THE FIRST ORATION OF PLUTARCH

Concerning the

Fortune or Vertue

OF

ALEXANDER the Great.

Translated from the Greek

By J. PHILLIPS *Gent.*

THis is the Oration of *Fortune* asserting and challenging *Alexander* to be the Master-piece of her long-continu'd Favours. In contradiction to which, it behoves us to say something on the behalf of

Philosophy, or rather in the defence of *Alexander* himself: who cannot chuse but spurn away the very thoughts of having receiv'd his Empire at the Hands of *Fortune*; while Fame and Grandeur being the Purchase of Labour and Indefatigable Industry, were so dearly bought with the Price of his lost Blood, and many Wounds. Of whom it is said,

Full many a bloody Day
In toilsom Fight he spent;
And many a wakeful Night
In Battel's management.

And all this in opposition to Armies almost Irresistible, numberless Nations, Rivers before impassable, and Rocks impenetrable; chusing however for his Chiefest Guides and Counsellors, Prudence, Endurance, Fortitude, and Steadiness of Mind. And now, methinks, I hear him speaking thus to *Fortune*, signalizing her self with his Successes: *Envy not my Vertue, nor go about to detract from my Honour.* Darius *was a Fabrick of thy own rearing, who of a Servant, and the King's Harbinger, was by thee advanc'd to be Monarch of all* Persia. *The same was* Sardanapalus, *who from a Comber of Purple Wooll, was rais'd by thee to wear the Royal Diadem. But I, subduing as I march'd, from* Arbela *forc'd my Passage even to* Susa *it self.* Cilicia *open'd me a broad Way into* Egypt; *into* Cilicia, Granicus: *o're which I pass'd without resistance, after I had first trampl'd under foot the slain Carcases of* Mithridates *and* Spithridates. *Pamper up thy self, and boast thy Kings, that never felt*

felt a Wound, nor ever saw a Finger bleed: For they were fortunate, 'tis true, thy Ochi, *and thy* Artaxerxes's; *who were no sooner born, but they were by thee establish'd in the Throne of* Cyrus. *But my Body carries many Marks of Fortunes Unkindness, who rather fought against me as an Enemy, then assisted me as her Friend. First, among the* Illyrians, *I was wounded in the Head with a Stone, and received a Blow i' the Neck with an Iron Mace. Then, near to* Granicus, *my Head was a second time gash'd with a Barbarian* Scimitar; *at* Issus, *run thorow the Thigh with a Sword: At* Gaza *I was shot in the Heel with a Dart; and not long after, falling heavy from my Saddle, forc'd my Shoulder out of Joynt. Among the* Maracadartæ *my Shinbone was split with an Arrow. The rest, the Wounds I receiv'd in* India *will declare, and the strenuous Acts of Daring Courage; in which while I was still Headmost, I was shot thorow the Shoulder with another Arrow. Encountring the* Gondridæ, *my Thigh was wounded; and one of the* Malli *drew his Bow with that force, that the well-directed Arrow made way thorow my Iron Arms to lodge it self in my Breast; besides the Blow i' my Neck, at what time the Scaling-Ladders brake that were set to the Walls, and Fortune left me alone, to gratifie with the Fall of so great a Person, not a Renown'd or Illustrious Enemy, but Ignoble and Worthless Barbarians. So that had not* Ptolomy *cover'd me with his Shield, and* Limnæus, *after he had received a thousand Wounds directed at my Body, fall'n dead before me; or if the* Macedonians, *breathing nothing but Courage and their Princes Rescue, had not open'd a timely Breach, that Barbarous and Nameless Village*

Village might have prov'd Alexander's *Tomb.*

Take the whole Expedition together, and what was it but a patient Endurance of Cold Winters, and parching Droughts; Depths of Rivers trampled over, Rocks inaccessible to the Winged Fowl surmounted, Amazing Sights of strange Wild Beasts, Savage Diet, and lastly, Revolts and Treasons of far-controlling Potentates. As to what before the Expedition befel me, 'Tis well known, that all Greece *lay gasping and panting under the fatal Effects of the* Philippick *Wars. But then the* Athenians *raising themselves, after so desperate a Fall, upon their Feet again, shook from their Arms the Dust of* Chæronea; *with whom also joyn'd the* Thebans, *reaching forth their helping Hands. The Treacherous* Macedonians, *studying nothing but Revenge, cast their Eyes upon the Sons of* Æropus. *The* Illyrians *brake out into an open War, and the* Scythians *advanc'd their Heads, to see their Neighbours meditating new Revolutions. While the* Persian *Gold liberally scatter'd among the Popular Leaders of every City, put all the* Peloponnesus *into Motion.*

King *Philip*'s Treasuries were at that time empty, besides that he was then in debt, as *Onesicritus* relates, Two hundred Talents. In the midst of so much pressing Want, and such menacing Troubles, a Youth, but newly past the Age of Childhood, durst aspire to the Conquest of *Babylon* and *Susa*, or rather project in his Thoughts Supreme Dominion over all Mankind; and all this, trusting onely to the Strength of Thirty thousand Foot and Four thousand Horse: For so many they were, by the Account which *Aristobulus* gives; by the Relation of King *Ptolomy*, Five thousand Horse:

Horse: From both which *Anaximenes* varying, musters up the Foot to Three and forty thousand, and the Horse to Five thousand five hundred. Now the Glorious and Magnificent Sum which Fortune had rais'd to supply the Necessities of so great an Expedition, was no more then Thirty Talents, according to *Aristobulus*; or, as *Doris* records it, onely Thirty days Provision. You'll say therefore, That *Alexander* was too rash and daringly inconsiderate, with such a slender Support to rush upon so vast an Opposition. By no means. For who was ever better fitted then he for Splendid Enterprizes, with all the choicest and most excelling Precepts of Magnanimity, Consideration, Wisdom, and vertuous Fortitude; with which a Princely and Philosophical Education largely suppli'd him in order to his Expedition? So that we may properly affirm, That he invaded *Persia* with greater Assistance from *Aristotle*, then his Father *Philip*. As for those who write, how *Alexander* was wont to say, *That the* Iliads *and* Odysses *had always follow'd him in his Wars*; in honour to *Homer*, I believe 'em. Nevertheless, if any one affirm, That the *Iliads* and *Odysses* were admitted of his Train meerly as the Recreation of his wearied Thoughts, or Pastime of his leisure Hours; but that Philosophical Learning, and Commentaries concerning Contempt of Fear, Fortitude, Temperance, and Nobleness of Spirit, were the real Cabinet-Provision which he carried along for his Personal use, and made more reckoning of the one then the other; We contemn their Assertion. For he was not a Person that ever wrote concerning Arguments or Syllogisms; none of those who, like

like the *Peripateticks*, obſerv'd his Walks in the *Lyceum*, or held Diſputes in the Academy. For thus they circumſcribe Philoſophy, who believe it to conſiſt in Diſcourſing, not in Action. And yet we find, that neither *Pythagoras* or *Socrates*, *Archeſilaus* or *Carneades*, were ever celebrated for their Writings, tho the moſt approv'd and eſteem'd among all the Philoſophers. Yet no ſuch buſie Wars as theſe employ'd their Time in civilizing wild and barbarous Kings, in building *Grecian* Cities among rude and unpoliſh'd Nations, nor in ſetling Government and Peace among People that liv'd without Humanity or Controul of Law. They only liv'd at eaſe, and in the midſt of all their leiſure, ſurrender'd the Buſineſs and Trouble of Writing to the more Contentious Sophiſters. Whence came it then to paſs, that they were believ'd to be Philoſophers? Whether from their Sayings, from the Lives they led, or the Precepts which they taught? Upon theſe Grounds let us take a Proſpect of *Alexander*, and we ſhall ſoon find him, by what he ſaid, by what he acted, and by his Regal Diſcipline, to be a great Philoſopher.

And firſt, if you pleaſe, conſider that which ſeems the fartheſt diſtant of all from the common receiv'd Opinion, the Difference between the Diſciples of *Alexander*, and the Pupils of *Plato* and *Socrates*. The latter inſtructed Perſons ingenious, ſuch as ſpake the ſame Speech, well underſtanding, if nothing elſe, the *Grecian* Language. Nor did their Precepts prevail with many neither: for that *Critias*, *Alcibiades*, and *Clitophon*, rejecting their Doctrine, as a Bridle between their Teeth, follow'd the Conduct of their own Inclinations.

On

On the other ſide, take a view of *Alexander*'s Diſcipline, and you ſhall ſee how he taught the *Hyrcanians* the Conveniency of Wedlock, introduc'd Husbandry among the *Aracoſians*, perſwaded the *Sogdians* to preſerve and cheriſh, not to kill their Aged Parents; the *Perſians* to reverence and honour, not to marry their Mothers. Moſt admirable Philoſophy! which induc'd the *Indians* to worſhip the *Grecian* Deities, and wrought upon the *Scythians* to bury their deceaſed Parents, not to feed upon their Carcaſes. We admire the Power of *Carneades*'s Eloquence, for enforcing the *Carthaginian Clitomachus*, call'd *Aſdrubal* before, to embrace the *Grecian* Cuſtoms. No leſs we wonder at the prevailing Reaſon of *Zeno*, by whom the *Babylonian Diogenes* was charm'd into the love of Philoſophy. Yet no ſooner had *Alexander* ſubdu'd the *Perſians*, but *Homer* became an Author in high eſteem, and the *Perſian*, *Suſian*, and *Gedroſian* Youth in publick ſang the Tragedies of *Euripedes* and *Sophocles*. Among the *Athenians*, *Socrates*, introducing Forreign Deities, at the Proſecution of his Accuſers, was condemn'd to Death. But *Alexander* engag'd both *Bactra* and *Caucaſus* to worſhip the *Grecian* Gods, which they had never known before. Laſtly, *Plato*, tho he never propos'd but one ſingle Form of a Commonwealth, could never perſwade any People to make uſe of it, by reaſon of the Auſterity of his Government: But *Alexander* building above ſeventy Cities among the Barbarous Nations, and, as it were, ſowing the *Grecian* Cuſtoms and Conſtitutions all over *Aſia*, quite wean'd 'em from their former wild and ſavage manner of Living. The Laws of *Plato* here and there a

ſingle

single Person may peradventure study; but Myriads of People have made, and still make use of *Alexander's*: more happy they becoming thus whom *Alexander* vanquish'd, then they who fled his Conquests. Of those there were none but such as continu'd in their ancient state of Misery; these the Victor compell'd to better Fortune. True therefore was that Expression of *Themistocles*, when a Fugitive from his Native Country, *Darius* entertain'd him with sumptuous Presents, and assign'd him three Stipendiary Cities to supply his Table, one with Bread, a second with Wine, a third with all manner of costly Viands; *Ah! Young Men*, said he, *had we not been lost, we had utterly perish'd.* Which may however be more justly averr'd of those whom *Alexander* subdu'd, *Had they not been vanquish'd, they had never been civiliz'd.* *Ægypt* had not vaunted her *Alexandria*, nor *Mesopotamia* her *Seleucia*: *Sogdia* had not glori'd in her *Propthasia*, nor the *Indians* boasted their *Bucephalia*, or *Caucasus* its neighbouring *Grecian* City; which holding the Reins of Imperial Awe, Barbarity perish'd by degrees, and Custom chang'd the worse into better.

If then Philosophers assume to themselves their highest Applause, for cultivating the most fierce and rugged Conditions of Men; certainly *Alexander* is to be acknowledg'd the Chiefest of Philosophers, who chang'd the wild and bruitish Customs of so many various Nations, reducing 'em to Order and Government.

'Tis true, indeed, That so much admir'd Commonwealth of *Zeno*, first Author of the *Stoic* Sect, aims singly at this, That neither in Cities, nor in private

private Houses, we should live under Laws distinct one from another, but that we should look upon all Men in general to be our Fellow-Countrymen, and Citizens, observing one manner of Living, one kind of Order, like a Flock feeding together with equal Right in one common Pasture. This *Zeno* wrote, fancying to himself, as in a Dream, a certain Scheme of Civil Order, and the Image of a Philosophical Commonweal. But *Alexander* made good his Words by his Deeds: For, as *Aristotle* sagely advis'd him, he did not rule the *Grecians* like a Moderate Prince, and insult over the *Barbarians* like an Absolute Tyrant; neither like one that took particular Care of the first, as his Friends and Domesticks; but scorning the latter as meer Brutes and Vegetables, did he fill his Empire with Fugitive Incendiaries, and perfidious Tumults. But believing himself sent from Heaven as the Common Moderator and Arbiter of all Nations, and subduing those by Force whom he could not associate to himself by fair Offers, he labour'd thus, that he might bring all Regions far and near under the same Dominion. And then, as in a Festival Goblet, mixing Conversations, Manners, Customs, Wedlocks, all together, he ordain'd, That every one should take the whole Habitable World for his Country, of which his Camp and Army should be the Chief Metropolis and Garrison; that his Friends and Kindred should be the Good and Vertuous; and, that the Vicious onely should be accounted Forreigners. Nor would he that the *Greeks* should be distinguish'd from the *Barbarians* by their long Garments, by their Targets, their Scimitars, or Turbants; but that the *Grecians* should be

be known by their Vertue and Courage, and the *Barbarians* by their Vices and their Cowardice: However, that their Habit, their Diet, their Marriages, and Custom of Converse should be every where the same, engag'd and blended together by the Ties of Blood, and pledges of Off-spring.

Therefore it was that *Demaratus* the *Corinthian*, an acquaintance and friend of *Philip*, when he beheld *Alexander* in *Susa*, bursting into Tears of more then ordinary joy, bewail'd the deceased *Greeks*, who, as he said, had been bereav'd of the greatest blessing on Earth, for that they had not seen *Alexander* sitting upon the Throne of *Darius*. Though most assuredly for my part, I do not envy the Beholders their gay shew, which was only a thing of chance, and happiness of the more Ordinary Kings. But I would gladly have been a Spectator of those Majestick and Sacred Nuptials, when after he had betroth'd together a hundred *Persian* Brides, and a hundred *Macedonian* Bridegrooms, he plac'd them all at one common Table within the Compass of one Pavillion Embroider'd with Gold, as being all of the same Family; then Crown'd with a Nuptial Garland, and first beginning to sing an *Epithalamium* in honour of the Conjunction between two of the greatest and most Potent Nations in the World, of only one the Bride, of all the Brideman, Father and Moderator, he caus'd the several Couples to be severally Married. Had I but beheld this sight, extasy'd with pleasure, I should have then cri'd out, Barbarous and Stupid *Zerxes*, how vain was all thy Toil to cover the Hellespont with a floating Bridge! Thus rather Wise and Prudent Princes to *Europe* *Asia* joyn. They

They joyn and fasten Nations together, not with Boards or Planks, or Surging Brigandines, not with Inanimate and Insensible Bonds, but by the Ties of Legitimate Love, Chast Nuptials, and the Infallible Gage of Progeny. But then, when he considered the Eastern Garments, *Alexander* preferr'd the *Persian*, before the *Median* Habit, though much the meaner and more frugal. Yet so as not altogether to lay aside his own Countrey-Garb; and therefore, rejecting the Gaudy and Scenical Ornaments of *Barbarian* Gallantry, such as were the *Tiara* and *Candys*, (or regal Attire for the Head) together with the Upper Breeches, he order'd a Mixture of the *Macedonian* and *Persian* Modes to be observ'd in all the Garments which he wore, according to the report of *Eratosthenes*. As a Philosopher, contenting himself with *Mediocrity*; but as the Common Chieftain of both, and as a mild and affable Prince, willing to gain the Affection of the Vanquish'd by the esteem which he shew'd to the Mode of the Countrey; that so they might continue the more stedfast in their Loyalty to the *Macedonians*, not hating them as their Enemies, but loving them as their Native Princes and Rulers. A behaviour contrary to that of Persons insipid and puft up with Prosperity, who Wedded to their own humours, admire the single colour'd Robe, but cannot endure the *Tunic* interwoven with Purple: Or else are well pleas'd with the latter, and hate the former. Like Young Children in love with the Mode in which, as another Nurse, their Countrey Custom first apparel'd 'em. And yet we see, that they who hunt Wild-Beasts, Cloath themselves with their Hairy Skins;

 and

and Fowlers make use of Feather'd Jerkins; nor are others less wary how they shew themselves to wild Bulls in Purple, or to Elephants in white; in regard those Creatures are provok'd and inrag'd at the sight of those Colours. If then this Potent Monarch, designing to Reclaim and Civilize Stubborn and Warlike Nations, took the same course, as others with Wild Beasts, to soften and allay their inbred fury, and at length brought 'em to be tame and tractable by making use of their Familiar Habits, and submitting to their customary course of Life, thereby removing Animosity from their Brests, and sour looks from their Countenances; shall we blame his management? or rather, must we not admire his Wisdom? As he, who by so slight a change of Apparel rul'd all *Asia*, Subduing their Bodies with his Arms, and Vanquishing their Minds with his Habit? 'Tis a strange thing; we applaud *Socratic Aristippus*, for that being sometimes clad in a poor Thred-bare Cloak, sometimes in a *Milesian Robe*, he kept a Decency in both: But they censure *Alexander*, because he gave an equal respect to the Garb and Mode of those whom he had Vanquish'd, as to that of his Native Country; not considering that he was laying the foundation of vast atchievements. It was not his design to ransack *Asia* like a Robber, or to despoyl and ruin it as expos'd to the Prey and Rapine of unexpected Prosperity; as lately *Hannibal* pillag'd *Italy*, before him the *Torres* ravag'd *Jonia*, and the *Scythians* harrass'd *Media*; but to Subdue all the Kingdoms of the Earth under one form of Government, and to make one Nation of all Mankind.

So that if the same Deity, which hither sent the Soul of *Alexander*, had not too soon recall'd it, I question whether one Law had not overlook'd all the World, and one Form of Justice might not have been as it were the Common Light of one Universal Government, while now that part of the Earth remains without a *Sun*, which *Alexander* never saw.

Thus in the first place, the very Scope and Aim of *Alexanders* Expedition speaks him a Philosopher, as one that sought not for himself Luxurious Splendor, or grasp'd at Hideous Riches, but to establish Concord, Peace, and Mutual Community among all Men.

Next, let us consider his Sayings, seeing that the Souls of all other Kings and Potentates detect their Conditions and Inclinations by their Expressions. *Antigonus* the Aged, having heard a certain Poet sing before him a short treatise concerning Justice, *Thou art a Fool.* said he, *to mention Justice to me, when thou seest me thundering down the Cities belonging to other People about their Ears.* *Dionysius* the Tyrant was wont to say, *That Children were to be cheated with Dice, but Men with Oaths.* Upon the Monument of *Sardanapalus* this Inscription is to be seen.

What Wrong and Luxury did once devour,
That still I have; I only wish for more.

What now can any Man say of these Apophthegms, but that the first denotes Injustice, and immoderate desire of Soveraignty; the next Impiety, and the third Excessive love of Pleasure? But

But as for the Sayings of *Alexander*, set aside his Diadem, his claim'd descent from *Ammon*, and the Nobility of his *Macedonian* Extraction, you would believe them to have been the Sayings of *Socrates*, *Plato*, or *Pythagoras*. For we omit the swelling Hyperboles of Flattery, which Poets have Inscrib'd under his Images and Statues, studying rather to extol the Power of *Alexander*, then his Moderation and Temperance. As for Example,

Then in his Shining Arms to Heav'n he look't,
And viewing Jove, *the Thunderer thus bespake;*
Take thou Olympus, *I the Earth will take.*

And that other,

This is Alexander *the Son of* Jupiter.

But these, as I said, were only the flashes of Poetick Adulation, magnifying his good success. Let us therefore come to such Sentences as were really utter'd by *Alexander* himself, beginning first with the early Blossoms of his Childhood.

'Tis well known that for swiftness in running he exceeded all that were of his years; for which reason, some of his most Familiar Play-fellows perswading him to shew himself at the *Olympick* Games, he asked 'em, *Whether there were any Kings to contend with him?* who replying, *Not any. The Contest then*, said he, *is unequal and unjust; where Kings no honour get by overcoming Private Persons, but Private Persons shall be Eterniz'd, if Victors over Kings.*

His Father, King *Philip*, being run through the

the Thigh in a Battel against the *Triballi*, and tho he escap'd the danger, not a little troubl'd at the deformity of his limping, *Be of good cheer, Father*, said he, *and shew your self in Publick, that your Gate may keep your Courage in your Memory.*

Are not these the Products of a Mind truly Philosophical, and by an inspir'd Incimation to the Beauties of the Mind, already contemning the disfigurings of the Body? Nor can we otherwise believe, but that he himself glory'd in his own wounds, which every time he beheld 'em, call'd to his remembrance the Nation and the Victory, what Cities he had tak'n, what Kings had render'd themselves, never striving to conceal or cover those indelible Characters and Scars of Honour, which he always carri'd about him, as the engrav'n Testimonies of his Vertue and Fortitude. Then again, if any Dispute arose, or Judgment were to be given upon any of *Homer's* Verses, either in the Schools or at Meals, this that follows he always preferr'd above the rest,

Both a good King, and far renown'd in War.

Believing, that the praise, which another by precedency of time, had anticipated, was to be a Law also to himself; as if *Homer* in the same Verse had extoll'd the Fortitude of *Agamemnon*, and Prophesi'd of his. Crossing therefore the Hellespont he view'd the City of *Troy*, revolving in his Mind the Heroick Acts of Antiquity. At what time one of the Chief Citizens proffering to present him with *Paris's* Harp, if he pleased to accept it,

I need it not, said he, *for I have that with which* Achilles *pleas'd himself already.*

While he the mighty deeds of Hero's *sung.*
Whose Fame so loudly o're the world has rung.

As for *Paris*, his Soft and Effeminate Harmony was devoted only to the pleasures of Amorous Courtship. But 'tis the part of a true Philosophers Soul, to love Wisdom, and chiefly to admire Wise Men. This was *Alexanders* praise beyond all other Princes; whose high esteem for his Master *Aristotle* we have already mention'd. No less honour did he give to *Anaxarchus* the *Musitian* whom he favour'd as one of his choicest Friends. To *Pyrrhon*, the first time he saw him, he gave a thousand Crowns in Gold. To *Zenocrates*, the Companion of *Plato*, he sent a Honorary present of two hundred Talents. Lastly, it is recorded by several, that he made *Onesicratus* the Disciple of *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, chief of his Provincial Presidents. But when he came to discourse with *Diogenes* himself at *Corinth*, he was struck in such a manner with wonder and astonishment at the course of Life and sententious Learning of the Person, that frequently calling him to mind, he was wont to say, *Had I not been* Alexander, *I would have beeen* Diogenes. That is, I would have Devoted my self to the Study of Words, had I not been a Philosopher in Deeds. He did not say, had I not been a King, I would have been *Diogenes*; nor, had I not been Opulent and *Argeades*. For he did not prefer Fortune before Wisdom; nor the Purple Robe or Regal Diadem before the Beggars

Beggars Wallet, and Thred-bare Mantle; but he said, *Had I not been* Alexander, *I would have been* Diogenes. That is, had I not design'd to intermix *Barbarians* and *Greeks*, and as I march'd forward to Civilize the Earth; and had I not proposed to search the Limits of Sea and Land, and so extending *Macedon* to the Land-bounding Ocean, to have sown *Greece* in every Region all along, and to have diffus'd Justice and Peace over all Nations, I would not have sat yawning upon the Throne of Slothful and Voluptuous Power, but would have labour'd to imitate the Frugality of *Diogenes*. But now Pardon us *Diogenes*: We follow the Example of *Hercules*, we emulate *Perseus* and tredding the Footsteps of *Bacchus*, our Divine Ancestor and founder of our Race, once more we purpose to settle the Victorious *Greeks* in *India*, and once more put those Savage Multitudes beyond *Caucasus*, in mind of their ancient *Bacchanalian* Revels. There, by report, live certain People professing a more rigid and austere Philosophy, and more frugal then *Diogenes*, as going altogether naked. Pious Men, govern'd by their own constitutions and devoted wholly to God: they have no occasion for Scrip or Wallet, for they never lay up provision, having it always fresh and new gather'd from the Earth. The Rivers afford 'em Drink, and at Night they rest upon the Grass, and Leaves that fall from the Trees. By our means shall they know *Diogenes*, and *Diogenes* them: But it behoves us first as it were to make a new Coin, and to stamp a new Face of *Grecian* Civility upon the *Barbarian* Mettal.

Tell me now: Such Generous Acts of *Alexander*

der as these, can they be thought to speak the *Spontaneous* favours of Fortune, only an impetuous torrent of success, and strength of Hand? Do they not rather demonstrate much of Fortitude and Justice, much of Mildness and Temperance, acting all things with Decorum and Consideration, with a Sober and Intelligent Conduct. Not that I (believe me) go about to distinguish between the several Acts of *Alexander*, and to ascribe this to Fortitude, that to Humanity, another to Temperance; but taking the whole Act to be an Act of all the Virtues mix'd together. Conformable to that *Stoical* Sentence, *That what a Wise Man does, he Acts by the Impulse of all the Vertues together. Only one particular Vertue seems to head every Action, and calling the rest to her assistance, drives on to the end propos'd.* Therefore we may behold in *Alexander* a Warlike Humanity; a Meek Fortitude; a Liberality pois'd with good Husbandry; Anger easily appeas'd; Chast Amours; a busie Relaxation of Mind, and Labour not wanting Recreation. Who ever like him, mix'd Festivals with Combats, Revels and Jollity with Expeditions, with Sieges and difficult Attempts, Nuptials and Bacchanals? To those that offended against the Law who more severe, to the unforunate, who more pitiful? To those that made resistance, who more terrible? to his Prisoners, who more merciful? Which gives me an occasion to insert here the Saying of *Porus*. For he being brought a Captive before *Alexander* and by him demanded how he expected to be treated? *Kinglike*, said he O Alexander: And being further ask'd, whether he desir'd no more? he reply'd, *Nothing*: For all things are comprehended in that

that word, *Kinglike*. And for my part, I know not how to give a greater applause to the Actions of *Alexander*, then by adding the word *Philosophically*, for in that word all other things are included. Being ravish'd with the Beauty of *Roxana*, the Sister of *Oxyathres*, Dancing among the Captive Ladies, he ne're assail'd her with injurious Lust, but Marri'd her, *Philosophically*. Beholding *Darius* stuck to the Heart with several Arrows, he did not presently Sacrifice to the Gods, or sing Triumphal Songs, as if the War were then at an end, but unclasping his Robe from his own Shoulders, threw it over the dead Corps, *Philosophically*, as it were to cover the shame of Royal Calamity, Another time, as he was perusing a private Letter, sent him by his Mother, he observ'd *Ephestion*, who was sitting by him, to read it along with him, little understanding what he did. For which unwary Act, *Alexander* forbore to reprove him; only clapping his Signet to his Mouth kindly admonish'd him, that his Lips were then Seal'd up to silence by the friendly Confidence which he repos'd in him: all this *Philosophically*. And indeed if these were not acts done *Philosophically*, where shall we find others? Let us produce some few of those who are by all allow'd to be Philosophers. *Socrates* yielded to the Lustful Embraces of *Alcybiades*. *Alexander*, when *Philoxenus*, Governour of the Sea-Coasts, wrote to him concerning an *Ionian* Lad, that had not his equal for Years and Beauty, and desired to know whether he should be sent to him or no, returned him this nipping Answer: *Vilest of Men, when wert thou ever privy to any such desires of mine, that thou should'st think* to

to flatter me with the abhorr'd allurements of Pandarism? We admire the abstinency of *Xenocrates*, for refusing the gift of fifty Talents which *Alexander* sent him; but we take no notice of the Munificence of the giver. As if the bountiful Person were not to be thought as much a Contemner of Money, as he that refuses it. *Xenocrates* needed not Riches by reason of his *Philosophy*. But *Alexander* wanted wealth, because a Philosopher, that he might be the more liberal to such Persons, according to his Dignity. We magnifie those Philosophers who have left behind the sublimest Apophthegms upon the contempt of Death. How often has *Alexander* witness'd the same in the midst of a thousand dangers? 'Tis true, we do believe that it is in the power of all Men to judge rightly of things. For Nature guides us of her self to Vertue and Bravery. But herein Philosophers excel all others, in regard they have by Education acquir'd a fix'd and solid Judgment to encounter whatever dangers they meet with; as being confirm'd by certain Maxims which they carry always in their Hands; such as this in *Homer*.

Let us our Conntry bravely but defend,
That's the only Omen must our Fate portend.

And that other of *Demosthenes*.

Death is the certain end of all Mankind.

But sudden Apparitions of imminent danger, many times break our Resolutions; and the fancy troubl'd with the Imagination of approaching peril

peril chases away true Judgment from her Seat. For fear not only astonishes the Memory, according to the Saying of *Thucidides*, but dissipates all manner of Consideration, sense of Honour and Resolution; but Philosophy binds and keeps 'em together. * * * * *

THE

THE SECOND ORATION OF PLUTARCH

Concerning the

Fortune or Vertue OF *ALEXANDER the Great.*

Translated from the Greek

By J. PHILLIPS *Gent.*

WE forgot in our Yesterdays Discourse to tell ye, That the Age wherein *Alexander* flourish'd had the happiness to abound in several Sciences, and Persons of transcending Natural

ral Endowments. Yet is not this to be ascrib'd to *Alexander's*, but their own Good Fortune, which favour'd them with such a Judge, and such a Spectator of their particular Excellencies, as was both able rightly to discern, and liberally to reward their understood Deserts. Therefore it is recorded of *Archistratus*, born some Ages after, an Elegant Poet, but buri'd in his own extreme Poverty, that a certain Person meeting him, *Hadst thou but liv'd*, said he, *when* Alexander *liv'd, for every Verse he would have gratifi'd thee with an Island of* Cyprus, *or a Territory fair as that of* Phœnicia. Which makes me of opinion, that those former famous Artists and soaring *Genius's*, may not so properly be said to have had their Being in *Alexander's* Time, as by *Alexander* himself. For as the Temperature of the Season, and limpid Thinness of the surrounding Air, produce Plenty of Grain and Fruit; so the Favour, the Encouragement, and Benignity of a Prince, encrease the number of aspiring Ingenuities, and advance Perfection in Sciences: As on the other side, by the Envy, Covetousness, and morose Disdain of those in Power, whatever soars to the heighth of true Bravery or Invention, is utterly quell'd and extinguish'd. Therefore it is reported of *Dionysius* the Tyrant, That being pleas'd with the Musick of a certain Player on the Harp, he promis'd him a Talent for his Reward: But when the Musician claim'd his Promise the next day, *Yesterday*, said he, *by thee delighted, while thou sang'st before me, I gave thee likewise the Pleasure of thy Hopes; and thence immediately didst thou receive the Reward of thy delightful Pastime, enjoying at the same time the charming*

charming expectation of my Promise. In like manner *Alexander*, Tyrant of the *Pheræans*, (for it behoves us to distinguish him by that *Addition*, lest we should dishonour his *Namesake*) sitting to see a Tragedy, in stead of being affected with the Cruelties acted, found himself mov'd to a more then ordinary Compassion. Upon which, leaping suddenly from his Seat, as he hastily flung out of the Theatre, *How poor and mean it would look*, said he, *if I that have massacred so many of my own Citizens and Subjects, should be seen here weeping at the Misfortunes of* Hecuba *and* Polyxena. And it was an even Lay, but that he had mischief'd the *Tragedian*, for having, like Iron softn'd by Fire, mollifi'd his cruel and mercileſs Disposition. *Timotheus* also, singing to *Archelaus*, who seem'd more parcimonious in Remuneration, frequently upbraided him with the following Sarcasm;

Base Earth-bred Silver thou admir'st.

To whom *Archelaus* not unwittily ripartee'd,

And therefore thou begg'dst it.

Anteas, King of the *Scythians*, having taken *Ismenia* the Musician Prisoner, commanded him to play during one of his Royal Banquets: At what time, when all the rest admir'd and applauded his Harmony, *Anteas* swore, *The Neighing of a Horse was more delightful to his Ears.* So great a Stranger was he to the Habitations of the Muses; as one whose Soul lodg'd always in his Stables, fitter however to accompany with Asses then Horses.

Therefore

Therefore among ſuch Kings, what Progreſs or Advancement of Noble Sciences, or Eſteem for Learning, can be expected? Yet they would not be thought to be *Anti-Artiſts* neither, and therefore not enduring any more excellent then themſelves, they proſecute ſuch with all the Hatred and Envy imaginable. In the number of theſe was *Dionyſius* before-mention'd, who condemn'd *Philoxenus* the Poet to labour in the Quarries, for that being by the Tyrant commanded onely to mend a Tragedy by him written, he ſtruck out every Line from the Beginning to the End. Nay, I muſt needs ſay, that *Philip*, as one who became a Student not till his later Years, in theſe things deſcended beneath himſelf: For it being once his chance to enter into a Diſpute with a Muſician about *Sounds*, whom he thought he had foil'd in his Art, the Perſon modeſtly, and with a ſmile, reply'd, *May never ſo much Misfortune befal thee, O King, to underſtand theſe things better then I do.* But *Alexander*, well conſidering of what Perſons and Things it became him to be the Hearer and Spectator, and with whom to contend, and exerciſe his Perſonal Strength, made it his Buſineſs to excell all others in the Art of War, and, according to that of *Æſchylus*, to be

A Warriour Terrible to Equal Foes.

For having learn'd this Art from his Anceſtors, the *Æacides*, and *Hercules*, he gave to other Arts their due Honour and Eſteem without the leaſt Emulation; embracing and favouring what was in 'em Noble and Elegant, but never ſuffering himſelf to be

be carried away with the Pleaſure of being a Practitioner in Any. In his time flouriſh'd the two Tragedians, *Theſſalus*, and *Athenodorus*, who contending for the Prize, the *Cyprian* Kings ſupplied the Charges of the Theatre, and the Judges were to be the moſt Renowned Captains of the Age. But at length *Athenodorus* being adjudg'd the Victor, *I could have wiſh'd*, ſaid *Alexander*, *rather to have loſt a part of my Kingdom, then to have ſeen* Theſſalus *vanquiſh'd.* Yet he neither interceded with the Judges, nor any way diſapprov'd or blam'd the Judgment; believing it became him to be Superiour to all others, only to ſubmit to Juſtice. To the Comedian *Scarpheus*, who had inſerted into one of his Scenes certain Verſes in the nature of a begging Petition, laughing heartily at the Conceit, he gave Ten Talents. *Ariſtonicus* was in the number of the moſt famous Muſicians of thoſe times. This Man being ſlain in Battel, ſtrenuouſly fighting to aſſiſt and ſave his Friend, *Alexander* commanded his Statue to be made in Braſs, and ſet up in the Temple of *Pythian Apollo*, holding his Harp in one Hand, and his Spear upright in the other, not onely in Memory of the Perſon, but in Honour of Muſic it ſelf, as inciting to Fortitude, and inſpiring thoſe who are rightly and generouſly bred to it, with a kind of ſupernatural Courage and Bravery.

Even *Alexander* himſelf, at what time *Antigenides* play'd before him in the *Harmatian* Mood, was ſo tranſported and warm'd for Battel by the Charms of lofty Air, that leaping from his Seat all in his clattering Armour, he began to lay at thoſe who ſtood next him, thereby verifying to the

the *Spartans* what was commonly sung among themselves,

The Masculine Touches of the well-tun'd Lyre
Unsheath the Sword, and warlike Rage inspire.

Furthermore, there was also *Apelles* the Painter, and *Lysippus* the Statuary, both living under the Reign of *Alexander*. The first of which painted him grasping *Jupiter*'s Thunder in his Hand, so artificially, and in such lively Colours, that it was said of the two *Alexanders*. *That* Philip's *was Invincible, but* Apelles's *Unimitable*. *Lysippus*, when he had finish'd the first Statue of *Alexander*, looking up with his Face to the Skie, the contrary part of his Head gently leaning toward his Shoulder, (which was frequently *Alexander*'s Musing Posture while he liv'd) not improperly added to the *Pedestal* the following Lines:

——————*To Heaven he look'd,*
And viewing Jove, *the Thunderer thus bespake,*
The Earth is mine, do thou Olympus *take.*

For which *Alexander* gave to *Lysippus* the sole Patent for making all his Statues; because that he onely express'd in Brass the Vigour of his Mind, and in his Lineaments represented the Lustre of his Vertue; while others striving to imitate the turning of his Neck, together with the rolling and briskness of his Eyes, fail'd to observe the Manly Sternness and Lion-like Fierceness of his Countenance. Among the great Artists of that time was *Stasicrates*, who never studied Elegancy, nor what was

was sweet and alluring to the Eye, but onely bold and lofty Workmanship, and Design becoming the Munificence of Royal Bounty. He attending upon *Alexander*, found fault with all the Paintings, Sculptures, and Cast Figures that were made of his Person, as the Works of mean and slothful Artificers. *But I*, said he, *will undertake to fix the Likeness of thy Body on Matter Incorruptible, such as has Eternal Foundations, and a Ponderosity Stedfast and immovable. For the Mountain* Athos, *where it rises largest and most conspicuous, having a just Symmetry of Breadth and Heighth, Members, Arteries, and Distances answerable to the Shape of Humane Body, may be so wrought and form'd, as to be not onely in Imagination and Fancy, but realty the Effigies and Statue of* Alexander; *whose Feet, serving for the Basis of the Mountain, should reach to the Seas, grasping in his Right Hand a fair and populous City, and with his left, from a large Urn, pouring forth a swelling River into the Ocean. But as for Gold, Brass, Ivory, Wood, and Painter-staining, Cast Figures, and small Images of Parget, Toys no sooner bought then stollen, I despise 'em all.* This Discourse when *Alexander* heard, he admir'd, and prais'd the Spirit and Confidence of the Artist; *But*, said he, *let* Athos *alone: For, 'tis sufficient, that it is the Monument of the vanquish'd Folly and presuming Pride of one King already. Our Portraiture the Snowy* Caucasus *and Towring* Emodus, Tanais, *and the* Caspian Sea *shall draw: They shall remain Eternal Monuments of our Renown.* But grant, that so vast an Undertaking should have been brought to Perfection: Is there any Person living, d'ye think, that would believe such a

a Figure, such a Form, and so great a Design, to be the Spontaneous and Accidental Production of fantastick Nature? Certainly, not one. What may we otherwise think of the Statue representing him grasping Thunder, and that other, as famous, with his Spear in his Hand? Is it possible that a *Colossus* of a Statue should ever be made by Fortune without the help of Art, nay, tho she should profusely afford all the Materials imaginable of Gold, Brass, Ivory, or any other Substance whatever? Much less is it probable, that so Great a Personage, and indeed the greatest of all his Ancestors, should be the Workmanship of Fortune, without the assistance of Vertue? And all this, perhaps, because she has made him the Potent Master of Arms, Horses, Money, and Wealthy Cities? Which he who knows not how to use, shall rather find to be destructive and dangerous, then Aids to advance his Power and Magnificence, as being an Argument of Weakness and Pusillanimity. Noble therefore was the Saying of *Antisthenes, That we ought to wish an Enemy all other things beneficial to Mankind, but only Fortitude.* For those Blessings are not theirs, but the Victors, as being easily ravish'd by the Vanquisher from a weak Adversary. Therefore it was, they say, that Nature provided for the Hart, one of the most timorous of Creatures, such large and branchy Horns, to teach us, that Strength and Weapons nothing avail, where Conduct and Courage is wanting. In like manner, Fortune frequently bestowing Wealth and Empire upon Princes simple and faint-hearted, who blemish their Dignity by Misgovernment, renders more Illustrious, and more firmly establishes Vertue, as being that

that which onely makes a Man most truly Beautiful and Majestick: For indeed, according to that of *Epicharmus*,

'Tis the Mind onely sees, the Mind
That hears; the rest are Deaf and Blind.

For as for the Senses, they only seem to have their proper Opportunities to act. But that the Mind alone is that which gives both Assistance and Ornament, the Mind that overcomes, that excels, and acts the Kingly Part, while those other blind, deaf, and inanimate Things do but overthrow, depress, and disgrace the Possessors void of Vertue, is easily made manifest by Experience. For *Semiramis*, but a Woman, tho neither superior in Wealth nor Extent of Dominion, set forth great Navies, rais'd mighty Armies, built *Babylon*, cover'd the *Red Sea* with her Fleets, and subdu'd the *Ethiopians* and *Arabians*. On the other side, *Sardanapalus*, tho born a Man, spent those Hours in combing Purple Wooll, which he always did, lying among his Harlots in a lascivious Posture upon his Back, with his Heels higher then his Head. After his Decease, they made for him a Statue of Stone resembling a Woman dancing, seeming to snap with her Fingers, as she held them over her Head, with this Inscription,

Eat, drink, indulge thy Lust; all other Things are nothing.

Whence it came to pass, that *Crates*, seeing the Golden Statue of *Phryne* the Courtesan standing in

the Temple of *Delphos*, cry'd out, *There stands a Trophy of the* Grecian *Luxury*. But had he view'd the Life, or rather Burial (for I find but little difference) of *Sardanapalus*, would he have imagin'd that Statue to have been a Trophy of Fortunes Indulgences? Shall we suffer the Fortune of *Alexander* to be sulli'd by the Touch of *Sardanapalus*? or endure that the Latter should challenge the Majesty and Prowess of the Former? For what did *Sardanapalus* enjoy through her Favour, more then other Princes receive at her Hands? Arms, Horses, Weapons, Money, and Guards of the Body? Let Fortune, with all these Assistances, make *Aridæus* Famous, if she can: Let her, if she can, advance the Renown of *Ochus*, *Amasis*, *Oarses*, *Tigranes* the *Armenian*, or *Nicomedes* the *Bithynian*. Of which two last, the one casting his Diadem at *Pompey*'s Feet, ignominiously surrender'd up his Kingdom a Prey to the Victor. And as for *Nicomedes*, he, after he had shav'd his Head, and put on the *Cap of Liberty*, acknowledg'd himself no more then a freed Vassal of the *Roman* People. Rather let us therefore affirm, That Fortune makes her Favourites little, poor-spirited, and pusillanimous Cowards. Nor is it just to ascribe Vice to Misfortune, Fortitude and Wisdom to Prosperity. For indeed *Fortune*, with all her Favours, ought rather to attribute her Prosperity to *Alexander*'s Reign; all which time she appear'd so illustrious, Invincible, Magnanimous, so Merciful and Just. Insomuch that after his Decease, *Leosthenes* liken'd this vast Bulk of Power, wandring as in a Mist, and sometimes violently rushing one Body against the other, to the Giant *Cyclops*, who after he

he had lost his Eye, went feeling and groping about with his Hands before him, as unable to guide him as his Forehead. So strangely did that vast Pile of Dominion rowl and tumble about in the Dark of Confusion, when shatter'd into Anarchy by the loss of its Supreme Head. Or rather, like dead Bodies, whose Members, when the Soul takes her Flight, no longer grow together, no longer act together, but, by a total dissipation of the Vital Spirits, become stiff, and useless to each other. Thus *Alexander*'s Empire, wanting his enliv'ning Conduct, panted, gasp'd, and shiver'd, while it struggl'd as with so many mortal Pangs, against the Divisions and Contentions of *Perdiccas*, *Meleager*, *Seleucus*, and *Antigonus*; like Pulses beating with a feeble Motion, while the Blood is yet warm; till at length, totally corrupted and putrifi'd, it produc'd, like so many Worms, a sort of degenerate Kings, and faint-hearted Princes. This he himself seem'd to prophesie, reproving *Ephestion* for quarrelling with *Craterus*: *What Power*, said he, *or Signal Atchievement could'st thou pretend to, should any one deprive thee of thy* Alexander? The same will I be bold to say to the Fortune of that Time: Where would have been thy Grandeur, where thy Glory, where thy vast Empire, thy Invincibility, should any one have bereav'd thee of thy *Alexander*? That is, Should any one have deprivd thee of thy Skill and Dexterity in War, thy Magnificence in Expence, thy Moderation in the midst of so much Affluence, thy Prowess in the Field, thy Meekness to the Vanquish'd. Frame, if thou canst, another Piece like him, that mising all his Noble Qualities, shall neither be magnificently

cently Liberal, nor foremost in Battel, that shall not regard nor esteem his Friends, that shall not be compassionate to his Captives, that shall not moderate his Pleasures, that shall not be watchful to take all Opportunities; whom Victory shall not make Inexorable, nor Prosperity Insolent; and try if thou canst make him another *Alexander*. Who ever obtain'd Renown by Folly and Improbity? Separate Vertue from the Fortunate, and they every where appear Little. Among those that deserve his Bounty, for his close-handed Illiberality; among the Laborious, for his Effeminacy; among the Gods, for his Superstition; among Good Men, for his envious Conditions; among the Valiant, for his Cowardice; among Women, for his Attempts of inordinate Lust. For as unskilful Workmen, erecting small Figures upon huge Pedestals, betray the slightness of their Understandings; so *Fortune*, when she brings a Person of a poor and narrow Soul upon the Stage of weighty and glorious Actions, does but expose and disgrace him, as a Person whom the Vanity of his own ill Conduct has rendred Worthless. So that true Grandeur does not consist in the Possession, but in the Use of Noble Means. For new born Infants frequently inherit their Father's Kingdoms and Empires. Such an one was *Charillus*, whom *Lycurgus* carry'd in his Swadling bands, and resigning his own Authority, proclaim'd King of *Lacedemon*, in the Place where the *Spartans* usually kept their Publick Feasts. Yet was not the Infant thereby the more famous, but he who surrender'd to the Infant his Paternal Right, scorning Fraud and Usurpation. But who could make *Aridæus* Great, whom little differing from

a Child, onely that he was mantl'd in Purple, *Meleager* seated in *Alexander's* Throne? Prudently done, that so in a few days it might appear, how Men govern by Vertue, and how by Fortune. He made the unfortunate Prince make his Entry like a Player on the Stage, or rather expos'd as in a Scene the Diadem of the Habitable World upon a Brainless Head, to countenance his own Ambition. For, said he,

Women may bear the Burd'n of a Crown,
When a Renown'd Commander puts it on.

Yet some may say, It is more frequent for Women and Children to confer Dignity, Riches, and Empire upon others. Thus the Eunuch *Bagoas*, recovering the Diadem of *Persia* from *Ochus*, set it upon the Heads of *Oarses* and *Darius*. But for a Man to take upon him the Burd'n of a vast Dominion, and so to manage his ponderous Affairs, as not to suffer himself to sink and be overwhelm'd under the immense Weight of wakeful Cares, and incessant Labour, that's the Character which signalizes a Person endu'd with Vertue, Understanding, and Wisdom. All these Royal Qualities *Alexander* had, whom some accuse of being given to Wine: However, it ne'er can be said, the Great *Alexander* ever gave himself that Liberty in the heat of Action, or was ever drunk with the Pride of his Conquests and vast Power; when others intoxicated with the smallest part of his Prosperity, have ceas'd to be Masters of themselves. For, as the Poet sings,

The vainer sort, that view their Heaps of Gold,
Or else at Court advanc'd, high Places hold,
Grow wanton with those unexpected Showrs
That Fortune on their happy Greatness pours;
And some, for small Successes, grow so proud,
Nothing will serve, but each must be a God.

Thus *Clytus* having sunk some three or four of the *Grecian* Galleys near the Island *Amorgus*, call'd himself *Neptune*, and carri'd a *Trident*. So *Demetrius*, to whom Fortune vouchsaf'd a small Portion of *Alexander*'s Power, assum'd the Title of *Kataibates*, (as if descended from Heaven) to whom the several Cities sent their Embassadors, by the Name of *God Consulters*, and his Determinations were call'd *Oracles*. *Lysimachus* having made himself Master of some part of the Skirts of *Alexander*'s Empire, swell'd to that excess of Pride and Vainglory, as to break forth into this ranting Expression, *Now the* Byzantines *make their Addresses to me, because I touch Heaven with my Spear.* At which Words, *Pasiades* of *Byzantium* being then present, *Let us be gone*, said he, *lest he pierce Heaven with the Point of his Lance.* What shall we, in the next place, think of those, to whom it might be lawful, as Imitators of *Alexander*, to have high Thoughts of themselves? *Clearchus* having made himself Tyrant of *Heraclea*, carry'd a Scepter like that of *Jupiter*'s in his Hand, and nam'd one of his Sons *Thunder*. *Dionysius* the Younger call'd himself the Son of *Apollo*, which he own'd in this, among other Lines of an Epigram:

——The

——The Heav'nly Son,
Of Dorian *Nymph, to Phœbus only known,*

His Father put to Death above ten thousand of his Subjects, betray'd his Brother out of Envy to his Enemies, and not enduring to expect the Natural Death of his Mother, at that time very aged, caus'd her to be strangl'd, writing in one of his Tragedies,

For Tyranny must own no other
Unless Injustice, for a Mother.

Yet after all this, he nam'd one of his Daughters *Vertue*, another *Temperance*, and a third *Justice*. Others there were that assum'd the Titles of *Benefactors*, others of *Glorious Conquerours*; others of *Preservers*, and others usurpt the Title of *Great*, and *Magnificent*. But should we go about to recount their promiscuous Marriages like Horses; their continual herding among Impudent and Lawless Women; their Contaminations of Boys; their Drumming among Effeminate Eunuchs; their perpetual Gaming, their Piping in Theaters, their Nocturnal Revels, and Days consum'd in Riot, it would be a task too tedious to undertake. As for *Alexander*, he din'd by break of Day, always sitting; and Supt at the shutting in of the Evening; he Drank when he Sacrific'd to the Gods. With his Friend *Medius* he play'd for Diversion, being then upon his recovery from a Violent Fever. He also play'd upon the Road as he march'd, learning between whiles to throw a Dart, and leap

from

from his Chariot. He Marry'd *Roxana* meerly for love; but *Statyra* the Daughter of *Darius*, upon the accompt of State Policy; for such a Conjunction of both Nations strengthn'd his Conquest. As to the rest, his temperance was equal to his fortitude in vanquishing the Men. He never desir'd the sight of any Virgin that was unwilling; and those he saw, he pass'd by as if he had not seen; mild and affable to all others, only proud and lofty to the fair. As for the Wife of *Darius*, a Woman most Beautiful, he never would endure to hear a word spok'n in Commendation of her Features. When she was dead, he grac'd her Funerals with such a Regal Pomp, that as it was hardly possible to believe so much Continency blended with so much Civility and Courtship, so there was the same impossibility to accuse his chastity of Injustice. Which things were thought at first incredible by *Darius* himself. For he was one of those who thought *Alexander* to be only the Darling of Fortune. But when he understood the truth, *Well* said he, *I do not yet perceive the Condition of of the* Persians *so deplorable, since the World can never tax us now of Imbecillity or Effeminacy, whose fate it was to be vanquish'd by such a Person. Therefore my Prayers shall be to the Gods for his Prosperity, and that he may be still victorious in War; to the end that in well doing I may surpass* Alexander. (*For my Emulation and Ambition leads me in point of honour to shew my self more Cordial and Friendly then he.*) *If then the Fates have otherwise determin'd of me and mine,* O Jupiter, *preserver of the* Persians, *and you his equal Deities, to whom the care of Kings belongs, hear your suppliant, and*

and suffer none but Alexander *to sit upon the Throne of* Cyrus. This was the manner of *Alexanders* being adopted by *Darius*, after he had call'd the Gods to witness that he did not resign his Kingdom to one unworthy of it. So true it is that Vertue is the victor still. But now, if you please, let us ascribe to Fortune *Arbela* and *Cilicia*, and those other Acts of main force and violence; say, that Fortune thundered down the Walls of *Tyre*, and that Fortune open'd the way into *Egypt*. Believe that by Fortune *Halicarnassus* fell, *Miletus* was taken, *Mazeus* left *Euphrates* unguarded, and the *Babylonian Fields* were strew'd with the Carcasses of the slain. Yet was not his Prudence the gift of Fortune, nor his Temperance. Neither did Fortune, as it were empaling his Inclinations, preserve him impregnable against his pleasures, nor invulnerable against the assaults of his fervent desires. These were the weapons with which he overthrew *Darius*. Fortunes Advantages, if so they may be call'd, were only the fury of Arm'd Men and Horses, Battles, Slaughters, and Flights of routed Adversaries. But the great and most undoubted Victory which *Darius* lost, was this, that he was forc'd to yield to Vertue, Magnanimity, Prowess, and Justice, while he beheld with Admiration the owner of those Royal Vertues, not to be overcome either by his Pleasures, nor the Inconveniencies of tiresome labour, nor to be surpass'd in liberality, and noblenes of Mind. True it is, that among the Throngs of Shields and Spears, in the midst of Warlike Shouts and the clashing of Weapons, *Tarrias* the Son of *Dinomenes*, *Antigenes* the *Pellenian*, and *Philotras* the Son of *Parmenio*

nio were Invincible, but in respect of their inordinate debauchery, their love of Women, their unsatiable covetousness, nothing superiour to the meanest of their Captives. For the last of these Vices *Tarrias* was particularly noted; who when *Alexander* set the *Macedonians* out of Debt, and pay'd off all their Creditours, *Tarrias* pretended among the rest to owe a great Sum of Money, and brought a Suborn'd Person to demand the Sum as due to him; but being discover'd, he would have lay'd violent Hands upon himself, had not *Alexander* forgiv'n him, and order'd him the Money. Remembring, that at the Battel of *Perinthus* fought by *Philip*, being shot into the Eye with a Dart, he would not suffer the head of it to be pull'd out, till the Field was clear of the Enemy. *Antigenes*, when the sick and maim'd Souldiers were to be sent back into *Macedon*, made suit to be Register'd down in the number, pretending himself utterly disabl'd in the Wars; which very much troubl'd *Alexander*, who was well acquainted with his Valour, and that he wore the scars about him of many a Bloody Field. But the fraud being detected, that was conceal'd under some little present Infirmity, *Alexander* askt him the reason of his design; who answer'd, He did it for love of *Telesippe*, that he might accompany her to the Sea, not being able to endure a separation from her. Presently, the King demanded, what the little Woman was, and to whom she belong'd? To which when *Tarrias* reply'd, she was free from any Tye; *Well then*, said the King, *let us persuade her to stay, if Promises or Gifts will prevail.* So ready was he to Pardon the dotages of love in others, so rigorous to himself. But for *Philotas*

Philotas the Son of *Parmenio*, he exercised his incontinency after a more offensive manner. *Antigona* was a *Pellæan* Virgin, among the Captives taken about *Damascus*; a Prisoner before to *Autophradates*, who took her going by Sea into *Samothracia*. The Beauty of this Damsel, though not extraordinary, yet was such as kept *Philotas* constant to her Embraces. Nay, she had so softn'd and mellow'd this Man of Steel, I know not how, that he was not Master of himself in his enjoyments, but told her the very secrets of his Brest. Among other things, *Who was that* Philip, said he, *but* Parmenio? *Who is* Alexander, *but* Philotas? *What would become of* Ammon *and the* Dragon's, *should we be once provok't?* These words *Antigona* prat'd to one of her Companions, and she told 'em to *Craterus*. *Craterus* brings *Antigona* privately to *Alexander*, who forbore to offer her the least Incivility, but by her means piercing into *Philotas* Brest, detected the whole. Yet for seven years after he never discover'd so much as the least sign of Jealousy, neither talkative in his Wine, nor open in his Anger; nor ever disclos'd it to *Philotas* himself, from whom he never conceal'd the most inward of his Counsels and Designs. These recitals may suffice without being tedious, to shew that he exercis'd his Authority according to all the most Illustrious and Royal Methods of Government. To which Grandure if he arriv'd by the assistance of Fortune, he is to be acknowledg'd so much the greater, because he made so glorious a Use of her. So that the more any Man extols his Fortune, the more he advances his Vertue, by which he obtain'd such high Renown.

But now I shall return to the Beginnings of his Advancement,

Advancement, and the early Dawnings of his Power, and endeavour to discover what was there the great work of Fortune, which render'd *Alexander* so great by her assistance. First then, How came it to pass, some Neighing Barb did not seat him in the Throne of *Cyrus*, free from wounds, without loss of Blood, without a Toylsom Expedition, as formerly *Darius Hystaspis*? Or that some one flatter'd by a Woman, like *Darius* by *Atossa*, did not deliver up his Diadem to him, as the other did to *Xerxes*? So that the Empire of *Persia* came home to him, even to his own Doors? Or why did not some Eunuch aid him, as *Bagoas* did the Son of *Parysatis*, who only throwing off the Habit of a Messenger, immediately put on the Regal Turbant? who on a sudden and unexpectedly by lot elected, obtain'd the Empire of the World, as at *Athens* the Lawgivers and Rulers wont to be chosen? Would ye know how Men come to be Kings by *Fortunes* help? At *Argos*, the whole Race of the *Heraclidæ* happen'd to be extinct, to whom the Scepter of that Kingdom always belong'd. Upon which, Consulting the Oracle, answer was made, that an Eagle should direct 'em. Within a few days the Eagle appear'd towring aloft, but stooping, at length lighted upon *Ægons* House: Thereupon *Ægon* was chosen King. Another time, in *Paphos*, the King that there Reign'd being an unjust and wicked Tyrant, *Alexander* resolv'd to dethrone him, and therefore sought out for another of the Race of the *Kinyradæ* seeming to be at an end. They told him there was one yet in Being, a poor Man, and of no accompt, who liv'd miserably in a certain Garden. Thereupon Messengers

sengers were sent, who found the poor Man watering some few small Beds of Pot-herbs. The miserable Creature was strangely surpriz'd to see so many Souldiers about him, but go he must; and so being brought before *Alexander* in his Raggs and Tatters, he caus'd him presently to be proclaim'd King, and clad in Purple; which done, he was admitted into the number of those who were call'd the *Kings Companions*. The Name of this Person was *Alynomus*. Thus *Fortune* creates Kings suddenly, easily, changing the Habits, and altering the Names of those that ne're expected, nor ever hop'd for any such thing. All this while, what Favours did Fortune shower upon *Alexander*, but what he merited? what fam'd him, what renown'd him, but what he swate for, what he bled for? What came *Gratis*, what without the Price of great Achievements and Illustrious Actions? He quench'd his Thirst in Rivers mix'd with Blood; he march'd over Bridges of slain Carcasses; he Graz'd the Fields, to satisfy his present Hunger; Nations cover'd with Snow, and Cities lying under Ground, he plough'd up with his Sword; he made the Hostile Sea submit to his Fleets; and marching o're the Thirsty and Barren Sands of the *Gedrosian's* and *Arachosians* he discover'd Green at Sea before he saw it at Land. So that if I might use the same liberty of Speech for *Alexander* to *Fortune*, as to a Man, I would thus expostulate with her. Insulting Fortune, when, and where didst thou give easy entrance to *Alexanders* vast performances? What impregnable Rock was ever surrender'd to him without a Bloody Assault, by thy Favour? What City did'st thou ever deliver unguarded

guarded into his Hands? or what unarm'd Battalion of Men? What faint-hearted Prince, What Negligent Captain, or sleepy Sentinels did he ever Surprize? When didst thou ever befriend him with so much as a Fordable River, a Mild Winter, or an easie Summer? Get thee to *Antiochus* the Son of *Seleucus*, to *Artaxerxes* the Brother of *Cyrus*. Get thee to *Ptolomy Philadelphus*. Them living their Fathers Proclaim'd Kings; they won Battels, whom no Mothers wept for; they spent their days in Festivals, admiring the Pomp of Shews and Theaters, and still more happy prolong'd their Reigns till scarce their Feeble Hands could wield their Scepters. But if nothing else, behold the Body of *Alexander* wounded, mangl'd, batter'd, bruis'd from the Crown of his Head to the Soles of his Feet,

With Spears, and Swords, and Stones by Engins Hurl'd.

At the Battel of *Granicum* his Morrion was cleft to his very Scull; at *Gaza* he was wounded in the Shoulder with a Dart. Among the *Malli*, he was shot in the Shin so desperately, that the Bone of his Shank being broken, started out of the Skin. In *Hyrcania* he was struck in the Neck with a Stone, which caus'd such a dimness in his Eyes, that for many days he was in danger of losing his Sight. Among the *Assarracans* he was wounded in the Heel with an *Indian* Dart: at what time, with a smiling Countenance, he thus derided his Flatterers that saw him dreft.

This

This no Corrupted Matter is, but Blood,
Such Blood as from the Gods, when wounded, flow'd.

At *Issus* he was run through the Thigh with a Sword by *Darius*, who as *Chares* relates, encounter'd him Hand to Hand. *Alexander* also himself, writing the truth with all sincerity to *Antipater*, *It was my Fortune*, said he, *to be wounded with a Poignard in the Thigh, but no ill Symtpoms attended it, neither when it was newly done, nor afterwards during the Cure.* Another time among the *Malli*, he was wounded with an Arrow, two Cubits in length, that went in at his Breft, and came out at his Neck, as *Aristoxenus* relates. Crossing the *Tanais* against the *Scythians* and winning the Field, he pursu'd the flying Enemy a hundred and fifty furlongs, tho at the same time labouring with a Dysentery. Well contriv'd, Vain Fortune! to advance and aggrandize *Alexander*, by lancing, broaching, boaring every part of his Body. Not like *Minerva*, who, to save *Menelaus*, directed the Dart against the most impenetrable parts of his Armour; blunting the force of the weapon with his Breftplate, Belt, and Scarfe, so that it only glanc'd upon his Skin, and drew forth two or three drops of Blood, not exposing the principal parts naked to Mischief; driving the wounds through the very Bones, rounding every corner of the Body, besieging the Eyes. Undermining the pursuing Feet, stopping the Torrent of Victory, and disappointing the prosecution of noble designs. For my part, I know no Prince to whom

 Fortune

Fortune ever was more unkind, tho she has been envious and severe enough to several. However other Princes she destroy'd with a swift and rapid destruction, like Thunder; But in her hatred against *Alexander*, she prolong'd her Malice, and persisted still implacable, and inexorable, as she shew'd her self to *Hercules*. For what *Typhons* and monstrous Giants did she not oppose against him? Which of his Enemies did she not fortify with store of Arms, deep Rivers, steep Mountains, and the Forraign strength of Massy Elephants? Now had not *Alexander* been a Personage of transcending Wisdom, and actuated by the impulse of a more than ordinary Vertue, but had only been supported by Fortune, he would have trusted to her, as her Favourite, and spar'd himself the labour, and the turmoil of ranging so many Armies, fighting so many Battels; the Toyl of so many Sieges and Pursuits; vexations of Revolting Nations, and haughty Princes, not enduring the curb of Forraign Dominion; and all his tedious marches into *Bactria*, *Maracanda*, and *Sogdiana*, where frequent Insurrections, like so many *Hydra's* Heads, no sooner one cut off, but another springing, kept him in restless Action. And here I may seem to utter an absurdity, but I will venture to speak it, as being an undoubted truth; that it had been the reproach of Fortune, had she over-rul'd him to recede, as he had like to have done, from his opinion of being the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*. For who but one sprung from the Gods, *Hercules* excepted, ever undertook and finish'd those hazardous and toylsom Labours which he did? Yet what did *Hercules* do, but terrifie Lions, pursue Wild-boars, and

and scare Birds; enjoyn'd thereto by one evil Man, that he might not have leisure for those greater Actions of punishing *Anteus*, and putting an end to the Murders of the *Busiridæ*. But it was Vertue that enjoyn'd *Alexander* to undertake that Godlike *Labour*, not for Covetousness of the Gold'n Burd'n of ten thousand Camels, not for the possession of the *Median* Women, nor glorious ornaments of *Persian* Luxury, nor for greediness of the *Calydonian* Wine, or Fish of *Hyrcania*, but that he might reduce all Mankind as it were into one Family, under one form of Government, and the same custom of Intercourse and Conversation. This inbred Love of Vertue increas'd and burgeon'd in such a manner, in his ripening Intellectuals as he grew in years, that being to entertain the *Persian* Embassadours in his Fathers absence, he never ask'd them any Questions that savour'd of Boyish Imbecillity; never troubl'd them to answer any Questions about the Gold'n Vine, the Pendent Gard'ns, or what Habit the King wore; but still desir'd to be satisfi'd in the chiefest Concerns of the Empire; What force the *Persians* brought into the Field; and in what part of the Army the King fought? like that of *Ulysses*;

> *Where are the Magazines of Arms, and where*
> *The barbed Steeds, provided for the War.*

He also inquir'd which were the nearest Roads for them that Travail'd from the Sea, up into the Countrey, at which the Embassadours astonish'd, *This Youth*, said they, *is a Great Prince; but ours, a Rich one.* No sooner was *Philip* Interr'd, but his

his Resolutions hurry'd him to cross the Sea; and having already grasp'd it in his Hopes and Preparations, he made all imaginable haste to set foot in *Asia*. But *Fortune* oppos'd him, diverted him, and kept him back, creating a thousand vexatious Troubles to delay and stop him. First, she contriv'd the *Illyrian* and *Triballic* Wars, exciting to Hostility the Neighbouring *Barbarians*. But they, after many Dangers run, and many terrible Encounters, being at length chas'd even as far as *Scythia*, beyond the River *Ister*, he return'd back to prosecute his first Design. But then again, spiteful Fortune encourag'd the *Thebans* against him, and entangl'd him in the *Gracian* War, and the dire necessity of defending himself with Fire and Sword, and hideous Slaughter, against his Fellow-Countrymen and Relations. Which War being brought to a dreadful end, away he presently cross'd into *Asia*, as *Clearchus* relates, with only Thirty days Provision: as *Aristobulus* reports, with Seventy Talents: having before sold, and divided among his Friends, his own and the Revenues of his Crown. Onely *Perdiccas* refus'd what he offer'd him, asking him at the same time, *What he had left for himself?* To whom when *Alexander* reply'd, *Nothing but Hopes. For that reason*, said he, *we refuse thy Gift: For it is not just to accept of thine, but to expect from* Darius. What were then the Hopes with which *Alexander* pass'd into *Asia?* Not a vast Power muster'd out of Populous Cities; not Fleets attending him, to avoid the Mountains; not Whips and Fetters, the Instruments of Barbarian Fury, to curb and Manacle the Sea. But in a small Army, surpassing desire of Glory,

Glory, Emulation among those of equal Age, and a noble strife to excell in Honour and Vertue among Friends. Then, as for himself, he carry'd with him all these Great Hopes: Piety toward the Gods, Fidelity to his Friends, Generous Frugality, Temperance, Skill in War, contempt of Death, Magnanimity, Humanity, Decent Affability, Candid Integrity, constancy in Counsel, Quickness in Execution, Precedence in Honour, and an Effectual purpose to follow the Steps of Vertue. Wherefore *Homer* in his describing the Beauty of *Agamemnon* seems not to have observ'd the Rules of Decorum or Probability, in any of his three Similitudes,

Like Thundring Jove's, *his Awful Head and Eyes*
The Gazing Crowd with Majesty surprize;
In every part with Form Celestial Grac't,
A Brest like Neptun's, *and like* Mars, *a Wast.*

But as for *Alexander*, if his Celestial Parent form'd and compos'd him of several Vertues, may we not conclude, That he had the Wisdom of *Cyrus*, the Temperance of *Agesilaus*, the Foresight of *Themistocles*, the Skill of *Philip*, the daring Courage of *Brasidas*, the Shrewdness and Politick Conduct of *Pericles?* Certainly if we compare him with the most ancient Hero's, he was more Temperate then *Agamemnon*: For He preferr'd a Captive before his lawful Wife, tho but newly Wedded: *Alexander*, before he was legally Marry'd, abstain'd from his Pris'ners. More Magnanimous then *Achilles*: For he accepted of a small Sum of Money for the Redemption of *Hector*'s Dead Body: *Alexander* spar'd

for no Expence to adorn the Funerals of *Darius*. He, accepted Gifts and Bribes from his Friends, as the Attonement of his Wrath: *Alexander* once a Victor, enrich'd his Enemies. Much more Pious then *Diomed*: For he scrupl'd not to fight against the Gods; *Alexander* ascrib'd to Heaven all his Successes. More bewail'd of his Relations then *Ulysses*: His Mother dy'd for Grief; but the Mother of *Alexander*'s Enemy, out of Affection, bare him company in his Death. In short, If *Solon* prov'd so wise a Ruler by Fortune; if *Miltiades* became so famous a Captain by Fortune; if *Aristides* were so renown'd for his Justice by Fortune; then there is nothing can be call'd the Work of Vertue. Then is Vertue onely an Airy Fiction, and a Word in request among the frivolous Discoursers of Morality, feign'd and magnifi'd by Sophisters and Lawgivers. But if every one of these whom we have mention'd were Wealthy or Poor, Weak or Strong, Deformed or Beautiful, Long or Short-liv'd, by Fortune; but great Captains, great Lawgivers, famous for Governing Kingdoms and Commonwealths, by Vertue and Reason; then a' God's Name let us compare *Alexander* with the best of 'em. *Solon* by a Law made a great Abatement upon the Payment of the *Athenians* private Debts, which he call'd his *Burden-easing* Law: *Alexander* discharg'd the Debts of his *Macedonians* at his own Expences. *Pericles* laying a Tax upon the People, expended the Money in building Temples to beautifie the Tower of *Athens*: *Alexander* sent home Ten thousand Talents out of the Spoils of the Barbarians, for the building of Temples to the Gods all over *Greece*. *Brasidas* advanc'd his

Fame

Fame all over *Greece*, by breaking through the Enemies Army lying Encamp'd by the Sea-side, near *Methone*: But when you read of that same daring Jump of *Alexander*'s, so astonishing to the Hearers, much more to them that beheld it, when he threw himself from the Walls of the *Oxydracian* Metropolis, among the thickest of the Enemy, assailing him on every side with Spears, Darts, and Swords; while he alone made good his Station, in defiance of all their Fury; tell me where you meet with such an Example of matchless Prowess, or to what you can compare it, but to a Leam of Lightning violently flashing from a Cloud, and impetuously driv'n by the Wind, as formerly *Phœbus* is said to have darted himself from the Sky, glittering in his flaming Armour. The Enemy at first amaz'd and strook with horrour, retreated and fell back; till seeing him single, they came on again with a redoubl'd force. Now was not this a great and splendid Testimony of Fortunes Kindness, to throw him into an inconsiderable and Barbarous Town, and there to enclose and immure him a Prey to worthless Enemies? and when his Friends made haste to his assistance, to break the Scaling-ladders to prevent their Rescue? Of three that got upon the Walls, and flung themselves down in his defence, endearing Fortune presently dispatch'd one. The other pierc'd and stuck with a Show'r of Darts, could onely be said to live. Without, the *Macedonians* foam'd, and fill'd the Air with helpless Cries, having no Engines at hand. All they could do, was to dig down the Walls with their Swords, tear out the Stones with their

Nails,

Nails, and to omit nothing but what was impossible, to rend 'em out with their Teeth. All this while *Alexander*, Fortune's Favourite, whom she always cover'd with her Protection, like a Wild-Beast entangl'd in a Snare, deserted stood, and destitute of all Assistance, not labouring for *Susa*, *Babylon*, *Bactra*, or to vanquish the mighty *Porus*, (for to miscarry in great and Glorious Attempts, is no Reproach.) But so malicious was *Fortune*, so kind to the *Barbarians*, such a Hater of *Alexander*, that she not onely aim'd at his Life and Body, but to have bereav'd him of his Honour, and sully'd his Renown. For *Alexander*'s Fall had never been so much lamented near *Euphrates* or *Hydaspes*; or had he perish'd by the Hand of *Darius*, or the Courage of the *Persians* fighting with all their might and main in defence of their King; or had he tumbl'd from the Walls of *Babylon*, and all his Hopes together. Thus *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas* fell; whose Death was to be ascrib'd to their Vertue, not such a poor Misfortune as this. But what was the singular Act of Fortune's Favour which we are now inquiring into? She entic'd with the Bait of Curiosity the King and Lord of the greatest part of the World, into the farthest Nook and Corner of Barbarism, and there penn'd him up and hid him, that she might overwhelm and ruine him with ignoble Weapons, and Instruments of Mischief, that offer'd themselves by chance. There the first Blow he receiv'd with a Battel-Ax cleft his Helmet, and enter'd his Scull; at what time another shot him with an *Indian* Arrow into the Breast, near one of his Paps, the Head being four

four Fingers broad, and five in length; which, together with the weight of the Shaft, did not a little torment him. But, which was worst of all, while he was thus defending himself from his Enemies before him, when he had laid a bold Attempter to approach his Person sprawling upon the Earth with his Sword, a Slave from a Mill close by came behind him, and with a great Iron Pestle gave him such a bang upon the Neck, as depriv'd him for the present both of his Senses and his Sight. However, his Vertue did not yet forsake him, but supply'd him still with Courage, infusing Strength withal, and Speed into those about him. For *Ptolomy*, *Lemnæus*, and *Leonatus*, and some others that had gain'd the Wall, made to his succour, and stood about him like so many Bulwarks of his Vertue; out of meer Affection and Kindness to their Sovereign, exposing their Bodies, their Faces, and their Lives in his defence. For it is not Fortune that over-rules Men to run the hazard of Death for brave Princes, but the love of Vertue which allures them, as the taste of sweet Juyces entices Bees, to surround and guard their Chief Commander. What Person then, at that time beholding in security this strange Adventure, would not have confess'd, but that he had seen a desperate Combate of Fortune against Vertue? That the *Barbarians* were undeservedly Superiour through Fortune's help; but that the *Greeks* resisted beyond Imagination, through the force of Vertue? So that if the *Barbarians* had vanquish'd, it had been the Act of Fortune, or some concurring Evil *Demon*; but as the *Greeks* became the Victors, they ow'd their Conquest

Conquest to their Vertue, their Prowess, their Friendship and Fidelity to each other. For these were all the Life-guard *Alexander* had at that time, Fortune having interpos'd a Wall between him and all his other Force; so that neither Fleets nor Armies, Cavalry nor Infantry, could stand him in any stead. Therefore no sooner did the *Macedonians* enter the Town, but they put all to the Sword not able to resist their Vertue, and laid the City in Ruins. But this little avail'd *Alexander*; for he was carry'd off with the Dart sticking in his Breast, having now a War in his own Bowels, while the Arrow in his Bosom was a kind of Cord, or rather Nail, that being driv'n through his Body, fastn'd him to his Bed. When they went about to dress him, the forked Shape of the Iron Head would not permit the Surgeons to draw it forth from the Root of the Wound, being fix'd in the solid Parts of the Breast that fortifie the Heart. Nor durst they attempt to cut away the Shaft that stuck out, fearing they should put him to an excess of Torment by the motion of the Iron in the Cleft of the Bone, and cause a new Flux of Blood not easie to be stopp'd. *Alexander* observing their hesitation and delay, endeavour'd himself with a little Knife to cut off the Shaft close to the Skin; but his Hand fail'd him, being seiz'd with a heavy numness, by reason of the Inflammation of the Wound. Thereupon he commanded the Surgeons, and those that stood about him, to try themselves, and not to be afraid, giving them all the Encouragement he could. Those that wept, he upbrasded for their Weakness: Others he call'd *Deserters*,

Deserters, that refus'd him their Assistance in such a time of need. At length, calling to his Friends, *Never*, said he, *afflict your selves, nor fear for me: For how shall I believe you to be Contemners of Death, when you betray your selves to be afraid of mine?*

THE