Greek poem

Εἰς τὸ σοφωτάτου καὶ λογιωτάτου

ΙΟΥΣΤΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΛΙΠΣΙΟΥ,

περὶ εὐσταθειας ἤτοι καρτερίας βιβλίον.

Λιψιάδου σελίδας σχολιῷ φθόνος ὄμματι πήξας

 Οὐκ ἄγαμαι λογίους, εἶπεν, ἄτερ σοφίης.

Αλλὰ τόδ’ ὀπτεύων γλαφυρον τε σοφόν τε πόνημα .

 Καρτερικῆς κατέχον τέθμια σωφροσύνης·

Κρεῖσσον ἐμῶν, λέξας, πέλεται τόδε τεῦχος ὀδόντων

 Λήξει ἐπεσβολίης τηκόμενος κραδίην

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

When envy fixed his crooked eye on the columns of Lipsius

 He said, “I don’t admire the learned lacking wisdom.”

But when he beheld this work both learned and wise

 Containing guidelines of patient temperance,

He said “This is a better tool than my teeth”

 And, melted to his heart, ceased his coarse abuse.

Εἰς τὸ ἀυτό

Ελλογίμων φιλέω τρεῖς ἀστέρας, οὕνεκα πάντων

 Εἰσὶν παντοδαπῷ κρείττονες ἰδμοσύνῃ.

Σεῖο πόνους φιλέω Κουιάκιε, εἰμὶ δὲ λίαν

 Καὶ φιλοσκαλιγερὸς, καὶ φιλολιψιάδης.

Αλλὰ σοφαῖς πραπίδεσσι σέλας σέο τόσσον ἀέξον

 Λίψιε, οὐκ ἀστὴρ, ἀλλά μοι ἄστρον ἐῇς.

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]](#footnote-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 you are not a star to me but a star.**

 B Vulcanij.

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 those reactions of yours, the ones that deny that I have handled the subject with sufficient piety. They say my work is not sufficiently true in some places. So it is 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 them 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 at my goal and target. If I proposed to proceed as a Theologian, I have erred: if as a philosopher, why do they find fault? For I am drinking from pools, they say, which one can find in the most pure source of divine literature. Do they call to me? For 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.* 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.[[2]](#footnote-2) 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 by 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 not with 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 wateror 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 a point or snatched a sharp point from others (under which heading perhaps that sentiment from Boethius lies)[[3]](#footnote-3), 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[[4]](#footnote-4): 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?[[5]](#footnote-5) 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[[6]](#footnote-6) dissuade and turn your soul away from the true study of Philosophy. They drive not only Philosophy (if they have the oportunity 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 carry the disciplined study of Philosophy in 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?* 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 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. It is surely the sort of thing which in conjunction with spiritual learning can lead to Tranquity 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. My responding to both of these critics is in my, no even your, 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[[7]](#footnote-7) know that all the books were wrested from my hands and the writings and notes were snatched away, which I had laboriously compiled from every scrap of 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.[[8]](#footnote-8) 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 positive that these things do not aim at Wisdom that they think 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 first 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. If I should write about character or emotions selectively after Seneca and the divine Epictetus, in my own opinion, I would have too **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ parum cordis aut frontis\_\_\_\_\_\_**\_\_, 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** **(mlis publicis)**. 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 dearth to us that results in our begging any one (**WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?**). 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.”[[9]](#footnote-9) I only ask that, whoever takes up this work plant a seed of understanding, both the knowing and the forgiving kind.[[10]](#footnote-10) 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 it of obstinacy and quarrel-seeking. Fare well, dear reader. May that come about for you in part through this book.

A song in iambic meter by Jean van der Does of Noordwyk[[11]](#footnote-11) to his friend Justus Lipsius, **the stronger part of the Lipsian argument,** encompassing the whole of the work piecemeal and as it were by leaping around.

To whom shall we attribute this new song of yours?

 To whom this recent vintage poem?

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[[12]](#footnote-12) has been granted,

Whose breast beats on the left as is right

 Bearing the image of god.

Accept then this Iambic song of yours,

 Accept this new vintage poem.

**LOTS MORE OF THIS DAMNED POEM**

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[[13]](#footnote-13) which was not far out of the way and in which I had friends whom I was induced by both politeness and genuine love to visit. Among them was Carolus Langius,[[14]](#footnote-14) the best and most learned man among Belgians (I say without deception or ulterior motive). He received me with hospitality combined not only with good will and fellowship, but with the kind of conversation that is not just useful but 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 driect way by which, to speak with Lucretius, to reach those “serene temples of the wise lofty with learning.”[[15]](#footnote-15) For when we were walking in the courtyard after noon in the hot 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,[[16]](#footnote-16) 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 are now tossed so many years, as you 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 trumpets and clashes of arms interrupt it. Gardens and fields? the soldier and assassin drives 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”[[17]](#footnote-17) as the saying goes, and to flee some place on earth *where I hear neither the deeds not the name of the Pelopidae*.[[18]](#footnote-18)” “So you would leave us, Lipsius?” he said. “You,” I said, “or rather this way of life. For what refuge is is there from these ills except flight? For I cannot behold and bear these things daily, Langius: I have no steel device 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,[[19]](#footnote-19) but what region of Europe does not these days? You could truly prophesy that Aristophanic line:

 high-thundering Zeus will lay the high low[[20]](#footnote-20)

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.“[[21]](#footnote-21) 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 it is said, 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[[22]](#footnote-22)

Chapter II

*That one not take a trip abroad for bodily diseases. That 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 listended 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 around your neck,’[[23]](#footnote-23) that ray of light which can illumine the darkness of your head.[[24]](#footnote-24) 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 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[[25]](#footnote-25) 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,[[26]](#footnote-26) 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.*[[27]](#footnote-27)Thus you run away from but you do not always 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 ...* in vain, because as the same poet adds,  *a lethal shaft pokes from her side*:[[28]](#footnote-28) 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 is yours, you who desire to cure yourself of this internal blow by running and moving about? For it is certainly your soul which is ill[[29]](#footnote-29) 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 this move accomplish? Unless there is perchance some place[[30]](#footnote-30) that can reduce your fears, temper your expectations and eradicate the vice-ridden disease which we have so deeply ingested. But there is none, not even in the very Isles of the Blessed, or 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 disparage travel so much that I grant it no power over humans and their emotions.[[31]](#footnote-31) No, it has some, but only enough to remove small nuisances and nauseas of the soul,[[32]](#footnote-32) 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.[[33]](#footnote-33) 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 ahdere 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 realm is in the very mind of the soul. Although you wander long and far, although you circle the whole earth and sea, no sea will wash them away, no earth will bury them.[[34]](#footnote-34) They will follow you and “dark care will sit behind the rider” and the foot-soldier as well, to speak with the poet.[[35]](#footnote-35) 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.[[36]](#footnote-36) 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 mountainds 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 people and places of yours captivates us with its novelty, but for a brief time. It is a sojourn from ills, not an escape: travel does not remove the chain of pain, but loosens it.[[37]](#footnote-37) 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 semblence 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, but even if it be 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 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, no, harmful things, not remedies, but poisons. Accept rather those true and harsh remedies.[[38]](#footnote-38) Are you changing sun and soil? Rather your soul, which you have sold over to emotions, removed from its legitimate master, reason. From its corruption comes this hopelessness, from its defilement comes this lethargy. It would be a better idea to change it, 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 sure and strong Vienna and the Danube, king of rivers, and so many wonderful and novel things which listeners drink in avidly,[[39]](#footnote-39) but how much better[[40]](#footnote-40) 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.”[[41]](#footnote-41) You will find the enemy in yourself and in the the very innermost part (he struck me on the breast). What does it matter to how peaceful a place you go? You bring the war with you. How peaceful? The rabble are around you, no, rather 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 it, expose themselves more to danger, 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.[[42]](#footnote-42) You need constancy above all: someone becomes a victor by fighting, not by fleeing.

Chapter 4

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

I, elevated by these words of Langius to a certain degree, 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. For I return constantly to my homeland: the public and private cares are tied to my soul. You, please, drive away the evil vultures which rend me and remove the chains of anxiety, by which I am immovably bound on this Caucasus.[[43]](#footnote-43)” 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,[[44]](#footnote-44) Lipsius, and I place in constancy your hope and bulwark of safety. Constancy you must learn above all. CONSTANCY, I herby declare, AN UPRIGHT AND UNMOVABLE STRENGTH OF THE SOUL NOT BORN ALOFT OR BROUGHT LOW BY EXTERNALS OR FORTUNE.[[45]](#footnote-45) I said ‘strength’ and I mean a durability built into the soul, not by opinion, but by the faculty of judgement and correct reason. 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 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,[[46]](#footnote-46) 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[[47]](#footnote-47) rests. Beware in this lest opinion inflict on you what it suggests in place of endurance, frequently dejection and a kind of paralysis of a weakened soul, in truth a vice whose origin is contemptuous evaluation of oneself.[[48]](#footnote-48) 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).[[49]](#footnote-49) Opinion is the contrary to it, UNTRUSTWORTHY AND DECEPTIVE JUDGEMENT ABOUT THE SAME THINGS[[50]](#footnote-50)

Chapter V

1. **An unknown writer.** [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Obviously a reference to (**Classical Poetry citation here**) [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. *Lib.II.cap.10*

At the end of chapter 10, book II, Boethius is quoted. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. 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.” [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. 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”), and then at 1503 Strepsiades claims to do the same. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Emperor Domitian was a byword for repression and censorship. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. The Ubii were a tribe who lived next to the Suevi according to Caesar. They are associated with Cologne, where Lipsius was sent for his early education. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. 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*. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. 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 the purpose of such care for technique which would reach so few, said, ‘A few are enough for me, one is enough, none is enough.” [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. There is a play on words here: *cognoscendi* “understanding, knowing, learning,” versus *ignoscendi* “understanding, forgiving, pardoning.” [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. Jean van der Does of Noordwyk, 1545-1604, renowned poet and patriot (leader in the defense of Leyden against the Spaniards in 1574). [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. *So surnamed were the most honorable at Rome, those who excel other mortals in wisdom, on the testimony of Pliny*, book VII, chapter XXXI.

 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 remaining 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” is clearly meant more by way of endearment or nickname than in a pejorative sense. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. *I mean Liége*. 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** [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. *True Praise of Carolus Langius.*

Carolus Langius, aka Charles de Langhe, 1521-1573, Dutch printer and publisher. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
15. Lucretius, Book II, line 8. [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
16. *The Evils of Civil Wars*. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
17. “*To exchange land for land” is a common proverb among Greeks.*

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. [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
18. 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*. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
19. The disturbances throughout Europe which threaten political change and revolution. [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
20. *That is: “high-thundering Jupiter makes the high low.”*

The Greek quoted in the text body is a line from Aristophanes *Lysistrata*, 773: the expression is a byword for topsy-turviness. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
21. *The common cure for troubles is to run away.* [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
22. *Beyond the weapons’ reach, lest someone add a wound to our wounds.* (quoted in Greek, translated into Latin in the margin)

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· [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
23. *Reason, not a rope around one’s neck* (Latin)

From Diogenes Laertius VI.24 (Diogenes): Diogenes 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. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
24. *The source of our troubles is in ourselves.* [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
25. *Thus one does not cast it out by movement.* [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
26. *Only symptoms* [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
27. *Seneca.*

Quoted from Seneca *de Tranquillitate Animi* II.12-13. Cf. *Epistulae* 28 and 104. [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
28. From Virgil *Aeneid* IV.70-73. [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
29. *For the disease is of the soul.* [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
30. *No place can cure by its own power.* [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
31. *Change itself does not do it.* [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
32. *Although it softens or removes some aversions.* [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
33. *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)*.* [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
34. *True and established emotions are not alleviated by external means.* [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
35. From Horace, *Odes* III.1, line 40: post equitem sedet atra Cura (“behind the rider sits dark care.” [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
36. 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 him, ‘That happened to you not without reason: you brought yourself along.’” [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
37. *Ills are made worse by travel.* [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
38. *The true remedy lies in a change of the soul.* [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
39. *The painstaking care of travelers about externals.* [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
40. *How it would be better to turn to internal matters and to inquire into serious rather than pleasant things*. [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
41. Aeneid III, 282-3. [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
42. *Therefore one must resist and fight against grief with the weapon of constancy.* [↑](#footnote-ref-42)
43. “Caucasus” was the name of the mountain to which Heracles was bound by Zeus, where the eagle came to eat his liver daily. [↑](#footnote-ref-43)
44. *The descent to an explanation of Constancy* [↑](#footnote-ref-44)
45. *What is proper to it.* [↑](#footnote-ref-45)
46. *The origin of constancy is endurance, and that too is defined.* [↑](#footnote-ref-46)
47. A seriously meant play on words: the Latin word *robur*, translated as “strength” several times above, also means “oak.” [↑](#footnote-ref-47)
48. *Constancy holds the middle between glorification and dejection.* [↑](#footnote-ref-48)
49. *What, then, is reason?* [↑](#footnote-ref-49)
50. *What is Opinion?* [↑](#footnote-ref-50)