Greek poem

On the book of the most wise and learned Justus Lipsius, about constancy, or stability.

Envy, fixing his crooked eye on the columns of Lipsius,
said, "I don't admire the learned lacking wisdom."
But on beholding this work both learned and wise
Containing guidelines of patient temperance,
He said "This is a better tool than my teeth"
And, melted to the heart, ceased his coarse abuse.

On the same:

I love three stars among those of high repute, because they are
Better than all in every kind of knowledge.
I love your works, Kouacius,[1] and I am very much
An admirer of Scaliger and Lipsius.
But by your wise mind your flame has so much increased,
Lipsius, that not star but guiding star[2] to me you are.

B Vulcanij.[3]

To the reader
Pro Constantia
My Preface

That I am addressing you once again in this second edition, dear reader, happened against my wish, although not contrary to my expectation. For I foresaw or rather predicted your reactions, the ones that deny that I have handled the subject with sufficient piety. They say my work is not sufficiently true in some places. It is, thus, not pious enough, because I appear to have acted exclusively as a philosopher, they claim, and not to have inserted what I could and should have from scripture. That rebuke is entirely welcome to me: I would like my response to it to be simple and mild. I like the fact that they seek avowed piety above all: I only suggest that they should direct their eyes seriously to my goal and target. If I had proposed to proceed as a Theologian, I have gone astray: if as a philosopher, why do they find fault? Because I am drinking from pools, they say, which one can find in the most pure source of divine literature. Do those pools call to me? For

[1] Perhaps this refers to Wolfgang Kovacsoczy (1540-1594) who was chancellor to Stephen Báthori, King of Poland (also Prince of Transylvania).
[2] The difference between ἄστρον and ἀστήρ here must be somewhat like that in Stobaeus *Anthologium* I.21.9 line 119: a mere star versus a constellation of the zodiac or a particularly important star.
[3] Bonaventura Vulcanius ("Vulcanius" is a calque of De Smet, 1538-1614), professor at Leyden, Lipsius' colleague.

my part I bear witness and reply that I knew no other safe path than the one which leads along the one straight path: and to traverse that path, I think that human literature brings some relief, or rather aid. I know that it is Augustine's advice to gather together what the philosophers have written and *to claim for our own use things snatched from their unjust possessors.*[4] I wanted to follow that advice: have I done wrong? I would have done wrong, I confess, if I had sullied the pure and mystical water of our religion with some old and musty sediment. But I resolved not to: I have proceeded to cleanse and shine a light from a new sun on doctrine both in itself base and insufficiently upright. For what good person is that not a good thing? In battle, we know that there is especial need of the cavalry and the steadfast soldier: do you on that account spurn archers and slingers? To build a house the greatest praise and employment is of the architect: do you therefore do away with manual labors and assistants? Apply the same thought here. The divine scriptures are the causes of true labor and excellence and of stable constancy: do not, however, spurn human wisdom. I don't mean the one that boasts about itself, but the one which serves and helps quietly. We are bringing the rocks, cement, and aggregate from the old and long ruined building of philosophy to bear: don't begrudge this small advantage to an architect, but allow that material to be part of the foundation at least. And yet the scriptures are better and one should not hold their words at a distance. I too profess that they are better, but add that they are also heavier. I am assessing my muscles and considering my limbs and skills: why should I admit a burden to be put upon me, which I am not up to carrying? I leave those great and exalted things to the theologians, that is to the great and exalted men (and this age has born many exceptional ones). My little vessel sails the coast. I play the role of philosopher, Christian philosopher. For what is problematic about words? Not what pen they have been written with, but with what meaning people see them; nor whether written with correct usage, but whether truly. If their meanings are correct, what does it matter in a matter so laborious, with what veil or cloth (as long as it is not improper) I weave them? If they are vacuous, let people convict them. "We want exactly that," they say, and "certain things have been written by you without faith. You depart from correct reason, which you distort and extoll too much with those ancients." Do I? Perhaps by their words, but never by my meaning. So that you yourself do not err, I bear witness with one word: that I do not understand correct and pure reason unless it has been laid down by god and brought to light by faith. But what ill-begotten deception is it, although the thought as a whole is good in general, to seek in the cover of one word or another a handhold for slander? Reason itself by its own power does not lead us to god, not to truth: but nevertheless just as in water or a basin we look on the eclipse of the sun (and through the rays of the sun itself at that) obliquely and in an indirect way, so in reason do we look on divine matters. But beware of thinking otherwise than through god himself. Now it's about fate and what is destined, about the impious punished on account of the good: supposing I have brought anything to too sharp

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[4] Adapted from Augustine's *de Doctrina Christiana* II.XL: *Philosophi autem qui vocantur, si qua forte vera et fidei nostrae accommodata dixerunt, maxime Platonici, non solum formidanda non sunt, sed ab eis etiam tanquam injustis possessoribus in usum nostrum vindicanda* ("But those who are called philosophers are not only not to be feared, but also, if they have by chance said anything fitting for our faith, those things are to be claimed from them for our use as they would be from unjust possessors.")

a point or snatched a sharp point from others (under which heading perhaps that sentiment from Boethius lies)[i5], I would like to be fairly read and understood by a fair-minded reader. For which reason I have now preemptively placed a few notes at the beginning. For me at least, the mind is altogether good[6]: and if somewhere this human tongue or pen has faltered, may I not, I beg, pay too severely. For I am one of those whose piety is more in the heart than the tongue: which is why I would prefer it to be zealously practiced in deeds than in words. Nor does this age overly please me (I dare to say) than which none has ever been more fruitful of religions or more barren of piety. What controversies are everywhere? What quarrels? And when they have done it all, when they have flown through heaven and earth on the wing of subtle genius, what else are they doing than, to speak with the Aristophanic Socrates, ἀεροβατοῦσι?[7] You have, my reader, our short instruction, which is excessive for you if you are fair, enough perhaps if you are unfair. I admonish and urge you with concern lest the latter-day Domitians[8] dissuade and turn your soul away from the true study of Philosophy. They drive not only Philosophy (if they have the opportunity and power) but all good arts into exile. Look rather to those venerable fathers, the Greeks and Latins. They all stand firm in a solid battle line and not only bring the disciplined study of Philosophy to bear on a Christian, but even persuade and drive it home. With their authority as a shield, and with no other system of thought, I would think myself sufficiently protected against those giants. For why should I praise Philosophy more fully with words? It would be in vain, because just as the height of mountains is not apparent from afar, but only when you approach, so likewise Philosophy's splendor is not apparent until you come to know it fully. It is not, however, able to be fully known without the true Christian religion. If you remove that shining light, I admit, lo, I even proclaim, Philosophy is a jest, a conceit, a delusion. Tertullian said it well: *To whom is truth known without god? To whom is god known without Christ?*[9] With which sentiment I close to take a break and rest. I invite you to do so too.

To the noble and great consuls and senate and people of Antwerp
I, Justus Lipsius, dedicate and consecrate this work.

It seemed proper for me to dedicate and give to you, great Senators of a great city, these books which I have resolutely written and finished in the middle of the troubles of my

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[5]At the end of chapter 10, book II, Boethius is quoted.
[6] The Latin sentence *mihi quidem mens ubique bona* is ambiguous: it could mean "my mind is entirely good" or "in my opinion mind (generally) is entirely good."
[7]In Aristophanes' *Clouds* 225, the character Socrates claims to "aerobatize" (a nonce word literally meaning "tread air" made up to satirize philosophy: we might say "blow hot air"). Later at *Clouds* 1503 the character Strepsiades claims to do the same.
[8] Emperor Domitian was a byword for repression and censorship.
[9] Adapted from Tertullian *de Anima* chapter I: *Cui enim veritas comperta sine Deo? cui Deus cognitus sine Christo? cui Christus exploratus sine Spiritu Sancto? cui Spiritus Sanctus accommodatus sine fidei sacramento?* ("To whom is the truth known without God? To whom is God known without Christ? To whom is Christ known without the Holy Spirit? To whom is the Holy Spirit fitting without the sacrament of the faith?").

nation. Your grandeur, practical wisdom, and virtue drove me to it, as did that kindness toward the good and learned which I have personally experienced and is your distinctive feature. It will not, I think, be unwelcome as a service. Of itself it is not a great thing, but it will be given weight by my soul, because I am giving that which at this time is the best and greatest in all my cultured estimation. In fact, it could be that its novelty will even recommend it, since, unless I am mistaken, we are the first to take on the task of laying out and defending this path of Wisdom long shut off and blocked with difficulties.[10] It is surely the sort of thing which in conjunction with spiritual learning can lead to Tranquility and Peace of mind. I was certainly not without the intention of pleasing you and helping others. If you are able, it is as fair that you be fair toward me as I am toward God, whom I know has not given all things to one person. Fare well.

To the reader
About my plan and goal in writing.

It has not at all escaped me, reader, that in this new genre of writing, new judgements and censure are readied for me, whether by those who find this profession of wisdom strikingly unexpected from one who they thought was devoted to the more charming areas of culture, or from others for whom anything sweated out after the ancients in this study and this arena will be held for a worthless trifle. Responding to both of these critics is in my own, no, even your own interest. The first set seem to me to go wrong in two quite different ways, by neglect and by attention. By attention, because they think that they must poke their nose into someone else's studies and actions. By neglect, because they do not do so attentively or carefully enough. For, to declare myself to them, those hills and dales of the muses never so fully captured me that I didn't turn my eyes and mind back at the same time to that more demanding Divine matter. I mean Philosophy, the study of which pleased me so much already from boyhood that I seemed to go wrong with a certain youthful enthusiasm, and I had to be held back with a brake and restraint. My teachers among the Ubii[11] know that all my books were wrested from my hands, and my writings and notes were snatched away, which I had laboriously compiled from every scrap of the interpreters. Nor did I change later. In this whole course of study, if not by an inflexible straight line, nevertheless by a curve I know that I was aiming at that goal post of Wisdom. And not by that path by which the crowd of "philosophers" go, who, being wrongly given over to difficulties of verbal trickery or the snares of inquiries, weave and reweave with nothing other than the ingenious thread of debates. They stick at words or fallacies and spend their whole time in the approach to philosophy and never see her inner sanctums.[12] They consider Philosophy a source of pleasure, not a medicine, and they turn the most serious tool of life into a certain play of trifles. Who among them seeks after my character? Who tempers his emotions? Who puts an end or limit to fear, who to hope? In fact, they are so sure that these things do not aim at Wisdom that they think

[10] Namely, Stoic philosophy.
[11] The Ubii were a tribe next to the Suevi according to Caesar. They are associated with Cologne, where Lipsius was sent for his early education.
[12] Lipsius plays with the fact that Latin *aditus* (approach) sounds similar to *adytus* (inner sanctum): they spend their time in the *aditus* to philosophy and never reach the *adytus*.

those who do these things are doing something else or nothing. And thus if you look at their life, or judgements, you find even in the rabble itself nothing more morally polluted which relates to life and nothing more foolish which relates to judgements. Just as wine, than which nothing is more healthy, to certain ones is poison, so Philosophy to those who abuse her. But I have a different idea: by constantly turning my ship from the roughness of sophistry, I set every sail for a single port, a tranquil mind. I wanted these books to be the prime evidence of my studies, no deceptive one. But in fact, others claim, the ancients do those things you do better and more richly. I admit that they do certain things better, but I deny that they do all of them better. To write about character or emotions selectively after Seneca and the divine Epictetus, in my own opinion I have insufficient spirit and courage, but if I write about things which they don't even touch upon, and I confidently assert that no one else among the ancients does, then why are people scornful and why do they take issue? I have sought relief from public ills. Who has done so before me? Let them examine the topic or the arrangement: they will confess that those things are my due. And concerning the words themselves, it is proper to say, there is no lack in us that results in our going begging to any one. Finally, let them know that I have written many other things for others, but this book is chiefly for me: the others were for my reputation, but this one is for my health and safety. What once someone wittily wrote, here I proclaim truly: "A few readers are enough for me, one is enough, none is enough."[13] I only ask that, whoever takes up this work plant a seed of understanding, both the knowing and the forgiving kind.[14] So, if I have by chance slipped anywhere concerning providence, justice, and fate, especially while trying to ascend the higher reaches, may people forgive me, because there is no ill-will or obstinacy on my part, only human weakness and dimness. In fine let me learn from them: I will bring it about that no one is so quick to give advice as I am to change. The rest of the vices I do not deny or diminish in my nature, but I earnestly abominate and seek to void that of obstinacy and quarrel-seeking. Fare well, dear reader. May that come about for you in part through this book.

A song in pure iambics by Jan van der Does of Noordwyk[15] to his friend Justus Lipsius, the greater part of the Lipsian argument, encompassing the whole of Lipsius' work piecemeal by leaping around, as it were.[16]

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[13] Seneca, *Letter 7* §11 reads *Bene et ille, quisquis fuit - ambigitur enim de auctore -, cum quaereretur ab illo quo tanta diligentia artis spectaret ad paucissimos perventurae, 'satis sunt' inquit 'mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus'.* ("And he spoke well, whoever he was—for there is debate about the author--, who, when asked what was the purpose of such care for technique when it would reach so few, said, 'A few are enough for me, one is enough, none is enough."

[14] There is a play on words here: *cognoscendi* "understanding, knowing, learning," versus *ignoscendi* "understanding, forgiving, pardoning."

[15] Jan van der Does of Noordwyk, 1545-1604, renowned poet and patriot (leader in the defense of Leyden against the Spaniards in 1574), was the head of Leyden University for 30 years from its founding in 1575 and hired Justus Lipsius in 1579.

[16] A more literal than poetic translation, in lines that roughly correspond to those of the poem.

To whom shall we dedicate this new song?
To whom this poem of recent vintage?
To you, Lipsius? Well, by Hercules, seriously,
To you, I say, to you, o jewel
Of mine, and of all to whom the possession of a good mind
And a bit of brains[ii][17] has been granted,
Whose left breast beats, as is right,
Bearing the image of god.
Accept then this Iambic ode to you,
Accept this poem of a new vintage.
A poem sown and at the same time produced
by your command and support alone.
That I was once, for too long, condemnatory of your silence
is a source of shame and regret to me.
And may the just god Jupiter never allow
That from these fires of passion
Any lack of energy on my part keep me,
So that the promise given from Lipsius' mouth
I truly fail. May fickleness of that sort
Stay away from my promise.
Begone, whom thrice repeated words please,
Full of deceptions.
Nor does the Lipsian Style teach this to us,
To which we are hardly equal in wit
And knowledge; but being of mutual good will
And reverence is the right thing for us to do.
And that is ample enough praise; one who seeks more
Has neither heart nor countenance.
To be able to enter your temple is enough for me
And a good mind's hidden things
Newly found to recognise, with you as my leader:
And on the whetstone of your strength
To arouse my heart, and of any danger
not to tremble at the size.
O praiseworthy perseverence of mind!
O teachings worth seeking!
How sweetly pleasing it is in the courtyard of Langius
To walk! How sweet, o, at the same time
To sit beside and hang from your words;

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[17] From Pliny the Elder, *Historia Naturalis* VII chapter XXXI: *Reliquis animi bonis praestitere ceteros mortales: sapientia ob id Cati, Corculi apud Romanos cognominati* ("They have excelled other mortals in the rest of the goods of the soul: in wisdom, for which they are surnamed 'Wise' (*Cati*) or 'Brainy' (*Corculum*) among the Romans"). The Latin word *corculum* means "little-heart": the heart was considered the seat of the intellect. "Little" by way of endearment or nickname, not pejorative.

Yours, and those of the one whom you make
Speak! and to accompany you here into the garden!
How, from the flourishing pergola,
It pleases to note the ranks of flowers and every sort of plant
To encounter with wide open eye.
And quite rare seeds from the New World
To pursue with a keen nose!
Blessed odor, arousing all that is aromatic
By your pleasantness.
Is it permitted among these flowers and herbs
To one in need of relaxation
(So the mind may wander freed from ills
For a time) to rest?
It is: and not only that (with the owner's consent)
But even with fruit to fill
One's lap and both hands, and to pluck one with a nail
And bring it up to one's nose.
What? Do you desire to weave garlands and
A wreathed little crown?
For that, lo, a full choice occurs for you,
At your whim to choose
Thyme, or if you prefer, roses, or marjoram.
Come behold how great the splendor here!
What order! how everything is in its bed
Planted in a checkered pattern?
Should I admire first the art of the owner or the beauty
Of the place, I can't decide.
I can't help but be amazed looking at each;
But the masterly talent more so,
To whom it is granted to abound with so many witticisms,
To whom to lead this gathering,
And in whose power it was to save sick hearts,
And by healing drugs
To gladden them. Which drugs, now look, their steward Lipsius
With novel skill grants to you.
So that you can know from where brazen strength of heart
Is to be prepared; and whence your idleness
Comes and the sickly weakness of the senses
You can come to know with certitude.
Twofold then is the source of all good or evil;
Opinion and a good mind.
The latter is a fiery sprig of the heavens, and from the Spirit
It draws its origin.
What is it? is it not a god sown into a paltry human
Via the image of god himself?
Whoever listens to this, over all appetites

As victor must listen.
But that other part, namely opinion
Full of fancy, to the body
(From which it was sown) clings, encumbered by the senses,
Perpetually stuck in the heavy
Mud: regret comes as its continuous companion;
Wandering, drunken, fickle.
Human wretch, dust, shade, dream,
How long will you waver,
Tied up by the bonds of opinion?
How long will elation, pain,
Fear, and Desire assail your breast?
Do you lie low? and do you want to be stood upright?
To raise your head above the crowd?
Behold fitting purgative rites,
Purified by which above the clouds themselves and the wind
You will be able to fly:
And do you wish for what eats at your heart inside
To kill you and to send you to ruin,
Or for there to be quiet in your heart, and leisure in your home,
Far from the hostile fray,
Where you can be renowned for being active in leisure itself?
(O singular occupation!)
To this garden of Langius, or is it of Lipsius,
Betake your step, if you are wise.
Do you need a wall and a citadel or a shield,
With which you can fend off hope and fear,
And withstand the force of desires?
Be sure in your attitude and action
You remain true and your mind turns to god,
I mean the origin of oneself.
How long will flesh's weakness be an annoyance
To you, and will you be drageed but the image of empty vanities
Which the inexperienced think important?
Behold Lipsius your leader:
You ought to follow him. But for whose benefit, you will say?
Wait: so that in disorder you enjoy
Leisure; and alone, amongst armed people,
You walk free of fear.
What is there for you to complain about here? Are the fates dragging you?
God's providence?
Follow them: why do you flee in vain
A rebel against your master and yourself?
Why do you refuse, you wretch? Yield to the times
And to god. Change is the burden
Of all things. You see these perish

Suddenly, and yet those arise.
They warn you to submit to necessity,
The many corpses of ruined cities,
Which before seemed to strike the poles
Of the heavens with their peak.
Where is she now, accustomed to give orders to kings,
The haughty city of the seven hills?
Where is Mycenae? Where is the renowned city of Agenor,
Corinth, Argos, Ilium?
Look at the small and the great, the highest and the lowest:
Nothing is eternal under the heavens.

First Book of Justus Lipsius' *On Constancy*

Chapter I

Preface and introduction. Also, a complaint about the problems of the Belgians.

A few years ago while I was on the road to Vienna, Austria, in flight from the troubles of my country, I took a detour, not without god as a guide, to a town of the Eburones[iii][18] which was not far out of the way and in which I had friends whom I was induced to visit by both politeness and genuine love. Among them was Carolus Langius,[iv][19] the best and most learned man among the Belgians (I say that with no intent to deceive or ulterior motive). He received me with hospitality combined with not only good will and fellowship, but with the kind of conversation that is both useful and even healthfully beneficial to me at any time. For he was the man to open my eyes by wiping away a cloud of certain common notions. He was the one to show me the direct way by which, to speak with Lucretius, one reaches those "serene temples of the wise lofty with learning."[20] For when we were walking in the courtyard in the hot afternoon sun (it was already the month of June), he asked, as it happens, quite courteously about my journey and its causes. When I had freely and truly related much about the troubles of the Belgians,[v] about the arrogance of the commanders and solders, I added at the end that another cause had been alleged by me as a pretext, but that this was the most personal reason for my departure. "For who is there, Langius," I said, "who can bear these ills any longer with so strong and iron a spirit? We have now been tossed so many years, as you

[18] The *Eburones* are mentioned in Caesar's *Gallic War* books V and VI especially, but he claims they were all wiped out. They probably lived somewhere between the Rhine and the Meuse rivers. **CHECK THIS**
[19] Carolus Langius, aka Charles de Langhe, 1521-1573, Dutch printer and publisher.
[20] Lucretius, Book II, line 8.

see, by the tide of civil wars, and we are not driven by just one wind of troubles and uprisings. Do I treasure peace and quiet? The clarions and clashes of arms interrupt it. Gardens and fields? the soldier and assassin drive me into the city. So I am resolved, Langius, with this wretched and unhappy Belgium left behind (may the Spirit of my homeland forgive me) to change "land for land"[vi][21] as the saying goes, and to flee to some place on earth *where I hear neither the deeds nor the name of the Pelopidae*.[22]" "So you would leave us, Lipsius?" he said. "Leave you?" I said, "no, rather this way of life. For what refuge is there from these ills except flight? For I cannot behold and bear these things daily, Langius: I have no steel armor around my heart." Langius sighed at these words and said, "Frail youngster, what is this softness? What is this intention of yours to seek safety in flight? Your homeland seethes and billows, I grant,[vii] but what region of Europe does not these days? You could truly prophesy that Aristophanic line:

high-thundering Zeus will lay the high low[viii][23]

Hence it's not your homeland you must flee, Lipsius, but rather your emotional reactions. This soul of ours must be strengthened and formed so that we have quiet amongst disturbances and peace in the middle of a war zone."[ix] I said, puerilely enough, "But those things ought to be avoided, Langius. For surely hearing about evils has a lighter impact on the soul than seeing them. What is more, we ourselves would at the same time be out of reach of the weapons, as one says, and the dust of the fight. Don't you hear Homer wisely warning us,

Beyond the weapons' reach, lest someone add a wound to our wounds.[x][24]

Chapter II

That one does not take a trip abroad because of bodily diseases. Traveling is a symptom, not a treatment. Unless perhaps in some trivial and initial impulse of one's emotions.

Langius nodded his head slightly and said, "I would rather you listened to the voice of wisdom and reason. For these clouds and mists which surround you come from the smoldering of opinions. And so, to speak with Diogenes, 'you need reason, or a rope

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[21] The idiom γῆν πρὸ γῆς (ἐλαύνεσθαι or διώκειν) "(to be driven) from land to land" is found in Aristophanes *Acharnians* 235, Aeschylus *Prometheus Bound* 682, and several other ancient Greek authors.

[22] Quoted in various ways by Cicero to the effect that one wants to go where no one knows or has heard of you, in *Epistulae Ad Atticum* XIV.12, *Epistulae ad Familiares* VII.28 and VII.30, as well as *Philippics* XIII.49. It is said to be a fragment of Accius' play *Pelops*.

[23] The Greek quoted in the text body is a line from Aristophanes *Lysistrata*, 773: the expression is a byword for topsy-turviness.

[24] From Homer, *Iliad*, book XIV, line 130. where Diomedes suggests that he and others go into battle wounded to encourage others, but hold back from the fray: ἐκ βελέων, μή πού τις ἐφ' ἕλκεϊ ἕλκος ἄρηται·

around your neck,'[xi][25] that ray of light which can illumine the darkness of your head.[xii] Look, you are going to leave your homeland, but tell me indeed, when you have fled from it, will you flee from yourself as well? Be careful lest the opposite occur and you carry around with yourself in that breast of yours the source and fuel for your own problem. Just as those who have a fever toss and turn restlessly[xiii] and sometimes change their bed in the vain hope of relief, so we change land for land in vain for the same reason, namely our unsound mind. For that is an indication of a disease,[xiv] not a cure for it, an acknowledgement of the internal fire, not a cure for it. The wise Roman puts it elegantly: *enduring nothing for long is a hallmark of the sick, as well as using changes as if they were remedies. Hence long voyages are undertaken and far shores are wandered and now at sea, now on land, their volatility is put to the test, impatient with what is at hand.*[xv][26] Thus you run away from but never avoid your troubles. Like that deer in Virgil, *the shepherd shooting with arrows pierced her, careless, from afar, among the Cretan woods ... she wanders through the woods and Dictaean groves ...* she wanders in vain, because as the same poet adds, *a lethal shaft pokes from her side*:[27] so you, who have been deeply struck by the weapon of emotions, are not casting them aside, but moving them around with you. Someone who has broken a thigh or an arm does not ask for a chariot or a horse, I think, but a surgeon: what foolishness on your part, to desire to cure yourself of this internal blow by running and moving about? For it is certainly your soul which is ill[xvi] and all of this external weakness, hopelessness, and lethargy has arisen from one source, the fact that your soul lies ill and languishes. The leader throws away his scepter and his divine part and has slipped so low that he serves his own servants willingly. Tell me, what will this place or that move accomplish? Unless there is perchance some place that can reduce your fears, temper your expectations and eradicate the vice-ridden disease which we have so deeply ingested. [xvii] But there is none, not even in the very Isles of the Blessed. And yet, if there is, show it to us, and let us all proceed there in formation. 'And yet, movement and change,' you say, 'have their own power to refresh, and the daily sight of new and novel customs, people, and places raises up the soul that lies low.' Lipsius, you are wrong. For, to say how the matter really lies, I do not so much disparage travel as grant it no power over humans and their emotions.[xviii] Rather, it has some power, but only enough to remove small nuisances and nauseas of the soul,[xix] not diseases that have penetrated deeper than any external treatment can reach. Song, wine, and rest have often cured the first beginnings of anger, grief, and love, but they have never cured an illness which has grown roots and has a foothold.[xx] The same holds true here: travel will perhaps cure certain superficial weaknesses, but it will not cure real ones. For those initial impulses arising from the body in a way still adhere in the body, or on the very surface, the skin, so to speak, of the soul, and so it is nothing to wonder at if they are wiped away by a sponge, however gentle. Not so with the inveterate emotions, whose seat or rather dominion is in the very mind of the soul. Although you wander long

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[25] From Diogenes Laertius VI.24: Diogenes the Cynic (about whom Diogenes Laertius is speaking) is reported to have "ridiculed the various philosophies and to have said that to prepare for life, humans need reason or a rope around their necks." συνεχές τε ἔλεγεν εἰς τὸν βίον παρεσκευάσθαι δεῖν λόγον ἢ βρόχον.

[26] Quoted from Seneca *de Tranquillitate Animi* II.12-13. Cf. *Epistulae* 28 and 104.

[27] From Virgil *Aeneid* IV.70-73.

and far, although you circle the whole earth and sea, no sea will wash them away, no earth will bury them.[xxi] They will follow you and "dark care will sit behind the rider" and the foot-soldier as well, to speak with the poet.[28] When someone asked him why travel was not of much benefit to him, Socrates replied "You know, you don't leave yourself behind." I say a similar thing here.[29] Wherever you take refuge, you will have your corrupt and corrupting soul with you, not a good companion. Would that it were just a companion! I fear rather that it is the leader, because your emotions will not follow but rather drag you.

Chapter III

True diseases of the soul are not removed or diminished by that means: on the contrary, they break out again because of it. The soul is the thing in us which is sick: the remedy for it must be sought in wisdom and constancy.

"Travel does not distract us from truly bad things," you claim, "The sight of fields, and rivers and mountains do not put you beyond the sensation of your pain." "They may distract and displace you, but not for long and not for the good. Just as the eyes are not long delighted by a picture, even an exceptional one, so that whole variety of new people and places of yours captivates us with its novelty, but only for a brief time. It is a sojourn from ills, not an escape: travel does not remove the chains of pain, but loosens them.[xxii] How can it cause me joy to see the light for a short time, when I must soon be confined in a narrower cell? That is how it is. All these external pleasures entrap the soul and hurt more by the semblance of joy. Just as medicine that is not strong does not remove the harmful substance, but moves it around, so this empty delight stirs up and increases that flow of desires in us. The soul does not wander long from itself: even when it is unwilling, it is soon driven back home and into its old shared tent. The very sight of those villages and mountains will bring you back in your mind to your country and in the middle of those joys you will see or hear something which renews the painful sensation. Or if you do find peace for a moment, it will be like a brief sleep and soon, when you wake you will have the same or greater fever. For some desires grow when they are interrupted and gather strength after a pause. Therefore dismiss these empty things: they are not remedies, but harmful poisons. Accept instead true and harsh remedies.[xxiii] Are you changing sun and soil? Instead change your soul, which you have sold over to emotions and removed from its legitimate master, reason. From reason's corruption comes this hopelessness, from its defilement comes this lethargy. It would be a better idea to change your soul, not your location, and to bring about not that you be in some other place, but that you be some other person. You now burn to see fertile Pannonia and

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[28] From Horace, *Odes* III.1, line 40: *post equitem sedet atra Cura* ("behind the rider sits dark care."

[29] Seneca *Epistula* 104 §7: *Nam Socraten querenti cuidam quod nihil sibi peregrinationes profuissent respondisse ferunt, 'non inmerito hoc tibi evenit; tecum enim peregrinabaris'.* "For they say that Socrates replied to someone who asked why travel had not benefitted that person, 'That happened to you not without reason: you brought yourself along.'"

sure and strong Vienna and the Danube, king of rivers, and so many wonderful and novel things which those who hear about drink in avidly,[xxiv] but how much better[xxv] it would be if you had a similar impulse and desire for wisdom right here? if you would find a way into the soul's fruitful plains? if you would investigate the sources of human troubles? if you would construct citadels and fortifications with which to defend and ward off the assaults of desires? These are the true remedies of your disease: all the rest are bandages and poultices. This departure of yours will bring you no joy, nor will it bring you joy "to have avoided so many Argive cities and to have escaped through the midst of enemies."[30] You will find the enemy in yourself, in the very innermost part (he struck me on the breast). What does it matter how peaceful a place you go to? You bring the war with you. How peaceful a place? The rabble are around you, no, in fact they are inside of you. For your discordant soul fights and will fight with itself always, by desiring, avoiding, hoping, and despairing. And just as those who turn tail out of fear, unprotected and facing away from danger, expose themselves to it more, so with those wanderers and neophytes who have never had a fight with emotions, but only a flight from them. But you, young man, if you listen to me, will stay and strengthen your stand against this foe, grief.[xxvi] You need constancy above all: someone becomes a victor by fighting, not by fleeing.

Chapter IIII

Definitions of Constancy, endurance, right reason, opinion. Likewise how obstinacy differs and departs from constancy and how dejection differs from endurance.

Elevated by these words of Langius to a certain degree, I said, "Your advice is lofty and honorable, and I am trying to make a stand now and rise to the occasion, but, like those who strive in dreams, my effort is vain. I won't lie, Langius. I keep going back to my homeland whose public and private cares are tied to my soul. Please, drive away the evil vultures which rend me and remove the chains of anxiety, by which I am immovably bound on this Caucasus."[31] Langius said, "I will free you from the relentless vulture and as a new Hercules will free your Prometheus. Just listen and pay attention. I have summoned you to constancy,[xxvii] Lipsius, and I place in constancy your hope and bulwark of safety. Constancy you must learn above all. CONSTANCY, I hereby declare to be, AN UPRIGHT AND UNMOVABLE STRENGTH OF THE SOUL NOT BORN ALOFT OR BROUGHT LOW BY EXTERNALS OR FORTUNE.[xxviii] By 'strength' I mean a durability built into the soul, not by mere opinion, but by the faculty of judgement and correct reason. PROOFING DONE TO HERE For I want inflexibility above all to be excluded (perhaps it is better called 'obstinacy') because that too is a strength of an obstinate soul, but one from the wind of arrogance and reputation. And it is a strength in only one part. For stubborn windbags are not easy to make humble, but very easy to lift up, not unlike a sail, which once filled by wind is lowered with difficulty and towers over

[30] Aeneid III, 282-3.
[31] "Caucasus" was the name of the mountain to which Prometheus was bound by Zeus, where the eagle came to eat his liver daily.

and leaps forth on its own. Such is the windy strength of that kind whose origin is from arrogance and an overestimation of their own worth, and therefore from opinion. But the true mother of constancy is endurance and humility of the soul,[xxix] which I define as WILLINGLY AND UNRESISTINGLY UNDERGOING WHATEVER HAPPENS TO OR BEFALLS A HUMAN FROM WITHOUT. When this is undertaken with right reason, it is the one root on which the loftiness of the most splendid oak[32] rests. Beware in this lest opinion inflict on you what it suggests in place of endurance, which is frequently dejection and a kind of paralysis of a weakened soul, in truth a vice whose origin is contemptuous evaluation of oneself.[xxx] Virtue, however, goes along the middle road and carefully watches out lest anything fall short or overshoot the mark in its actions. For it directs itself to the scales of reason alone and considers them the norm and assaying touchstone of its own worth. Correct reason, on the other hand, is nothing other than TRUE JUDGEMENT AND PERCEPTION OF HUMAN AND DIVINE AFFAIRS (insofar as divine affairs pertain to us).[xxxi] Opinion is the contrary to it, UNTRUSTWORTHY AND DECEPTIVE JUDGEMENT ABOUT THE SAME THINGS.[xxxii]

Chapter V

Whence reason and opinion have their source. The strength and power of each. The one leads to constancy, the other to fecklessness.

Since from this twofold spring, as it were (I mean that of opinion and that of reason), not only the strength and the weakness of a soul arises, but all praise and blame in life, I think that I will do a good and useful thing, if I speak a bit more fully about the source of each.[xxxiii] For just as wool must be prepared and dyed with certain other fluids before it takes on its final and best color, so your soul must be conditioned by these words, Lipsius, before I dye it in earnest with the purple of constancy. That there are two parts in a human, body and soul, has not escaped your notice.[xxxiv] The one is more noble, which represents the breath and fire: the other more base, which represents the earth.[xxxv] These parts of you are joined together, but by a certain discordant concord: there is no easy agreement between them, especially when it comes to ruling or being ruled. For each wants to rule and the one that should not rule wants it more.[xxxvi] The earth tries to raise itself above its own fire, and the mud above the heaven. Hence in humans there is dissension, disturbance and a quasi-constant struggle of the parts skirmishing between themselves. The leaders and quasi-generals in this are reason and opinion. The one fights on behalf of the soul and in the soul: the other fights on behalf of the body and in the body.[xxxvii] The origin of reason is the heavens, nay, it is from god. Seneca praises it in elevated style, "part of the divine spirit imbued in humans."[xxxviii][33] It is that extraordinary power of understanding and judging which, just as the soul is the perfection of a human, is itself the perfection of the soul. The Greeks called it νοῦς, Latin speakers "mens," or,

[32] A seriously meant play on words: the Latin word *robur*, translated as "strength" several times above, also means "oak."
[33] The quotation is from Seneca, *Epistula* 66§12.

in a phrase, “animi mens.” For, so that you don’t err, it is not the whole soul that is right reason, but that part that is uniform, simple, pure, and separate from all impurity and plasticity and which, to put it in a word, is the celestial steel in the soul.[xxxix] For although it is seriously compromised and diseased by the corruption of the body and the infection of the senses, the soul itself nevertheless retains some traces of its origin on high and there are in it brilliantly sparkling remnants of that initial pure fire. Whence come those pricks of conscience even in bad and contemptible humans, whence their internal castigation and sting, whence the approval of a better life wrung from them unwilling. That more healthy and blessed part, namely, is unable to be repressed, and its burning flame can only be covered, not extinguished. For in this darkness those tiny sparks which offer light always leap and dart out, in this mire they cleanse, in this maze they direct us, and they lead us to constancy and virtue. And just as the heliotrope and some other flowers by their nature are always toward the sun, so reason is always facing toward god and its origin.[xl] Fixed and unmoving toward the good, perceiving one and the same thing, desiring and avoiding one and the same thing, the font and source of correct counsel and judgement. Being obedient to it is to be in command and to be subject to it is to be in charge of all human affairs.[xli] For whoever listens to it has overcome desires and soul-distortive urges. Whoever follows it like Theseus’ thread is safe from error in all the labyrinths of life. God himself comes to us through this image of god. No, that god comes into us is closer to the truth. Whoever said “There is no good mind without god”[34] spoke correctly. But the unhealthy following part (I mean opinion)[xlii] owes its origin to the body, that is, to the earth: and so it smacks of nothing if not the earth. For the body, even if it is unmoving and unsensing on its own, nonetheless takes life and motion from the soul: and in its turn, it presents images of things to the soul, through the windows of the senses. Thus a certain fellowship is entered into between the soul and the body:[xliii] but the fellowship, if you heed the result, is not good for the soul. For little by little it is lead down by the other from its pediment: it is handed over to and mixed with the senses and from this impure joining there arises in us opinion, which is nothing other than the empty image and shade of reason. Its true home is the senses: its origin, the earth. And so, lowly and base, it does not arise, it is not lifted, and it looks to nothing high or lofty. It is vain, uncertain, deceptive, bad in counsel and judgement and especially despoils the body of constancy and truth. It desires this today, spurns it tomorrow; it approves and condemns this same thing: it does nothing by judgement, but gratifies and indulges the body and the senses. Just as an eye which looks through a mist or water measures things in a false manner, so does the soul which looks through the cloud of opinion. This is the mother of evils to a human, if you look closely: this is the source in us of a confused and disturbed life. The fact that cares agitate us is caused by opinion; that emotions distract us is caused by it; that vices rule us is caused by it. As those who want tyranny removed from a state remove and overturn the citadel before all, so must the stronghold of opinions be cast down if we seriously want to advance toward a good mind. For we will always be tossed with these.. They are hesitant, whining, and confused, and insufficiently benevolent for

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[34] Seneca *Epistula* 73 §16: *Miraris hominem ad deos ire? Deus ad homines venit, immo quod est propius, in homines venit: nulla sine deo mens bona est.* (“You are astonished that a human goes to the gods? God comes to humans, no, more accurately, god comes into humans: without god, not mind is good.”)

god and humans. As an empty ship is driven around on the sea by every wind, so in us that mind is vagrant, which the weight and as it were ballast of reason has not stabilized.

Chapter VI

Praise of Constancy and a serious protreptic toward it

Thus the companion of opinion, Lipsius, is fickleness, as you see: and its proprium is to always change and regret. But the proprium of reason is constancy, and I earnestly urge you to clothe your soul with it.[xliv] Why do you go off toward empty or external things? Reason is the only beacon, which provides the sustenance of a legitimate dolorifuge, in which there is forgetfulness of anxieties and pains. But if you have once swallowed and drunk it down,[xlv] tall and upright against every fall, consistently on one course, and not as if on a scale going up and down, you will claim for yourself that great thing that is next to god, immutability. Have you seen on the official documents and shields of certain kings today the sublime and enviable words "Neither by hope nor fear"?[35] It will suit you: who is truly a king, truly free, is subject to god alone, immune from the yoke of passions and fortune. As certain rivers are said to flow through the middle of seas, and to maintain their course,[36] so you will flow through turbulence flowing around,[xlvi] so that you bring along none of the salt from this sea of sorrows. Will you lie low? Constancy will raise you up. Will you waver? It will support you. Will you rush toward the pit or into a trap? It will comfort you and bring you back from the edge of death. Tear yourself away and stand upright and direct your ship to this port where security and peace dwell, in which there is refuge and safety from disturbances and cares. If in good faith you will once reach this port, your country may not only be in turmoil but in ruins: you yourself will

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[35] The saying likely originates in Seneca *De Constantia* IX.2 *haec effugit sapiens, qui nescit nec in spem nec in metum uiuere* ("The sage escapes these (blows of fortune), because he knows how to live neither in hope nor in fear"). In *Epistle* 13§12 is found *spe metum tempera. Nihil tam certum est ex his quae timentur ut non certius sit et formidata subsidere et sperata decipere* ("restrain fear with hope. Nothing is so certain among things which are feared that it is not more certain that feared things subside and hoped-for things deceive").
King Philip of Spain (1527-1598) bore *ne spe nec metu* as his motto, as did Isabella d'Este (1474-1539, regent of Mantua), and Bartolomeo Colleoni (1400-1475, captain-general of the Republic of Venice), surely among others. Mario Equicola wrote a dialogue *Nec Spe Nec Metu* dedicated to Isabella d'Este in 1506.
On documents, the words are meant to indicate that something is to happen or people are to act with neither hope (of favors or other preference) nor fear (of punishment or other reprisal).

[36] For instance, Virgil *Eclogue* X.1-5 reports that the Sicilian spring Arethusa was a spring whose water would not mix with the sea, and Homer, *Iliad* 2, 751-3 reports that the river Titaresius does not mix with the Peneus river, although one flows into the other.

remain undisturbed. Let clouds and lightning and the storm fall around you: you will proclaim in a true and loud voice to be "tranquil amid the waves."[37]

Chapter VII

What that is which disturbs constancy and how many fold it is. That there are good and bad external things. That the bad is twofold, public, and private. That among these the especially serious and dangerous seem to be the public ones.

Once Langius had said this, more fierce in voice and face than he was wont, a spark of the good fire took hold of me too, and I said, "My father (I could address you thus truly without flattery), lead me where you will and teach, correct, and direct me. You have a patient ready for any medicine, whether you are considering metal or fire." "Rather both alike," said Langius. "Because here the stalks of empty opinions must be burned off, and there the shoots of the passions must be pulled out by the root. But shall we keep walking? or would sitting be better and more fitting now?" "Sitting," said I, "For at this point I am growing warm from no single cause." And once Langius had bid our seats to be brought and placed in the hall together and I had taken a seat beside him, he, turning a bit toward me, once again began as follows: "I have laid the foundations as it were up to this point, on which properly and safely the speech to come might be constructed. Now, if you please, come closer and I shall tell you the causes of your pain, and I shall touch your sore spot, as they say. There are two things which attack this citadel of constancy within us, false goods and false evils. I define both as follows: THINGS WHICH ARE NOT IN US BUT AROUND US, AND WHICH NEITHER HELP NOR HARM THE HUMAN INSIDE QUA HUMAN. And so I will not call them good or bad in reality or in reason: I will profess that they are so by opinion, and by a certain common impression of most people. In the former class[xlvii] they number riches, honors, power, health, and long life. In the latter,[xlviii] poverty, ill repute, weakness, diseases, and deaths, and, to encompass it in one word, whatever else is by chance or 'external.' From that twofold stem the four chief passions arise in us, which repress and wear out every human life, namely desire and joy and fear and pain.[xlix] Of these, the first two look to something opined to be good, from which they are born: the latter two look to something opined to be evil. They all harm and disturb the soul, and unless you foresee them, they cast it from it's position, but not in one single way.[l] For when the soul's quiet and Constancy occurs as if in a scale in balance, they push it away from this equilibrium, the ones by raising it, the others by depressing it.[li] But I now leave aside false goods and elation (for that is not your disease) and go to false evils, whose ranks once again are twofold. For there are public ones and private ones.[lii] I call and define the public ones those WHOSE **OPINIONS (sensus)**

[37] The poetic formula "(adj. or noun) *mediis* (adj. or noun) *in undis*" "____ amidst ___ waves" occurs at Catullus 64 line 167 as well as Ovid *Metamorphoses* 2.242 and *Ars Amatoria* 2.9. Lipsius' version seems to be a close variant of the motto of the Dutch martyr (died 1584) William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, which was *saeviis tranquillus in undis* "tranquil amidst raging waves." CHECK SEE IF KNEW EACH OTHER: WHEN WAS DC WRITTEN?

AFFECT MANY AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME; the private ones those WHOSE [**OPINIONS** AFFECT] INDIVIDUALS. Among the former are war, plague, famine, tyranny, massacres and others which are oriented outward and are shared. Among the latter are pain, poverty, disgrace, death and whatever is contained in a home and we consider to be in one individual human. The reason for my making this distinction is not an empty one, because one mourns in a truly different way and in another sense of the word when one mourns the misfortune of one's country or the exile and destruction of many from when one mourns only one's own misfortune.[liii] Add to that the many different diseases of each. Unless I am mistaken, however, the more serious ones are from public evils, certainly the more obstinate ones. For very many of us have been subject to public evils: whether because they assault us thick and fast and as if with a solid battle line they overwhelm one who stays put, or more because they beguile us with flattery and we often are unaware and do not understand that sickness is arising in our souls from them.[liv] Behold, someone has fallen to a private grief, he ought to profess his vice and weakness, even if he does not correct it (for what punishment is there?), but one who so often fails to make a confession of his slip or lapse thus becomes one who even boasts of it and thinks of it as praise. For it is called 'piety' and 'compassion.' And is it far off that this fever be enshrined among the virtues, nay rather among the public deities? Poets and orators eulogize and press upon us a fervent love of country, and I certainly do not stamp it out, but I judge and decree that it must be tempered and moderated. For in truth it is a vice, intemperance, and a fall and slip of the soul from its firm position.[lv] But it is also a serious disease in another way. Because there is not just one pain in it, but yours and another's mixed together. And it is at the same time another's in two ways, both on account of people and on account of one's country. In order that you take in what seems to be quite subtly said and distinguished by me by means of an example, behold your Belgium is now vexed not by more than one catastrophe, and the flames of this civil war surround it on all sides. You see the fields laid waste and torn apart far and wide, the towns set fire and destroyed, men captured and slaughtered, mothers defiled, maidens violated, and the other things which love to accompany war. This is a pain to you, right? Yes, but varied and distinct, if you look at it, because at the same time you mourn yourself, your fellow citizens, and your country. For yourself, there is loss; for your fellow citizens, there is various loss and destruction; for your country, there is overthrow and revolution. In one place, there is reason to cry out "Wretched me!", in another, "...you, my many fellow citizens / have met with this bane delivered by a hostile hand,"[38] and in yet another "O father, o fatherland!"[39] The result is that one who is not moved and on whom this host and horde of so many adversities rushing in has no effect must be either exceedingly solid and wise or exceedingly hard.

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[38] The exact words are not found elsewhere: possibly an adaptation of a quote from the archaic Roman epic poet Ennius, which is preserved in Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations* II.16. The relevant line shares five words with Lipsius' line: it is *Peto, priusquam oppeto malam pestem, mandatam hostili manu* (I ask (for help and your healing hands) before I meet an evil end delivered by a hostile hand).

[39] Cf. Ennius *o pater, o patria, o Priami domus*, (o father, o fatherland, o house of Priam) found preserved in Cicero *de Oratore* 3.217, which strengthens the case that Lipsius' previous quotation is an adaptation of Ennius.

Chapter VIII

Public ills opposed. But above all emotions restrained. And among them in this chapter a certain ostentatious pretense by which people mourn their own ills as if they were public ills.

Do I seem to have made a sham defense of Constancy and now to have plead the case for your pain? And yet, I am doing what bold and stalwart generals do. I have lured out onto the field and into the battle line all your troops, with whom I will now vigorously engage. First by some skirmishes, then in open war and at close quarters, as it were.[40] In skirmishing, however, I need to trample underfoot in my first assault, (to use an archaic term)[41] three emotions which are strongly opposed to Constancy, namely pretense, piety, and pity.[lvi][42] The first one first.[lvii] "Do you deny that you suffer public ills, that they are painful to you, no even fatal. Do you claim that seriously enough? or is this a sort of deceit and disguise?" I, quite stirred up, said, "Can you seriously ask that? or are you poking fun and mocking?" "I am serious," he said, "for no few from this field hospital of yours deceive the doctors and dissemble a as a public pain one that is in truth private.[43] I ask therefore whether you hold it as sufficiently understood that that worry 'which now harasses you and twists fixed in your chest'[44] has been taken up for the sake of the fatherland itself or for your sake?" "Are you still in doubt?" I said. "This grief is for the sake of the fatherland alone, Langius, for the fatherland." He, shaking his head, said, "Keep looking, young man. For if there is exceptional and pure piety in you, I will be amazed: certainly it is in few. We humans complain often about public ills, I think, and no pain is more universal and, so to speak, more prone to affect the countenance,[lviii] but if you look closer, you will often find some difference between the tongue and the heart. The words 'the misfortune of the fatherland affects me' are currying favor, not truth: they are born on the lips, not in the core. For that which has been reported about Polus the noble actor, when he was enacting a story in which pain had to be represented, that he secretly brought in the urn and bones of his dead son and that the whole theater was filled with true lament and grief—that same thing I say about most of you. O good people you play the comedy and disguised in the person of the fatherland you mourn your own

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[40] Cicero, in *de Divinatione* II.10 (26), uses the same sort of military metaphor in his discussion and a transition to more earnest points.

[41] The term is *pedato* "attack," which is pre-Classical Latin, used by Cato.

[42] Of these three terms *simulatio, pietas,* and *miseratio*, the first is clearly close to 'pretense,' while *pietas* ranges from 'sense of duty' to 'patriotism' to 'piety,' and *miseratio* ranges from 'sympathy' to 'commiseration' to 'pity.' What Lipsius means will become clearer as he proceeds.

[43] *How they often put on a disguise in their evil efforts.*

[44] Another quote from Ennius, once again preserved by Cicero (at the opening of *de Senectute*).

private losses with true sobbing tears. 'The whole world enacts a play' says the judge:[45] certainly in this case. 'This civil war tortures us,' they say, 'so does the spilt blood of innocents and the demise of liberty and law.' Is it so? I do see your pain: I seek and have doubts about the cause.[lix] Is it because public affairs are faring badly? there's an actor behind the role, rather because your affairs are faring badly. We see country folk often worry and come running and make vows, when a sudden calamity or storm comes, but you, once it has raged and is gone, pull back and examine the same folk, and you will find each and every one was fearful strictly for the crops and their own tiny field. There is a shout about a fire in this city: the lame, I shall almost say, and the blind will run to extinguish it. Why do you suppose? from love of the fatherland? no, ask them: because the loss affects each singly or certainly their fear does. Your situation is similar: public ills rouse and disturb humans all over, not because the loss belongs to many, but because they themselves are among the many.

Chapter IX

Pretense revealed more clearly, also by examples. Aside about our true fatherland. Also the malice of humans who rejoice in others' ills when they themselves are not subject to them.

Let this issue be put to trial with you present as judge, and in your court, but with its veil removed, **QUOD OLIM**.[lx] No doubt, you fear this war? Do you fear it? Why? Because plague and calamity accompany a war. Plague for whom? at the moment for others, but it could reach you.[lxi] There's the source of your pain (if you are willing to proclaim the truth without any torture), there's it's origin! Just as when lightning has struck some individual, those who were standing in the vicinity trembled, so in large and universal calamities the loss affects few, the fear everyone. If you remove that, you remove also the pain. Consider if war should be waged among the Ethiopians or Indians, you would not be disturbed (for you know you are outside its range): if it is waged among the Belgians, you weep and shout and strike your forehead and thigh. But if you feel grief about public ills, what is the difference? 'That is not my fatherland,' you will say. Fool.[lxii] Aren't those humans from the same race and stock as you? under the same vault of the sky? [46] on the same ball of Earth? This little bit that these mountains bound, these rivers gird, you think is a fatherland? You are wrong. The whole world is, wherever humans are to arise from that celestial seed.[lxiii] Socrates once responded excellently to someone asking whence he claimed to be that he was 'from the world.'[47] A great and upright soul does not confine itself with those boundaries derived from others' thought, but by its

[45] A purported fragment of Petronius, known as *elegantiae arbiter* ('arbiter of elegance') in the court of Nero: this 'quotation' occurs famously in Lipsius' contemporary Mongaigne's "De mesnager sa Volonté."

[46] The phrase *pila terrae* ('ball of the earth') is perhaps from Varro's *de Lingua Latina* VII.17.

[47] Taken almost verbatim from Cicero *Tusculan Disputations* V.108 (*Socrates quidem cum rogaretur, cuiatem se esse diceret, mundanum, inquit*."

thought and sense embraces this whole world as its own.[lxiv] We see and laugh at the foolish, whom a guard or master tied down with a knot of straw or thin thread and were standing as if bound by iron or a real fetter. This insanity of ours is similar, we who are tied fast by the bond of opinion to a specific part of the earth. But in order to leave these quite strong (for I fear lest you not be able to consider them well), I am adding more.[lxv] If some god were a guarantor to you in this war itself that your little fields would be untouched, that your home and wealth would be safe, and should set you yourself on some mountain veiled in a Homeric cloud:[48] will you still feel pain? I would not venture to claim this about you, but many will still rejoice and will eagerly feed their eyes on that jumbled carnage of the dying.[lxvi] Why do you shake your head, or wonder at that? A sort of malice is inborn THIS LATIN IS GOOFY:IT'S FERT THAT'S GOT ME STUMPED in the human character, 'rejoicing in another's ill,'[49] as the old poet says. And just as some fruits are sweetly unripe in taste, so are other people's cares while we are free from cares. Imagine someone on the shore of an ocean who sees a shipwreck. They are undoubtedly affected, but with a certain not unpleasant pang, because they see another's dangers without their own. Now reimagine the same person in that tossed ship. They will obviously suffer another pain. It's the same when we do and say everything: we grieve at our own ills truly and from our heart, at public ills for the sake of form and custom.[lxvii50] Therefore put away the theatrical scenery, Lipsius, and fold up the curtain, and with all pretense dropped, show yourself to us with the true face of your pain.

Chapter X

My complaint about Langius' so unrestrained chiding. But in addition, that it is the duty of a philosopher. Also an attempt at refuting the above as well as one's obligatory relation and love toward the fatherland.

This first skirmish seemed to me bitter. Interrupting it, I said, "What is this lack of restraint, no, fierceness in your speech? Do you thus rail at and stick it to me? I would rightly bring you to close quarters, with Euripides:

> do not infect the already ill.
> For I am weighed down with enough affliction."[lxviii51]

Langius, laughing at me, said, "Do you expect a cookie or something sweet to drink,

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[48] NOTE HERE ABOUT "HOMERIC CLOUD"

[49] The Latin quotation (*laetans malo alieno*) is identical to that of Cicero's non-poetical *Tusculan Disputations* IV.VII(16), which reads *voluptati malevolentia laetans malo alieno* ("species of pleasure include malevolence, rejoicing in another's ill"), where "malevolence, rejoicing in another's ill" is a translation of ἐπιχαιρεκακία from Diogenes Laertius 7.114. Lipsius' 'old poet' may refer to Horace's *Satires* II.3.72 *malis ridentem alienis* ("laughing at another's ills"), which is a translation of Homer *Odyssey* XX.347.

[50] Pindar *Nemean* I, 53-54: "for one's own weighs on everyone alike, but the heart is quickly without sorrow at another's grief."

[51] The Greek from Euripides *Alcestis*, line 1047-8: ... . μὴ νοσοῦντί μοι νόσον/ προσθῇς· ἄλις γὰρ συμφορᾶι βαρύνομαι.

then? but a little while ago you were asking for the knife and fire. And rightly so. For you are listening to philosophy, Lipsius, not a flute girl. The idea is to teach, not to lure: to benefit, not to please. That you feel shame and blush at ills rather than laugh: that you feel remorse rather than rejoice.[lxix52] 'The business of the philosopher is medical,' as Rufus once used to proclaim, in which people come together for the sake of health, not pleasure. A doctor does not wheedle, does not flatter, but rather pierces, punctures, and scrapes and washes off the filth of souls with the irritating salt of discourse. Do not, then, Lipsius, expect roses, sesame, and poppies in what is to come, but rather spines and daggers, wormwood and vinegar." In reply, I said, "But Langius, if it is proper to say so, you are handling me wrongly and with ill will, and you are not, as a good fighter, throwing me with a permissible hold, but you are tripping me up with cunning. You claim that I grieve for my fatherland insincerely, not for its own sake. Do I? No. For even if I grant to you (for I am proceeding honestly) that there is some regard for myself in it, nonetheless not for myself alone.[lxx] For I am grieving, Langius, and I am grieving for my fatherland in particular. And I will grieve, even if its ruin does not involve my ruin. With good right. For my fatherland is what took me in, kept me warm, and fed me. By common agreement, it is my most inviolable and ancient parent.[lxxi] But you grant me the whole world as a fatherland. Who denies that? but you too confess, in addition to that great common fatherland, that there is another more defined and particular fatherland that is mine, to which I am more closely bound by an obscure bond of nature.[lxxii] Unless you think that there is no force of attraction and pull toward one's native soil. First we lay on it with our body, stood on it with our feet; we breathed its air; our infancy cried on it, our childhood played on it, our youth was raised on it. It is where the sky, the rivers, the fields are familiar to our eyes, where there is a long line of relatives, friends, and comrades, and where there are so many allurements of joy, which I would seek in vain elsewhere on earth. And that is not the slender thread of opinion, as you want it to seem, but the strong shackle of nature. Look to the animals:[lxxiii] behold the beasts love and recognize their dens, birds their nests. The very fish in the great unending ocean are pleased to enjoy their certain part of it. Why should I mention humans? who even if raised as barbarians are so attached to their native lump of earth. Thus whatever man it is, he does not hesitate to die for it and in it. So, Langius, I do not follow or agree with your inflexible and novel wisdom, rather I follow Euripides, who truly claims

All love their fatherland by necessity[lxxiv53]

Chapter XI

The second passion of excessive love of one's fatherland, which they call 'piety,' is opposed by demonstration. Also the origin of that passion, and what fatherland truly and

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[52] In this passage, Epictetus, as recorded by Arrian (Arrian's notes survive, not Epictetus' own words), is quoting Musonius Rufus (1st c. CE, Epictetus' teacher) 3.23.30 ἰατρεῖόν ἐστιν, ἄνδρες, τὸ τοῦ φιλοσόφου σχολεῖον· οὐ δεῖ ἡσθέντας ἐξελθεῖν, ἀλλ' ἀλγήσαντας. ("The business of the philosopher is medical: one ought to approach those in pain, not those who feel well.")

[53] Euripides, *Phoenician Women*, 359: ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει / πατρίδος ἐρᾶν ἅπαντας.

in itself is.

Langius, smiling graciously at this speech, said,[lxxv] "Young man, your piety is admirable and now the brother of M. Antonius is in danger concerning his cognomen, I think.[54] But still it is convenient that this passion offers itself of its own accord and rushes ahead in front of the standards. I had already decided to attack it and to lay it low with a light spear. I am, however, pulling off of it above all as spoils its very pretty vestment, with which it improperly adorns itself.[lxxvi] For this love toward the fatherland is generally called 'piety.' But I neither take it nor bear it myself **CHECK THIS TRANSLATION IN OTHER BESIDES YOUNG: I DON'T REALLYKNOW WHAT FERENTE AND CAPIENTE MEAN HEAR**, I confess. For whence 'piety'? I know that it is exemplary of the virtues, and properly not other than LEGITIMATE AND APPROPRIATE HONOR AND LOVE TOWARD GOD AND PARENTS. Under what description, however, does fatherland insert itself in the middle amongst these?[lxxvii] Because, they say, it too is the most inviolable and ancient parent. O the fools! they are unjust not only to reason, but to nature herself. Is it a parent? why? how? I see nothing here, and you, if you see more keenly, Lipsius, illumine the darkness for me. Because it took us in? You seemed to say that before. But so did any host, often, or innkeeper. It warmed us? scarcely any more gently than did a nurse or caretaker. It nourished us? the livestock do that, the trees do that, the field crops do that every day and so do the sky, the air, and water among the great corporeal things to whom the earth assigns no credit. Finally, relocate yourself, and any other land you wish will do the same for you. These are fluid and fluctuating words by which you have expressed nothing except the futile and uneducated flavor of common opinion. Real parents are only those who bore, formed, and supported us, of whose seed we are the seed, of whose blood the blood, of whose flesh the flesh. If any of these things are fit for comparison with the fatherland, I do not at all deny that I am opposing this sort of 'piety' with a useless weapon. For the learned and the great have claimed just that in many places. I admit it. But that was for reputation, not for truth. But if you will follow me, you will reserve that sacred and exalted word for god, and, if it pleases, for parents, but this passion, even once corrected, you will bid to be content with the honorable title of charity.[lxxviii] But enough about the name: let us examine the matter itself. I for my part do not completely do away with this passion, but I temper it, and I cut around it as with the scalpel of correct reason.[lxxix] For just as a vine sprangles itself too widely if it is not pruned, so these passions, for whom some breeze of

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[54] R.V. Young's note *ad loc*. indicates that this refers to Emperor Antoninus Pius, because 'Pius,' the adjective form of *pietas*, was a cognomen he acquired on accession to the throne. Young also claims that Marcus Aurelius was Antoninus Pius' brother, which is not the case, either legally or biologically. They were not immediately genetically related (Antoninus Pius was the husband of Marcus Aurelius' aunt, so Antoninus was Marcus' uncle), but Antoninus Pius did adopt Marcus Aurelius. Thus Marcus Aurelius became Antoninus Pius' adopted son. BUT NONE OF THIS EXPLAINS WHY LIPSIUS TALKS OF A FRATER ANTONIUS (NOT ANTONINUS). Pius was probably an agnomen rather than a cognomen (cognomina were hereditary in the Empire, while agnomina were acquired). CHANGE THIS NOTE IF HE'S TRULY WRONG: WHY KICK HIM.

popularity fills the sail. And I freely confess, Lipsius (for I do not thus despoil any human or fellow citizen), that there is some tendency and love in each of us for this smaller 'fatherland,' but its causes or origin, so I see, are known by you with insufficient clarity. For you want it to be from nature, but in truth it is from custom and convention.[lxxx] For after humans were brought out of that crude and solitary life from the fields into towns, and they began to construct houses and walls, and to assemble and to use or ward off violence as a people, behold, a community arose amongst them by necessity and a society of many varied things. They had land and borders in common, temples, markets, treasuries, courts in common, and the especially important bond of rituals, customs, and laws. Our greed began to love and care for these very things (and certainly it was not wrong) as its own.[lxxxi] For truly the right of individual citizens is in them, and they do not differ from private possessions except in that they do not belong to just one.[lxxxii] This partnership elicited as it were a form and appearance of a new situation, which we call 'Republic' and 'fatherland.' And once humans understood how much import lay in it for the safety of individuals,

8:38

laws were carried to assist and defend it, or at least the custom was handed down from our ancestors, which is equivalent to laws.[lxxxiii] Hence it came about that we are pained by inconveniences in order to enjoy its conveniences, because in truth our own private goods are safe if it is safe and perish if it perishes.[lxxxiv] Hence our charity or love toward it. For the sake of the public good (up to that point some hidden divine foresight pulled us along) our ancestors augmented it, by increasing the majesty of the fatherland with all their deeds and words. Thus this passion existed right from the founding, in my judgement at least. But if the passion is natural,[lxxxv] as you were insisting, why is it not equally and in the same measure spread among all humans?[lxxxvi] Why do nobles and the rich love and care for the fatherland more, the common folk or poor less, so that you see the poor about their own concerns, with the public ones neglected? It certainly happens otherwise in the case of every passion which comes from the violent bidding of nature. Finally what reason will you adduce for why so trifling a cause has often reduced or destroyed it?[lxxxvii] For behold rage has called forth one, love another, some fatherly ambition, and today how many has that god lucre called forth? How many Italians have migrated and settled in Gaul, Germany, even Sarmatia, with Italy, the queen of countries, abandoned, merely for the sake of profit? How many thousand Spaniards for how many years does avarice or ambition draw to distant lands under another sun? by Hercules, by a great and strong proof, that this entire bond, which just one desire so rashly desolates or breaks, is external and a matter of opinion. But you still err greatly, Lipsius, in limiting the fatherland. For you restrict it to that native soil, which we stand and lay upon and which you so shrilly proclaim with other empty verbiage. For you want to seek from it inborn causes of this love, in vain. For if that name belongs to one's native soil alone, my fatherland will be restricted to Bruxelles, yours to Isscanum,[55] to someone else a hut or crude shelter.[56] Nay, for many not even a hut, but the woods and the bare field. Is my

[55] Elsewhere often spelled 'Iscanum': the town would be modern Overijse, which lies on the Ijse river (the oldest name of which is *Isca*).

[56] "Crude shelter" translates Latin *magar*, the difficult to find alternate form of the root of *magalia*: cf. Isidore *Or.* XV.XII.

love and care limited by those narrow confines? Should I embrace and defend only that town or home as fatherland? You see the absurdity. And how blessed, under your definition, are those forest or field dwellers, whose native land is always in bloom and is almost immune to every danger of loss or destruction. But that is surely not the fatherland, no, but rather SOME ONE SITUATION OR AS IT WERE VESSEL UNDER ONE KING OR UNDER ONE LAW.[lxxxviii] If you want that rightly to be loved by its citizens, I will profess that. If you want it rightly to be defended, I will acknowledge that.[lxxxix] If you want death rightly to be undertaken for it, I will allow that. I will not admit that someone should be in pain, should lie prostrate, should weep over it.

It is sweet and right to die for the fatherland.

the poet of Venusia[57] said to the great approbation of the theater, but he said 'to die,' not 'to weep.' For we ought to be good citizens in such a way that we still are good citizens, which we cease to be when we cross over into the blubbering and lament of boys and women.[xc] Finally, Lipsius, I instill that lofty and mysterious thought into you: if you look at the whole human, all these fatherlands are empty and false and that one is perhaps able to be attributed to the body, none to the soul. One who has slipped from that higher home has the whole earth as a cell and confinement. But the heavens are that person's true and real fatherland.[xci] Let us strive to attain it so that we can say with Anaxagoras from our soul to some fool asking in a low way, 'Don't you care about the fatherland?' 'To me that is the truly the fatherland and point our finger and chin at the sky."

Chapter XII

The third passion controlled, which is pity. that it is a vice, distinct from mercy, for the sake of clarity. How and how much it is to be employed.

Langius seemed by this speech to have cast a cloud from my soul and I said to him, "You are benefiting me greatly, my old friend, partly by taking me to task, partly by teaching, and I seem now to be able to reign in that passion which is directed at one's land and situation, but not yet to be able to reign in that passion which is directed at fellow humans themselves. For how could the losses of my fatherland not affect and distress me because of my fellow citizens and fellow humans who are tossed on this sea of calamities or perish by each varied and wretched lot?"[xcii] In answer Langius said, "But in that case, it is not pain per se, but pity, which is itself to be spurned by the wise and constant.[xciii] For nothing is more in keeping with it than firmness and strength of soul, which cannot exist if not only one's own grief but that of another bring the soul down and diminish it." Here I interrupted and said, "What are these spines of the Stoics? You forbid me from sympathizing? But that is a virtue among good people, certainly among us who are steeped in the true religion and piety." Langius solemnly said , "I indeed forbid it and if I remove this sickness from souls, anyone good will not bear it ill. For it is truly a sickness and one who sympathizes with the wretched is not far from wretchedness. Just as a sign of a weak and bad eye is to water at the sight of another's watery eye, so of a

[57] Horace was born in Venusia, a Samnite town. This line, from Ode 3.2.13, is perhaps his most famous.

soul, to feel pain when it sees one in pain. That is correctly defined as THE VICE OF A WEAK AND SMALL SOUL, FALTERING AT THE SIGHT OF ANOTHER'S ILL. What then? Are we so harsh and iron that we want no one to be affected or to change at all at another's pain. No, it does not displease us that one is affected.[xciv] But toward helping, not toward feeling pain. I allow mercy to you, but not pity. For at this point it is a good idea to distinguish them and to pull back a little from my porch for the sake of a lesson. I call 'mercy' AN INCLINATION OF THE SOUL TO RELIEVE ANOTHER'S HELPLESSNESS OR GRIEF.[xcv] That is the virtue which you are seeing through a cloud, as it were, Lipsius, and which pity is stealthily replacing. For it is human to be affected and to pity. Let that be the case. Still, it is not right. Or do you think that any virtue lies in weakness and bringing the soul down?[xcvi] with the result that you groan (WHY NE?)? and sigh? and share broken and stammered words with one who is grieving? You are wrong. Otherwise I can give you some miserly old women and penny-pinching Euclio's[58] from whose eyes you will squeeze a thousand tears sooner than one coin from their purse. But our true merciful person will not pity indeed, but will do all the same things or greater for the one pitying. He will look at another's ills with human eyes, but correct nonetheless, he will address with a moved expression, but not with a mournful or cast down one. He will console courageously and will help generously and will act more kindly than he will speak and will stretch out a hand to the one in need or who has slipped rather than offer words. And he will offer all this help carefully and cautiously lest, as in a bad epidemic, another's disease infect himself and lest he himself be struck through another's side, as is said of gladiators.[59] 'Why unyielding in this case, if you please, or harsh?' All wisdom is that way: what appears to those looking from afar severe and forbidding, once you have come closer, is found merciful, gentle and than which the very goddess of Love is no kinder or friendlier.[xcvii] But enough about these three passions. If I have partially rid you of them, it will be of great moment for the remaining battle.

Chapter XIII

With impediments removed, we come to the alleviation or removal of the public ills themselves. Four are to be attacked by particular arguments and defeated by me. First, providence is discussed. It is proved to be in and to rule over human affairs.

From the skirmishing, I arrive at length at the true and earnest battle[xcviii] and, once the light arms are set aside, at the decisive weapons. I shall bring on all my soldiers and troops in order under their standards, in a quadruple battle line. First I shall contend that

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[58] Euclio is the miserly protagonist of Plautus' *Aulularia*.

[59] Lipsius wrote a book titled *de Gladiatoribus* (found in *Roma Illustrata, sive Antiquitatem Romanarum breviarium*, 1657, likely first published in 1598) in which he wrote (in section IV.2 on the mode of the fight, in the fight itself) "And often when many opponents fought, one would be wounded through the side of another, whence it was said 'to be wounded through another's side.'" He may have deduced that from Cicero *in Vatinium* V "all my weapons will be thrown at you so that no one is wounded through your side, as you are wont to say."

these public ills are sent to and surround us by god; second that they exist by necessity and fate; third, that they are useful to us; and finally, that they are neither serious nor new.[xcix] If these troops skillfully attack and defend at their stations, will the army of your pain dare to resist me any more or to turn against me? It will not. I will have won. And with that omen, let the trumpets sound.

Just as all passions, then, Lipsius, which assail and disturb human life are due to a mind that is out of its mind, so especially, to my mind, is distress concerning the state. For while the rest of the passions have an end and a sort of scope (as the lover has possession, the angry person has vengeance, the greedy person has acquisition, and similarly the rest) for this one alone you will find no goal set out except itself.[c] Let my speech not be wandering and free form. Rather let me stay reined in tightly on this track: you are now grieving for the demise of the fatherland, as you say. But to what end? out with it! what do you hope for or look for in your grief? Do you hope to correct your country's fault? to shore it up from faltering? or by feeling pain to turn aside its imminent ruin and destruction? You can hope for none of these. It is only that you be able to say that worn out saying, 'I feel pain,' and the rest is in its entirety empty and ineffectual grief. For it's about an issue in the past, and the gods wanted taking back and making the past undone to be not even in their hands. Is your grief merely pointless? No, it is impious[ci] if you consider the matter with impartiality of judgement.[60] The fact that there is a certain eternal mind, which we call god, does not escape you. It governs, tempers, and rules the everlasting circuits of the heavens, the unequal paths of the stars, the various states of the elements, in sum all matters above and below. Do you yourself believe that some accident or luck reigns in this the finest corporeal world?[cii] that human affairs are borne along and come together by a blind and heedless motion? I know you do not believe that, nor does anyone else who has any sanity, not to mention wisdom. For that is the voice of nature, of nature I say, and wherever you turn your eyes and mind, mortal and immortal beings, sublime and terrestrial beings, animate and inanimate beings declare it clearly and say that there is something above us which created and made these so wondrous and great and manifold things, and now that they have been created and made, even now it steers and maintains them.[ciii] And it is god, and nothing is more fitted to its most perfect and superior nature than that it willingly and ably direct the care and maintenance of its own opus. What more would it want? it is the best. What more could it do? It is the greatest. And it is so much that case that there is no strength superior to it that no strength exists that does not derive from it. And the extent and variety of our affairs does not hinder or hold it back.[civ] For its eternal light spreads its rays in all directions and with one and the same blow or impetus, so to speak, it penetrates every bay and abyss or the sky, the earth, and the sea. Not only is this divinity in charge of all things, but it is among them. No, it is in them. What is so unbelievable about that? How great a part of the world does the sun traverse and light up all at once? How great a collection of things with one thought and vision does our mind embrace? oh we are fools, if we don't believe that more is able to be examined and conceived by that being which created and made the sun itself and mind itself? Aristotle said it excellently, rather divinely, although he did not say much about

[60] **Reading *aegua*, not the printed *agua***.

divine matters:[cv61]
"As a pilot in a ship, a charioteer in a chariot, a director in a choir, law in a city, a general in an army, so god is in the world. With this difference alone, that to them their directing task is carried out as a laborious task that is full of worry: for god, however, it is without pain or labor and separate from all effort of the body."
Thus in god, Lipsius, there is, was, and will be EVER WATCHFUL AND CONTINUOUS CARE (but a care without cares) BY WHICH HE OVERSEES, IS PRESENT TO, AND KNOWS ALL THINGS AND AN UNCHANGEING KNOWLEDGE BY WHICH GOD DIRECTS AND GOVERNS IN A SEQUENCE UNKNOWN TO US[cvi] **Check this against other translations: ignota may not go with serie?**. That is what I here call 'providence.' About which no few could complain and inquire out of ignorance, except one who is deaf to and has become a brute against every expression and experience of nature.**AGAIN, compare with other translations: non nemo may somehow mean 'no one,' which would make easier sense here.**

Chapter XIIII

That nothing happens here unless by the nod of his providence. That calamities are sent upon people and cities by it. Likewise that we complain or weep in an insufficiently pious manner about them. Finally an exhortation to obey god, with whom one fights recklessly and in vain.

But if you have well understood and adopted, if you seriously believe from your soul that his power has inserted itself and penetrated and, to speak with the poet, 'goes through all the lands and the tracts of the sea',[62] then I do not see what further place there could be

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[61] In the main body of his text, Lipsius first quotes in Greek (see below), then translates this quotation into Latin. It is found in Aristotle's *de Mundo* at 400b5ff., and is found in Stobaeus *Anthologium*, 1.1 §36.
The Greek is as follows (notes: 'Aristotle' refers to Lorimer's 1933 Les Belle Lettres text and 'Stobaeus' to Hense and Wachsmuth's text; parentheses mark what is in Aristotle (and Stobaeus) but not in Lipsius; square brackets mark what Lipsius, and Aristotle, include but is considered by Stobaeus' editor as something to be omitted; underlining is in Aristotle but not Stobaeus or Lipsius) (Καθόλου δὲ) ὅπερ ἐν νηῒ μὲν κυβερνήτης, ἐν ἅρματι δὲ ἡνίοχος, ἐν χορῷ δὲ κορυφαῖος, [ἐν πόλει δὲ νόμο<u><θέτη></u>ς,] ἐν στρατοπέδῳ δὲ ἡγεμών, τοῦτο θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ, πλὴν καθ' ὅσον τοῖς μὲν καματηρὸν τὸ ἄρχειν πολυκίνητόν τε καὶ πολυμέριμνον, τῷ δὲ ἄλυπον ἄπονόν τε πάσης κεχωρισμένῳ σωματικῆς ἀσθενείας·. The Greek in Lipsius is almost entirely accurate (the native accent is omitted on πολυκίνητον, which is followed by δὲ instead of τε); in Lipsius, Aristotle's κεχωρισμένον is printed instead of Stobaeus' κεχωρισμένῳ. The only semantically significant difference is between νόμο<u><θέτη></u>ς "lawgiver" and Lipsius (and perhaps Stobaeus) νόμος "law."
[62] Virgil, *Georgics* IV, 221-2 reads: *deum namque ire per omnes /terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum.* ("for god goes through all the lands and the tracts of the sea and the immense heaven').

for your pain or lament.[cvii] For that provident mind itself, which turns and revolves the heaven every day, raises and lowers the sun, and puts forth and reabsorbs its fruits, gives rise to those accidents of yours and all the vagaries of matters, at which you marvel or take offense. Do you think that only things that are welcome and pleasing to us are sent down from heaven? on the contrary, so are the sad and unpleasant things, and in general, nothing in this great contrivance of creation is done, is stirred up, or comes together (sin excepted) whose cause and origin is not from that first cause.[cviii] For Pindar correctly says 'The mistresses of all things are in the heaven'[63] and a golden chain, as it were, has been sent down from on high (as Homer conceals in a fable)[64] to which all these lower things have been tied. That in that place a landslide buries some towns is due to providence. That elsewhere a plague harvests many thousands is due to it. That disasters, war, tyranny among the Belgians, is due to the same providence. All these disasters of yours, Lipsius, are sent down by divine will, by divine will.[cix] And thus well and wisely is it said by Euripides that "disasters are heaven-sent."[65] The whole ebb and flow of human affairs depends on the moon (**COMPARE TRANSLATIONS**). The rise and fall of realms depends on the sun. (**MOON AND SUN ARE CAPITALIZED: = GOD?**) So now when you loosen the reins on your pain and you are offended that your fatherland is changing or overturned, do you not even consider who you are and at whom you take offense? Who are you? A human, a shade, dust. At whom do you take offense? I fear to tell you, it is at god.[cx] Antiquity has told the tale of certain giants who set about unseating the gods from their citadel. Let us leave aside tales: you whiners are those 'giants.' For if all these things are not only allowed by god, but brought on by god, you who grumble loudly and fight back, what else do you do other than snatch the scepter and power of ruling (i.e over you yourselves:**IS THAT RIGHT?**) from god? Blind mortality! The sun, the moon, the stars, the elements and all the generations of living beings obey and comply with that supreme law not unwillingly:[cxi] the human, noblest of beings, alone kicks up its heels and resists. If you had set sail by the winds, you would be following not where your will carried you, but where the winds did, and in this ocean of life you refuse to follow the one who governs the universe? You refuse in vain, however. Because you will follow or you will be hauled along[cxii] and those heavenly decrees will keep their force and order, whether over the obedient or the rebel. [cxiii] We would laugh, if one who tied his vessel to a rock and soon after hauled on the rope thought that the rock was approaching him when he was approaching it. And is our foolishness not greater when

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[63] Lipsius quotes the following snippet from Pindar, *Olympian Odes* 14, line 9-10: πάντων ταμίαι / ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ. Lipsius' Greek is accurate. It is taken out of a very different, polytheistic context, however.

[64] In Homer's *Iliad* VIII, 18-27, Zeus claims to have a golden chain that hangs down from heaven, by which he could pull up all earth and tartarus and the sea, but all the gods together pulling on it could not pull him down from heaven. The passage has been variously interpreted metaphorically since antiquity.

[65] The phrase quoted by Lipsius, συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι ('heaven-sent disasters'), occurs at Euripides *Andromache*, line 851, where it is from a different, more pessimistically fatalistic context. Lipsius' Greek is accurate. The adjective θεήλατος "sent by god(s)" is found frequently modifying some word for a disaster in Euripides (*Orestes* line 2; Page fragment 11, lines 30 and 42; Nauck fragment 444 line 2).

we who are tied to that rock of eternal providence want it to obey us, not ourselves to obey it, when we haul and struggle against it? Let us finally leave aside these empty ideas and, if we are wise, let us follow that force pulling from on high and let us consider it fair, so that whatever pleases god pleases human.[cxiv] Soldiers in camp, when the signal to move comes, collect their kits, when the signal to fight is heard, they put their kits down, ready for and attentive to every order with their spirits, eyes, and ears. Let it be the same with us, and let us follow the general who calls us readily with a full stride wherever. 'We have sworn allegiance to this,' says Seneca,[cxv] 'to bear mortal things, not to be disturbed by the things which we are unable to avoid. We were born in the kingdom: obedience to god is liberty.'[66]

Chapter XV

Transition to the second argument for constancy, which is from necessity. Its force and import. A twofold necessity considered, first in things themselves.

This the Vulcanian shield strong against all external things; these the golden arms protected by which Plato bids us to fight against fortune and accident; to be subservient to god and in every event to turn our mind to that great mind of the world, I mean providence. Since I have laid out its 'pious and happy'[cxvi67] troops sufficiently, I shall bring forth and introduce another battle line, one under the flag of necessity.[cxvii] A brave, hardened, iron battle line, and I shall call it with no empty boast the Fulminatrix legion.[68] For its force is unbending and unbreakable, and it conquers and overcomes all. I shall be awonder, Lipsius, if you resist it.
Thales, when he was once asked, 'What is strongest?' replied correctly, 'Necessity. For it rules all.'[cxviii69] and an old saying about the same thing, even if it is not sufficiently circumspect, says that not even the gods force necessity.[cxix70] I hereby closely attach

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[66] Seneca *de Vita Beata*, 15.7.
[67] The full name of this legion was *Legio VII Gemina Felix*, and it is often referred to in inscriptions as *pia felix*. **LIPSIUS MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN ABOUT IT IN HIS MILITARY WRITINGS.**
[68] There was a Roman legion, the *Legio Duodecima Fulminata* (12th 'Lightning' Legion), which came to be called the *Legio Fulminatrix,* as Lipsius dubs his metaphorical legion.
[69] Perhaps Lipsius' source for this Greek quotation is Stobaeus *Anthologium* 1.4.7a, which contains the same Greek words in a slightly different order (Τί ἰσχυρότατον; ... Ἀνάγκη, κρατεῖ γὰρ πάντων instead of Lipsius' ... πάντων γὰρ κρατεῖ). Pseudo-Plutarch, *Placita Philosophorum* 884e1 has the same content with slightly different Greek, and Aetius *De placitis reliquiae* contains Stobaeus' words excerpted. Again, Lipsius' Greek is accurate.
[70] From Plato, *Laws* 741a4-5, which reads in modern editions: ἀνάγκην δὲ οὐδὲ θεὸς εἶναι λέγεται δυνατὸς βιάζεσθαι ('not even god is said to be able to force necessity'). Lipsius' Greek does not contain the modern text's δὲ or εἶναι λέγεται δυνατὸς and has plural θεούς as well as an added article τήν, but otherwise contains the same words in the same order as Plato's text. Zenobius *Epitome collectionum Lucilli Tarrhaei et Didymi*

providence to necessity, because it is a relative of necessity, or, to speak more accurately, is born of necessity. For necessity is from god and god's decrees. And necessity is nothing other than, as the Greek philosopher puts it, 'Necessity is the steadfast decision and unchangeable power of forethought.'[cxx71] I shall show that that it intervenes in public ills in two ways, originating from the things themselves, and originating from fate. From things themselves: since there is some character in all created things, it results that they are carried along by a certain innate force toward change and accident. Thus a certain erosive rust is tied by relation to iron by nature. Dry-rot and wood worms prey upon wood. Thus animals, towns, realms, have their own internal cause of perishing. Look high and low, at the great and the small, things made by hand and made by the mind, at every age they are rushing to ruin, and they will do so in every age. And just as rivers are born to the sea by a continuous downhill course, so all human things, slip through this conduit of disasters (so to speak) to their turning point. That turning point is death and annihilation, whose assistants and instruments are plague, wars, and disasters. Thus if death is a necessity to these things, in this respect disasters are also necessary. So that you see more clearly from examples, I will not shrink from going through this great universe for a while with you in our mind and spirit.

Chapter XVI

Examples of necessitated change or death in the whole world. That the heaven and the elements are commuted and will perish at some time. That the same is observed in towns, in provinces, and in realms. Finally that everything in the world goes in cycles and nothing is stable or firm.

An eternal law has been pronounced from the beginning for this whole world, to be born and to be unborn, to come up and come down, and that the judge himself wanted no thing to be stable or firm except himself.

Century 3 §9 excerpts this same passage from Plato's *Laws*, as does Pseudo-Justin Martyr *Cohortatio ad gentiles* Moral p.22B4. Plato himself or one of these is Lipsius' source. Cf. Plutarch *Phocion* 2§9line3, which speaks of god not forcing but leading necessity by argument. CHECK MARGINAL NOTE HERE: WHAT DOES USURPAT MEAN? MAYBE CHECK OTHER TRANSLATIONS IF ANY INCLUDE MARGINAL NOTES.

[71] In the main body of his text here, Lipsius quotes in Greek and translates into Latin this definition of necessity, which is found in Stobaeus immediately after the preceeding quote about Thales, namely at *Anthologium* 1.4.7b: Ἑρμοῦ ἐκ τῶν πρὸς Ἄμμωνα.
Ἀνάγκη ἐστὶ κρίσις βεβαία καὶ ἀμετάτρεπτος δύναμις προνοίας.
"Hermes from the 'to Ammon' says 'necessity is the steadfast decision and unchangeable power of forethought."
Lipsius' Greek is accurate, but he includes an article before προνοίας. 'Hermes' is Hermes Trismegistos, who is the supposed author of the Hermetic corpus, which includes an address to a disciple named Ammon. The address to Ammon does not survive aside from fragments such as this one. The Hermetic corpus is more magical and alchemical than what is currently called 'philosophical.'

For the gods alone does old age and death
never occur: all-ruling time obliterates the rest.[cxxi][72]

as the tragic poet proclaims. All those things which you esteem, which you wonder at, in their turns either perish or change. You see the sun? It sets.[cxxii] The moon? It struggles and wanes. The stars? They slide and fall. Even granted that the human genius covers and dispenses with those things, nonetheless things have happened and will happen in the heavenly body to break every law and concept of the mathematicians. I am leaving out comets, of varied form, location, and motion, which are all from and in the air, as the Lyceum taught me, with difficulty. But behold recently certain new movements and stars were detected which gave trouble to the astrologers. A star arose in this very year whose waxings and wanings have been clearly observed.[cxxiii][73] And we see, incredibly, that in the sky itself things are born and die. Even Varro, according to St. Augustine, asserts and proclaims 'that the star of Venus which Plautus calls Vesperugo, and Homer calls Hesperus,[74] changed color, size, shape, and course.'[75] After examining the heaven, look at the air. It changes daily into winds, clouds, and storms. Transition to the waters:[cxxiv] you will see that those rivers and streams which we call continuous perish in one place and have changed their channel and course. The very ocean itself, that great hidden part of nature, is variously stirred up and calmed down by tempests, and even were it not for them, it has its own ebb and flow and its level goes up and down daily by region, so that you can judge that it could entirely disappear. Now if you look to the land,[cxxv] which people would like to think alone is unmoving,[cxxvi][76] and stands still by its own force, behold in one place there is a landslide and it is struck by a tremor and a hidden force; elsewhere it is eaten away by water, or by fire. For these conflict amongst themselves: and lest you object that wars exist only between humans, they exist between the elements.[cxxvii] How much land has a sudden flood and inundation of the sea taken away or absorbed? Once it happened to that great island Atlantis (for to my mind it is no fable),

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[72] Sophocles *Oedipus at Colonus*, line 607-8 is quoted in Greek in the main text, and the Latin translation above in the margin: μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται / θεοῖσι γῆρας οὐδὲ κατθανεῖν ποτε, / τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος. Lipsius' Greek is accurate, but where Jones and Wilson have κατθανεῖν Lipsius has μὴν θανεῖν, which does not affect the meaning significantly.

[73] The "elemental" region is one where ordinary stuff exists, while the ethereal region is beyond that, a realm where extra-ordinary stuff is found.

[74] E.g. Plautus, *Amphitryon* 1.1, line 275, and Homer, *Iliad* 22.318.

[75] Augustine *de Civitate Dei* XXI.8. Augustine's actual words are a bit different from Lipsius', who formulates a truncated paraphrase adapted grammatically to fit his own sentence-structure (Lipsius also uses the Greek ἔσπερον instead of a Latin transliteration). Augustine's text: *Nam in stella Veneris nobilissima, quam Plautus Vesperuginem, Homerus Hesperon appellat, pulcherrimam dicens, Castor scribit tantum portentum exstitisse, ut mutaret colorem, magnitudinem, figuram, cursum.* ('For in the most noble star of Venus, which Plautus calls Vesperugo, and Homer calls Hesperus and 'very beautiful,' Castor writes that a portent occurred so that it changed color, size, shape, and course.') This is a fragment of Varro's lost work *De gente populi Romani*.

[76] Perhaps *Vesta* refers to a connection between the goddess Vesta and earth and land and home.

afterward to Helice and Boura,[77] and not to resort to ancient times and remote places, among us Belgians, in the time of our fathers, it happened to two islands with their villages and inhabitants.[cxxviii][78] Even now here the deep blue Ocean opens new bays for itself, lapping daily away and eroding the treacherous shore of the Frisians, Canunesates, and the Cauchi.[79] Nor does the earth itself yield with effeminate cowardice, but avenges itself here and there and makes islands in the middle of the sea, while her offended white-haired father looks on in wonder. But if those great bodies, eternal to our senses, are destined for destruction and change, what do you think about towns, republics, and realms?[cxxix] it is as necessary that they be mortal as it is that those who make them are mortal. As humans have youth, strength, old age, and death, so do these. The begin, they grow, the stand firm, they flourish, and all of them do so in such a way that they fall. One earthquake under Tiberius destroyed twelve celebrated towns of Asia. Another as many towns in Campania under Constantine. And just one attack of Attila more than a hundred. History barely holds ancient Thebes of Egypt. Trust barely a hundred cities of Crete (**LAST TWO SENTENCES ARE VEY IFFY)**. Moving to more certain things, the ancients saw and wondered at the carcasses of Carthage, Numantia, and Corinth, and we see and wonder at those of Athens, Sparta and so many undistinguished ruins of illustrious cities. That very mistress of peoples and possessions, falsely called 'eternal city,' where is it?[cxxx] Overthrown and demolished, burned, and inundated, it perished not one death and is still ostentatiously sought for and is not found on its own soil Do you see Byzantium, how it pleases to style itself the seat of a twofold empire?[cxxxi] the Venetians, who preen themselves with the strength of a thousand years? Their day will come. And you, Antwerp, my darling of all cities, you will no long be at some point. The great architect clearly smashes and builds and (if it is proper to say it) plays in human affairs and shapes and unshapes various forms and images for himself like a potter out of this clay. I have been mentioning towns and cities,[80] but realms too, and provinces, are drawn down into this destruction. Once the Orient flourished. Assyria, Egypt, and Judaea were strong in arms and character.[cxxxii][81] Chance brought them over into Europe, which itself

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[77] Helice and Boura were Achaian-league towns on the Corinthian gulf swallowed by an earthquake and tsunami in 373 BCE (Helice was rediscovered in 2001: Boura has also been rediscovered), referred to together at Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 15,293; Pliny 2 §206; and Seneca *Quaestiones Naturales* 6.23.4.

[78] **THIS COULD BE** The St. Elizabeth's Flood of 1421, which killed thousands and destroyed many villages in the area of what is now the Netherlands called the Zuyder Zee. **WHY 2 ISLANDS?**

[79] The Frisians, Cauchi, and Canunesates (AKA *Caninefates* or *Canenufates*, *Canninefates*, or in modern times Canninefaters) are names of coastal peoples at or north of the mouth of the Rhine.

[80] Seneca *Epistle* 91 discusses the great fire that demolished Lyons entirely, as well as parallels for the destructions of cities in the Greco-Roman world. It is surprising that Lipsius never invokes that letter.

[81] See Tacitus *Annals* 2.60-61, especially the end of 60, which Lipsius paraphrases closely here: *haud minus magnifica quam nunc vi Parthorum aut potentia Romana iubentur* ('the wealth they commanded as tribute was hardly less magnificent than is now

now seems to me to totter and to give intimations of its own great fall. What we should wonder at more and could never be amazed enough is that this world, inhabited for 5500 years **WHY 5500????**, is growing old and **?BEGIN CONFUSING PART: DID ANAXARCHUS BELIEVE IN MULTIPLE WORLDS: STORY OF ALEXNDER LAMENTING THAT HE HAD NOT YET CONQUERED ONE WORLD (Plutarch *de Tranquillitate animi* 466d8 OR IS IT THE IDEA OF INFINITE WORLDS?** to applaud again the once disapproved tale of Anaxarchus, elsewhere new humans and a new world is arising and growing up.**END CONFUSION** O wondrous and never understood law of necessity![cxxxiii] All things go away into this fatal spiral of genesis and destruction, and although something in this creation is long-lived, nothing is eternal. Lift up and cast your eyes around (for it brings me no shame to press this point) and see the alternating turns and undulation (like in the ocean) of human affairs. Rise up! Fall down! Command! Obey! Hide yourself! Come out! May this world of things returning on themselves continue, as long as the world itself exists. Once you germans were wild? Now you are more tame than the rest of the peoples of Europe. Are the British uncivilized and poor? Call them Egyptian and Sybaritic in their luxury and wealth. Did Greece once flourish? Now let it lie low. Did Italy hold the scepter? Now let it serve. You Goths and Vandals, and you of the **six Barbarian peoples**, come out from your hiding places and command in turns the people of the world. Even you Scythians be present under compulsion and hold the reins of Asia and Europe for a time.[cxxxiv] But you yourselves depart soon and leave the scepter to a tribe at the Ocean. Am I mistaken? Or do I see some sun of a new empire rising from the west?

Chapter XVII

We come to that necessity which is from fate. Fate itself is first introduced. That there was universal agreement about it by the people and the wise, but disagreement in details. How many senses fate had for the ancients.

Langius had spoken and his speech almost brought tears to my eyes. He seemed to me to perceive the triviality of human affairs in a clear light. And exclaiming, 'Alas, what are we,' I said, 'or what are the things for which we exert ourselves? 'What is a person? what is no one? A human is a dream of a shadow.[cxxxv82] As the lyric poet once said truly.' Langius said to me, 'But you, young man, don't just look at those things, look down on them and impress constancy into your soul from this inconstant and depressing superficial triviality of all things. I call it inconsistent both with our mind and our senses. Because if you look at god and providence, all things take their course in a planned and unchanging order. Now with swords put aside, I am switching to my siege engines, and I

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demanded by the Parthians or the Romans'): Tacitus speaks of the extent of their tribute, whereas Lipsius takes that as a proxy for their empires themselves.

[82] Pindar, *Pythian* 8.95-96. Lipsius' Greek is accurate except that σκιᾶς is accented with a circumflex, not an acute. As with many of Lipsius' poetic quotations, the tone and purpose of Pindar's poem and of this line in it are utterly different from Lipsius' use of it.

will not attack your pain with weapons, but with artillery.[83] I shall rifle the ram of fate at you, strong and stout, which no human force or acumen will ever slip away from or avoid. Even if the position is slippery,[cxxxvi] I shall nonetheless attack, but carefully, slowly, and as the Greeks say, with a 'gentle foot.'[84] First, that fate exists in affairs neither you, Lipsius, as I think, nor any people nor any age doubts.' Interrupting, I said, 'Pardon me, if I put a roadblock[85] in your way. You hurl fate at me? This battering ram is useless, Langius, as is any of the stoics aimed with sinew[86] not strong enough. I speak frankly: I despise fate and the Fates and, to echo the Plautine soldier, I will blow apart this whole old-womanly line of battle with one breath, as the wind does with leaves.'[87] Langius gave me a stern and threatening eye and said, 'Are you recklessly and imprudently avoiding, or are you doing away with fate? You cannot do that unless you do away with all divine force and influence. For if there is a god, it is providence; if there is providence, there is a decided order of things; if there is a decided order, there is a firm and planned necessity of events.[cxxxvii] How do you avoid that blow? or with what axe will you split that chain? For it is proper for us to conceive of god and the eternal mind in no other way than with the idea that knowledge and eternal vision of the future are part of it. We sense it as fixed, firm, unchangeable, always unified and self-similar, bending and fluctuating not at all in those things which it at once wants or sees.

'For the mind of the eternal gods is not changed quickly'[cxxxviii][88] If you admit the truth (and it is necessary that you do admit it, unless you are shedding all reason and sense), you will admit also that all divine decisions are firm and unchanging, from eternity into eternity. But from that admission, necessity emerges, and the fate which you jeer at. So clear and obvious is the truth of this matter that no other opinion is more ancient or more accepted among peoples.[cxxxix] On basically all peoples on whom the light of god or providence shines so do the fates, so that those first pure little sparks, which revealed it to humans see to foreshadow it. Lo, approach and hear Homer, first and wisest of poets.[cxl] I am lying if the divine muse marked and impressed any stamp more than the one of fate on Homer, and the rest of the poets did not fall far from the tree of Homer.[cxli] Consider

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[83] The Latin word is *tormentum*, which refers to a device that uses a twisted rope or sinew to release a lever arm to hurl large objects. **HIS MILITARY WORKS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO NOTE HERE>**

[84] ἡσύχῳ ποδί: the phrase, meaning "soft of foot" vel sim., occurs several times in Euripides as well as more obscurely in the comic poet of unknown date Sosicrates (as is reported in Athenaeus *Deipnosophistae*, Book 11 Kaibel paragraph 48 line 3).

[85] A *remeligo*, translated here as 'roadblock,' is a 'remora,' a fish held to be able to hinder ships: it is used in Roman comedy a few times, but otherwise is very rare.

[86] The *tormenta*, 'artillery,' brought to bear earlier by Langius, often employed twisted sinew for their hurling mechanism.

[87] A clear allusion to line 17 of Plautus' *Miles Gloriosus*, 1.1.

[88] Odyssey 3.147. Lipsius' Greek is accurate, but conventions of accentuation are perhaps different (γάρ v. Lipsius' γὰρ). In his translation, given in the margin, Lipsius does not translate αἶψα, which means "quickly, on a sudden." The context in Homer is to suggest that sacrifice in this instance is a vain attempt to influence gods, whose minds don't change easily, but the larger context of Greek culture suggests that sacrifice was held to influence gods.

Euripides, Sophocles, and Pindar, and Virgil from among our poets. Are you suggesting I look at the historians? All their voices say that such and such happened by fate and that realms have been overturned or strengthened by the fates. The philosophers? who have a greater care to rescue and guard the truth from the masses. And they, although they have gone their separate ways on most other matters, competing in zeal and ostentation, have amazingly come together to the head of this one pathway which leads to fate.[cxlii] I called it the head of a pathway, because that way it does not gainsay but that they soon divide into several paths, all of which I seem, however, to be able to lead back to this place where four boundaries meet:[cxliii] mathematical fate, natural fate, forced fate, and true fate, which I wlll briefly explain, putting a foot as it were on each, because there is popular confusion and error about them.

Chapter XVIII

The first three sorts of fate are briefly explained. A definition or description of them all. The stoics briefly and swiftly defended.

I call the fate of the mathematicians[cxliv] THAT WHICH FIRMLY CONNECTS AND TIES ALL ACTIONS AND EVENTS TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES AND THE POSITION OF THE STARS. Of mathematicians, the Chaldaeans and astrologers are the chief authorities, and among the philosophers that official and exalted adherent, Hermes Trismegistos, who distinguishes providence, necessity, and fate subtly but not jejunely and says: [89]

> Providence is the complete absolute plan of the heavenly god. And naturally born from it there are two powers, necessity and fate. Fate is the assistant to providence and necessity, and the stars assist fate. Neither is anyone able to escape fate, nor is anyone able to guard against their severity. For the stars are the weapon of fate. According to fate all things are accomplished in accord with nature for humans.

IS HE REALLY CALLING THEM A SHIP OF FOOLS (LET'S HOPE SO) And in the same ship of fools today are not only a mob of astrologers and no few theologians (it shames me to say). But I call 'natural fate,'[cxlv][90] THE ORDER OF NATURAL CAUSES< WHICH (if they are not impeded) BY THEIR OWN FORCE AND NATURE PRODUCE THE SAME EFFECT RELIABLY. Aristotle adheres to this, if one trusts Alexander,[cxlvi][91] his hardly unfaithful interpreter, and likewise Theophrastus, who brilliantly writes that 'the nature of each thing is its fate.'[92] According to their idea, that a

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[89] Lipsius gives the Greek text from Stobaeus I.5§20, and then his own translation in Latin: the Latin is fully in keeping with the Greek. The Greek is close to that of Hense and Wachsmuth.

[90] Latin *physicum* is from Greek φὺσις, which means "nature": our current distinction between "physical," "physics," and "natural," "nature" is more not appropriate here.

[91] **TRACK THIS DOWN?**

[92] Lipsius provides Theophrastus' Greek and his own Latin translation. The Theophrastus is a fragment from Stobaeus, *Anthology* 1.6§17c: (φέρεται δέ πως εἰς τὸ) εἱμαρμένην εἶναι τὴν ἑκάστου φύσιν. Similarly, Alexander of Aphrodisias, *De Anima Libri Mantissa*,

human bears a human happens by fate. And again, that a human bear a serpent or a monster is contrary to fate[cxlvii][93] And likewise that he dies either by the sword or by fire. A not very errant idea, because it does not even rise to the force of fate. Who would not avoid an accident, who would not get on board **MAKES NO SENSE!!!!**? And Aristotle is like that in divine matters practically everywhere[cxlviii][94]: I except the book *de Mundo*, which is entirely golden, and seems to me to be from another more heavenly voice. Moreover, lo, I read in a Greek writer[95] that Aristotle believed, 'that fate is not a cause, but sort of cause accidental to the mandates of necessity.'[96] Heart of a philosopher! He ventures to list fortune and accident earnestly among causes, but not fate. But I will leave him be and come to my friends the stoics (for I do not pretend: that sect is precious and beloved to me) who are the originators of forced fate,[cxlix] which I define, with Seneca as, 'THE NECESSITY OF ALL THINGS AND ACTIONS WHICH NO FORCE ABROGATES.[cl] Or with Chrysippus,[cli][97] 'a pneumatic capacity which governs the order of everything.'[98] And those definitions do not depart far from the correct one or the truth, if you interpret them sensibly and discreetly. And it is not perhaps their entire opinion, otherwise the extended thumb[99] of the entire mob would have killed them. They attribute

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p.185 line 11 Bruns, writes: λείπεται ἄρα τὴν εἱμαρμένην μηδὲν ἄλλο ἢ τὴν οἰκείαν εἶναι φύσιν ἑκάστου ('it remains that fate be nothing other than the proper nature of each thing').

[93] **trak down *WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?***

[94] **TRACK THAT DOWN? MAYBE SEARCH FOR EIMARMENE in ethics?**

[95] Because he has just quoted Theophrastus and now quotes a paraphrase of Aristotle, both of which are within a page of each other in Stobaeus, it is clear that the *Graecus auctor* is Stobaeus. It is clear to anyone who has considered Aristotle's views about cause, fate, chance, etc., that Lipsius is not even attempting to give the peripatetics a 'fair shake.'

[96] Found in Stobaeus, *Anthology* 1.6&17a. Lipsius' Greek is identical to Hense and Wachsmuth's text, save that Lipsius leaves out δ' after Τὴν and prints πῶς instead of πως.

[97] 'Agellius' sometimes refers to Aulus Gellius (obviously from A. Gellius. Indeed, Lipsius himself weighed in early in the debate about Gellius' name: he defended 'Agellius' in *Quaest. Epistol.* chapter 8. ***VERIFY THIS: I FOUND IT AT*** ***http://books.google.com/books?id=j3kBAAAAMAAJ&pg=PR34&dq=agellius&hl=en&sa=X&ei=T2esU_eIEurIsASQrILIDA&ved=0CDsQ6AEwBTgK#v=onepage&q=agellius&f=false***
While nothing relevant is found in book VI of Gellius' *Attic Nights*, book VII§2 does contain an extensive discussion of Chrysippus' concept of fate, including a quotation of Chrysippus' definition (which differs from the one here), and is likely to be the passage to which Lipsius refers, or perhaps he got it from Pseudo–Plutarchus, *Placita Philosophorum* 885b1-2, which has this quotation verbatim.

[98] Lipsius quotes Greek text from Stobaeus I.5§15line 21-2, which has exactly the Greek which Lipsius quotes. Lipsius also provides his own Latin translation. *Spiritualem*, πνευματική, or 'pneumatic' refers to the complex stoic doctrine of 'pneuma,' for which see Long and Sedley **XXXXXXXXXX.**

[99] The extended thumb of the spectator signified death to the gladiators.

two impieties to the stoics,[clii] both that they make god subject to the trio of fates and that they make the internal actions of our will subject to them as well. And I would not absolve them too credulously of each charge. For from their writings, the little which remains, there are passages where you could draw out these faults, and there are those from which you could draw our more wholesome thoughts. Seneca, a hardly weak pillar of the stoa, seems to run into that first, in a book in which he least ought to do so, *de Providentia*:[cliii]

> 'The same necessity binds the gods. An irrevocable path draws human and divine alike. The very builder and judge of all things authored fate, but follows it: always obeys, and at the same time gave the orders.'[100]

That unbreakable chain and fabric of causes, by which the bind all things and everybody, seems to do open violence to the human faculty of judgement. [cliv] But full and true stoics in their true character have never proclaimed those things. Or if something like that slipped out in the heat of writing or conversing, as happens, you will find that to be more a verbal thing than something they truly and consideredly hold.[clv] Chrysippus himself (who first weakened and gutted our manly sect with the prickly details of intellectual questions) does away with and purges them of the objection concerning diminished freedom, as Agellius says.[101] Nor did our friend Seneca subject god to fate (his mind was too healthy for that) but in a certain manner of speaking, he subjected god to god. For those among them who came closest to the truth kept calling providence itself by one name fate, and by another one god.[clvi] Thus Zeno, when he had defined 'fate is a constant unchanging motive power over matter ' ((in Latin)'fate is a force which moves matter in a constant unchanging way') added 'so that it makes no difference to call it providence or nature.' ((in Latin) 'which it makes no difference to call providence or even nature'). [102] And Chrysippus, with the same thought, called fate elsewhere, 'the eternal plan of providence,' 'providence's eternal plan.'[103] And the Stoic Panaetius 'declared that fate is god,' 'said that god himself is fate.'[104] Seneca too clearly understood the thought when he

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[100] Seneca *De Providentia* V. The quotation is adapted a bit to Lipsius' syntax at the beginning.

[101] Agellius refers to Aulus Gellius (cf. n.cli), who

[102] Lipsius puts the Greek original and his own translation in the main body of the text. This is part of Von Arnim Fragment 176 of Zeno, from Stobaeus *Anthologium* I.5§15 line17: Ζήνων δὲ ὁ Κιτιεὺς δύναμιν κέκληκε τὴν εἱμαρμένην κινητικὴν τῆς ὕλης κατὰ ταὐτὰ καὶ ὡσαύτως, : ἥντινα μὴ διαφέρειν πρόνοιαν καὶ φύσιν καλεῖν : τὴν δὲ αὐτὴν καὶ πρόνοιαν καὶ φύσιν ὠνόμασεν. It is also found in Aetius' excerpts from Stobaeus. Lipsius' text differs in two ways from modern editions of this fragment of Zeno: 1) μὴ διαφόρον καὶ instead of μὴ διαφέρειν does not make good sense, and 2) ταῦτα "these" instead of ταὐτὰ "the same" does not fit the idiom κατὰ ταὐτὰ καὶ ὡσαύτως: note, however, that Lipsius' Latin translation is more in keeping with modern editions' ταὐτὰ.

[103] Again, Lipsius provides Greek followed by his own translation, all in the main body of the text. Unusually, because Lipsius' Greek quotations are exact and correct, for the most part, the source of this definition of fate has not been found in the fragments of Chrysippus or elsewhere, although it is clearly consonant with known Stoic views.

[104] Antipater, not Panaetius, is reported to have said this. Stobaeus *Anthology* I.5§15 line 19: Ἀντίπατρος ὁ Στωικὸς θεὸν ἀπεφαίνετο τὴν εἱμαρμένην ('Antipater the stoic

said, [clvii]105 'You can address this originator of things and natures in different ways as much as you wish. You will solemnly call him Jupiter 'Optimus Maximus' and 'Thunderer' and 'Stator.' He is called 'Stator' and 'Stabilitor,' as the historians have told it, not because he caused the battle line of fleeing romans to stand firm after a vow was undertaken, but because all things stand thanks to his good work.[106] If you call him fate, you will not lie. For while fate is nothing other than an intertwined series of causes, he is the first cause of all things, from which the rest depend.' The last part of which is so piously put that even Calumny herself could not find fault with it. Nor does that great writer to the great king[clviii]107 depart in this matter from the stoics: 'I think that necessity is called nothing other than this, an unmovable substance, and fate on account of its both its being joined together and changing in an unhindered fashion.' 'I think however that necessity ought to be called nothing other than god, as it were as a stable nature, and that fate too, because it connect everything and moves freely and without impediment.'[108]

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declared that fate is god').

[105] It is not clear what the marginal note means. **DOES HE SAY THIS SORT OF THING ELSEWHERE? TEXT CRITICISM? REFERRING TO MANNER OF READING? he himself takes things out of context with great frequency.**

[106]The temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus (Jupiter Best and Greatest) on the Capitoline was the chief temple of ancient Rome. Jupiter had many epithets indicating his character, how he was worshipped, etc., as did other gods. Jupiter Tonans (Thunderer) had another temple on the Capitoline. Jupiter Stator ('Stayer') and Stabilitor ('Stabilizer') refers to his function of making things or people stand firm.

[107] Lipsius gives the Greek as well as his own translation, in the main body of his text. Pseudo-Aristotle's *de Mundo* is addressed to Alexander (the 'great king') in its opening sentence (391a2): this passage is from *de Mundo* 401b7-9, where etymological suggestions are being made for the origins of ἀνάγκη 'necessity' (which is said in Lipsius' version to be from ἀκίνητον 'unmovable') and εἱμαρμένη 'fate' (which is said to be from εἴρεσθαί 'to be joined').

Stobaeus *Anthologium* I.5§22line 3-5 contains the same passage: it could be Lipsius' source, given how much he quotes from Stobaeus up to this point. Lipsius' Greek differs from Lorimer's Belles Lettres text of *de Mundo*, but also from Hense and Wachsmuth's Stobaeus excerpt, so it is hard to tell which is Lipsius' source.

a. Lorimer οἱονεὶ; Lipsius οἱον; Hense and Wachsmuth οἱονεὶ (both options can mean the same thing)

b. Lorimer ἀνίκητον αἰτίαν ('unconquerable cause'); Lipsius ἀκίνητον ('unmovable'); Hense and Wachsmuth ἀνίκητον ('unconquerable').

c. Lorimer ὄντα ('as if *it is* unmoveable'); Lipsius οὐσίαν ('an unmoveable substance'); Hense and Wachsmuth οὐσίαν.

d. Lorimer εἴρειν ('join together'); Lipsius εἴρεσθαι ('be joined together': the rough breathing is mistaken); Hense and Wachsmuth εἴρεσθαι

e. Lorimer ἀκωλύτως; Lipsius ἀκολύτως (the short o is mistaken: ω is correct); Hense and Wachsmuth ἀκωλύτως.

[108] Lipsius' translation has no reference to words as tokens or any language indicative of derivation, and so shows no particular sign of being aware that Pseudo-Aristotle is

Which passages even if they have some imprudence, nonetheless have no impiety, and in the hands of charitable translators are not far from our true version of fate. I earnestly bestow upon the tribe of stoics the praise that no other school has proclaimed his own majesty and providence to god more, and no other has drawn humans to those heavenly and eternal matters more. And in the race in this stadium if I have faltered somewhat, it was out of the laudable and good eagerness to call blind mortals away from a blind god. I mean chance, whose divine aura has not only been bravely jeered at by them but also its name.[clix109]

Chapter XIX

The fourth fate, the true fate, explained. Statement about the word itself briefly. It is defined by a quite tenuous thread and it is shown to differ from providence.

About the consensus or disagreement of the ancients I have said enough. For why should I too sedulously and subtly examine 'thirties in the house of Hades'[clx110] With true fate there is enough for me to do as I now set forth and make clear. 'Fate' is what I hereby call the eternal decree of providence, which is able to be removed from things no more than providence itself is. And let no one pick nits with me about the word, because, I assert this with confidence, no other word in the Latin language is appropriate for this phenomenon.[clxi] Did the ancients misuse it? Let us use it and let us, having freed it from its stoic prison cell, bring it out into a better light. For 'fate' is certainly from 'fari'[111] and is nothing else in and of itself than 'a divine proclamation and mandate.'[clxii112] This is *a*

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making etymological conjectures rather than offering more straightforward conceptual analysis or definitions.

[109] At *Retractationes* I.1§2, Augustine regrets having used words that apparently refer to chance and fortune, since it is clear to him that providence is behind things as a hidden order.

[110] Erasmus *Adagia* II.9.39 translated the proverb as *Qui apud Inferos sunt terniones* ('The triads in the lower regions'). Erasmus' explanation of the proverb is clearly based on Pseudo-Plutarch' *de Proverbiis Alexandrinorum* fragment 8, which explains it as a reference to various ways that the number 3 can play a role in references to the chthonic realm *inter alia* (Hecate, Athena, and Artemis as a united deity, for example). Pseudo-Plutarch goes on to say that it is used in cases of excessive eagerness to know superfluous, superstitious, and hidden phenomena. On the other hand, Pollux *Onomasticon* I§66line 5 says that at Athens, '30's' is used to refer to the dead: Lipsius may be relying on Pollux, but nothing definitively indicates what Lipsius' reasoning is or why he thinks he got it right while Erasmus got it wrong, because Erasmus' explanation, based on Pseudo-Plutarch, fits Lipsius' use of the proverb well.

[111] Latin *for, fari, fatus* 'speak' is the etymon of 'fatum.'

[112] Taken from Priscian *de Duodecim Versibus Aeneidos Principalibus* (aka *Partitiones Duodecim Versuum Aeneidos Principalium*) chapter 7 §117 (*unde fatum dictum et iussum dei. id enim esse dicit Plato fatum,voluntatem et iussionem dei*: 'whence fate is the word

propos of what I am seeking, for I define true fate,[clxiii] whether with the famous Pico,[113] as A SERIES AND ORDER OF CAUSES DEPENDENT ON DIVINE COUNSEL, or with my own words,[clxiv] more obscurely but more subtly, as THE UNCHANGING DECREE OF PROVIDENCE INHERENT IN ALL CHANGING THINGS, WHICH FIRMLY PUTS INDIVIDUAL THINGS IN THEIR ORDER, PLACE, AND TIME. I called it 'a decree of providence,' because I do not completely agree with the theologians of today (let there be indulgence for me in my free search for truth), because they confuse fate with providence itself both in name and in reality.[clxv] I know that it is a difficult, nay an ill-advised thing, to want to constrain and comprehend with precise words that nature beyond the heavens and beyond nature[114] (I mean god), but **in so far as there is a capacity of the human mind, I continue to maintain** that providence is one thing and our fate another.[clxvi] For I conceive or consider providence not otherwise than as 'THE FORCE AND POWER IN GOD OF SEEING, KNOWING, AND DIRECTING EVERY THING, and by force I mean the entire, undivided, concentrated and, to speak via Lucretius, 'linked in union'[115] force. But fate seems to descend more to things themselves, to be observed in each singly. As the arrangement and unfolding of providence, which is held in common, happens distinctly and in parts, so providence is in god and is attributed to him alone, while fate is in things and is assigned to them. I seem to you to be playing tricks, and as the fellow says, 'to drill a hole in a millet seed'?[clxvii][116] No, Lipsius, I take this distinction from the ordinary speech of the masses, in which nothing is more prevalent than to say, 'fate did me a favor,' or 'fate did me a disservice,' and 'that is the fate of the town,' or 'of the realm.' But no one uses 'providence' in their speech in that way, no one, I said, assigns it to things themselves without impiety or mockery. Therefore I spoke correctly in saying that it is in god. I add, moreover, that providence, even if it is in reality inseparable from fate, nevertheless is something more excellent than fate and seems prior to fate,[clxviii] just as we commonly assert in the schools of the wise that the sun surpasses the light, eternity time, understanding reason. But not to expand upon these poor analogies that are not yet, however, worn out, you see from these that the cause of my distinction and likewise of keeping the word 'fate' is just even against a

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and order of god. For Plato says that fate is the will and order of god'), but Krehl's edition leaves out these words.

Why Lipsius mentions Varro here is unclear: although Varro does discuss words derived from *for, fari, fatum*, he does not discuss *fatum* "fate" as the word or command of god. VERiFY THAT?DO MORE RESEARCH

[113] Pico della Mirandola's definition of fate from *Disputationes adversus astrologiam divinatricem* 4.4.

[114] Lipsius gives Greek words for 'nature beyond the heavens and beyond nature' (ὑπερούσιον 'beyond nature', and ὑπερουράνιον φύσιν 'nature beyond the heavens'). No specific Greek source has been found for these words.

[115] Lucretius has *uniter apti* in book III line 839 and 846, and *uniter aptam*, *uniter aucta*, and *coniuncta atque uniter apta* (twice) in Book V, but not Lipsius' *uniter iuncta*.

[116] Found in Galen *de Praenotione ad Posthumum* v.14, p. 605 line 8 Kühn as well as *Commentaria in Dionysii Thracis Artem Grammaticam*, Scholia Marciana, p.298 line 28 (Hilgard). Also in Erasmus *Adagia* 3638.IV,VII,38 identified as from Galen.

newly sworn-in senate of theologians.[117] For those old and once conscript fathers[clxix][118] begrudge me nothing nor do they keep me from using the word 'fate' in a wholesome and true conception. But to return to clarifying my own definition, I called it a decree that is 'inherent' to show that fate out to be observed as something in those things to which it pertains, not as something from its source.[clxx] I added 'in changing things' to indicate that fate itself, even if it is unchanging, nonetheless does not remove the change that is natural to things and is their nature but acts gently and without violence[clxxi] as the signs and stamps impressed on each thing by god demand. In necessary causes (I mean second causes **ADD NOTE HERE ABOUT WHAT A 'SECOND CAUSE' IS**), that it acts by necessity, in natural occurrences by natural means, in voluntary things in a voluntary fashion, in contingent things in a contingent fashion. Thus with regard to things, it brings no violence or force to bear, but it directs and influences each thing to do or undergo things as is natural to each. But if you trace it back to its origin, that is to god and providence, you must consistently without hesitation affirm that all things happen by necessity which happen by fate. Finally, I added 'in their order, place, and time' to emphasize what I posited before, that providence belongs to all things collectively, but fate belongs to individuals distributively. I mean 'in their order' to be the series and web of causes[clxxii] which define a fate. 'In their place and time' to emphasize that amazing and never to be explained force by which all events are bound to certain places and moments of time.[clxxiii] It is fated that Tarquin be cast from the realm? Let it be done, but let adultery precede it. You see the order? That Caesar be killed? Agreed, but in the Curia too, and near the statue of Pompey. You see the place. Domitian is to be killed by his own officials? He will be killed, and at that very hour which he kept trying to avoid, noon.[119]

Chapter XX

This fate is distinct and separate from stoic fate by four terms. A more accurate demonstration of how it does not do violence to the will. Likewise that god is not an accomplice[120] in evil or an originator of evil.

'Do you understand this well enough, young man?[clxxiv] or does the torch need to be kindled more brightly for you?' I, striking my head, said, 'Brighter, Langius, brighter, else you leave me for eternity in this night. What is this subtle thread of distinctions? what are these deceptively snaring questions? I kept fearing an ambush, believe me, and I distrusted your weighed out and careful words each one like an enemy.' Langius smiled,

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[117] "Theologians" is in Greek, perhaps it is meant to be a byword for those who make fine distinctions and argue things like the proverbial 'how many angels fit on the head of a pin?' or perhaps it means "theologasters."

[118] Augustine *locc. citt*. discusses fate and providence, largely in terms of the possibility of foreknowledge of the future. Isidore *Origines* VIII discusses *fatum* in the last chapter, XI.90.

[119] According to Suetonius' *Life of Domitian* here had been a prediction that he would die at noon, and so Domitian was nervous at that time of day.

[120] The word for "accomplice" is Greek συνεργός.

and said, ‘Have no fear. I am no Hannibal. You are entering a citadel, not an ambush. I will provide a light. Just say where and in what area are you blind?’ ‘In the area of necessity and force,’ I said. ‘For I do not understand really, how you unyoke this fate of yours from that of the stoics. That which you have well locked out with words at the front entrance you seem in reality to have let inside at the rear entrance.’ Langius quickly said, ‘Not so, Lipsius, not so. For I do not even in my dreams allow that fate of the stoics in, nor am I warming up those extinct old ladies.[clxxv] I am putting forth a moderate and pious fate, which I separate from that violent forceful one by the following four ways.[clxxvi] They subject god to fate, and Jupiter himself in Homer, although he especially wanted to, could snatch Sarpedon from fate’s chains. We subject fate to god, whom we want to be the most free originator and doer of all things, and to transcend and burst apart those interwoven juggernauts and coils of fate when he wishes. What is more, they establish a flowing series of natural causes from eternity. We do not establish a series of always natural causes (for god has acted as the cause of a portent or miracle, often without nature, no even against nature), and they are not from eternity, because second causes are not eternal. Their origin lies with that of the world. Thirdly, they seem to have removed ‘the contingent’[121] from things. We restore it, and whenever such causes are second causes, we allow the contingent and fortuitous in events. Finally, they seem to have brought violence to bear on the will, which is absent from our theory. We both posit fate and we bring it back into grace with freedom of decision. For just as we avoid the false coming of fortune and chance, so we do not dash this ship against the rock of necessity. Does fate exist? surely the first cause does, and so far from doing away with second and intermediate causes, the first cause does not act unless through them (regularly and ‘for the most part’[122]). Your will is a second cause, and do not believe that god forces or does away with it.[clxxvii][123] The mistake and cloud in your thinking is this: people do not realize that they ought to want what fate wants, and I mean that they should freely want it. For god is the one who creates and uses things without corruption of them, just as the highest heaven draws along all the lower spheres with itself, in a way that does not break off or stop their own proper motion, so god draws all human things by the impetus of fate, but does not do away with the force or motion particular to each. Did he wish the trees and fruits to grow? They grow, without any external forcing, by their nature. Did he want humans to deliberate and choose? They deliberate and choose without external forcing, through their will. And still god sees that which they were going to choose, from eternity. He see, but does not force it upon them. He knew but he did not render it inviolable. He predicted it, but did not prescribe it.[clxxviii][124] Why do our clerics falter here? Poor

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[121] The word for contingent is in Greek, τὸ ἐνδεχόμενον.

[122] Lipsius puts ‘For the most part’ in Greek, ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πλεῖστον, a phase which Aristotle introduced and which allowed him to consider biology, for example, as a science, because although it does not have iron-clad laws, it does have clear patterns of things that happen ‘for the most part’ and so is amenable to science.

[123] The second sentence of the quotation is from *City of God* V.10. **The source of the first sentence is not apparent.**

[124] Johannes Damascenus, *Expositio Fidei* §44 line 2: πάντα (μὲν) προγινώσκει (ὁ θεός), οὐ πάντα (δὲ) προορίζει. Lipsius’ Greek is accurate, but he leaves out the words in parentheses, switches the order of πάντα and προγινώσκει, and adds ἀλλ’ ‘but.’

wretches! No other passage appears to me in a clearer light, unless that our butting mind both irritates and scratches itself, infected with a bad itch to quarrel and argue. For how, they say, if god foresees me about to sin, and that foresight is unable to be false, do I not sin by necessity?[clxxix][125] Fatuous one, who denies it? You sin by necessity, but add that it is by your will. Surely he foresees that you sin in the manner he foresees it, and he foresees that you do it freely, and so you sin freely by necessity. Clear enough? But they urge again, 'But god is the originator of all change in us.' In general he is an originator, I admit, but he is not a promoter except of the good. Are you girding up for virtue? it happens with him knowing and helping you. For vice? it happens with him knowing it and allowing[clxxx] you. And he shares no culpability for it. I sit on a horse and I spur it on, a weak and lame one. That I spur it on comes from me, that I spur on a weak horse, from the horse. I strum a cithara that is out of tune and badly strung. That it sounds out of tune, you will admit is the fault of the instrument, not mine. This very earth nourishes trees and fruits with moisture in common: but some produce healthy fruit and others poisonous. What will you say about that? that it is from the earth, or rather from the innate force of the trees, which transform the good nourishment in their own poison? Our case is similar to those: the fact that we move is from god, but the fact that you move toward evil is from you and in you. Finally, to conclude about our freedom: fate is like a dance leader and pulls the rope in the dance of the world, but in such a way that our roles are always of willing or resisting, no more. For our roles are not of bringing things about, because the decision has been reserved for humans to resist and struggle against god, if they please, but not the power by which they are able to bring anything about. Just as in a ship it is permitted to me to walk and to run along the gangways or the rowers' benches, but this small movement is not at all strong enough to impede the boat's course. So in this ship of fate, in which we are all carried, our wills are permitted to run up and down and across, but they do not thrown the boat off course or stop it. His supreme will will always govern and control the reins and wherever it seems right he will direct the course with a gentle curb.

Chapter XXI

Conclusion of the treatise on fate. A warning, that the topic is perilous and full of danger, and ought not to be minutely explored. Finally a serious suggestion that strength is pressed into the soul by necessity.

But why am I saying these things? I am turning my prow to avoid the Charybdis which has sucked in the intellects of so many people. I see here the shipwreck of Cicero, who preferred to do away with providence than to detract from human liberty.[clxxxi][126] 'So, while he made humans free,' said the bishop of Hippo eloquently, 'he made them

[125] Lipsius probably refers to Plutarch *de Fato* 570c-e.
[126] Cicero's *de Divinatione* denies that there is foreknowledge, specifically of things that happen by chance rather than by knowable causes. See especially book II.

sacrilegious.'[127] The Damascene also swims among our friends in the strait. He includes other things in the scope of providence, but he removes those things which are 'up to us.'[128] Admonished about such perils, we prefer to stick to land, Lipsius, and not sail far out on the deep on that sea.[clxxxii] Euclid once replied with great propriety to someone who asked him many things about the gods, 'I do not know about other things, but I do know that they hate those who are curious.'[clxxxiii] Hold the same belief about fate: it wants to be observed, not inspected, to be believed, not known. I believe that one of Bias' sayings is, 'Concerning the gods, say that they are.'[129] It is better for me now to move on to fate, about which I have given sufficient warning so that you know that it exists. As for the rest, you will not commit any sin, if you don't know it.[clxxxiv] At this point (for I am returning from that twisted turn to the old open path), for our Sparta, it is proper that you believe simply that necessity is closely related to the public ills and that you seek in it some solace for your grief. What good is it to you to inquire closely about freedom of the will or slavery? about forced will, or will that is lead on? Poor you! Your Syracuse is being captured and you are drawing in the sand.[130] War, tyranny, slaughter, and death hang over your head, which have surely been sent from above and not at all by your choice. You can fear them, but not be on guard against them, flee them but not avoid them. Take up arms against them and snatch this weapon of fate, which does not goad those pains of yours, but strangles them; it does not diminish them, but does away with them.[clxxxv] Just as, when you touch a nettle, if you do so hesitantly, it burns, but if confidently, it loses its vigor, so the bitterness of this grief of yours grows if you treat it with milder remedies, but if with harsh and strong ones, it yields. Nothing, however, is stronger than necessity, which rushes over and turns aside these soft troops with its movement alone. **What meaning does pain have for you? you find no place in that which is not only able to happen but must happen. Why you complaint? MAKES NO SENSE.** You can shake this celestial yoke, but you cannot shake it off.

Cease to hope that the fates of the gods are turned by complaint.[131]

The escape from necessity is nothing other than wanting what it forces one to do. exceptionally wise man put it excellently: 'You can be undefeated if you enter into no

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[127] Augustine, *City of Good* V.IX: Augustine's thought is slightly different than Lipsius reports. It is 'thus, while he *wanted* (*vult,* which is not present in Lipsius) to make humans free, he made them sacrilegious.'

[128] A Greek phrase.

[129] *About the gods say only this, that they are.*
A saying of Bias of Priene (6th c. BCE). Lipsius quotes that in Diogenes Laertius *Lives of the Philosophers* I.88. The version found in Stobaeus*, Anthologium* III.1§172 line 83 is 'Concerning the gods say that they are gods.' Lipsius gives the Greek in the text and a Latin translation in the margin: his Greek is accurate.

[130] When Marcellus captured Syracuse, Archimedes, oblivious to the fighting, was reputedly killed by a soldier for wanting to finish contemplating a diagram rather than go pay homage to Marcellus (Plutarch, *Life of Marcellus* §19).

[131] Line 376 of Virgil's *Aeneid* book VI, but Lipsius reads *querendo* 'by complaint' rather than Virgil's *precando* 'by prayer.' **CHECK AN APP CRIT OF VIRGIL** Interestingly, Charron, *de la Sagesse*, 1601, III.XX has the same Latin as Lipsius and is on the same topic: he does not acknowledge Lipsius, however.

contest which it is not up to you to win.'[132] But the contest with necessity is such that whoever enters into it loses, and (a thing for you to be amazed at) has lost before he has entered.

Chapter XXII

People often seek a hiding place for laziness in fate, but their den is revealed. Fate works through intermediate causes and they must be brought to bear with it. To what degree it is fitting to help the fatherland, and to what degree it is not. The conversation and the first book is brought to a close.

When Langius paused in his speech, I burst in quickly and interrupted: 'If the wind should blow for a long time from the stern, I would not seem to be far from port. For I dare not to follow god, to obey necessity, and I seem to be able to say, with Euripides,

> I would sacrifice to him rather than kick in anger at the spurs, a mortal against a god. [clxxxvi133]

One stream of agitated thought keeps tossing me. Please make it stop, Langius. For if pubic evils are from fate and fate is not able to overcome or avoided, why should we worry about the fatherland or labor on its behalf? Why do we not leave everything to that great and invincible pilot and ourselves sit, as they say, clasping our hands?[clxxxvii] For by your own admission, all assistance and planning is in vain, if the fates oppose something.' Langius smiled and said 'Out of obstinacy or impudence, young man, you are straying from the right and true. Is this obeying the fates, or letting loose a blast of foul air and mocking it? I shall sit, you say, clasping my hands. Great. I would like you to clap your lips shut too. For who ever told you that fate acts purely on its own without intermediate and helping causes?[clxxxviii] It is fated to you to raise children, but in such a way that you must first plant a seed in your wife's garden. To recover from disease, but provided that you use a doctor and bandages. This case is similar: if it is fate that the ship of your troubled and sinking fatherland be saved, it is also fated that it be fought for and defended. If you want to be brought into the harbor, it is up to you to put your hands to the oars, not to long for and await at leisure the wind from on high. On the other hand, if it is fate that your country itself perish, that too will happen by fate, which leads to destruction by a human path.[clxxxix] The plebs will be at odds with the nobles, and there will be discord within those groups.[cxc] Many talk industriously, all are lazy when it comes to work. Moreover, among the generals themselves, there is no common counsel, no trust. Velleius

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[132] In the main body of the text, Lipsius gives first Greek, then Latin translation. Epictetus, *Enchiridion*, 19§1 line 1-2: Ἀνίκητος εἶναι δύνασαι, ἐὰν (εἰς) μηδένα ἀγῶνα καταβαίνῃ(ς), ὃν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐπὶ σοὶ νικῆσαι. Lipsius' greek differs from Schenkl's *Enchiridion* text in that Lipsius prints εἰς and καταβαίνῃ (both of which are correct Greek variants for the same thought), an acute accent on ὃν and ἐπὶ, and no accent on σοὶ.
[133] Greek text in the main body: Latin translation in the margin. Euripides *Bacchae*, line 794-5: θύοιμ' ἂν αὐτῶι μᾶλλον ἢ θυμούμενος /πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζοιμι θνητὸς ὢν θεῶι. Lipsius prints the indicative λακτίζομαι instead of the optative λακτίζοιμι. **THAT IS A MISTAKE< NO?**

Paterculus had it right: 'The force of the fates is ineluctable. They corrupt the plans of the one whose fortune they have decided to change.'[cxci][134] And elsewhere: 'That is how things are, then, god corrupts the plans of the one whose fortune god is going to change, and what is most wretched is that he brings it about that what happens even seems to have happened deservedly.' You are not slipping down at once to the point where you think that and extreme fate presses upon your fatherland. Who are you to know? How do you know whether this is only a bump and a little disturbance or a disease unto death? So bring help and, in accord with the old saying, as long as there is a soul in this sick patient, have hope.[cxcii] But if by sure and clear symptoms a fatal change becomes apparent, then, in my judgement, 'not to fight with gods'[135] will be the best policy.[cxciii] And here I will safely apply the example of Solon, who, when Peisistratus had taken over Athens, and he saw that the whole struggle for freedom was vain, put his arms and shield down out of doors as the assembly and said, 'O fatherland, I came to your aid with words and deeds,' and went home to live quietly in the future.[136] You should do that. Yield to god and yield to the times, and, if you are a good citizen, preserve yourself for a more gentle and better fate. The freedom that perishes now can be revived, and the fatherland which falls into ruin can rise again with the passage of time. Why recklessly throw away your life or give up hope? From the pair of consuls at Cannae, I think that Varro, the one who fled, was more brave than Paullus, who fell. And the Senate and People of Rome did not judge differently. They gave public thanks to the one because he did not despair for the republic.[137] As for the rest, whether it only totters or falls, whether it perishes or utterly dies, you are not afflicted.[cxciv] Adopt the spirit of Crates, who, when Alexander asked if he wishes his fatherland to be restored, replied, 'What need is there? Another Alexander will perhaps demolish it again.' The following is characteristic of the wise, of real men:

> ... your pains / leave stored up grieving in your heart/ for cold weeping has no use[cxcv][138]

As is correctly advised by Achilles in Homer. For otherwise, just as Creon, embracing his fiery daughter, did not help her, but himself perished with her, so you yourself will be more swiftly extinguished than this public conflagration will, by our tears.' While Langius was still talking, the doors creaked with a quite loud sound and lo, a boy entered and came straight to us, to tell us it was time for the meal.[cxcvi] Langius, as if he had been awakened, said, "What! Has this discourse so affected me that the day has secretly slipped by?' And getting up and at the same time holding his hand out to me, he said, 'Lipsius, Let us go eat this welcome meal.' 'No,' said I, resisting, 'let's sit. Above all

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[134] From *Historiae Romanae* 2.57 and 118. Lipsius quotes Velleius correctly except that in the first quotation, *cuius* "of the one whose" is *cuiuscumque* "of whoever's" in Velleius **VERIFY THAT.**

[135] In Greek: Lipsius must be thinking of it as proverbial wisdom.

[136] Plutarch *Life of Solon* §30.

[137] The battle of Cannae occurred on August 2, 216 BCE: the Roman side was led by the consuls Gaius Terentius Varro and Lucius Aemelius Paullus.

[138] Homer, *Iliad* 24, line 522-4, where Achilles is addressing Priam, who has come to ask for his son Hector's body, his son who has killed Achilles' best friend Patroclus. Lipsius prints the Greek text in the main body and a translation in a marginal note: his Greek is correct.

meals this is the one for me, which I call, with the Greeks, 'food of the gods.'[cxcvii][139] At these meals I am always Mr. Famished, never Mr. Sated.'[140] But Langius pulled me along nonetheless, and said, 'Let us now plight our faith. Tomorrow, if you wish, we will offer auspicious rights to constancy.'

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[i] Lib.II.cap.10.
[ii] So surnamed were the most honorable at Rome, those who excel other mortals in wisdom, on the testimony of Pliny, book VII, chapter XXXI.
[iii] I mean Liége.
[iv] True Praise of Carolus Langius.
[v] The Evils of Civil Wars.
[vi] "To exchange land for land" is a common proverb among Greeks.
[vii] The disturbances throughout Europe which threaten political change and revolution.
[viii] *That is: "high-thundering Jupiter makes the high low."*
[ix] *The common cure for troubles is to run away.*
[x] *Beyond the weapons' reach, lest someone add a wound to our wounds.* (quoted in Greek in the main text, translated into Latin in this marginal note)
[xi] *Reason, not a rope around one's neck* (Latin)
[xii] *The source of our troubles is in ourselves.*
[xiii] *Thus one does not cast troubles out by movement.*
[xiv] *Only symptoms.*
[xv] *Seneca.*
[xvi] *For the disease is of the soul.*
[xvii] *No place can cure by its own power.*
[xviii] *Change itself does not do it.*
[xix] *Although it softens or removes some aversions.*
[xx] *The Stoics distinguish these things as initial impulses that are against or beyond reason, which they call "affectus"* (emotions)*: those same things, when they are frequent and established, they call "morbos"* (diseases).
[xxi] *True and established emotions are not alleviated by external means.*
[xxii] *Ills are made worse by travel.*
[xxiii] *The true remedy lies in a change of the soul.*
[xxiv] *The painstaking care of travelers about externals.*
[xxv] *How it would be better to turn to internal matters and to inquire into serious rather than pleasant things*.
[xxvi] *Therefore one must resist and fight against grief with the weapon of constancy.*
[xxvii] *The climb to an explanation of Constancy.*
[xxviii] *What is proper to it.*
[xxix] *The origin of constancy is endurance, and that too is defined.*
[xxx] *Constancy holds the middle between glorification and dejection.*
[xxxi] *What, then, is reason?*
[xxxii] *What is Opinion?*

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[139] Lipsius' Greek is correct: the phrase is probably not taken from any particular source, but composed by Lipsius himself.
[140] An allusion to a play on words in Plautus *Persa* I.iii (line 108).

[xxxiii] *A more careful and full discussion of each.*
[xxxiv] *Humans are twofold.*
[xxxv] *The soul in a human is exalted and fiery: the body low and from the soil.*
[xxxvi] *The struggle between these parts.*
[xxxvii] *Reason defends the soul: Opinion the body.*
[xxxviii] *Which, strictly, is not true: but nevertheless there is some remaining image of god.*
[xxxix] *What right reason is*.
[xl] *Correct reason is constant and is the path to constancy.*
[xli] *Praise and worth of reason.*
[xlii] *The origin of opinion from the earth and the body.*
[xliii] *How it arises from them* (soul and body).
[xliv] *An admonition to constancy.*
[xlv] *Its (constancy's) potency and benefits.*
[xlvi] *Against pain especially and disturbances.*
[xlvii] *False goods.*
[xlviii] *False evils.*
[xlix] *The chief passions are four, opposed to each other: the rest are in reference to these.*
[l] *How might they disturb Constancy?*
[li] *False goods are from desire and joy: false evils are from fear and pain.*
[lii] *But evils are twofold: public and private*.
[liii] *The distinction is supported and fitted to the issue at hand.*
[liv] *Because it creeps in and becomes established with an honorable appearance.*
[lv] *Because at the same time it is variegated and has many aspects*.
[lvi] *Three supporters of public affliction*. CHECK TO MAKE SURE THIS IS A MARGINAL NOTE AND IT HAS BEEN DIVIDED CORRECTLY BETWEEN THE MARGINAL NOTE AND MY NOTE.
[lvii] *Against pretense first.*
[lviii] *For most people mourn for the private, not the public.*
[lix] *Thus the deeper cause of pain must be sought*.
[lx] *We feel pain and grieve at public things not qua public things.*
[lxi] *But because either the loss associated with them, or fear of it, is private.*
[lxii] *An answer to the reply about 'fatherland' ...*
[lxiii] *... which extends more widely than people think, and ...* (cont'd from previous marginal note)
[lxiv] *...thought alone constrains.* (cont'd from previous marginal note) CHECK: DO I DO THIS STYLE OF CONTINUATION ALWAYS WHEN THERE ARE CONTINUED NOTES< OR IS THIS CASE SOMEHOW SPECIAL AND SO DESERVES THAT TREATMENT.
[lxv] *But it is shown that we do not feel pain even for the sake of that narrow fatherland.*
[lxvi] *Our malice at other people's ills overcomes it.*
[lxvii] *Pindar put it perfectly:* τὸ γὰρ οἰκεῖον πιέζει πάνθ' ὁμῶς· /εὐθὺς δ' ἀπήμων κραδία/ κᾶδος ἀμφ' ἀλλότριον.
[lxviii] *Do not add sickness to the sick. I am afflicted with more than enough afflictions.*
[lxix] *'The school of a philosopher is a doctor's office.' From Musonius Rufus, as found in Arrian.*

[lxx] *A favorable moment for the transition to the second passion.*
[lxxi] *Praise of one's particular fatherland.*
[lxxii] *The bond with it is from nature.*
[lxxiii] *Even among other animals.*
[lxxiv] *Necessity orders all to love their fatherland.*
[lxxv] *Reasons* XXX *rejected*. CHECK WHETHER THIS IS 30 REASONS< OR SOMEThING UNREADABLE
[lxxvi] *That this passion is inappropriately disguised by the name 'piety.'*
[lxxvii] *For they make three grades of piety: toward God, toward fatherland, and toward parents.*
[lxxviii] *Toward god and parents, piety: toward the fatherland, charity.*
[lxxix] *It must be tempered.*
[lxxx] *Whence is this charity born? From custom, not from nature.*
[lxxxi] *Indeed we love the fatherland so much because something in it is ours.*
[lxxxii] *And its origin is from love of what is an individual's.*
[lxxxiii] *Custom, or law, produced and enlarged it.*
[lxxxiv] *And it is for the sake of human society.*
[lxxxv] *Clear arguments for why it is not from nature.*
[lxxxvi] *First, because it does not affect all equally.*
[lxxxvii] *Secondly, because it is easy to reduce, even to destroy.*
[lxxxviii] *What the fatherland truly in itself is.*
[lxxxix] *And it should be defended by its citizens.*
[xc] *But not cried over effeminately.*
[xci] *The principle of the wise about the true fatherland.*
[xcii] *Transition to pity.*
[xciii] *It is foreign to the wise.*
[xciv] *Mercy is not ruled out.*
[xcv] *What is mercy?*and *The difference between the two.*
[xcvi] *The effect of each.*
[xcvii] *Many Stoic beliefs are unexpected, but not improbable.*
[xcviii] *Now the true struggle for constancy.*
[xcix] *The division and order of the four chief reasons.*
[c] *Because it is taken up with no goal or hope.*
[ci] *That grief is impious, because it fights against god.*
[cii] *Fortune is banished from human affairs.*
[ciii] *Providence affirmed.*
[civ] *God's immense capability, speed, and strength.*
[cv] *In his book* de mundo*, which Stobaeus quotes, as from the Letter to Alexander.*

[cvi] *Description of providence.*
[cvii] *The argument from providence in the present matter.*
[cviii] *The superintendants and providers of all things are in the heaven.*
This marginal note translates the Pindar quotation in the text.
[cix] *Disaster is brought on by god.*
[cx] *It is unworthy for a human to rise up against providence.*

[cxi] *All the rest of creation obeys.*
[cxii] *But it is also foolish, because humans resist to no avail.*
[cxiii] *For the divine mind governs and hauls along everything, willing or unwilling.*
[cxiv] *Thus one should obey willingly.*
[cxv] *The words of Seneca are better than gold.*
[cxvi] *I allude to the cognomen of the ancient legion, 'Pia, Felix'(pious, happy).*
[cxvii] *A second argument, from necessity, whose force is shown generally.*
[cxviii] *What is the strongest thing? Necessity. For it conquers all.*
[cxix] *That is, 'That not even the gods force necessity.' Plato. See* Laws & *VII.* ***He employs.***
[cxx] *What could necessity be? In how many ways is it in our subject? It is innate in things, and inborn from the start.*
[cxxi] '*For god alone never is there old age nor does black death hang over god: but time changes all things as their conqueror.' These are Sophocles' verses.*
[cxxii] *Beginning with the sky and the air.*
[cxxiii] *In the year LXXII (=***1572***), which the most experienced of mathematicians agreed was above the whole elemental region.*
[cxxiv] *Examples from waters and the sea.*
[cxxv] *Examples from the land.*
[cxxvi] *Hence it is called Vesta.*
[cxxvii] *By this measure there is struggle and opposition among the elements.*
[cxxviii] *In the region of Zelandia.*
[cxxix] *If the elements perish, how much more so do the things which are made out of them?*
[cxxx] *I mean Rome.*
[cxxxi] *Roman and Turkish.*
[cxxxii] *The historians speak of Assyria, the holy scriptures about Judaea, but Tacitus above all speaks of the former power of the Egyptians, and he considers Egypt to have been no less magnificent than the power of the Parthians or the Roman empire. Book II of the Annals.*
[cxxxiii] *The conclusion and by accumulation examples of changes.*
[cxxxiv] *I speak on account of the Turks, who are from the Scythians.*
[cxxxv] *What is it to be someone? What is it to be no one? A human is the dream of a shadow.*
[cxxxvi] *Concerning which, because of its thorny character, the explanation is two-headed.*
[cxxxvii] *It is proved initially initially, by an indissoluble chain, that there is a necessity of fate.*
[cxxxviii] *'For the mind of the eternal gods is not changed.' A verse of Homer.*
[cxxxix] *Knowledge of fate has been stamped on all people.*
[cxl] *Homer is truly a wise poet according to the wise.*
[cxli] *He is their leader the rest of the writers and they have followed him to fate.*
[cxlii] *Almost all philosophers agree on fate.*
[cxliii] *But about its nature, there opinions are divided into four parts.*
[cxliv] *What is the fate of the mathematicians?*
[cxlv] *What is physical (or "natural") fate?*
[cxlvi] *For Aristotle himself is silent. I except* de Mundo*, where (he says) otherwise.*
[cxlvii] *So in Virgil or Cicero it is written that one perishes by fate or contrary to fate.*

[cxlviii] *As one who does not attribute providence fully and clearly to the fates. But there is something by the way in the* Ethics.
[cxlix] *The stoics are perhaps the only ones exhibiting wisdom among the wise ancients.*
[cl] *What the stoic fate is.*
[cli] *Whose other definition of fate is found in Agellius book VI.*
[clii] *How the stoics might go astray here.*
[cliii] *They seem to subject god to fate.*
[cliv] *They seem to do away with human freedom.*
[clv] *In truth they do not really think those things.*
[clvi] *For they often misuse the name of fate and that of providence: they consider it god himself.*
[clvii] *Book IIII of* de Beneficiis *chapter VII, where, however, one reads these things otherwise and incorrectly.*
[clviii] *Aristotle in* de Mundo.
[clix] *As is also done by Augustine in book I of* Retractationes*, chapter 1.*
[clx] *'The thirties in Hades,' which proverb our friend Desiderius wrongly translated and wrongly understood.*
[clxi] *Whether and to what degree we ought to use 'fate.'*
[clxii] *The words of Priscian and Varro says similar things.*
[clxiii] *The first definition of true fate, a simple one.*
[clxiv] *Another one more involved, but more clearly suited to the importance of the matter.*
[clxv] *Whether it and providence are the same?*
[clxvi] *That they do not seem to be, and the distinctions. Providence is considered in general, fate in divisions. The one is in god, the other in things.*
[clxvii] *'To drill a hole in a millet seed' is a proverb which Galen uses.*
[clxviii] *Providence is better than fate.*
[clxix] *As Augustine in book V of* de Civitate Dei *chapter I and IX, likewise Isidore,* Origines *V. 1. 1. 1.last chapter, and even Thomas Aquinas wrote and put his name to the booklet* de Fato.
[clxx] *Further explanation of the whole definition.*
[clxxi] *Fate does not do violance to things.*
[clxxii] *The order of causes in fate.*
[clxxiii] *Fate is bound to time and place.*
[clxxiv] *Let what I contend here be characteristic of the judgement of the prudent, and while someone may convict me of errors, no one will find me guilty of obstinacy.*
[clxxv] *I mean the Parcae.*
[clxxvi] *Our fate is separate from theirs in four ways. First, because god for us is above fate. second, because causes are not eternal for us. Third, because we do not do away with contingents. Finally, because we allow a certain liberty to humans.*
[clxxvii] *Augustine said it insightfully: 'For will is not able to be forced to want what it does not in fact want. For it could not be the case that we were willing something, if we were opposing it.'*
[clxxviii] *'He foreknows all things, but does not predetermine them.' Damascenus.*
[clxxix] *Plutarch quite insightfully denies that sins happen by fate: rather they are encompassed by it, just as not all things happen by law, which are encompassed by it.*

[clxxx] *In a certain sense, even with him willing, because nothing happens without god willing.*
[clxxxi] *In the books* de Divinatione.
[clxxxii] *That there is fire under the ashes is a result of fate.*
[clxxxiii] *One ought not to stir up or goad this fire with the sword of subtle argument.*
[clxxxiv] *We must apply it for our utility only.*
[clxxxv] *For these arms are violent against pain.*
[clxxxvi] *I would perform sacred rites for him rather than willingly strike him with my heels, goaded by anger, a mortal fighting with a celestial god.*
[clxxxvii] *An objection to fate on behalf of the lazy.*
[clxxxviii] *The objection is met and it is shown that intermediate causes precede fate.*
[clxxxix] *Good or bad, fate is without miracles and through the accustomed means.*
[cxc] *Look at Belgium.*
[cxci] *Velleius Paterculus says this in book II,* de Caesare et Varo.
[cxcii] *Everything must be tried before giving up.*
[cxciii] *But within the limit which prudence alone defines.*
[cxciv] *Conclusion and general recommendation of constancy.*
[cxcv] *That is: 'Although sad, let us leave our pains remaining in our souls. For cold grief has no use.'*
[cxcvi] *The reason why our conversation was disrupted and delayed.*
[cxcvii] *Food of the gods.*