex.*

Come quit these splendid Tables, where  
The Eye's deceiv'd, and costly Fare  
Enchants the Mind, the Appetite invites;  
Sobriety's not heard, Excess delights.  
Let us this Cause, whilst fasting, try:  
(Why fasting, pray!) I'll tell you why,  
Bribe'd Judges ne'er try Causes carefully.



*Ne fais point le Censeur des libertes honnestes,  
Ayme les Luths, les Vers, les Festins, & les Festes ;  
Sois divertissant, sois joyeux.  
L'enjoie Dieu de la Table,  
A choisy le delectable,  
L'utile & l'important sont pour les autres Dieux.*

Censure not honest Freedoms, nor refuse  
Musick and Treats, Banquets and Verse to use ;  
Be sometimes pleasant, and indulge the Muse. }  
The God of Mirth has always chose  
What's entertaining : soft Repose,  
And pleasing Wit, and harmless Raillery }  
The Table suits : things grave and solid be  
Proper to other Gods ; he's gay and free. }

## The Explanation of the One and Twentieth Picture.

La Vertu est l'Objet de l'Envie.

Virtue is the Object of Envy.



**A** PRES que nôtre Peintre nous a charme les Esprits, aussi bien que les yeux, en nous estalant les Honneurs & les Plaisirs qui sont destinez pour la Vertu; & nous proposant cette couronne d'Immortalité, qui est la dernière & la plus pompeuse de toutes celles qui luy sont préparées, il nous fait voir le revers de la Médaille, & comme s'il avoit peur que nous l'Accusations de nous avoir trompez, il nous represente l'unique malheur auquel cete même Vertu est fatalement assujettie. Vous la voyez assise sur ce Cube inébranlable, tenant le monde sous ses pieds; & remoyant par cette Majesté Heroïque qui éclatte dans ses yeux, qu'elle est au dessus de toutes choses. Cependant, elle est aitaquée de tous costez. icy, le Voluptueux l'accuse d'avoir des austerez barbares, & le plus souvent mal-heureuses. Là, le Concussionnaire & le Partizan se moquent de ses Scrupules & de ses Deffences. Ils la nomment par risée, la Deesse des Hospitaux & des Gueux; & luy reprochent la miserable Condition de tous ceux qui suyent le Change, les Usures, & les autres execrables, mais faciles moyens de se tire de la bouë. Plus loin, un Traître luy impute à Crime, qu'avant qu'il fit Commerce de son Honneur, de sa Foy, & qu'il vendit aux Estrangers son Prince & sa Patrie; elle ne luy fournissoit pas meme ce qu'il avoit besoin pour le faire languir dans sa misere. Bref, les mauvais Juges, les Usurpateurs du bien d'autruy, les Tyrans, & mille autres Pestes publiques, font tous leurs efforts pour ébranler la Constance de la Vertu, & renverser la colonne sur laquelle elle est appuyée. Mais si tost qu'elle est lasse de leurs Blasphèmes, elle se venge d'eux par eux-memes. La Vieillesse, les Maladies, la recherche des larcins, en changeant la Condition de ces Scelerats, changent aussi leur Langage. Ils crient, ils demandent Misericorde. Ils se repentent de leur Vie passée. Enfin ils invoquent dans leurs malheurs, celle contre laquelle ils ont vomy tant d'Injures en leurs Prosperitez. Ils confessent tout haut, que la Vertu est le seul tresor, pour l'Acquisition duquel les Hommes doivent travailler toute leur Vie. Ils maudissent leurs Lachetez, leurs Vols, leurs Trahisons, leurs Assassins; & tendant les mains vers le lieu où la Vertu s'est retirée, la conjurent de prevenir leur desespoir, ou du moins pour sa Vengeance, d'assister aux Tortures dont leur mort est accompagnée.



**U**R Painter having now charm'd both our Eyes and Ears, with setting before us the dazling Honours and Rewards destin'd for the Virtuous, and shown us the way to gain that glorious Crown of Immortality, which is the last and most valuable of all things that Man can desire, or Vertue bestow; proceeds now to set before us the Reverse of the Medal, lest we should accuse him of having deceiv'd us, in concealing from us the great, and indeed only Misfortune to which Vertue is, in this Life, fatally subjected. She here sets on a Stone-Pillar immovable, the World is under her Feet, and Heroick Majesty shines in her Eyes; all which witness that she is void of Fear, and Mistress of the Earth. And yet is she environ'd with Enemies: The Voluptuous lay to her Charge, that she is cruel, severe, requires of Men things insupportable, and contrary to human Nature, and generally makes Beggars or Martyrs of her Votaries. The Extortioner and Parasite deride her scrupulous Maxims and Precepts, calling her, in derision, *The Poor Man's Goddess, and Guide to the Hospital*. They reproach her with the mean Estate, and abject Condition of those who, in obedience to her Commands, fly the Charms of Brokeridge and Usury, with all the other execrable (but ready ways) to attain Wealth and Honour. Next a Traitor inveighs against, and accuses her, as he thinks, with a mighty Crime, that whilst he continu'd a Bigot to her, she did not furnish him with enough to support Life tolerably, with only just enough to continue his Being, and prolong his Misery: But that now having laid aside his Honour and Conscience, and sold his Prince and Country into the hands of Strangers, he is become great and fortunate. With these join corrupt Judges, base Usurpers, cruel Tyrants, and many others, who are the Pefts of human Society. These Monsters try all their Efforts to shake the Constancy of Vertue, and to throw down the Pillar on which she is seated: But she suffering their Blasphemies patiently, continues silent, and makes them execute her Justice upon themselves. Age, Sicknes, and Justice soon rends from them a great part of what they have wickedly got, and change

their Condition; which makes these Villains alter their Language, lament and beg for Mercy. They begin to repent of their past Lives, and invoke her Name only in their Anguish; her, against whom they have utter'd such injurious Taunts in their Prosperity. They now confess aloud, that Vertue is the only Treasure, to acquire which, Men ought to labour all their Lives. They curse their own Folly, and call, with Bitterness of Soul, to mind, the Thefts, the Treasons, the Murders they have committed. With lifted Hands, they, dying, turn their Eyes to Heaven, to which Vertue is retir'd, and implore her to prevent their Despair, by granting them a Pardon, or else fully to revenge herself, by hastening their Deaths, to finish their Torments, which exceed even Imagination, tho all this while they forget the eternal Punishment, which is reserv'd for such Wretches.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 24.

— Quatenus, heu nefas!  
Virtutem incolumem odimus:  
Sublatam ex Oculis quærimus irvidi.

Lib. 1.  
Epist. 1.

O Cives! Cives! quærenda Pecunia primum est,  
Virtus post Nummos.

Lib. 3.  
Ode 5.

Nec vera Virtus, cum semel excidit,  
Curat reponi deterioribus.

For we so base and envious are,  
That we do all Great Men abhor,  
So long as they are living here;  
But when they're dead, we then revere  
Their Vertues, and their Names adore.

Oh! Romans! Romans! you first seek for Gold,  
Then Vertue, that in less Esteem you hold.  
Whenever Vice bright Vertue does deface,  
She fier returns again, Vice to displace.



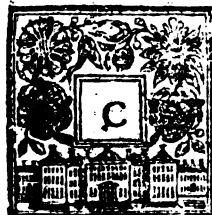
*Plus la Vertu te rend proche des Dieux,  
Plus son destin est sujet à l'Envie.  
Mais quand la Parque aura borné ta vie,  
Tes Ennemis te voyant dans les Cieux  
De ta splendeur auront l'ame ravie.*

The more thy Worth and Vertues shine,  
And thou resemblest what's Divine ;  
The more on Earth thou'lt envy'd be :  
But when kind Fate thy Life does end,  
And thou to Heaven shall ascend,  
Thy Foes, amaz'd, shall worship thee.

## The Explanation of the Two and Twentieth Picture.

L'Envie cede a la Mort seule.

Envy yields to Death alone.



Ce Tableau qui est la Confirmation du precedent, nous assure, que la Verité qu'il enseigne est aussi vieille que le Monde; Et qu'au même instant qu'il y eût des Hommes sur la Terre, il y eût de l'Envie. Hercule ce Heros, qui dompta les Monstres qui paroissoient les plus indomptables, ne pût neantmoins être victorieux de celui qui l'obligea de tourner son propre courage contre luy-même. Cela étant, il faut croire qu'il n'y a qu'un bras qui soit capable d'écraser la Teste de ce Serpent; Et que de toutes les Armes qui ont été employées pour le Vaincre, la Faulx de la Mort est seule assez trenchante pour finir la Destinée de cette Hydre renaissante. Nôtre Peintre a fort ingénieusement executé cette pens.e; car nous faisant voir l'ancien Alcide, qui foule aux Pieds le Serpent prodigieux des maretz de Lerne, il nous veut apprendre, que si la Vertu estoit assez forte pour triompher de la Rage des Envieux, il n'y en a jamais eu qui deût pretendre à cet avantage comme celle d'Hercule. Cependant, ce Libérateur du Monde, ce Prodige de valeur, aussi bien que de Justice, tenta mille fois en sa vie, cette grande aventure, Et la manqua mille fois; Et semble nous dire par son Action, que Sans le Secours de la Mort, il n'eust jamais comé l'Envie entre les Monstres qu'il a domptez.



HIS Picture confirms the precedent, and the Truth it teaches is as old as the World. For from the Moment there were Men on the Earth, Envy received its Being. Hercules, the famed Hero, who overcame Monsters the most prodigious and furious, could not vanquish this Passion; which obliged him to make use of that Courage which had rendered him victorious over all things else, to conquer himself. This gives us good reason to believe, that there is but one Arm that is able to crush the Head of this Serpent. Death's Scythe only is sharp enough to finish the Life of this many-headed Hydra. Our Painter has ingeniously represented this Thought. Behold here the famous Alcides trampling upon the huge Serpent, feigned to have been bred in the Lavernian Lake. No Hand but his could ever boast to have gained such a Victory. Yet even he, this Deliverer of Mankind, this Prodigy of Valour and Justice, a thousand times attempted, during his Life, to vanquish the Monster Envy, but as often failed; and here acknowledges, that without Death's Assistance, he should never have made Envy one of the Number of those Monsters whom he vanquished.

Mor.lib.2.  
Epist. 1.

—Diram qui contudit Hydram,  
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
Comperit Invidiam supremo sine domari.  
Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes  
Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

Ovid. 3.  
de Pont.

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit :  
Tunc suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.

The Hero that the Hydra did o'ercome,  
And all the Monsters Juno's Hate did raise,  
Conquer'd not Envy, tho' he try'd all Ways,  
Till he was dead and in his Tomb.  
Those that by Vertue rise, still envy'd are.  
And ne'er esteem'd till dead; we love them there.

Envy upon the Living still does feast;  
But after Death she always lets them rest,  
Grows silent: then each Man is truly known,  
And, as he merits, to the World is shown.





*Le cruel Monstre de l'Envie,  
Suit les grands hommes pas à pas ;  
Et pour avancer leur trespass,  
Hazarde incessamment leur vie.  
Mais quand par l'excez de sa rage,  
Leurs jours ont éteint leur flambeau ;  
Il arme contre soy son perfide courage,  
Et tombe mort au pied de leur tombeau.*

The cruel Monster, Envy, who keeps pace  
With each great Man, who Vertue's Steps doth  
trace;  
Hastens their Deaths, in Perils does engage,  
And makes them Dangers meet : her dreadful Rage  
Now glutted with their Deaths, she angry flies  
On her ownself, becomes a Sacrifice  
To her own Rage, and on their Tomb-stone dies.

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Third Plate.

La Vertu triomphe de tous ses Ennemis.

Vertue triumphs over all her Enemies.

**C**OMME ce n'est qu'après la Course achevée, que l'on Couronne le Vainqueur, ce n'est aussi qu'après la Fin de la Vie, que le Vertueux reçoit sa véritable récompense. Voici comme un petit crayon du glorieux Triomphe que le Ciel promet à la Vertu consommée. Elle paroît victorieuse de tous ses ennemis. Elle est revêtuë de ses Armes de parade. Elle est environnée d'autant de Trophées quelle a deffait de differents Adversaires, & foulant aux Pieds ce grand & difficile Obstacle que l'on nomme Fortune, elle éclatte de Joye & de Gloire. Vous la voyez aussi bien haut eslevée au dessus de cette region mal-heureuse, où son irreconciliable ennemie a posé les Bornes de son Empire. Elle regne absolument dans le Ciel, & dispose souverainement des Couronnes, des Sceptres, & des autres marques de cette juste & supreme Grandeur, que nous ne pouvons acquerir que par la Connoissance des belles choses & par la pratique des bonnes. Excitons-nous les uns les autres, je vous prie, à la Meditation d'une si belle matiere. Voyons, ce que les Rois même sont en terre. Considerons ce que les Vertueux sont au Ciel ; & par la Comparaison des uns & des autres, appliquons-nous serieusement à l'acquisition d'un bien, devant lequel, le tresor de tous les Cresus, & la Puissance de tous les Alexandres, ne sont que bouë, vanité, foiblesse, & fumée.

comparing the one with the other, we shall soon be convinced, that it is highly our Interest to follow Vertue, by which only we can obtain that Treasure ; in comparison whereof, the Wealth of Cræsus, the Greatness and Dominions of Cæsar and Alexander, and all the Glories of the World, are but Dust, Vanity, Folly, and Smoke.

**I**T is not, till the Race is finished, that Men crown the Victor, nor till this Life is ended, that the Vertuous receive the Reward of their Labours: Behold here a slight Glimpse of that glorious Triumph which Heaven has promised to a consummate Vertue. Vertue in this Place stands to rest herself, being victorious over all her Enemies, clad in a Robe and Arms bright as herself. Trophies of Honour, whose number equal the Victories she has gained over Vice, surround her. Under her Feet lies prostrate that inconstant Goddess, called Fortune, whom the Wise command. A glorious Brightness fills the Place, and Vertue, like the Sun, seems all on fire with Joy, and warms the World. She now, raised far above this miserable Earth, where her inveterate Enemies have the Bounds of their Dominion set, reigns a Queen in Heaven, and disposes with sovereign Authority of Crowns and Empires; and invites us to share her Favours, that she may make us also supremely great and happy: which we can no ways attain to be, but by studying her Laws, and practising her Precepts. Let us then, I beg you, earnestly excite one another to a serious Consideration of this excellent Matter. We have seen what Kings are here on Earth, let us now reflect what the Vertuous are in Heaven:

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 2.  
*Virtus repulsa nescia sordida,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;  
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis aura.*

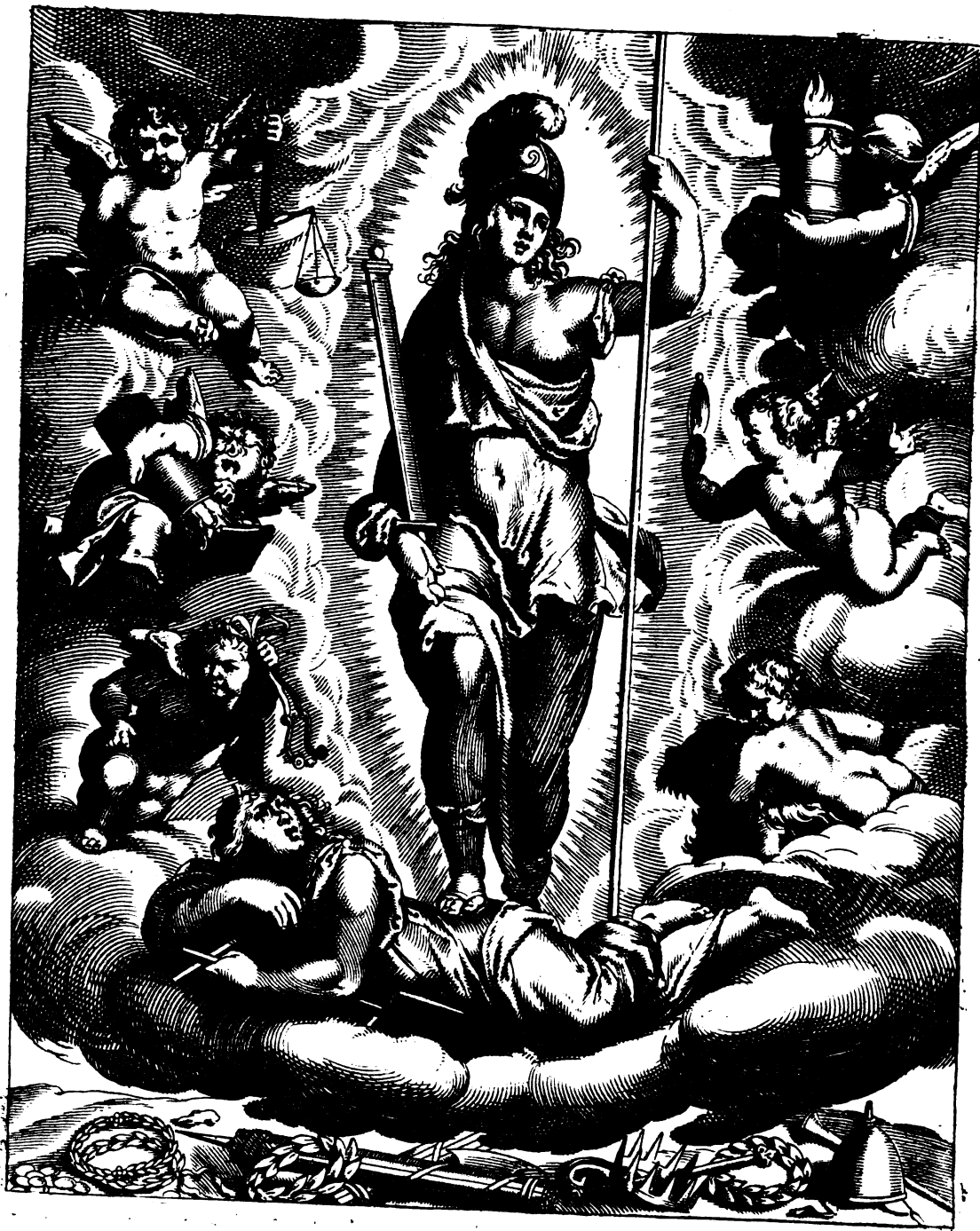
Hor.lib.1.  
Sat. 6.  
———*Populus nam stultus honores  
Sæpe dat indignis, & fama servit ineptus ;  
Et stupet in titulis, & imaginibus.*

Claudian  
in Consulatu Man-  
lii.  
*Ipsa quidam Virtus pretium sibi, solaque latè  
Fortuna secura nitet, nec fascibus ullis  
Erigitur, plausuræ petit clarescere vulgi :  
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nihil indiga laudis,  
Divitiis animosa suis, immotaque cunctis  
Cladibus, ex alta mortalia despicit arce.*

Vertue, who ne'er was baffled, or disgrac'd,  
But still those Honours does possess,  
Whose Lustre never can grow less,  
Regardless of the fickle Croud is plac'd ;  
From them she won't accept a profer'd Throne,  
Nor yet, to please them, lay her Honours down.

The Populace, you know, accustom'd are  
Still to do wrong ; they Honours oft confer  
On the Unworthy ; blindly led by Fame,  
The Man's Descent and Titles they proclaim,  
And think him worthy for his Race and Name. }

Vertue's her own Reward, and only she  
Has Fortune at her own Dispose ; divine,  
She don't with bought, or borrow'd Honours shine,  
Or wants the People's Voice, or Aid to be  
Advanced : conscious of her own Worth, she views  
All that oppose her Will, and all subdues ;  
And, from her bright Abode, with scorn looks down  
On all below, blest in herself alone.



*Amants de la Vertu, dignes enfans des Dieux,  
A qui tous les méchans ont declare la guerre :  
Vous ne combattez sur la Terre,  
Que pour triompher dans les Cieux.*

Lovers of Vertue, Race Divine,  
Whom bad Men hate, do not repine  
At what you suffer here ; they rage in vain :  
You combat here, that you in Heaven may reign.

## The Explanation of the Twenty-fourth Plate.

Rien ne dure afin que tout dure.

*All things change, to the end that all things may continue.*

**M**AIS avant que d'arriver à ce comble de Gloire & de Felicité; il faut que l'Homme se dépouille de ce qu'il a de terrestre. Il faut qu'il abandonne l'Habillement qu'il a reçu de la Mortalité; & qu'il accomplisse la Course qu'il commença le Jour qu'il vint au Monde. C'est pourquoy nôtre Peintre a mis immédiatement apres le Triomphe de la Vertu, celui du Têms & de la Mort. Pour nous le représenter au naturel, il expose d'abord à nos yeux ce Tableau de l'Année; & par consequent celui de nôtre vie. Le Printemps paroist le premier, comme le plus jeune & le plus beau. L'Esté le suit, plein de vigueur & de feu. L'Automne marche apres, chargé de ses fruits, & de ses plaisirs de peu de durée. Finalement, l'Hiver paresseux, foible, languissant, & accablé de vieillesse, fait tous ses efforts pour ne se pas éloigner de ceux qui le precedent. Le Têms, comme un petit Demon qui vole jour & nuit, est au dessus de la Teste de ces quatre differents Associez. Il marque leur course; il prescrit leur marche; & les faisant retourner d'où ils estoient partis, les condamne à des vicissitudes qui ne finiront qu'avec le Monde, quoy qu'elles finissent tous les jours. Cette representation nous enseigne, qu'il faut commencer des nôtre jeunesse à suivre la Vertu, c'est à dire, à ménager le Têms qui vole incessamment; & qui nous portant d'un âge à l'autre, avec une vitesse plus surprenante que celle même des eclairs, nous conduit imperceptiblement à cet instant horrible, où se fait la Dissolution de nous-même. Soyons sensible à ce grand advertissement; & essayons autant qu'il nous est possible, de ne pas perdre la plus petite partie d'un chose qui dure si peu; & qui nous est si importante, puisque d'elle depend la Possession de la Gloire qui vient de nous être proposée.

**B**EFORE we arrive at the glorious State of Bliss, it is absolutely necessary, that a Man should strip himself of all that is terrestrial. He must quit the Body that was given him at his Formation, and finish the Course he began, the Day he entred into the World. For this cause our Painter has here, immediately after Vertue's Triumph, placed that of Time and Death, for which the imperfect View we have had of future Happiness, will, I hope, arm us. He first sets before us the different Seasons of the Year, a true Emblem of Man's Life. The Spring first leads the way, to represent our infant State, and our blooming Youth and Beauty. The Summer follows next, which is our Manhood, full of Fire and Vigour. Then comes Autumn, loaden with Fruits, and Pleasures of short Duration. Next, Winter limping follows, feeble and weak, benumb'd with Frosts, and vainly strives to keep pace with those who seem to fly before him; representing our decrepid Age: whilst the winged Dæmon, Time, who never stays to rest, flies hovering over their Heads, and drives them on, marks all their Steps, prescribes their Walk, and makes them feel Vicissitudes, which will not cease but with the World; though in some measure they change and cease every day. This Picture instructs us, that we must in Youth begin to follow Vertue, and leave no Minute unimprov'd, since Time incessantly flies from us, and will bear us through the Stage of Life with a Rapidity more surprizing than that of Lightning; and insensibly conducts us to that dreadful Moment, where he will give the fatal Stroke, and we shall cease to be. Think, my Companions, upon this

melancholy Truth, and be not deaf to this timely Advice. Let us endeavour not to lose, if possible, even the least part of a thing, that is so uncertain to keep, and which in itself is of so short Duration, yet of so great Importance to us, that upon the Use of it depend all our Hopes, all our Happiness. 'Tis now in our own power to be eternally miserable, or to be made Sharers of that glorious State, which has been so often and excellently propos'd to us, in the foregoing Discourses.

Hor.lib.4.  
Ode 7.

*Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, & alium  
Qua rapit hora diem.  
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: Ver proterit Æstas,  
Interitura simul,  
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit; & mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.*

The changing Seasons, and the Hours that fly,  
And still succeeding, wear away the Day,  
Kindly forewarn us, that we must decay,  
Tell us that we are mortal, and must die.  
Each Year the Winter by the Spring we find  
Succeeded is, and Summer next takes place;  
Then fruitful Autumn comes with smiling Face,  
Then Winter purling Streams in Ice does bind.

Virg. 3  
Georg.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit, subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,  
Et labor, & dura rapit inclementia mortis.*

The pleasing Years of Life are quickly gone,  
And helpless Age, and swift Decay comes on,  
And then remorseless Death o'ertakes us soon.



*Le Temps qui produit les Saisons,  
 Les tient l'une à l'autre enchainées ;  
 Et le Soleil marchant par ses douze maisons,  
 Renouvelle les jours, les mois & les années :  
 Il n'en est pas ainsi du destin de nos jours .  
 Quand la Parque en borne le cours,  
 Nous entrons dans des nuits qui ne sont point bornées :*

Time still the different Seasons brings,  
 And regularly changes things ;  
 The Sun walking his constant Round,  
 Renews the Days, the Months, and Years ;  
 The Fields with fragrant Flowers are crown'd,  
 And every Tree fresh Blossoms wears :  
 But with us Mortals 'tis not so ;  
 When Fate our Lives does end, we go  
 To endless Night, and gloomy Shades below.

## The Explanation of the Twenty-fifth Picture.

Tous les Siecles ont eu leurs Vices.

*All Ages have had their particular Vices.*

**V**OICY le Temps à qui nôtre Peintre a rendu sa premiere figure. Il nous declare en ce Tableau, que volant d'un siecle à l'autre, il entraine avec soy tous les Vices. & tous les mal-heurs. qu'il rencontre dans la rapidité de sa course. Les petits Demons qui l'accompagnent, sont bien aises du changement qu'il leur propose ; & à voir leur contenance enjouée, on dirait qu'ils ont quelque connoissance de l'advenir, & qu'ils sont assurez que plus le Monde vieillira, & plus leurs forces renouvelleront. Mais bien qu'ils ayent commencé de regner dès le commencement des siecles, il est toutefois au pouvoir du Vertueux, de leur arracher un Empire où ils se sont si bien établis. Il faut que ce Demy-Dieu pour remporter une si grande Victoire, fasse resolution de combattre incessamment. Car encore que ces Tyrannaux soient souvent chassez de leur Trône ; ils y remontent presque aussitôt en despit de leurs Vainqueurs ; & trouvent autant de complices de leur Usurpation, & autant de Deffenseurs, que la Vertu leur peut susciter d'ennemis. Soyons du nombre des derniers. Prenons les Armes sous la conduite d'un si digne General. Faisons voir au Temps & aux Vices, que nous avons assez de cœur pour les combattre tous ensemble ; & que malgré la trahison de ceux même qui nous devroient estre les plus fidelles, comme estant une partie de nous-mêmes, nous sortirons victorieux du combat où ils nous ont engagez.



**B**EHOLD Time here admirably represented, flying from one Age to another. He bears with him all the Vices and Misfortunes he meets with in his way, and scatters them amongst Men as he passes. The little Demons, his Companions, seem joyful, and are pleased to see the Disorders they occasion in the World. He retains them in his Service, promising to show them greater Revolutions yet. And they are too certain, that though the World grows old and decays, yet they shall gather Strength, and grow more potent every Age, whilst that is growing nearer to its end. True it is, that they have reigned too much ever since the World was inhabited ; but it is as certain, that the Vertuous have been, and are at all times able to take from them that Dominion and Power, in which they believe themselves so well establish'd. But the brave Man, who will oppose them, must, in order to gain so glorious a Victory, first resolve to resist all, even the least Temptations, to Evil. For though these Tyrants are often driven down from their Throne, yet they too frequently regain a footing there, in spite of their Opposers, and have as many Accomplices, and as powerful Friends, to support their Usurpation, as Vertue can raise them Enemies. Let us be of the number of the last. Let us take up Arms under the Conduct of this glorious Leader, and convince Time and Vice, that we have Courage enough to combat them all united : and that though we should be abandon'd even by those whom we have most reason to expect Assistance from ; though our Passions, and the strong Temptations of Beauty and Ambition should try their utmost to disarm our Souls, and charm our Reason asleep ; yet we are resolved to be both deaf and blind to all but Vertue, and not to quit the Field, till we come off Conquerors to reign for ever.



Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 6. *Damnosa quid non imminuit dies ?  
Ætas parentum pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

What is't that Time don't change ? we are  
Worse than our Fathers ; yet they were  
Worse than their Ancestors ; and we  
Shall leave a worse Posterity.

Senec. *Hoc majores nostri quasi sunt, hoc nos querimus,  
hoc posterum nostri querentur, everfos esse mores, reg-  
nare nequitiam, in deterius res humanas & in om-  
ne nefas labi.*

It was the Complaint of our Ancestors, is ours,  
and will be our Successors, That all Morality  
is lost.



*En vain l'objet affreux des tourmens eternels,  
Fait peur a tout ce que nous sommes :  
Tant que la Terre aura des Hommes,  
Le Ciel verra des criminels.*

The Dread of Death and endless Pain  
Do seem to threat Mankind in vain ;  
Whilst Men upon the Earth do dwell,  
There shall be found some criminal.

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Sixth Picture.

Il faut s'accommoder au Temps.

*We ought to make use of Time.*

**E**NCORE que le Temps soit le per-  
petuel ennemy de la Vertu, neant-  
moins nous ne devons pas toujours  
le considerer comme tel. S'il l'en-  
gage dans de grands Dangers; &  
l'expose à la Fureur de divers Mon-  
stres, il est bon de croire que c'est  
autant pour la Couronner que pour la Perdre. Cela  
étant, il ne faut pas que nous soyons incessamment aux  
mains avec luy; & que sans cesse nous luy disions des  
Injures. Le Sage peut fort bien s'y accommoder. Il  
peut se servir de luy contre luy-même, & si l'est permis  
de le dire sans Blaspheme, il est capable d'imiter l'Es-  
prit eternal, qui l'esclaire, & tirer le bien du mal même.  
Pour en venir là, il n'est besoin d'autre chose que de  
faire une tres-exacte distinction du Temps & des Vices  
qui l'accompagnent. Car pourveu que nous ayons l'a-  
dresse d'arrester ce Prothée, nous l'obligerons aysément,  
à nous accorder tout ce que la Vertu veut que nous ex-  
igions de luy. Nous luy ferons payer avec usure les  
droicts de nôtre hospitalité, & le forcerons de nous porter  
en dépit qu'il en ait, dans le séjour eternal, où nous  
trouverons nôtre conservation & sa ruine.



**T**HOUGH Time is in one re-  
spect an Enemy to us, yet we  
ought not to look upon him as  
always such; for if he engages  
us in great Dangers, and expo-  
ses us often to the Fury of fierce  
Enemies, yet we must acknow-  
ledge, it is oftener to crown  
than to undo us. We must not therefore be con-  
tinually at variance with him, and look on him  
with Prejudice. The wise Man knows perfectly  
well how to treat him, so as to render him useful  
to all his Purposes, though against his Will. He,  
like the divine Wisdom who enlightens the Mind,  
and brings forth Good out of Evil, (if I may be  
permitted to make the Comparifon) turns to his  
advantage those very Moments that ruin the  
greater Part of Mankind. To this end, the wi-  
sest Way is to make an exact and nice Distinction  
between Time and the Vices that accompany  
him. Thus shall we learn the Art, to stay this  
Proteus in our hands, and with ease oblige him to  
grant us all that Vertue requires for our Use:  
nay, to make him repay with Usury, the Enter-  
tainment we give him; by forcing him, in return,  
to carry us into that eternal Abode, where we  
shall find our Conservation, and he his Ruin.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 29.

— Quod adest, memento  
Componere aequis, cetera fluminis  
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo  
Cum pace dilabentis Etruscum  
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,  
Stirpesque raptas, & pecus, & domos  
Volventis undâ, non sine montium  
Clamore, vicinaeque silvâ,  
Cum fera diluvies quietos  
Irritat amnes.

Ovid. 6  
Fast.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis.

Remember to use well the present Hour;  
For what's to come is not within our power;  
'Tis all uncertain, as the Sea or Wind,  
Or *Tibre*, who now to his Banks confin'd,  
Falls gently in the Sea, nor beats the Shore:  
But when by Floods increas'd, his Waters rise,  
With dreadful Noise he fills the Air and Skies,  
O'erflows his Banks, Houfes and Rocks o'er-  
throws,  
Brings Swift Destruction wheresoe'er he goes,  
And to his Fury all doth sacrifice.

We antient grow, Time slips away,  
E'er we are sensible of our Decay.





*Les Hommes légers & flottans,  
Perdent toujours leur avantage ;  
Aussi n'appartient-il qu'au Sage,  
De sçavoir bien prendre son temps.*

Mankind careless appear, and thoughtless live,  
Losing the happy Moments Fate does give ;  
It to the Wise alone belongs to take  
Each lucky Hint, and much of 'Time to make.'

## The Explanation of the Twenty-Seventh Plate.

Ne regrette point le Temps passé.

Regret not for the Time past.

**L**E vieillard qui nous est figuré dans cette Peinture, a fait ce que nous venons de dire. Il a bien usé du Temps; & l'ayant reçu pour son hôte, il en a tiré tout ce dont il a cru avoir besoin. C'est aussi de fort bon cœur qu'il le laisse sortir de sa maison; pour ce qu'ayant vécu plusieurs années, & par manière de parler, vieilly tous deux ensemble, ils ont appris l'un de l'autre, que leur Société ne pouvoit être éternelle; & que tost ou tard ils se verroient réduits à la Nécessité de se séparer. Cet hôte sage & courtois voyant que l'heure de leur séparation estoit sonnée, luy a de bonne grace ouvert la Porte de son logis; & sans se plaindre de son départ, semble luy témoigner, en luy disant à Dieu, le contentement qui luy reste d'avoir logé un si docile & si fidelle amy. Cecy n'est si artistement représenté, que pour apprendre aux ames foibles & timides à se guérir de cette vaine repugnance, qu'elles font paroître, toutes les fois que le Temps leur redemande ce qu'il leur a presté. Certes, il nous est honteux, d'estre des depositaires de mauvaise foy; de nous faire chicaner pour rendre ce que l'on nous a baillé en garde; & vouloir, s'il nous estoit possible, nous enrichir de ce qui n'est pas à nous. Cependant, c'est le mauvais procédé de ces insensés, qui se voyant à la fin de leur vie, importune Dieu & les Hommes, pour obtenir des délais, & différer le Payment d'une Dette à laquelle ils sont condamnés.

**T**HE Reverend Person in this Picture has done what we mentioned in our last. He has made a good use of Time, and having received him as a Guest, has gain'd from him all that he had occasion for; and having in a manner grown old together, they have mutually learn'd from each other, that their Continuance and Friendship on Earth could not be eternal, and that sooner or later, they must be reduced to the fatal Necessity of being separated. Our wise and courteous Host, seeing that this expected Hour is come, cheerfully opens the Door to him, and without repining at his Departure, seems to declare, by the kind manner of his bidding him farewell, that he is highly pleas'd and satisfy'd, in having been so fortunate, as to have long lodged so kind and faithful a Friend. So much Pains would not have been us'd to have thus artfully represented this Matter, but with design to cure those timorous cowardly Souls, who shake at Death, show an idle Fear, and vainly murmur and repine, whenever Time takes away that Life and Pleasure, which he has lent them. Certainly 'tis a great Shame for us to be such ungrateful Creatures, to return with Reluctance what is generously lent us for a few Years only, and to desire, if possible, to enrich ourselves with what belongs not to us. Yet such is the Folly of Mortals, who seeing their End to draw near, vainly importune both God and Man for longer time, and to defer the Payment of a Debt, to the Payment of which they are condemned by the Law of Nature.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 29

— Ille potens sui,  
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem  
Dixisse, vixi: cras vel atra  
Nube potam, pæser occupato,  
Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum  
Quodcumque retro est, efficiet: neque  
Diffinget, infectumque reddet  
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

He only happy lives, and still shall be  
Lord of himself alone, who free  
From racking Cares, each Evening cries,  
It is enough, this Day I've spent,  
As I could wish, and am content  
I've liv'd to-day; this shall suffice.  
Let Jove to-morrow Tempests raise,  
Or burn the Earth with Phœbus' Rays,  
It is not even in his power,  
The Pleasures past from me to take,  
Or call the fleeting Moments back,  
Or to undo what's done before.



*Sans te plaindre du temps qui coule comme l'onde ;  
Use bien de celui que tu tiens en ta main :  
Tu n'as qu'un jour à toy. Car peut-estre demain,  
La mort te forcera d'abandonner le Monde.*

Cease to complain of Time, that swift as Air,  
Or rolling Waves, doth pass away ;  
Use well the present, use this Day,  
And for Eternity this Day prepare :  
'To-morrow's Rising-Sun thou may'st not see,  
For Death e'er then from Earth may summon thee.

## The Explanation of the Twenty-eighth Plate.

Il n'est rien si court que la Vie.

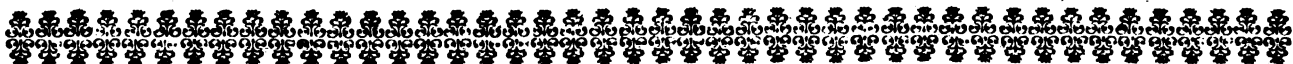
*Nothing passes away more swiftly than  
Life.*



**V** OICI le supplice auquel sont condamnés ces hôtes indiscrets, qui veulent retenir par force, le Temps qui s'en veut aller. Car cet impatient qui ne peut souffrir de contrainte, voyant la Force qu'on luy fait pour l'arêter, se change en un fier ennemy; & au lieu qu'il avoit toujours paru agreeable & complaisant, il devient fascheux & cruel, & ne donne à son hôte que de tristes & funestes marques de sa presence. Vous voyez, comme d'abord il exerce une insupportable Tyrannie dans les lieux où l'on l'enferme; & comme pour conserver la Liberté qu'on luy veut ravir, il retranche à ses Geoliers, toutes les choses en la compagnie desquelles il avoit trouvé la Vie si charmante & si destrable. D'un costé s'ensuivent la Jeunesse & la Beauté, qui ne scauroient être séparées. De l'autre, se devolent le Repos & le Sommeil; & les Amours se voyans poursuivis de ce vieux Tyrant, prennent leur vol droit vers la Jeunesse & la Beauté, qui sont leurs véritables amantes. Que croyez-vous que deviennent les Hommes, quand ils se considerent depouillés de leurs plus belles parties; & revestus de qualitez si contraires à leur nature, que ce sont autant d'Ennemis domestiques, & de bourreaux qui les tourmentent? Certes, ils se repentent jour & nuict d'avoir differé la Fin de leur Vie; & pour l'avoir trop follement aymée, de s'estre exposé à des supplices, qui leur font continuellement souhaitter cette longue indolance, dont la Mort est accompagnée.



**B**EHOLD here the Punishment to which those indifferent Hosts are condemn'd, who would retain Time by force, who will be gone. This Impatient, who endures not Restraint, seeing the Efforts that are made to stay him, turns to a fierce Enemy; and instead of being as heretofore, agreeable and complaisant, grows angry and cruel, and gives the Person that uses him thus, afflicting and dreadful Proof of his Presence. He in a moment shows himself a Tyrant, in every Place where he is confined, to procure the Liberty they would deprive him of. He strait drives from his Goaler all those, whose Company made Life sweet and valuable. On the other hand, he chafes thence Youth and Beauty, who are inseparable. Then he deprives him of Sleep and Strength. The affrighted Cupids, who fann'd his youthful Fires, pursued by the Tyrant Time, take their flight after Youth and Beauty, their best Friends. What think you now of Man, when he considers himself under these Circumstances? stripp'd of all that made him agreeable to others, or pleasing to himself? no longer able to please, or be pleas'd, whilst Age and its Infirmity are his domestick Enemies and constant Attendants, the cruel Executioners who keep him in continual Torment. Believe me, he repents Day and Night, that he besought Heaven to prolong his Days, cursing his own Folly, in coveting to be exposed to the Imbecility and Dotage of old Age, and begs to be released, longing to repose in the cold icy Arms of Death, which can only give him ease.



Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 11.

—Nec trepides in usum  
Poscentis ævi pauca; fugit retro  
Levis juvenas, & decor, arida  
Pellem lascivos amores  
Canicie, facilemque somnum.  
Non semper idem floribus est honos  
Vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet  
Vultu; quid æternis minorem  
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Do not yourself torment  
For what this worthless Life requires,  
Which with a little is content:  
Sweet Youth and Beauty flies away,  
Age takes their place, all things decay;  
Time ruins Sleep and amorous Fires.  
Spring-Flowers their Beauty quickly lose,  
The Moon doth change her Shape we see;  
Then why do you yourself amuse,  
Form great Designs, and break your Rest,  
Forget you're mortal, live unblest,  
Aiming above Mortality.



*Franc d'Ambition & d'Envie,  
Pauvre mortel passe une vie,  
Que la Mort tal'onne de pres.  
Peu de chose suffit au Sage ;  
Es pour faire un petit voyage,  
Il ne faut pas de grands aprests.*

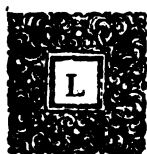
Free from Ambition, Envy, Strife,  
Poor Mortals strive to pass that Life,  
Which cruel Death so soon may end.  
Nature a little does suffice,  
For a short Voyage, he that's wife,  
Won't Stores provide, and much expend.

A a a

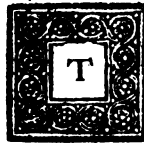
## The Explanation of the Twenty-ninth Picture.

Tout se pert avec le Temps.

Every thing perishes with Time.



**L**E Temps n'a fait que menacer dans les Tableaux que nous avons vus. En celui-cy, il commence à executer ses menaces. Comme il voit que l'on ne veut pas le laisser partir de bonne grace, il fait Violence à sa Prison; & brisant tout ce qui l'enchaîne, il tourne ses Armes cruelles & victorieuses contre ce qu'il a le mieux aimé. Il se fait autant de Victimes qu'il y a de belles choses dans le Monde. La Force des Heros, l'Eloquence des Orateurs, la Beauté des Dames ont aussi peu de Charms pour vaincre cet Ennemi public, qu'en ont les Diadèmes, les Trônes, & les autres Objets de l'Idolatrie des petites ames. Tout ploye sous ce Tyran. Tout cede à sa cruauté. Les Prières y sont inutiles. La Force n'y peut rien; & comme si ce ne luy estoit pas assez de nous détruire, il ajoute l'Insolence de la moquerie, à la Fureur, avec laquelle il nous tourmente. Il fait descendre la vieillesse à son secours sans qu'il en ait besoin; & nous la presentant comme celle qui ne nous doit quitter qu'avec la Vie, il nous en parle avec un soufrire moqueur; & nous jure, que nous nous trouverons fort bien d'une si sage & si divertissante compagnie.



**T**IME did only threaten, in the precedent Picture, in comparison of what he does here, where he vents all his Fury. Seeing himself confined, and that they will not let him go willingly, he breaks through all, and tears in pieces all that resist him. He even turns his victorious Arms against those he loved most, and makes as many Victims as there are beautiful things in nature. The Strength of Heroes, Eloquence of Orators, Beauty and Innocence can find no Charms powerful enough to appease him. He professes himself an Enemy to all Mankind. Crown'd Heads, Thrones, Monuments, and all the Croud are awed by, fall before him. He destroys all things at his pleasure. Prayers are ineffectual, and Strength signifies nothing. It is not enough that he is every day taking something from us; he insults our Misery, and laughs at our Decay, saying, Age is a good Companion, that grey Hairs make us appear venerable: it is a wise Counsellor, he cries, and the Ruins of fine things are beautiful. So passes on to do more mischief.



Hor. de arte Poet.

—Mortalia facta peribunt,  
Nedum sermonum stet honos & gratia vivax.

The Works of Mortals die;  
Why should we hope that Words should live,  
And Language should all Time survive?

Ovid. 15 Met.

Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas,  
Facundiam, eloquentiam, gratiarum omne genus  
& qualibet corporis bona consumit.

Envious old Age, and Time, you who devour  
All mortal things, Beauty, Wit, and Power,  
And charming Eloquence; all that you find  
That's excellent in Body, or in Mind.

Propert. lib. 3.

At non ingenio quaesitum nomen ab ævo  
Excidet. Ingenio stat sine morte decus.

A Name by Wisdom gain'd, will never die;  
Honours thus got, claim Immortality.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

Wit lives to all Eternity,  
And all things else do die.



*Rayon d'un Soleil invifible ;  
Pompe de la Nature : Enchantement des yeux ;  
Beauté qui de l'Amour rend le trait invincible,  
Il eft vray, ton Empire eft grand comme les Cieux.  
Mais ne te flatte point du pouvoir de tes charmes :  
Ne vante point les Feux : Ne vante point les Armes,  
Dont tu defoles l'Univers.  
Tu paſſeras un jour par le cifeau des Parques ;  
Et fi de tes appas il reſte quelques marques,  
Ce ne ſera que dans nos vers.*

Beauty, bright as the glorious Sun,  
Nature's chief Pride, that doth enchant,  
By whom the World's almoſt undone,  
Thy Empire boundleſs is, we grant :  
But of thy powerful Charms don't boaſt,  
Though all Mankind thy Victims be,  
For Death at laſt ſhall conquer thee ;  
And all thoſe Beauties ſhall be loſt,  
Except your Names recorded be  
In Verſe, that gives Eternity.

## The Explanation of the Thirtieth Picture.

Philosopher, c'est apprendre a mourir.

*True Philosophy is to learn to die:*

**L**ES Sages vulgaires croiront avoir satisfait au nom de Sage, s'ils considerent les Revolutions des choses comme nous venons de les considerer; & s'ils attendent leur dernière heure, sans se donner la peine de la prévoir & de l'estudier. Mais le Stoïque, c'est à dire le Sage parfait & consommé, se demande à soy-même où le mene la vieillesse; & comme avec des lunettes d'approche va jusques dans le Ciel, découvrir le Secret de sa Destinée. Il se familiarise de bonne heure avec la Mort. Il se souvient, qu'il a mille fois ouy dire au grand Zenon, que la Vie du Philosophe, ne doit être qu'une continuelle Meditation de la Mort. Vous le voyez aussi, qui paroist si attentif & si calme au milieu de tant de Sujets, de Troubles, & d'Agitations, qu'il ne s'abandonne n'y a l'esperance, n'y à la crainte. Il a l'esprit tout entier occupé à la Contemplation de cette main juste mais inflexible, qui du haut du Ciel tient les ciseaux dont le fil de nôtre vie doit être coupé; & pour éviter toute surprise, il y tient les yeux de l'esprit continuellement attachez, afin de voir quand elle fermera l'instrument fatal, qui doit le delivrer de la servitude de la matiere.

**T**HE Vulgar Wife think they have done enough, if they, like us, have considered, that Life is subject to many Changes, and expect Death without thinking further of it, than that it is a thing that must come; and take no care to provide for a future State, or meditate on what is to be done, to render it less terrible. But the wise Man considers daily with himself where he is drawing to, and, as through a Perspective, looks into Futurity, and discovers the Secrets of his Destiny, by reading his own Soul, which thus becomes familiar, and acquainted with Death, before he approaches. A thousand times he calls to mind the great *Zeno's* Words, That the Life of a Philosopher ought to be no other but one continued Meditation on Death. You see here a Man who appears so attentive and calm, amidst many Objects of Trouble and Disorder, that he gives not his Soul up, either to Hope or Fear. His Thoughts are wholly employed in Contemplation of that just, but inexorable Power, who sitting in the Heavens, holds the Scissars and the Thread of Life. Fearing to be surprized, he holds the Eyes of his Soul continually fixed there, watches when the fatal Instrument of Death shall cut the Twine, and deliver him from the Slavery of Mortality.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 4.

*Inter spem, curamque, timoremque & iras,  
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum:  
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora.*

Amidst Hope, Fear, Anger, and Doubt, which waste  
Our wretched Lives, believe each Hour your last;  
Thus every day the Gods do add, will be,  
Cause unexpected, Welcomer to thee.

Plaut.  
Rud.

*Animus æquus optimum est ærumnæ condimentum.*

A Mind sedate, and well resigned, is the best Remedy for Sorrow, Care, and Trouble.

Hor. lib. 1.  
Epist. 2.

*Tu quamcumque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,  
Grata sume manu, nec dulcia differ in annum.*

Thank Fortune for the present Hours, defer  
Not of Life's Joys to taste, to the next Year.

*Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus aut res;  
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,  
Auriculas cytharæ collectas sorte dolentes.*

This House, these Lands, and all these Treasures  
are

To him whose Soul is fill'd with Hope, or Fear,  
As Pictures to the Blind, or Salves to ease

The Gout's distracting Pain,  
Or some harmonious Strain

Play'd to deaf Ears, and cure not his Disease.





*Ce qui n'est pas en ta puissance,  
Ne doit point troubler ton repos :  
Tu balances mal à propos,  
Entre la Crainte & l'Espérance.  
Laisse faire le Ciel. C'est ton maistre & ton Roy ;  
Et supporte avec constance,  
Ce qu'il a resolu de toy.*

The thing that is not in thy power  
Ought not to break thy Peace one Hour ;  
Thy Hopes and Fears are fond and vain :  
Leave all to Providence divine,  
Let thy great Master's Will be thine,  
And calmly suffer Death or Pain.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-first Plate.

## La Vieillesse a ses Plaisirs.

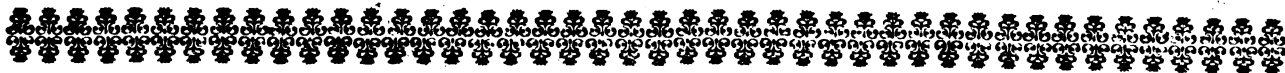


**V**OICI donc La Vieillesse que le Temps à subtilement introduite en la compagnie des Hommes. Les uns s'en desespèrent ; les autres y sont insensibles. Mais le Sage qui sçait que par elle, il doit parvenir à ses plus hautes dignitez, la reçoit de bonne grace. Il luy laisse la conduite de sa famille. Il luy permet d'en chasser ce qui luy déplaist, & d'y faire venir ce quelle trouvera bon. Vous voyez aussi la Vieillesse, qui semble cajoler ce Sage decrepiti ; & qui luy remontre avec adresse, que désormais il ne doit plus penser aux plaisirs du Goust, du Taët, & de la Veüë. Elle luy fait aussi chasser de sa compagnie, ces Demons importuns & voluptueux qui regnent sur nos Passions, & l'oblige de faire un eternal divorce avec la Chair & le Sang. Nôtre Sage qui connoist son artifice, est ravvy de s'y laisser prendre ; & de renoncer pour jamais à des plaisirs qui sont indignes de son âge. Il tourne aussi volontairement la Teste de l'autre costé ; & arette sa veüë debile sur des beautez, bien plus capables de le contenter que celles qu'il a perduës. Au lieu de l'Amour des choses corruptibles, il s'attache à la poursuite des eternelles ; & au lieu de prêter l'oreille aux Sollicitations de la Volupté, il n'écoute plus que la Prudence, que la Moderation & que les autres Vertus, qui peuvent d'une chair caduque & d'une matiere toute usée, en faire une toute nouvelle & toute immortelle.

## Age has its Pleasures.



**S**EE here Old Age, which Time has subtilly introduced into the Company of Mankind ! One seems despairing at the sight of her, another grows stupid and insensible. But the wise Man, who well knows, that by her he must attain Understanding and Honour, receives her with a chearful Countenance, leaves to her the Management of his Family, suffering her to put from him all that displeases her, and to place about him all those she approves of. She, in return, comforts and caresses our feeble Sage, and eloquently demonstrates to him, that henceforward he ought not to think of gratifying his Senses, or to please the Touch, the Taste, and Smell, or feast his Eyes on Beauty. She drives from him the wanton Demons, that raise and excite our Passions, and makes him agree to an eternal Divorce with the Pleasures of Flesh and Blood. He wisely fathoms her Design, and lets her go on with pleasure. He renounces freely those things that suit not his Age, and then turns his Face to the other side, where he fixes his decay'd Sight upon Beauties much more capable to please him, than those he has parted with. No longer loving things corruptible, he bends his whole Desires to things eternal. Deaf to the Sollicitations of the World, he hearkens to none but to those of Prudence and the other Vertues, who out of a withered Body, worn with Years, and crumbling into Dust, can soon form a new and immortal one.



Hor. de  
arte Poet.

*Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,  
Multa recedentes adimunt.  
Lenior & melior sis accedente senectâ ?*

Our youthful Years Profit and Pleasures bring,  
But our declining, every grateful thing  
The others brought, deprive us of.

Seneca.

*Tum demum sanæ mentis oculus acutè cernere incipit,  
ubi corporis oculus incipit habescere.*

The Eye of the Mind then begins to see, when  
the Eyes of the Body begin to decay.



*Roy des aventures humaines,  
Qui fais nos amours & nos haines ;  
Têms sous qui le plus forts sont enfin abattus ;  
Que tes bontez nous sont propices :  
Quand tu nous ostes les delices,  
Tu nous fais aymer les Vertus.*

Lord of Mankind, thou who do'st move  
Our youthful Souls to Hate or Love,  
Time, who the strongest does o'ercome ;  
When you soft Pleasures from us take ;  
A large amends you seem to make,  
'Cause you place Vertues in their room.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-second Picture.

Ne t'informe point de l'advenir.

Seek not to inform thyself of what is to come.



**P**OUR un Sage que vous venez de voir, vous allez être environné d'un grand nombre de Fous. Le Sage a prévu sa fin, & en a considéré le Moment avec joye. Voicy des insenséx qui se desesperent au seul nom de la Mort ; & qui pour tenter les Moyens de l'éviter, s'abandonnent à toutes les Foiblesses & à toutes les Superstitions, que la Fourberie & l'Erreur ont introduites dans le Monde. Vous voyez au lieu le plus eminent de ce Tableau, un vieux Sacrificateur accompagné de ses Officiers, & orné des marques de sa Prelature. Il consulte serieusement les entrailles d'un Bœuf, & pretend de voir dans le ventre d'une beste, des secrets que les Estoiles même ne nous apprennent que fort confusement. Plus loing, est peinte une de ces Cages sacrées, dans lesquelles les Romains tenoient enfermez les Interpretes domestiques de leur fortune ; & par un aveuglement indigne de leur Vertu, cherchoient dans l'Avidité ou dans le degoust d'un poulet, la Resolution des choses pour lesquelles ils ne se fioient pas à leur propre raison. Plus loing, paroissent des Chaldeens, des Astrologues judiciaires, & d'autres semblables Charlatans ; & pour faire rougir les curieux impertinents de leurs extravagances, le Peintre a ingenieusement placé dans un éloignement deux de ces miserables Affroneurs, qui se meslent de dire la bonne aventure aux Femmes & aux Enfans. Tous ces divers visages ne sont representez que pour detromper les petits esprits, & leur oster l'Envie de sçavoir les choses futures.



**Y**OU have seen one wise Man in the precedent Picture, and now must be content to be entertained with a great number of Fools. He forefaw his End by Reason, and is prepared to meet it with Joy. But these, at the Name only of Death, fall into Despair, and trying all ways, fondly think to avoid it, by giving themselves up to all the Follies and Superstitions that Error and Deceit have introduced into the World. In the most remarkable Place of this Picture, stands a Heathen Priest with his Officers, dressed in his Habit after the manner of the Romans in the times of Paganism, wisely consulting the Entrails of an Ox, and pretending to discover in the Belly of a Beast, those Secrets which the Stars themselves can give us but a very imperfect, if any Knowledge of. Next is one of those consecrated Cages, in which the Romans kept the domestick Interpreters of their Good or Ill-fortune. Thus blinded by Custom and Priestcraft, unworthy their other Vertues, they sought from their Greediness, or Want of Appetite, of a Dunghill-Fowl to solve their Doubts, and neglected to use that Reason which could have much better directed them what to have done. Next appear some counterfeit Egyptians, Students in Astrology, and other such like Deceivers, who first consult the Pocket, then the Hand, and so impose upon weak Women and Children. Miserable Cheats! who are not more contemptible than those that employ them! The Painter here strives to shame such into more Sense, in hopes to undeceive the Vulgar, and to take from all Men the unlawful Desire of knowing things to come.



Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 29. *Prudens futuri temporis exitum  
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus :  
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra  
Fas trepidat.*

God in his Wisdom has thought fit  
In dark Obscurity to hide  
What is to come, and doth deride  
All those who think by human Wit  
His secret Decrees to know,  
And farther than's permitted go :  
Leave all to him that all does move,  
Do you the present Hour improve.

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 11. *Tu ne quaesieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi  
Finem Di dederint, Leuconoe : nec Babylonios  
Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quidquid erit pati ;  
Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam.*

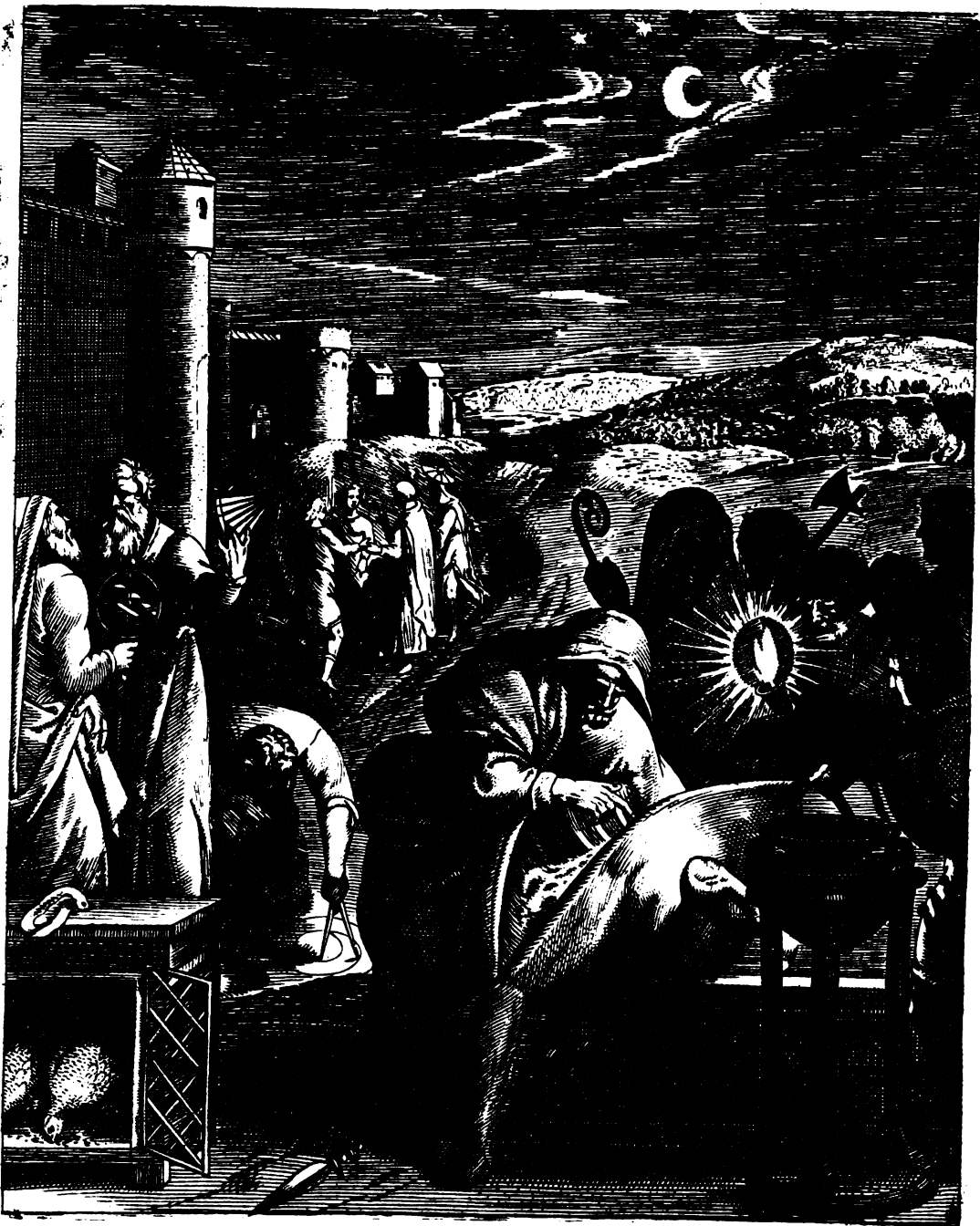
Take care, *Leuconoe*, nor be  
Led by a foolish Curiosity,  
To know the Day and Hour when we  
Shall die ; it is a Search forbidden thee :  
Consult not Men, or Stars, but let us strive  
To make the best of all that shall arrive,  
Whether our Lives to many Years extend,  
Or *Jove* decrees this Winter be their End.

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 9. *Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere : &  
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro  
Appone.*

Seek not to know what will to-morrow be,  
But like as if you were this Day to die ;  
Think Fortune with this Day hath favour'd me,  
This Day I'll live, bid Care and Sorrow fly.

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 11. *Quid aeternis minorem  
Consiliis animum fatigas ?*

Then why do you your Thoughts fondly employ  
On things above your Reach, and Peace destroy.



*Scrutateurs des choses futures,  
Ennemis des secrets divins ;  
Ne consultez plus les Devins,  
Pour apprendre vos aventures.  
L' Art est faux & pernicieux,  
Qui dans les grands chiffres des Cieux,  
Croit decouvrir nos destinées.  
Dieu seul comme Roy des humains,  
Tient le conte de nos années,  
Et le destin du monde est l'Oeuvre de ses mains.*

You who would boldly pry  
Into Futurity,  
Foes to the Deity,  
And Heaven's dread Decrees ;  
To the Diviners do not go,  
Your hapless Destinies to know ;  
The Art is all a cheat, and he  
Who in the Skies does think to see  
What shall befall, is worse than blind :  
'Tis God alone, who o'er Mankind  
Presides ; he only knows the Hour  
When we shall die, and be no more ;  
He made the World, and only he  
Does all that passes in 't decree.

C c c

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Third Picture.

La Mort est inevitable.

Death is unavoidable.



**L'**AVANTURE que le Peintre nous presente en ce Tableau, n'est pas moins étrange, quelle est rare. Elle nous fait voir qu'il y a une notable difference entre un Sage & un Sçavant ; & qu'assez souvent toute la Rhetorique & toute la Pœsie peuvent être renfermées dans la Teste d'un Fou. Elle nous apprend aussi, que malgré les Predictions contraires, l'heure de nôtre Mort dépend d'une Horloge qui ne peut comme les nôtres, être n'y retardées par nôtre crainte, n'y avancée par nos impatiences. Le bon Vieillard tout chauve & tout blanc, que vous voyez dans une profonde Meditation, est ce grand Ornement de la Grece, qui a donné le commencement & les beautés à la Tragedie. On l'avoit menacé qu'il finiroit ses jours par la chute d'une voûte. Pour se moquer de cette Prediction il quitte sa Ville, & choisit pour sa demeure ordinaire, les plus agreeables Solitudes de la Sicile. Mais un jour qu'il estoit attentif à la Production de quelque excellente Piece, un Aigle qui avoit pris une Tortuë sur le Rivage prochain, & qui s'estoit élevé bien haut en l'Air, s'arresta malheureusement au dessus d'un si precieuse teste ; & n'ayant pas des yeux d'Aigle en cette occasion, la prit pour une pointe de rocher, & l'écrasa en voulant écraser la Tortuë.



**T**HE Accident represented in this Picture is no less strange than singular. Our Painter here shows us, that there is a vast difference between a Man that is truly wise, and one who is a great Scholar only, and that very often Rhetoric and Poesy, Languages, and many Sciences, may be lodged in a Head that wants solid Wisdom. He likewise informs us, that notwithstanding Predictions, and all our Caution to prevent Death, the Hour depends upon a Clock that cannot, like others, be put back, or stopped : Our Fears cannot retard, nor our Impatience hasten the Stroke. The venerable old Man, whose Head is almost bald, and Hair white with Age, who seems profoundly meditating, was once the greatest Ornament of Greece, and gave a beginning to, and then improv'd the Beauty of Tragedy. He had been warn'd by a Prediction, That he should be killed by the Fall of an Arch. To prevent which, he quitted his native City, and chose for the Place of his Residence, the most agreeable solitary part of Sicily. In a day, sitting in the open Field, attentively forming some excellent Piece, an Eagle that had taken a Tortoise upon the Brink of an adjacent River, which he had borne to a great height in the Air, unfortunately pitched upon his precious Head ; and not having Eagles Eyes on this Occasion, mistook it for the Point of a Rock, and broke his Skull, by endeavouring to break the Shell of the Tortoise.



Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 13.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas. Navita Bosphorum  
Pamus perhorrescit : neque ultra  
Caca timet aliunde fata.  
Miles Sagittas, & celerem fugam  
Parthi : catenas Parthus, & Italum  
Robur : sed improvisa leti  
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.*

It is impossible for Man to be  
Against Misfortunes arm'd, or all foresee :  
The Carthaginian Merchants only fear  
The Caspian Seas, nor apprehend  
That Fate, whose Ways are hid, can send  
Worse Mischiefs, and surprize them any where.  
The Roman Soldiers fear the Parthians Darts,  
The Swiftnes of their Flight, and subtle Arts ;  
The Parthian dreads the Roman Arms and Chains :  
But Death in every Place is found,  
And can destroy without a Wound,  
Whole Nations kills, and in all Kingdoms reigns.



*Ne crois pas éviter la Mort,  
Que la loi divine t'appreste :  
Car si ton propre toit ne t'écrase la Tête,  
Le toit d'un étranger accomplira le Sort.*

Think not for to avoid that kind of Death,  
That is by all-wise Heaven's Decree thy Lot ;  
If thy own Roof upon thy Head falls not,  
Another shall fall down, and stop thy Breath,

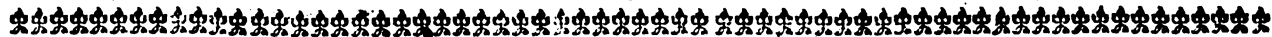
## The Explanation of the Thirty-fourth Picture.

Vivons sans craindre la Mort.

*Live without fearing to die.*

**C**ET insensé que vous ne pouvez regarder sans rire, est d'une espèce différente de ceux que vous venez de voir. Celui-cy ne consulte n'y les Entrailles des Bestes, n'y la Cervele des Devins; il se consulte luy-même, & demande a son miroir, raison de son changement. Il se voit le Visage couvert de rides, & se veut persuader que ces rides procedent de la Malignité de la Glace qui le represente. Il luy soutient qu'il n'est pas encore en l'Age de la Difformité; & que le tems l'auroit trahy si ces rides estoient veritables. Il s'estoit figuré, le pauvre Homme qu'il est, qu'ayant toute sa vie lutté contre ses Passions, refusé à ses sens toutes les choses deffendues; & atache son esprit à la pratique des Vertus, il vieilliroit aussi peu que les Beautés qu'il avoit adorées. Mais voicy la Pieté, qui se justifie des plaintes que cet Homme de bien luy fait. Elle luy declare, qu'elle ne retarde n'y la Vieillesse n'y la Mort. Bien au contraire, qu'elle haste leur venue, afin que plustost elle donne à ceux qui la servent, cette jeunesse perpetuelle qui ne se trouve qu'au dessus des Cieux. Ce faux religieux, n'est pas satisfait d'une si sainte & si raisonnable Excuse. Il murmure contre le Dieu qu'il a si scrupuleusement servy; & tesmoignant son Intention mercenaire, & son Amour propre, semble luy reprocher la Fin de sa vie, comme la plus haute Injustice qui luy pouvoit jamais être faite. Cela nous fait bien connoistre combien l'Homme est intéressé. Combien il est hypocrite; combien il est amoureux de soy-même; & combien peu il l'est de cette eternelle beauté, pour qui seule il doit avoir de l'Amour.

**T**HIS senseless Idiot, whom you cannot look on without smiling, is of a kind quite different from those that we have seen before. He consults neither the Inwards of Brutes, nor Brains of Diviners; but he examines himself, and asks the Reason of his Decay. He sees his Face fill'd with Wrinkles, and would feign believe it the Fault of the Glass that shows them. He fancies to himself, that he is not yet of an Age to be so altered, and that Time has injured him. If this Decay be real, he vainly imagines, that having all his Life lived soberly, and subdued his Passions, deny'd himself all unlawful Pleasures, and apply'd himself to the Practice of Vertue, he should decay as little as the Power he had adored. But here Piety vindicates herself, in answer to this good Man's Complaints, and declares to him, that she does not prevent Age, or Death, but on the contrary, often hastens their coming, to the end, that she may the sooner give to those that serve her, that eternal Youth and Beauty, which none enjoy but in Heaven. This counterfeit holy Man, not satisfy'd with so divine and excellent a Reason, murmurs against that God, whom he has pretended to serve so scrupulously, manifesting his mercenary Intentions by so doing. He was pious only through a fear of dying, and now reproaches the Almighty, that in ending his Life, he does him the highest Injustice, and is cruel and unkind. This shows the Nature of Man, how self-interested, how much a Lover of this Life, and how little fond he is of that eternal Beauty, which alone should take up all his Thoughts, and engross all his Affections.

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 14.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram  
Rugis aut instanti senectæ  
Afferet, indomitaque morti.*

Alas! *Posthumus*, my dear Friend,  
The whirling Year does quickly end,  
And Piety cannot one Moment stay  
Approaching Age and swift Decay,  
Nor from inevitable Death defend.

Seneca  
Epist. 30.

*Mors portus est malorum, perfugium ærumnosæ vitæ.  
Senescentes annos, cum rugis, flores mortis cõgita;  
mortem fructum quietis. Mors requies ærumna-  
rum in luctu atque miseriis est, & cuncta mor-  
talium mala dissolvit. Nullum sine exitu iter est.*

Death is a secure Port to fly to from all Mischan-ces, and the last Refuge of the Miserable. Wrinkles in Age, are the Blossoms of Death, and the Fruits are lasting Repose. Death silences all our Complaints, and puts a Period to all the Sorrows and Misfortunes of Mankind. The longest Journey has an end.





*Tel par un sentiment brutal,  
Croit donnant tout à la Nature ;  
Eviter le chemin fatal,  
Qui nous meine à la Sepulture.  
Tel pense dans la Pieté  
Trouver un lieu de seureté ;  
Contre les trois sœurs homicides.  
Ils se trompent egallement.  
Le trépas devance les rides,  
Ou les suit infailliblement.*

Some, by a senseless Notion led, believe,  
That they can Life prolong, themselves deceive,  
And gratifying every Sense, to try,  
To fence off Death, or subt'ly pass it by.  
Others in Prayer place their Security,  
Hoping the Gods won't let the Pious die.  
Alike deluded, Death will soon o'ertake,  
Of Young and Old he does no difference make.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-fifth Plate.

Le Vieillard ne doit penser qu'à mourir.

*The Aged ought to think of nothing but dying.*

**L**'IDIOT que vous considerez, est le Portrait de la pluspart des Hommes. C'est un vieux coupable, qui depuis l'âge de vingt ans, à fait également commerce de sa Conscience & de son Argent. Il est connu par toutes les Places où l'Usure est soufferte. Il n'y a Banquier qui n'ait de ses billets. Il n'y a Quaiſſe, où il n'ait part. Il n'y a Partizan qui ne soit dans ses papiers. Il n'y a avances à faire, où sous le nom d'un valet, il ne soit intéressé. Par ces illustres moyens, il est parvenu au comble des biens qui le font injustement passer pour Homme d'importance. Mais il est en même tems arrivé à cet âge mal-heureux où il ne peut se servir de ces richesses mal-acquises. Il essaye neantmoins de retarder sa fin par des entreprises de longue durée. Il prend une jeune Femme; & la prend inutilement pour luy. Il tient une bonne table, & ne vit que de lait & d'Anesse. Il fait des Assemblées toutes les Nuits, & la Goutte & la Gravelle le mettent Jour & Nuit à la Gesne. Enfin, il croit tromper la Mort en se trempant soy-même; & n'estant plus qu'un peu de bouë desseichée, que peut être l'Humidité du premier Automne refoudra en son premier neant, il ne laisse pas de commencer des Palais, que trente vies comme la Siemie ne scauroient mettre en leur perfection. Il devroit bien plutost, pour l'Expiation de ses Crimes, faire travailler à son Tombeau; & par la Construction de ce dernier logis, se preparer bien serieusement à y entrer.



**T**HE Man before you truly represents the major part of Mankind. It is an old Sinner, who from the Age of twenty has made an equal Commerce of his Conscience and his Money. He is known in all Places, where Usury is suffered. There is not a Banker that has not some of his Bills, nor scarce a Ship in which he has not a Part; nor Farmer of the Revenues, that is not in his Books; or any Business, that a Man of any figure is concern'd in, in which he is not interested. By these illustrious Ways he is become Master of immense Riches, which makes him pass with the Vulgar for a Man of Worth. He is now arrived at that unhappy time of Life, in which he cannot make the Use he desires of this ill-gotten Store. He nevertheless endeavours to prolong his Life, or at least to perpetuate his Name, by undertaking things that will continue long. He takes a Wife young and handsome, when she is, alas! an useless Treasure to him. He keeps a good Table, and can digest no Food himself, but Ass's Milk. Makes Feasts each Night, and cannot rest one Hour for the Gout and Stone, by which he is kept continually on the Rack. In fine, he thinks to cheat Death; and, in reality, cheats himself. He is worn to nothing but a little wither'd Skin and Bone, which perhaps the cold aguish Vapours of the next Autumn may reduce into their primitive Nothing; yet ceases he not to lay the Foundations of Buildings, which thirty Lives, such as his, cannot finish, and bring to Perfection: when he ought much rather to think of making restitution, to expiate his Crimes, provide his Shroud and Grave, and, while his Tomb is building, consider seriously 'tis his last Lodging, and therefore to prepare himself to enter into it.

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 18.

*Truditur dies die,  
Novaque pergunt interire Luna;  
Tu secunda marmora  
Locus sub ipsum funus, & sepulchri  
Immemor, struis domos.*

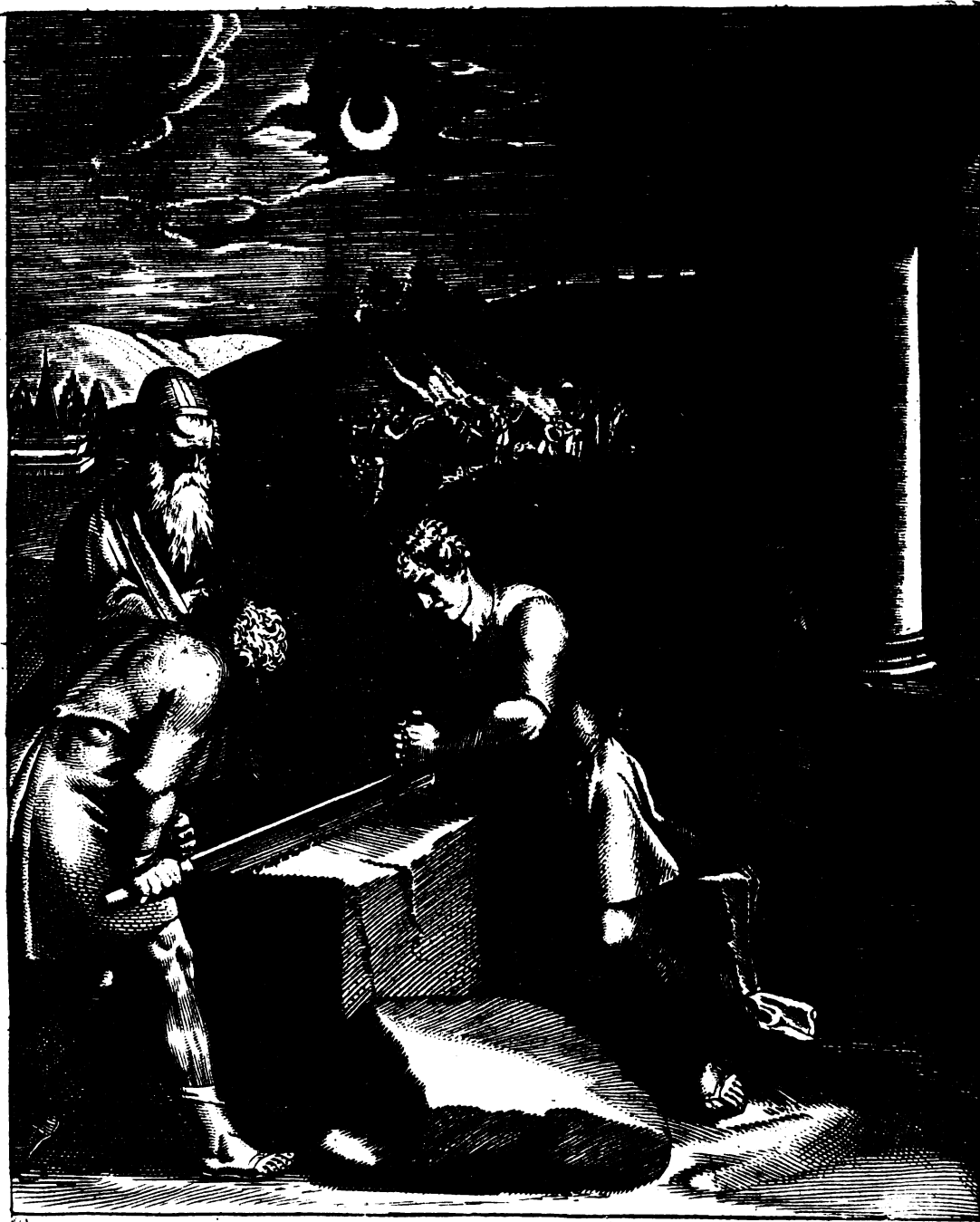
*Quid, quod usque proximos  
Revelis agri terminos? & ultra  
Limites clientium  
Salis avarus?*

Hor.lib.2.  
Epist. 2.

*Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, & heres  
Hæredem alterius velut unda supervenit undam:  
Quid vici prosunt, quidve horrea, quidque Calabris  
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? si metit Orcus  
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.*

Days swiftly drive on Days, and each new Moon  
Still hailes to end the Course she has begun;  
But thou, who hast but one Day more to live,  
For thy new Buildings Marble dost prepare,  
Wholly unmindful of thy Sepulchre;  
For Thee Earth cannot room sufficient give.  
The raging Sea thou would'st restrain,  
And make the watry Shore a Plain;  
Upon thy Neighbours bordering Lands dost prey,  
Driving thy ruin'd Clients thence away.

Since the perpetual Use of Things to none  
Is by the Gods allow'd, but all moves on;  
Heirs push on Heirs, like rolling Waves,  
Why do we covet Lands and Slaves?  
Why the Calabrian Fields delight  
With the Lucanian to unite?  
What do large Fortunes signify,  
Since we are all but born to die?  
Pluto can't be by Gold prevail'd upon,  
But mows down all, not pitying one.



*Que te sert vieil ambitieux,  
De voler toutes nos Provinces ;  
Pour elever en mille lieux  
Des Palais dignes de nos Princes ?  
Ignorest-tu que les destins,  
Après quelques facheux matins,  
Vont borner le cours de ta vie ?  
Desja tes plus beaux jours ont estéint leur flambeau.  
Pense donc à la Mort. Ton âge t'y convie ;  
Et si tu veux bastir, va bastir un Tombeau.*

Ambitious Dotard, why dost thou  
Each Province rob, vainly to raise  
Such Palaces in every Place,  
As Princes would become, not you ?  
Dost thou not know alas ! that Fate  
Has to thy Life prefix'd a Date ?  
Thy pleasant Youth and Manhood's past,  
And few Days more will bring thy last ;  
Thy Age reminds thee, and thy Glass is spent ;  
If thou wilt build, erect thy Monument.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-sixth Picture.

Il n'y a point de Prevoyance contre la Mort.

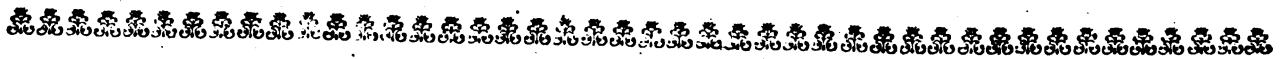
*There is no Precaution can be used to prevent Death.*



**I**CI des Hommes qui veritablement pensent à la Mort. Mais cela n'empesche pas, que ce ne soient des fous d'une espece differente des precedents. Comme ce babilleur du dernier Tableau, ils croyent que la Mort est assez complaisante pour ne les pas fâcher, ou assez discrete pour ne pas venir où elle n'est pas appelée. L'un n'ose penser à la guerre, pour ce qu'il croit que c'est là principalement, où la Mort ne considere n'y le merite, n'y l'age. L'autre se persuade, que celui-là est bien insensé, qui se hazarde sur la mer, qui se fie à la plus infidelle de toutes les choses; & qui vit en lieu où il n'est separé de la Mort que par l'epaisseur d'une ais. Le troisieme, qui cent fois a vûy dire que le vent de l'Automne, & l'Inconstance de cette Saison, sont autant de Ministres dont la Mort se sert pour depopler le Monde, se tient clos & couvert dans sa chambre. Il y entretient par artifice, ce qu'il y a de plus sain dans la Saison la plus reglée; & se retranche contre la Mort par tout les Aphorismes de la Medecine. Mais ces robbes fourrées, ces callottes à longues oreilles, & toute sa Philosophie Galenique, ne retarderont pas d'un jour la prise de cette place, qu'il croit si bien defendre. La Mort trouve passage au travers de ses doubles chassis, de ses paravents, & de ses fausses portes; & le tuë aussi bien que ceux qui sont tous les jours exposez aux perils, de la Mer, ou de la Guerre.



**H**ERE are Men that really think of Death; yet that does not hinder them from being Fools, like the Builder in the last Picture. They believe Death is to be kept off, and is not so ill-bred as to come uncalled for. The one will not think of going into the Field, because there he imagines Death is most busy, and respects neither Merit or Age. Another is persuaded, that he is void of Sense, who trusts himself on the Seas, the most faithless of all Elements, who lives in a Place where he is secured from Death by nothing but a slender Plank. A third, who has been often told, That the Winds in Autumn, and the inconstant unfettled Weather of that Season, are so many Ministers Death makes use of, to depopulate the World, keeps himself close wrapped up in his Chamber, uses nothing but what is certainly known to be most wholesome, lives by Rule, and fortifies himself against Death by all the Medicines Art can furnish, to prevent Infection. But all his furr'd Gowns, and Power of Physick, retard not one Day the storming of that Place, he thought to be so well provided. Death finds a Passage through his double Case, his Skreens and Doors, and kills him as easily as those who are exposed to the Perils of the Seas, or Dangers of the War.



Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 14.

*Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,  
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adria,  
Frustra per autumnos nocentem  
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.*

'Tis but in vain that we the Wars do shun,  
And fear to follow Mars, or Dangers run,  
Refuse the Adriatick Seas to fail,  
Which with a horrid Noise does foaming beat  
Against the Rocks; in vain the Mid-day Heat  
Of Autumn dread, and to cold Shades retreat,  
When sickly South Winds blow, and Plagues prevail.

Hor.lib.2.  
Sat. 6.

*Neque ulla est  
Aut magno aut parvo lethi fuga.*

There is no Person, small or great,  
But what must die, and yield to Fate.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 2.

*Mors & fugacem persequitur virum,  
Nec parcat imbellis juventa  
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*

Death, him that basely flies, enrag'd, pursues,  
And to the Coward Quarter does refuse,  
And surely does o'ertake  
The Youth that turns his back.

Seneca  
in Epist.

*Incertum est, quo te loco mors expectat; itaque tu  
illam omni loco expecta.*

It is uncertain where, and when we shall die; let us therefore expect Death at all times and in all places.



*Ne sante jamais la Fortune,  
Vy bien loin des Perils de Mars & de Neptune :  
Fuy le serain des nuits ; & les chaleurs du jour.  
Tout ce soin t'est fort inutile.  
Paris, qui fut un lâche, & ne fit que l'Amour ;  
Est mort aussi jeune qu' Achille.*

Tempt not thy Fortune on the Seas ; and far  
From noisy Camps and dreadful War retreat ;  
Avoid the Mid-night Air and Noon-day's Heat,  
In vain, alas ! my Friend, is all your Care.  
*Paris*, who love pursu'd, and *Mars* did fly,  
Young as the brave *Achilles* chanc'd to die.

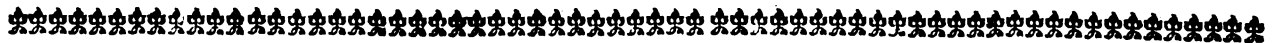
E e e

## The Explanation of the Thirty-seventh Picture.

La Mort nous despoille de toutes choses. • *Death deprives us of all earthly things.*

**L**A Mort commence à combattre ; & par conséquent à vaincre. Nous sommes arrivés à l'accomplissement des Prophetes : l'heure fatale est sonnée. Il faut partir, & aller au lieu, où une Justice incorruptible rend à chacun selon ses oeuvres. Le galand Homme que vous voyez dans ce Tableau, n'avoit jamais medité cette matiere. Aussi n'a-t-il dans l'ame que la Terreur de sa fin ; & devant les yeux, que l'Object des pertes qu'il va faire. Il a de belles maisons, une belle Femme, & de beaux Enfants, & voudroit bien jouir plusieurs siecles, des douceurs qu'il trouve en leur possession. Cependant, lors qu'il y pense le moins, il se voit contraint d'abandonner tant de différentes richesses. Il faut qu'il quitte ses maisons enchantées, où la Pompe des meubles dispute avec les delices des promenoirs. Il regarde avec desespoir, ces longues allées d'Hypreaux, & ces couverts de Cypres & de Phileries, sous lesquels il se promettoit de trouver d'agrees Hyvers au milieu des Estes les plus brûlants ; de confondre l'Obscurité des nuits avec la Lumiere des Jours, & dans la Rigueur de l'Hyver trouver la Verdure des plus beaux Printemps. C'est bien vainement qu'il remeigne le Regret qu'il a de les abandonner. Il a reçu le Commandement de les laisser à ses Successeurs. Il est obligé de l'executer, & de s'arracher d'entre les bras d'une Femme qui n'est possible pas trop fâchée de passer en ceux d'un plus jeune que luy. Les l'Armes qu'elles repand, vous font infailliblement accuser de Calomnie, la Liberté de mes soupçons. Mais ne soyez pas si fort indulgent aux artifices d'un sexe naturellement trompeur. Apres ce que nous avons vu de la Matrone d'Ephese, il ne nous est plus permis de croire aux pleurs, aux gemissemens, n'y aux caresses même des Femmes.

**D**EATH is set forward to the Field of Bat-tel, and is sure to go off Conqueror. We are now arrived at the Accomplishment of what has been so long foretold ; the fatal Hour is come, the Clock strikes, and we must part, and go to the destin'd Place, where an incorruptible Judge will render to every Man according to his Works. The gay pleasant Man you see in this Picture, never thought of this Change : his Soul is filled with Fear, and nothing appears so dreadful to his sight, as the Prospect of what he is going to part with. He has fine Houses, a beautiful Wife, and lovely Children, and would fain enjoy many Years the Pleasures that he finds in possessing them. Yet now, when he thinks least of it, he is constrain'd to abandon all these Treasures. He must leave his enchanting Seats, where the Magnificence of the Furniture can only be equal'd by the Beauty of the Buildings and Gardens. He looks with despair on the long Rows of Pines, the Cypres Groves, and close Walks, where he promised himself a cool Shade, amidst the burning Heats of Summer, where he might, in some degree, shut out the Light of Day, and taste the Pleasures of an artificial Night ; and preserve in the Rigours of the coldest Winter, Trees whose Verdure might rival the Spring. But 'tis in vain he now reflects, and then laments. He is commanded to depart, and leave all to his Heirs, since he must be torn from the Arms of a beloved Wife, who perhaps is so little concern'd to part with him, that she will gladly receive a younger into his Bed. The Tears she sheds will doubtless make you condemn my Suspitions, and think they are pure Calumnies. But, after what we have heard of the Ephesian Matron, we can no more credit the Tears, the Sighs, or indeed the Caresses of a Woman.



Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 14.

*Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens  
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum,  
Te prater invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.  
Absumet haeres Cacuba dignior,  
Servata centum claudibus: & mero  
Tinget pavimentum superbo,  
Pontificum potiore cœnis.*

You must at last your native Country quit,  
And from your House and Wife remove,  
The darling Object of your Love ;  
The hated Cypres only will be fit,  
Of all the Trees thy Hand did plant, to go  
With thee, its short-live'd Lord, thy Grave to show.  
Thy lavish Heir, more free than you to show  
His generous Mind, the Wines so rare  
That you lock up with so much Care,  
Shall most profusely spend ; the Chambers flow  
With costly Wines, such as deserve at least,  
Ne'er to be drank, but at a Bishop's Feast.

Ovid. 3.  
Amor. el.  
8.

*Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat,  
Omnibus obscuras injicit illa manus.*

Things the most sacred, Death don't spare,  
All that falls in his hands, alike does fare.

Senec.  
Epist. 16.

*Sapiens ad omnem incursum munitus est, non si pau-  
pertas, non si luctus, non si ignominia, non si mors  
impetum faciat, pedem referet. Interritus contra  
illa ibit & inter illa.*

A wife Man is arm'd for all Attacks ; should Po-  
verty, Disgrace, or extreme Grief, nay, even  
Death itself assail him, he would not start ; but,  
void of Fear, not only oppose, but pass through  
them all.



*Aimable solitude où j'ay l'ame ravie,  
 Et gousté le bon-heur que les Cieux m'ont promis.  
 Livres qui nourrissez les plaisirs de ma vie ;  
 Et vous rare beauté que j'ay toujours servie,  
 Malgré deux puissants ennemis.  
 Un jour viendra que la Mort blesme,  
 M'arrachant moy-même a moy-même,  
 M'arrachera du cœur vos objets amoureux.  
 Je passeray dans l'ombre éternellement noire ;  
 Et perdant la memoire,  
 Je perdray malgré moy, l'amour que j'ay pour eux.*

Sweet Solitude, which to my ravish'd Mind  
 A Taste of Heaven gives, and Joys refin'd ;  
 Books, blest Companions of my leisure Hours,  
 And you, sweet Beauty, whom the mighty Powers  
 Have granted me, in whom I'm highly blest'd ;  
 Though I'm of you, and all I wish, possess :  
 Yet there shall come a sad and fatal Day,  
 When from your Arms I shall be torn away ;  
 When Death your lovely Image shall deface,  
 And drag me weeping to that dreadful Place,  
 Where gloomy Night, and endless Darkness reign,  
 There Love no more shall give me pleasing Pain,  
 Nor shall I ever think of you again.

## The Explanation of the Thirty-Eighth Picture.

La Mort nous egale tous.

Death makes all Men Equals.



**P**EUT être que celui que la Mort vient d'arracher d'entre les bras de sa Femme, auroit esté mieux traité, s'il eût pu produire contre ses Violences, les vieux Titres de sa Noblesse, ou les Marques de sa Dignité. Nullement; par tout où paroît la Mort, elle est également audacieuse, également puissante, également absolue. Si elle est insolamment la vie aux misérables. Si elle a de l'orgueil contres les Humbles, & de la Force contre les Foibles, elle attaque avec les mêmes Armes, les heureux, les superbes, les forts. La voicy, qui d'un coup de pied enforce la Porte d'une haute Tour, dans laquelle un Roy s'estoit renfermé pour éviter ses atteintes. Mais cette impitoyable contemptrice des Couronnes, commande outrageusement à ce Prince de descendre; & pour ce qu'il n'a pas assez tost obey, elle le Precipite du haut de la Tour en bas, afin que par cette cheute, elle l'egale au pauvre Savetier, qui tenoit sa boutique au pied de ses murailles. Je voy sur vos visages, des signes de vôtre étonnement; & me persuade que vous voudriez bien ne pas continuer vôtre promenade. Mais il vous faut de bonne heure accoustumer à une chose, que tôt ou tard vous estes obligez de souffrir. Ceux qui nourrissent les Lions, & qui vivent avec eux, les apprivoisent par leur communication. Il en sera de même de la Mort. Si nous nous pouvons familiariser avec elle; & par l'accoustumance, nous desfaire de l'horreur que sa déformité nous donne, nous nous la rendrons si agreable qu'elle nous fera concevoir un juste mepris de la vie.



**P**ERHAPS he whom Death just now snatched from the Arms of his Wife, had been better treated; could he have produced a long Roll of the Nobility of his Ancestors, with great Titles, and prov'd himself a Person of Quality by Descent. No, not in the least; for wherever Death sets his Foot, he is alike audacious, powerful, and resolute. He insolently takes away the Lives of the Miserable, insults the Humble, uses Force against the Feeble, and with the same Arms attacks the Happy, the Haughty, and the Strong. Behold how he here, with one Foot, breaks open the Door of a strong Tower, into which a Monarch is fled, to avoid him. This inexorable Contemner of Dignities, enraged, commands this Prince to come down to him, which he not doing so quick as he expected, he immediately throws him down from the top of the Tower, and lays him level in the Dust, with the poor Shoemaker, whom he had before just slain, and left prostrate in his Shop, at the foot of the Tower-Wall. Methinks I see in your Faces Signs of Astonishment, and your Looks persuade me, that you would willingly go no farther in this melancholy Walk. But, my dear Companions, it is absolutely necessary for us to become well acquainted with, and early accustom ourselves to see a thing that we must e'er long suffer. Those that feed Lions, and live in the sight of them, make them tame to them, by their frequently seeing and handling them. We may do the same by Death; Custom will lessen the Aversion we have to the Sight of him, and render his terrible Looks agreeable to our Eyes; nay, we shall in fine grow so sensible of the Excellency of that Change that he will make in us, that we shall court the Hour, embrace him with Joy, and despise Life.



Hor.lib.1. *Pallida mors aequo pulsata pede pauperum tabernae*  
Ode 4. *Regumque turres.*

With equal Foot impartial Death does dare  
To knock at every Gate, nor will he spare  
The wretched Cottage, or the Palace rare.

Hor.lib.2. ——— *aqua tellus*  
Ode 18. *Pauperi recluditur*  
*Regumque pueris: nec satelles Ocri*  
*Calidum Promethea*  
*Reverxit auro captus. Hic superbum*  
*Tantalum atque Tantalii*  
*Genus coerces: hic levare functum*  
*Pauperem laboribus,*  
*Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.*

The Earth does equally afford to all  
The Dead a Place of Rest; both Great and Small  
Her gentle Bosom opens to receive,  
Nor to a Prince's Bones respect does give;  
Charon ne'er could be bribed with shining Ore,  
To set Prometheus on the living Shore,  
Proud Tantalus, and all his mighty Race,  
Tho Kings, he there confines in that sad Place;  
Whether we wish for him or no, he's near,  
And ready to assist the Poor; does hear  
Their Cries, and gladly comes to set them free  
From Want, and waft them to Felicity.





*Tuy de qui la teste se couvre,  
De ce brillant Metal qui fait suivre les Rois ;  
Ne croy pas que la Mort t'exempte de ses loix.  
Elle frappe aussi fort à la porte du Louvre,  
Qu'à celle du moindre Bourgeois.*

Monarch, whose sacred Head does shine  
With the bright Metal we adore,  
Which Kings are serv'd and courted for;  
Think not thy Wealth, or Race divine,  
Exempts thee from the common Fate ;  
Death knocks as boldly at the Palace Gate,  
As at the humble Cottage of the Poor.

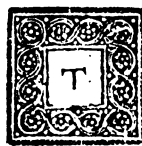
F f f

## The Explanation of the Thirty-ninth Picture.

Rien de si certain que la Mort.

*Nothing is so certain as Death.*

LES Stoïques, qui se plaisent à considérer la Mort sous toutes sortes de visages, afin que de quelque façon qu'elle se présente à eux, ils puissent la voir sans étonnement, ont obligé notre Peintre, de nous la montrer sous la figure effroyable que vous voyez. Elle est occupée à distribuer les billets, qui servent de passeport aux âmes qui sont détachées de leurs corps, pour entrer dans les lieux que la Providence divine leur a destinés. Chaque âme reçoit son passe-port; & se faisant un passage au travers des épaisses ténèbres, qui l'environne, gagne ce pénible & déplorable chemin, où l'aveugle marche aussi droit que les plus clairs-voyants. Mais à dire la Vérité, ces Imaginations mélancholiques & ces spectacles hideux, dont les Peintres essayent d'effrayer nos âmes, & leur faire concevoir de l'horreur pour la Mort, ne sont capables de surprendre que des Enfants & des Femmes. Un Homme Sage se vit de ses masques & de ces habits de balet, dont la Peinture couvre la Mort, & lui donnant en sa pensée, la véritable figure qu'elle doit avoir, la considère de la même sorte qu'il regarde son origine. Il voit qu'il a commencé; il connaît qu'il doit finir. Il sait même, qu'il commença de mourir à l'instant même qu'il commença de vivre. Vous avez les mêmes sentimens, pour ce que vous avez le même esprit. Achevez donc de voir avec plaisir les autres portraits de la Mort; & par eux de vous disposer à souffrir l'Original.



THE Stoicks, who much delighted in the Contemplation of Death, in all its Shapes, with design to prevent their being surpriz'd at any Shape he should appear in, to arm us after the same manner, obliged our Painter to set him before us in the ghastly Form you see: He seems busy in distributing Tickets, which are a-kind of Passports to the Souls of those that are disengaged from their Bodies, to get them an entrance into that Place of Rest which the divine Wisdom has destin'd for them: Each Soul takes one, and making its way through the thick Darkness that fills all the Place, gets into that painful Road, where the Blind and the Clear-sighted know no difference, and People of all Ranks pass undistinguish'd, crowding on to cross the fatal River, whilst Charon stands ready to receive them in his Boat. These melancholy Fancies and dismal Representations of Death, our Painter shows, to fortify our Minds against the Fear of it. Women or Children may start, but the wise Man will smile, to see Death thus dressed out in Masquerade, by the Painter's witty Imagination. He views it with other Eyes than the Vulgar; he finds it in his own Likeness and Person, knows that he had a beginning, and must have an end; nay, that he but began to die, when he began to live; and looks on this Skeleton

and Ghosts without Amazement or Horror. You cannot but agree, that his Sentiments are right. Let us then proceed to see with pleasure the remaining Pictures on this Subject, and, by contemplating them, learn to submit to the Original itself.

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 3.

*Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,  
Nil interest, an pauper, & infima  
De gente sub dio moreris,  
Victima nil miserantis Orci.  
Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium  
Versatur urna: servus ocyus  
Sors exitura, & nos in aeternum  
Exilium impositura cymba.*

For whether sprung from Royal Blood, Creech.  
Or from the meanest of the Crowd,  
'Tis all a Case, for nought can save;  
The Hand of Fate does strike at all,  
And thou art surely doom'd to fall  
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.  
Our Lots are cast, Fate shakes the Urn,  
And each Man's Lot must take his turn;  
Some soon leap out, and some more late:  
But still 'tis sure each Mortal's Lot  
Will doom his Soul to Charon's Boat,  
To bear the eternal Banishment of Fate.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 1.

*Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet  
Arbusta sulcis; hic generosior  
Descendat in campum petitor:  
Moribus hic, meliorque fama  
Contendat: illi turba clientium  
Sit major. Æqua lege necessitas  
Sortitur insignes & imos,  
Omne capax movet urna nomen.*

One Man does larger Fields possess,  
One stands more fair for Offices,  
The drudging Darling of the Crowd;  
Whilst one his Manners, or his Friends,  
Or his obsequious Train commands,  
And one in Fame is greater, or in Blood;  
Yet equal Death does strike at all,  
The Haughty Great, and Humble Small,  
She strikes with an impartial Hand,  
She shakes the vast capacious Urn,  
And each Man's Lot must take its turn,  
Through every Glass she presses equal Sand.



*Toutes les fois qu'il plaist au sort,  
De nos jours incertains la Course est achevée.  
Qu' est devenu Louis ? Il est aussi bien mort,  
Que Pharamond & Merouée.*

Whene'er Fate please, we Mortals die,  
What of Great *Lewis* is become ?  
He's dead, and in the silent Tomb  
As well as *Pharamond* does lie.

## The Explanation of the Fortieth Plate.

Le Chemin de la Mort est commun a tous. *The Road to Death is common to all Men.*



**N**OSTRE sçavant Dessignateur semble vouloir épuiser toute son Art, & toute son Imagination sur la matiere de la Mort, tant il se plaist à la représenter sous diverses Postures. Son Poëte luy a donné la Pensée de ce Passage fatal, qui fait peur aux plus grans courages, & où les Rois étant obligez de perdre les droits de leur souveraineté, descendent jusqu'à à la Condition du moindre de leurs Sujets. Celuy que vous voyez entrer dans Barque de Caron, & payer tristement les arrerages de sa mortalité; est suivy d'un nombre infiny d'autres mortels, Riches & Pauvres, Vieux & Jeunes, Doctes & Ignorants, qui par divers chemins se sont rendus à ce rivage tenebreux, où toutes les Conditions deviennent égales, & toutes les Connoissances pareilles. Irus, y paroist aussi pompeux & aussi riche, que le Fameux Roy de Lydie. Alexandre & Darius, y sont également victorieux, & n'ayant plus de terres & de mers à partager, se rient reciproquement de leurs Conquestes & de leurs Pertes. Ferdinand & Gustave s'y promeinent en paix, & s'estant despoüilles des sentiments qui les ont fait perir dans leurs querelles, ils voudroient bien repasser du costé de la vie, ou du moins pouvoir apprendre à leurs Successeurs, que de toutes les Folies, il n'y en a pas une si estrange, que de courir au travers des Fers & des Feux, à la Possession d'une chose qu'on est contraint d'abandonner, avant même que de l'avoir possédée.



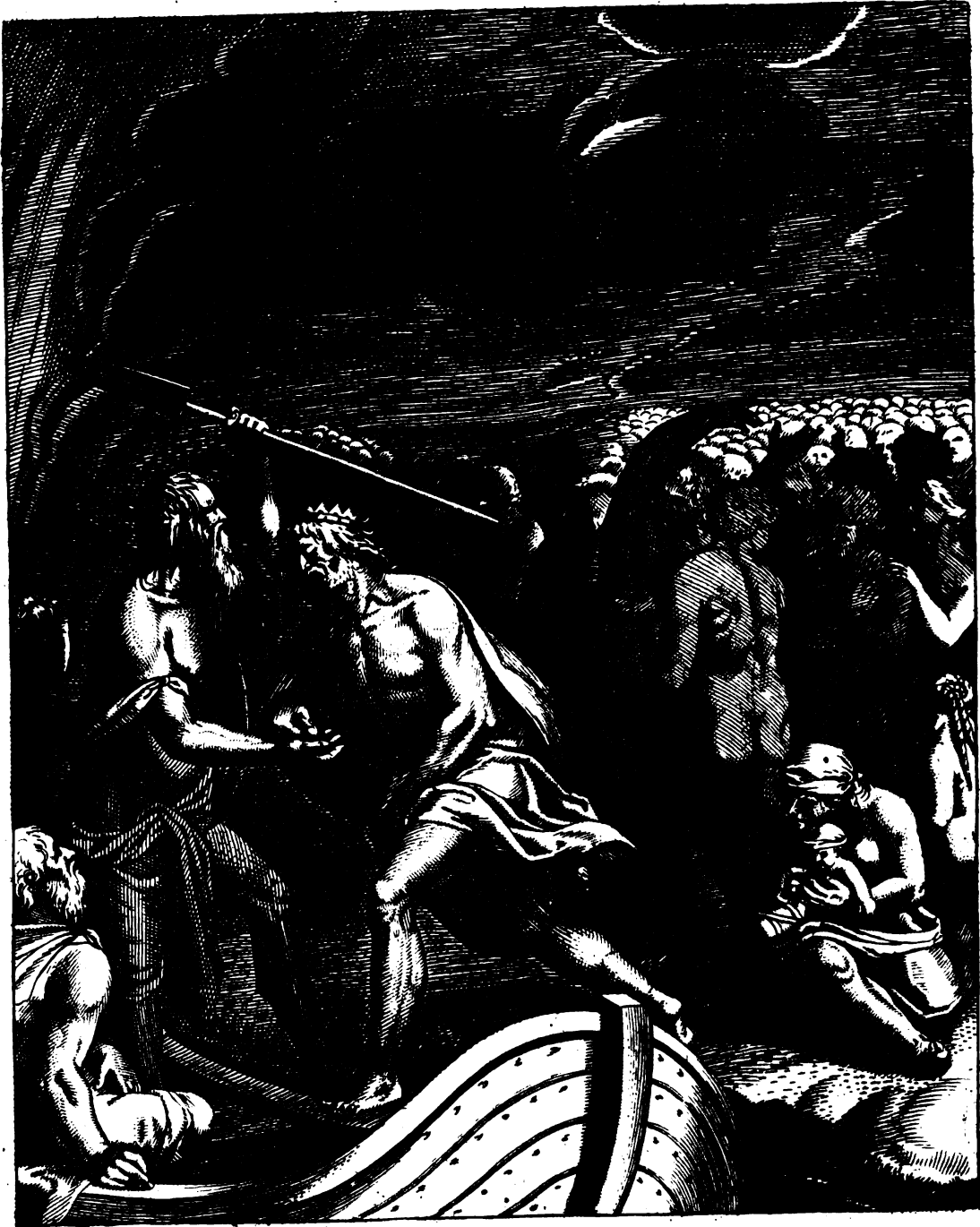
**O**UR learned Painter seems as if he would even exert all his Art and Imagination upon this one Subject of Death; nay, so pleased he is, that he invents more Forms to show it in. His poetick Fancy has furnish'd him with this Idea of that dreadful Passage to Immortality, that causes Fear in the bravest Heart, where Kings are bereft of Power, and made equal in Condition with the least of their Subjects. For a witness of this, observe him that you see entering into Charon's Boat, sadly paying his Fare to the dark Shades, attended with an innumerable Crowd of other Mortals, Rich and Poor, Old and Young, Learned and Ignorant, of all Ages and Conditions, who, by divers Paths, are arrived at this gloomy Lake, where all Conditions become alike, and Learning avails not. Here Irus appears as glorious as the famed King of Lydia. Alexander and Darius are equally Victors, and having no more Lands nor Crowns to fight for, laugh together at their own Folly, and no longer glory in their Conquests, or bewail their Losses. The Great Ferdinand and Gustavus walk together in peace, freed from those Passions that caused them both to perish in a fatal Quarrel. They wish to return to life again, to inform their Successors, that, of all Follies, there is no one greater or more unaccountable, than for Men to strive with Fire and Sword, to possess those things which they are certain they cannot always keep; nay, which perhaps they may be forced by Death to abandon, even before they have time once to say, they possessed them.

Hor.lib.2.  
Ode 14.  
*Charontis unda scilicet omnibus  
Quicunque terra munere vescimur,  
Enaviganda, sive Reges,  
Sive inopes erimus coloni.*

Ovid.  
*Fata manent omnes, omnes expectat avarus  
Portitor, & turbæ vix satis una ratis.  
Tendimus huc omnes, metam properamus ad unam:  
Omnia sub leges mors vocat atra suas.*

Environ'd with the fatal Stream, which we  
Must all pass o'er, the dreadful Lake,  
Where Fate does no Distinction make:  
To these dark Realms all Mortals destin'd be,  
The Rich, the Poor, the Kings and Slaves shall there  
Be us'd alike, Death does no Mortal spare.

Remorseless Death grants no delay,  
The greedy Boat attends,  
To ferry crowding Souls away,  
All subject to Death's fatal Sway,  
We hasten to our Ends.



*Naiſſons ou Bergers ou Monarques,  
Quand le ſort à marqué nôtre dernier moment,  
Nous tombons indifferemment,  
Sous la main ſanglante des Parques.  
Nous deſcendons aux triftes bords  
Où commande un nocher Avare ;  
Et payons le tribut barbare,  
Que Pluton exige des morts.*

G g g

For whether born of Swains, or Kingly Race;  
Yet, when our Death's decreed, 'tis all a Caſe ;  
And we, alas ! ſhall, undiſtinguiſh'd, fall  
Before that bloody Hand, that conquers all :  
Down to the diſmal River we muſt come,  
Where furly *Charon* does our Souls command,  
'Taking the Tribute from each trembling Hand ;  
Which *Pluto* claims from all that fill the Tomb.

## The Explanation of the Forty-first Picture.

La Mort est inexorable.

Death is inexorable.



*J*E commence à me laisser moy-même de ce grand nombre de tableaux, qui ne représentent qu'une même chose. Notre Peintre toutefois ne les a pas faits sans raison; & je me persuade, que sachant l'Horreur que nous avons du souvenir de la Mort, il a crû qu'il ne pouvoit trop de fois, nous renouveler cette importante vérité, qu'il n'y a personne exempt de la Nécessité de mourir. Voyez vous cet Homme étendu mort sur son lit, qui ne demande que le cercueil, si la Piété, l'Eloquence & la Noblesse pouvoient délivrer quelqu'un de la Tyrannie de la Mort, il seroit encore dans cette grandeur éclatante, avec laquelle il vouloit ébloüier les yeux de tout le Monde. Mais soyons Eloquents ou Barbares; soyons Empereurs ou Bergers; soyons Jeunes ou Viex, il faut que nous rendions à la Nature ce qu'elle nous a presté. Il faut retourner d'où nous sommes venus. Il faut abandonner les biens, dont nous avons esté d'une façon ou d'autre, mauvais depositaires. Il faut se dépouiller de la pourpre, descendere de dessus les Fleurs de Lis, devenir Solliciteurs timides, apres avoir esté Juges souverains, & peut-être Juges corrompus; & pour comble de douleur, remplir les Tombeaux qui nous attendent. S'il se rencontre quelque difference en nos aventures, elle consiste toute en quelque peu de marbre & de brouze, que la Vanité de nos Successeurs font mettre en oeuvre, pour publier plus pompeusement l'Infirmité de la Condition des Hommes.



*I*BEGIN to be almost tired myself, with seeing so many Pictures treating on one Subject. Our Painter is not used to do things, without giving Reasons for so doing: knowing the Horror we are apt to conceive at the thoughts of Death, he has doubtless concluded, That he could not too often repeat to us this important Truth, That all Men must die. See here, dead, and extended on his Bed, unable to use any thing but a Coffin and Shroud, a Man, who, if Eloquence, or a noble Birth could deliver any one from the Tyranny of Death, had been still alive; and shone in that illustrious Sphere of Glory in which Fate had placed him; and still fill'd that Throne, where he once sat the Wonder and Terror of Nations. But alas! it matters not whether we are Eloquent or Illiterate, Kings or Shepherds, Beautiful or Deformed, we must all pay the Debt of Nature, and return to Dust. We must abandon all we possessed, and give an account of our Stewardship. We must be stripped of our Purple and Gold; from the shining Throne and Canopy of State, we must descend into the gloomy Vaults, and mix with common Dust. From Sovereigns, we shall become Suppliants to Death to spare us, we shall carry nothing with us but our Works, and leave the Joys of Life for a cold Tomb, that waits our coming. Nor can we be distinguished from the Crowd, but by some Brass or Marble Monument, which the Love, or Vanity of our Successors shall erect, to publish to the World, that Man is mortal, and must die.

Hor.lib.4.  
Ode 7.

*Cum semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos  
Fecerit arbitria;  
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
Restituet pietas.  
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico  
Quæ dederis animo.  
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum  
Liberat Hyppolitum.*

When once relentless Fate does end  
Your Life, *Torquatus*, my dear Friend,  
And *Minos* has your Sentence read,  
Not all your Eloquence, or Piety,  
Nor noble Birth shall set you free  
From Death, and raise you from the Dead.  
Have we not seen even *Diana* strive  
Her chaste *Hyppolitus* for to revive?  
But all in vain.

Catull. in  
Epigr.

*Soles occidere & redire possunt:  
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetuò una dormienda.*

Suns that set may rise again;  
But when once we lose this Light,  
'T will be with us eternal Night.

Virg. 10  
Eneid.

*Define fata Deùm flecti sperare precando.  
Stat sua cuique dies; breve & irreparabile tempus  
Omnibus est vita.*

In vain the cruel Gods you pray,  
Your End's decreed, Time flies away,  
Life's short, and we on Earth can't stay.



*Ce fameux Orateur dont le puissant discours  
Usurpa sans effort l'Empire de la Grece ;  
Manqua d'Eloquence & d'Adresse,  
Quand la Mort vint trancher le Filet de ses jours.  
Cent Rois pleins de cour & de gloire,  
Ont perdu la Clarté des Cieux ;  
Et le devout Louis qui fut si cher aux Dieux,  
Ne vit plus qu'en nôtre memoire.*

This famous Orator, whose artful Tongue  
The Grecian Empire gain'd, could not prolong  
His Life one Day ; he's dead, and now no more  
Can use his Eloquence, or Life restore.  
A hundred Kings, worthy eternal Fame,  
Are dead, the pious *Lewis* is the same ;  
He, who was Heaven's Darling, even he  
No longer lives, but in our Memory.

## The Explanation of the Forty-Second Plate.

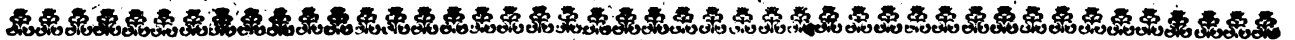
L'Homme n'est rien qu'une peu de Boue.

*Man is nothing but a little Dust.*

*I l'Obscurité de cette voûte effroyable vous permet de remarquer ce qui y est caché, vous n'y verrez que les vaisseaux funestes, où sont conservés les restes inutiles des Flames & du Têms. Lisez les titres pompeux qui sont gravez en bronze, au dessus de ces Urnes d'Agate, de Lapis, ou de Cristal ; ils vous apprendront, que les plus grans Monarques de siècles passez ne sont plus qu'un peu de terre. Ils ont esté Conquerans ; ils ont esté Maistres des Nations ; ils ont esté adorez des Hommes. Cela veut dire, qu'ils ne sont plus n'y conquerans, n'y creints, n'y aymez. Voicy dans se petit vaisseau de verre, les Cendres de la plus parfaite beauté de son siecle. Considerez bien en ce raccourcy, toutes les Graces, toutes les Charmes, toutes les Merveilles pour qui vous souspirez ; & vous serez vainqueurs de vos vainqueurs. Vous aurez honte de vôtre servitude ; vous romprez les Chaisnes qui vous arretent ; puisque vous sçavez bien que les Beutez, dont vous estes idolatres, ne seront pas exemptes du destin de leurs semblables. Mais je voy bien que ce sejour vous déplaît ; & que vous n'estes pas resolu de demeurer long-têms avec les Phantômes & les Spectres qui l'habitent. Ce doit être toutefois le lieu de vos Meditations & de vos Retraites. Ce doit être l'école, où vous devez apprendre ce qu'il y a de plus important en ce monde. Enfin, ce doit être le Temple, où l'Auteur de vôtre vie, veut que tous les Jours vous luy en sacrifiez quelques momens.*



*F the dreadful Obscurity of this Vault will permit you to see what it contains, you will perceive only some few fatal Urns, in which are still preserv'd the useles Remains (all that the Flames and Time have yet spared) of illustrious Men. Read the pompous Titles which are engraven on those costly Vessels of Agate, Stone, and Chrystal, and they will inform you, that the greatest Monarchs of past Ages were but common Earth, like us. Those who were Conquerors and Masters of the World, and oft adored as Gods by Men, confes by these their worthless Ashes, that they now are conquered, and no longer fear'd or lov'd. Behold in that small Chrystal Urn, the Ashes of one of the most perfect Beauties of her time! Consider in this, as in a Mirrour, what those Charmes, that Beauty, and all those wondrous things are, for which you sigh and languish, and which you so much admire, and then you'll be no longer Slaves to a Passion so unreasonable ; nay, you will even blush at your own Weakness, break those Chains that hold you, and be convinced, that the Beauty which you thus adore, is not exempt from Death and Decay. But this melancholy Place, I fear, is not agreeable to you ; you are not yet resolv'd to continue long with Ghosts, and Specters that inhabit here. Yet, believe me, Friends, this ought to be the Place where you should every day retire, to meditate. This is the School where you must learn what is of the greatest Importance to you. In fine, this is the Temple where the Author of our Beings expects that you should (at least once in the Day) sacrifice some Moments to him.*

Hor.lib.4.  
Ode 7.

*Damna quidem celeres reparant caelestia Luna :  
Nos ubi decidimus,  
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus,  
Pulvis & umbra sumus.  
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodierna crastina summa  
Tempora Di Superi ?*

*The Moon her Light renews, and brings  
Returning Months, and pleasing Springs ;  
But when we die, we to the Shades must go,  
Where Great Æneas, and Rich Tullus are  
By Fate confin'd ; Fate that does nothing spare,  
But makes us Dust, and Shades to dwell below.  
Ah ! who can tell how long we have to live,  
Or if the Gods another Day will give.*

Hor.lib.1.  
Ode 4.

*Vita summa brevis Spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
Jam te premet nox, fabulaque Manès,  
Et domus exilis Plutonis.*

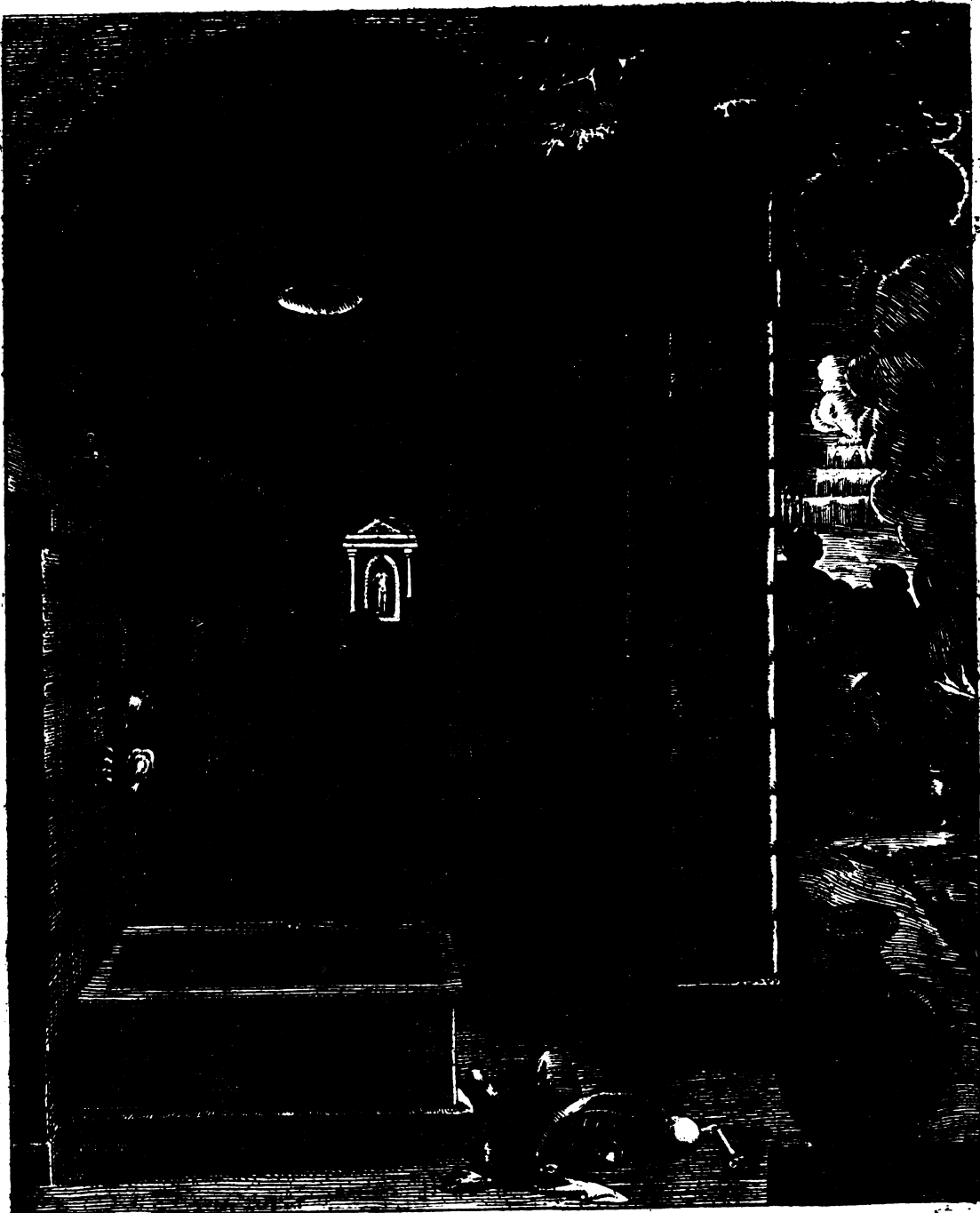
*The longest Life is found so short, that we  
No great Designs can form, and hope to see  
Brought to effect ; and you, e'er long,  
Must to another World be gone ;  
The waiting Ghosts for you attend,  
To Pluto's House you must descend.*

Pindar.

*Quid autem aliquis, quid autem nullus ?  
Umbra somnium, homo.*

*Lighter than flying Plumes, or Shades, or Air,  
Or Dreams, does Man's short Life appear.*





*Tombeaux de Jaspe & de Porphyre,  
Titres d'Or, Vases precieux,  
Ce que vous offrez à nos yeux,  
Nous est un grand sujet de rire.  
Ces Césars & ces Alexandres,  
Qui sont vos plus riches trésors ;  
Qu' sont-ils qu'un reste des cendres,  
Que la Flamé a fait de leurs corps ?*

You Monuments of Brás and Porphyry,  
And you, rich Urns, whose great Antiquity  
Golden Inscriptions tell, and who they were,  
Whose Ashes you contain, which sacred are :  
What you do to our curious Eyes present,  
The Subject ought to be of Merriment.  
*Cesar* and *Alexander's* Dust you keep ;  
These are the only Treasures you contain,  
All that of those great Monarchs does remain,  
And it would Folly be for Dust to weep.

H h h

## The Explanation of the Forty-Third Picture.

La Mort est la Fin de toutes choses.

*Death is the End of all things.*

**P**UISQUE la Mort est la Borne de toutes choses, il est juste qu'elle le soit de nos promenades & de nos entretiens. Arrêtons-nous donc, puis qu'elle nous arrête. C'est elle qui bien plus justement qu'Hercule, doit graver sur les Colomnes qui sont peintes dans ce Tableau, QUE PERSONNE NE PASSE OUTRE. Vous voyez aussi que tout demeure-là. Ces Couronnes, ces Tiars, & ces autres marques de puissance, sont mêl'es avec les Menottes & les Foyers, qui sont le Partage des Esclaves; & vous enseignent qu'estant arrivés à ce point, il se fait un mélange & une égalité de toutes choses. Les Qualitez y sont confonduës. Les dons de la Nature s'y perdent avec ceux de la Fortune. Mais disons pour la Gloire de la Vertu, qu'elle s'élève au dessus de ses bornes fatales, & que comme elle tire son origine du Ciel, où la Mort n'a point d'Empire, elle triomphe aussi de cette insolente Victorieuse, & luy apprend qu'il n'y a que la moindre Partie de l'Homme, qui soit soumise à sa tyrannie.



**S**INCE Death is the End of all things, it is fit that it should end our Walk and Conversation. Let us then stop here, since Death here stops us, and sets bounds to our farther Search, and we can be no longer useful to each other. He may, with far better reason than *Hercules*, engrave upon the Pillars represented in this Picture, *That no Person presume to pass farther*. Behold all things remain on this side. Crowns and Tiaras, and all those other Marks of Power, are mixed with the Whips and Fetters, that are the Portion of Slaves; to inform you, that being arrived here, all Distinctions cease; that the Vulgar and the Great sleep undistinguished in the Dust. The Gifts of Nature are lost with those of Fortune; and, to the Glory of Vertue be it spoken, that she alone has the Preheminence. She soars above these fatal Bounds and Limits, and deriving her glorious Original from Heaven, where Death has no power, triumphs over this insolent Victor, and makes him confess, that it is only the least valuable Part of Man, that is subjected to his Power and Tyranny.

Hor.lib.3.  
Ode 30.

*Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
Vivabit Libitinam.*

All of me shall not die,  
My better Part shall be  
From *Proserpine* set free.

*Sit modus lasso maris, & viarum,  
Militiaque.*

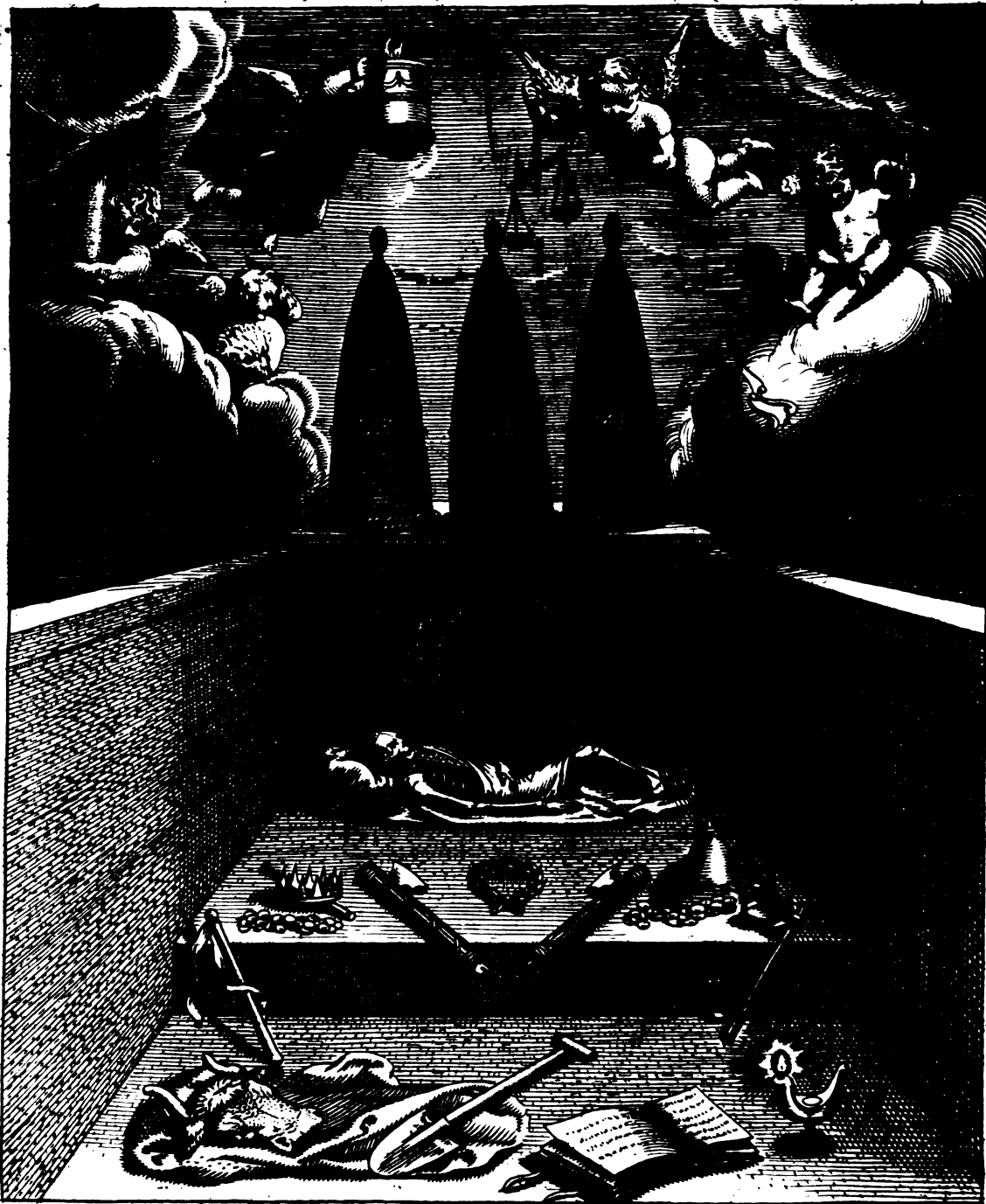
Death ends the worn-out Soldiers Fears,  
Gives rest to weary Travellers,  
And Shipwreck'd Sailors anxious Cares.

— Nil non mortale tenemus,  
Pectoris exceptis ingenique bonis.  
Post obitum benefacta manent, aeternaque virtus  
Non metuit, Stygiis ne rapiatur aquis.

When Death the fatal Summons gives,  
We nothing can immortal boast,  
But Vertue, which for ever lives,  
Nor fears t'approach the *Stygian Coast*.

*Post labores, artium studia, dignitates, opes, sequun-  
tur flagella, dolores, aliaque mala, vitam fuga-  
cem exercitantia; sola Virtus manet superstes.*

Wealth, Arts, and Honours, all are vain,  
All subject to decay,  
Short fleeting Life, pursu'd with Pain,  
And Sorrows, hastes away;  
But Vertue only stands secure,  
And shall (when Time's no more) endure.



*S'en est fait : Tout est consommé.  
Voicy l'achevement des choses.  
Mort il faut que tu te reposes,  
Et brizes pour jamais ton dard exvenimé.  
Mais c'est qu'en un moment ta fortune est changée,  
Tu cedes à ton tour à ta fatalité,  
Et la Nature humaine heureusement vengée,  
S'ève par ta Mort à l'Immortalité.*

'Tis finish'd, all things to an end are come ;  
Death, 'tis now time that you should find a Tomb:  
Break now thy poison'd Dart, and go to rest,  
Since all things yield, and have thy Power confest,  
Behold the Moment's come, when even you  
'To Fate shall yield, and Death a Death shall know,  
And human Nature in thy Ruin be  
Rais'd up to Life and Immortality.













SEP 26 1956

