

Ebrietatis encomium: or, the praise of drunkenness. Wherein is authentically, and most evidently proved, the necessity of frequently getting drunk; and, that the practice of getting drunk is most ancient, primitive, and catholic ... / By Boniface Oinophilus [i.e. A.H. de S.], de Monte Fiascone, A.B.C. [pseud.].

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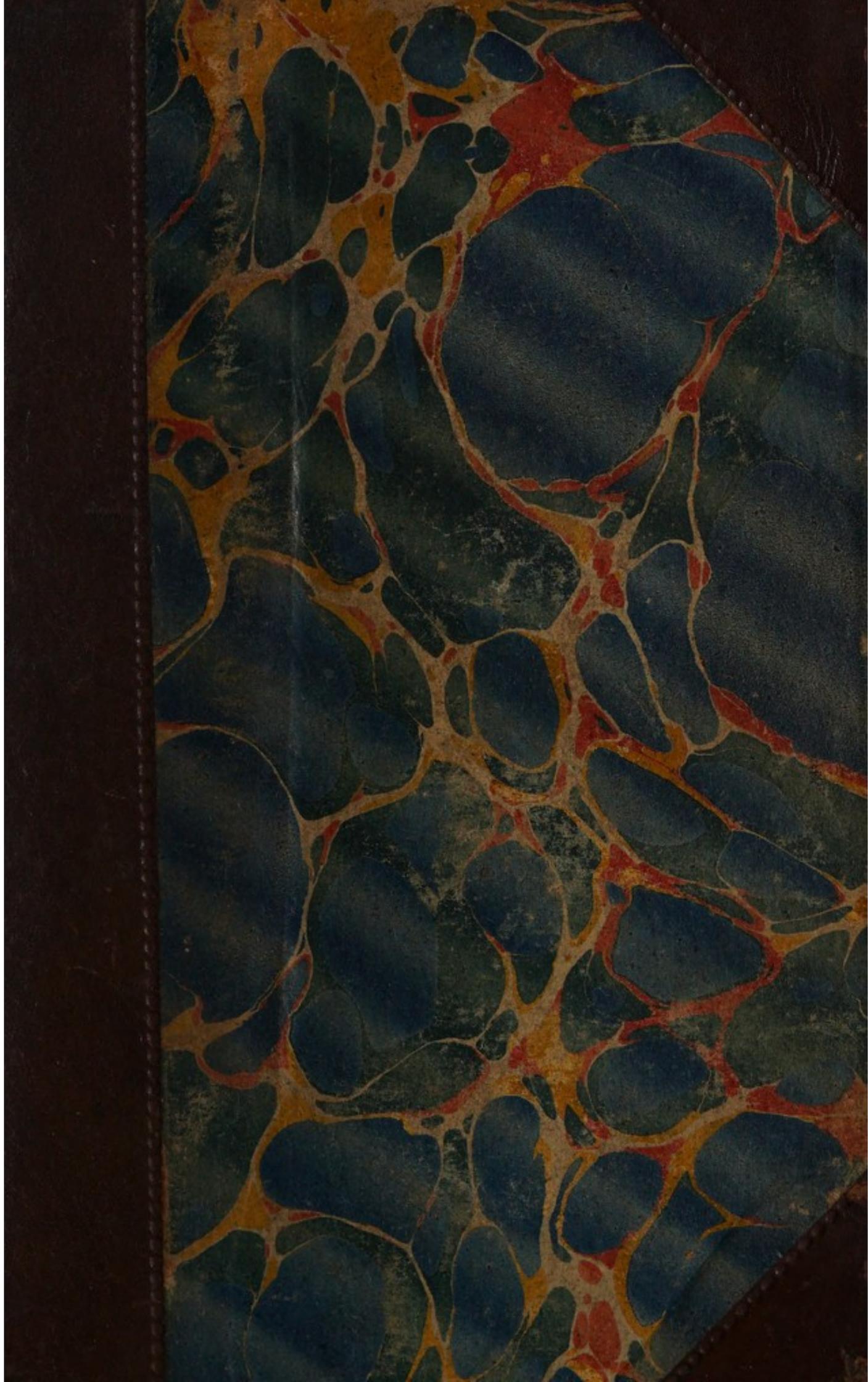
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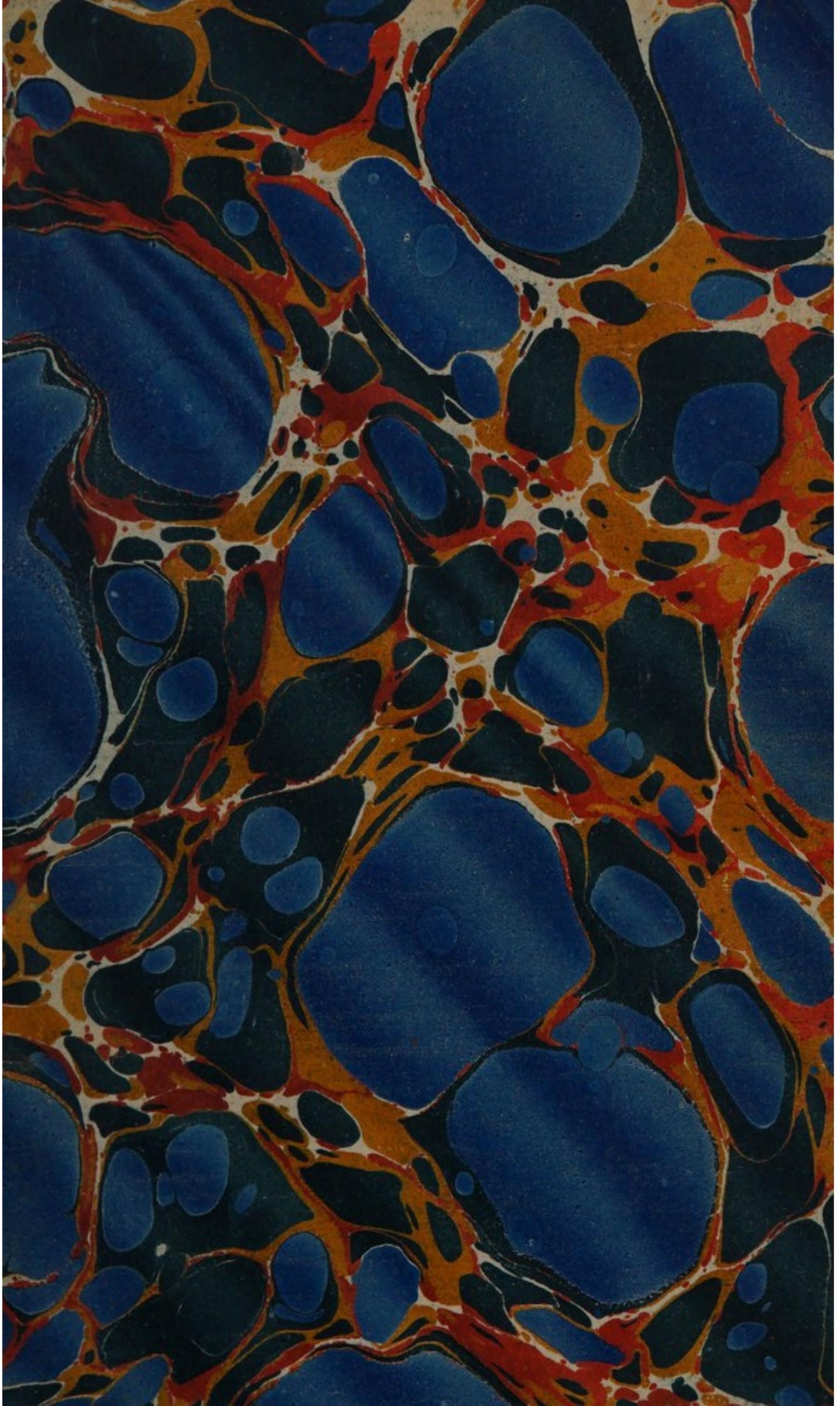
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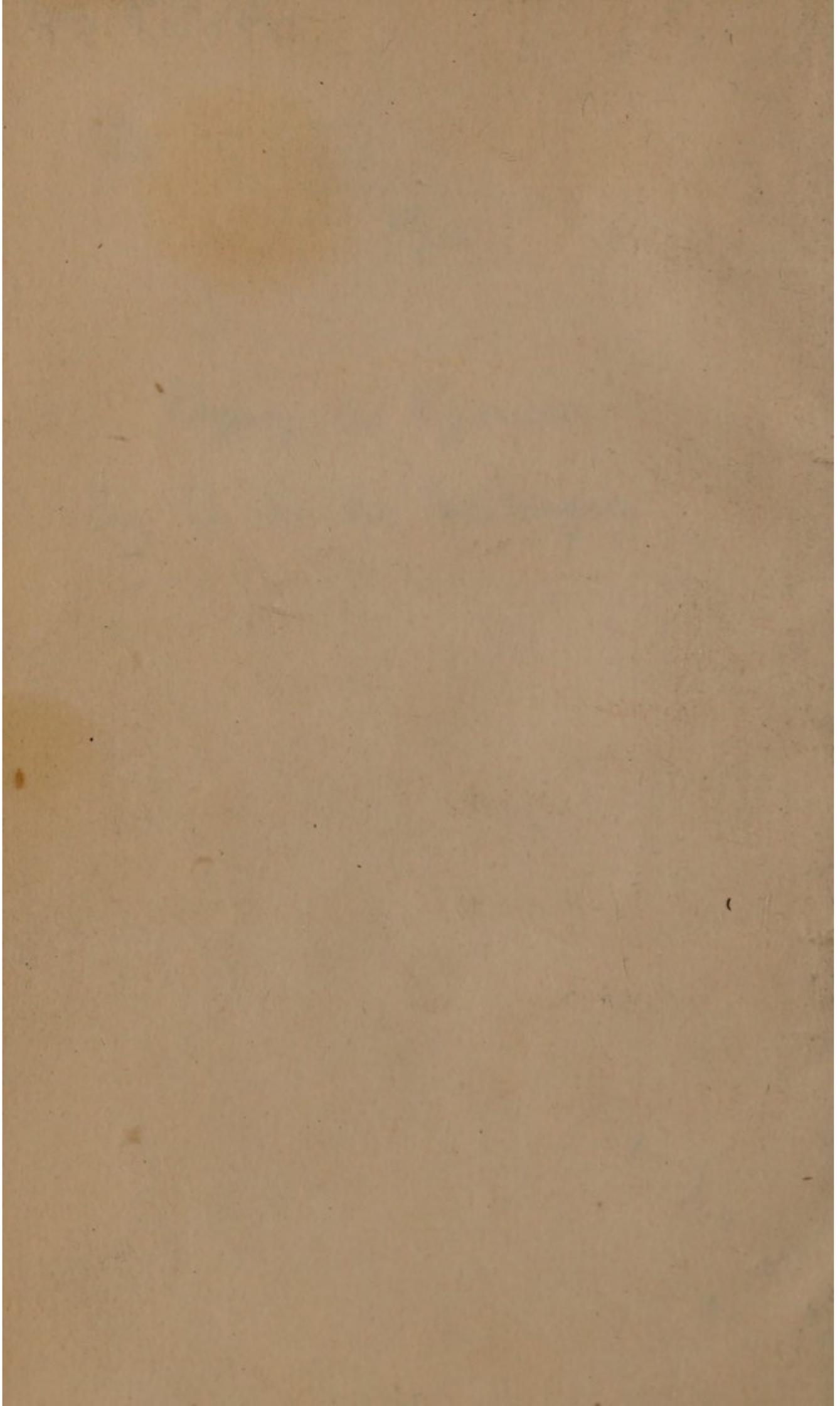
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Ebrietatis Encomium:

OR, THE

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PRAISE

OF

DRUNKENNESS.

WHEREIN

Is authentically, and most evidently proved, The *Necessity* of frequently getting Drunk; and, That the *Practice* of getting Drunk is most *Antient*, *Primitive*, and *Catholic*.

CONFIRMED

By the Example of *Heathens*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, *Primitive Christians*, *Saints*, *Popes*, *Bishops*, *Doctors*, *Philosophers*, *Poets*, *Free Masons*, and other Men of *Learning* in all Ages.

BY

BONIFACE OINOPHILUS,
de Monte Fiascone, A. B. C.

Vinum latificans Cor hominis.

*Narratur & Prisci Catonis,
Sæpe Mero caluisse virtus.*

HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, over against St. Martin's
Street, in the Strand. 1723.

1 2 3 4 5
6 *me*





THE
PREFACE.

IF ever Preface might serve for an Apology, certainly this ought to do so. The bare Title of the Book is enough to have it universally cried down, and to give the World an ill Opinion of its Author; for People will not be backward to say, that He who writes the PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS, must be a DRUNKARD by *Profession*; and who, by discoursing on such a Subject, did nothing but what was in his *own Trade*, and resolved not to move out of his *own Sphere*, not unlike BALDWIN a *Shoemaker's Son* (and a *Shoe-Maker*) in the Days of Yore, who published a *Treatise on the SHOES of the Antients*) having a firm Resolution strictly to observe this Precept, *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*

The PREFACE.

To this I answer, I am very well contented, that the World should believe Me, as much a DRUNKARD, as ERASMUS, who wrote THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, was a FOOL, and weigh me in the same Balance.

But some will say, what Good can a Man propose to himself in being a PANEGYRIST FOR DRUNKENNESS? To solve this Difficulty I shall make use of a Comparison.

M. PELISSON, in his *History of the FRENCH ACADEMY*, says, that MENAGE did not compose that famous *Requete des Dictionnaires*, in which he ridicules all the *Academicks*, on account of any Aversion he had to *them*, but purely to divert *himself*, and not to lose the witty Turns that came into his Head upon *that Subject*. In the same manner, I declare that I did not undertake this Work on account of any Zeal I have for WINE, you must think, but only to divert my self, and not to lose a great many curious Remarks I have made upon this most *Catholic Liquid*.

It may farther be objected, that this Work is so stuffed with Quotations,
that

The P R E F A C E.

that they hinder the Book it self from being seen ; like what I heard say of a *Country Fellow*, who complained when he left *London*, that he could not see it for the *Houses*. As an Excuse for all the others, I shall make use of one Quotation more, and this I shall borrow from *M. Bayle*. * “ There is no room to “ doubt, says he, but some Readers “ will judge, that there are a little too “ many Quotations in this Work, which “ is no less a Disorder, they will say, “ than what happens in some Cities, “ where the Strangers are more numerous than the Citizens. But of what “ Importance is it to Travellers, that “ such Disorder appears in any Country, provided they find in it honest “ Folks. There is no Reason why “ Reading may not be compared to “ Travelling. We should therefore be “ very little concerned, whether, according to the antient Country Frugality, we are entertained with what “ is of its proper Growth ; or, if instead

* *Pref. des Rep. aux Quest. d'un Pr. T. i.*

The P R E F A C E.

“ of the Flesh of domestic Animals, and
“ the Fruits of our own Vineyards and
“ Gardens, we are served with what
“ comes from the Market. That which
“ really is of Consequence, is, that the
“ *Meat* be wholesome and well dressed,
“ and the *Wine* good, &c. *Unde ha-*
“ *beat quærat nemo sufficit habere.*

As to the rest, I am very far from the Sentiments of a certain Writer, who having found in his Book *one* Fault only, consulted one of his Friends, whether he should put down *Errata* or *Erratum*. For my part, I subscribe with all my Heart to the *Errata* of *Benserade*, and in his Words frankly own, that altho’

*Pour moy parmi des fautes innombrables
Je n’en connois que deux considerables
Et dont je fais ma declaration
C’est l’entreprise & l’execution
A mon avis fautes irreparables.
En ce Volume.*

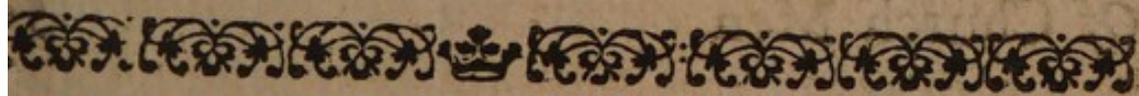
Tho’ num’rous Faults I see, in this small Book,
(And so may any One that will but look).
I know but *Two* of much Consideration,
Of which I here make publick Declaration,
The *Undertaking* and the *Execution*,
Faults too extravagant for Absolution.



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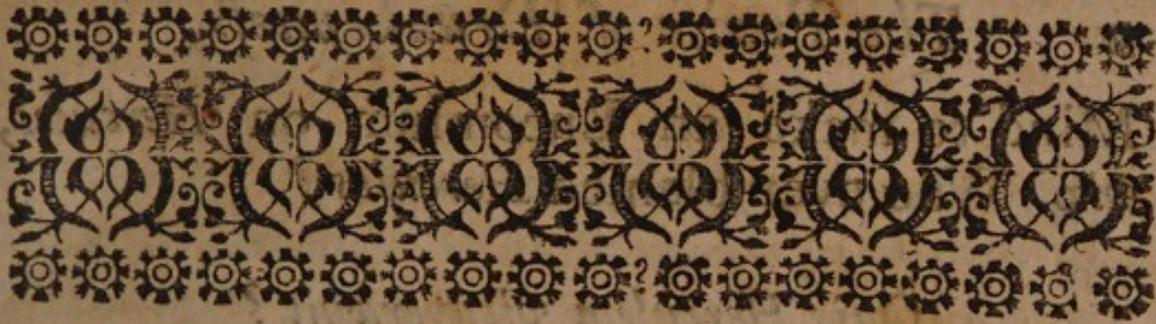
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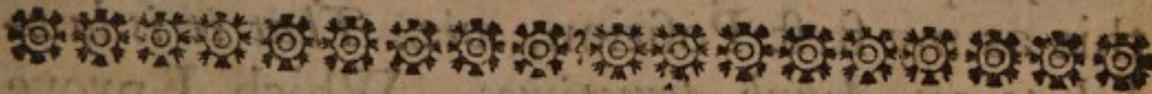
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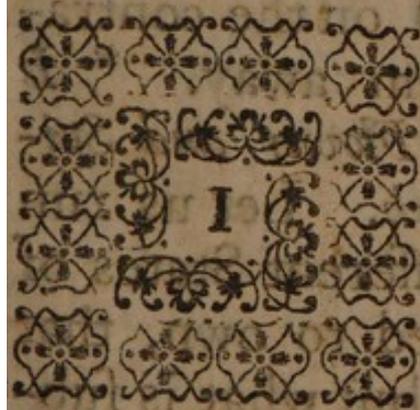


THE
PRAISE
OF
DRUNKENNESS.



CHAP. I.

That One must be Merry.



IF on one Hand I have Reason to fear, that the Title of this Book will offend the delicate Ears of a great many, and make them say, that no Vice ever wanted its Advocate, *Nulla vitio unquam defuit advocatus.* I am not, perhaps, less exposed on the other, to the Criticisms of as many Folks, who will probably apply to me, that which was said heretofore to One in *Lacedemonia*, who had a

Mind to make an Encomium on *Hercules*,
viz. Who ever blamed *Hercules*?

Quis Herculem vituperavit?

However, though I should have no Readers at all, yet am I resolved to continue my Discourse at the Hazard, in some Manner, of imitating *Pyrrho* the Philosopher, who one Day as he was haranguing the People, seeing himself abandoned by all his Auditors, pursued very magnanimously his Declamation to the End. To enter, therefore, upon the present Subject, I lay down this as my first Position, *viz.* That it is lawful to get drunk sometimes. Which I prove thus.

Sadness is in the highest Degree, prejudicial to Health, and causes Abundance of Distempers. There is no One ignorant of this Truth. Joy (or Mirth) on the contrary, prevents and forces them away. * *It is, as the Arabians say, the Flower and Spirit of a brisk and lively Health.* Let us run over, and examine all the different States of Life, and we shall be forced to own, that there is not one of them all, but what is subject to Chagrin and Sadness; and, conse-

* *Elle est, comme disent les Arabes, la Fleur & l'Esprit de la Santé vive & remuante.*

quently, that Joy, or Mirth, is most necessary to Men. Which very probably the Philosopher had in his Head, when he defined Man a *Risible Animal*. But be that as it will, one must certainly look upon that Maxim which recommends mingling of Pleasures with the Affairs of Life as a very wise one.

* *Sometimes with Mirth and Pleasure lard your Cares.*

We shall confirm this Precept by a beautiful Passage out of *Seneca*, whose Writings most certainly contain no loose Morality, and which is as follows. “ The Soul must
“ not be always bent : One must sometimes
“ allow it a little Pleasure *Socrates* was
“ not ashamed to pass the Time with Chil-
“ dren. *Cato* enjoyed himself in drinking
“ plentifully, when his Mind had been too
“ much wearied out. in publick Affairs.
“ *Scipio* knew very well how to move that
“ Body, so much inured to Wars and Tri-
“ umphs, without breaking it, as some now
“ a Days do, with more than womanly Plea-
“ sures; but as People did in past Times,
“ who would make themselves merry on
“ their Festivals, by leading a Dance really

* *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*

“ worthy Men of those Days, whence could
 “ ensue no Reproach, when even their ve-
 “ ry Enemies had seen them dance. *One*
 “ *must allow the Mind some Recreation* : It
 “ makes it more gay and peaceful. And
 “ as it is not good too much to cultivate
 “ Soil the most fertile ; least, by yielding
 “ too large Crops, it may soon run to De-
 “ cay and Ruin : So in the same Manner
 “ is the Mind broken by a continued La-
 “ bour and Application. Those who re-
 “ spite a little, regain their Strength. Af-
 “ fidity of Labour begets a Languor and
 “ Bluntness of the Mind : For Sleep is ve-
 “ ry necessary to refresh us, and yet he
 “ that would do nothing else but sleep
 “ Night and Day, would be a dead Man
 “ and no more. There is a great deal of
 “ Difference between loosening a Thing,
 “ and quite unravelling it. Those who
 “ made Laws have instituted Holy-days, to
 “ oblige People to appear at publick Re-
 “ joycings, in Order to mingle with their
 “ Cares a necessary Temperament. There
 “ have been several very great Men (as I
 “ have mentioned) who would set apart
 “ certain Days of the Month for that End
 “ and some others, who had every Day se-
 “ Hours for Work, and other set Hour
 “ for Recreation. — *One must therefore*
 “ *allow the Mind some Recreation.* One must
 “ allow it some Repose and Leisure, which
 “ ma

“ may serve for new Strength and Nourish-
“ ment. You must sometimes walk in the
“ open Air, that the Mind may exalt it
“ self by viewing the Heavens, and breath-
“ ing the Air at your Ease ; sometimes
“ take the Air in your Chariot, the Roads
“ and the Change of the Country, will re-
“ establish you in your Vigour ; or you
“ may eat and drink a little more plenti-
“ fully than usual. Sometimes One must
“ go even as far as to get drunk ; not, in-
“ deed, with an Intention to drown our
“ selves in Wine, but to drown our Cares.
“ For Wine drives away Sorrow and Care,
“ and goes and fetches them up from the
“ Bottom of the Soul. And as Drunken-
“ ness cures some Distempers, so, in like
“ manner, it is a sovereign Remedy for our
“ Sorrows*.

It must be confess'd, indeed, that pro-
perly speaking, this Passage of *Seneca* is le-
velled only against too great Assiduity in
Labour and Business ; the Application,
however, is very just in Relation to Cha-
grin, which causes in Men's Minds a far
greater Alteration than can be excited by the
most rude Labour either of Mind or Body.

The Ancients had besides this, another
Motive which induced them to make mer-

* *Seneca de Tranquillitate.*

6 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

ry, and pass their Time agreeably. They considered the short Duration of their Life, and for that Reason endeavoured to make the best Use of it they could. It will be no difficult Matter for me to prove what I here advance.

Every One knows that the *Egyptians* made Use of a very extraordinary Custom in their Festivals. They shewed to every Guest a Skeleton: This, according to some, was to make them think of Death. Others again assure us, “ That this strange Figure was
 “ made Use of to a quite contrary End:
 “ That this Image of Death was shewn for
 “ no other Intent, but to excite them to
 “ pass away their Life merrily, and to em-
 “ ploy the few Days of its small Duration
 “ to the best Advantage; as having no
 “ other Condition to expect after Death,
 “ but that of this frightful Skeleton*.

This last Sentiment is, without Doubt, most probable; for what Likelyhood is there that People would make Reflections the most sad and serious, at a Time when they proposed only to divert, and make themselves merry. This Influence had the Sight of a Skull upon the Mind of *Trimalchion*, who, *Petronius* † tells us, thus expressed himself on that Object. “ Alas! Alas! wretched

* *Histoire de Sept Sages, &c.* p. 137.

† Chap. 34.

“ that

“ that we are ! What a nothing is poor
“ Man ! we shall be all like this, when Fate
“ shall have snatch'd us hence. Let us
“ therefore rejoyce, and be merry while we
“ are here. The *Latin* is much stronger.

*Heu ! Heu ! nos miseros ! quam totus homuncio
nil est,*

*Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse, bene.*

A little before he said almost the same Thing. “ Alas ! Wine therefore lives longer than Man, let us then sit down and drink Bumpers ; Life and Wine are the same Thing. *Heu ! Heu ! ergo diutius vivit vinum, quam homuncio. Quare Tangomenas faciamus, vita vinum est.* This puts me in Mind of what *Athenæus* * reports of an *Egyptian*, called *Mycernius*. This Man having been told by the Oracle, that he had but a very short Time to live, resolved to make the most of that short Space, and to that End did nothing but drink Night and Day.

This Thought of an approaching Death, is not so importunate as is believed, since it is, says an † anonymous *French Author*, a

* *Lib. 10. cap. 10.*

† *Reflex. sur les Morts plais. p. 22.*

8 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

principal Beauty of an ancient Hymn of the Poet *Cecilius*. "Let me be assured, says he, that I shall live six Months, and I shall employ them so well, as to dye the seventh without any Regret in the World.

The same Author goes on thus, "The Moderns have not failed imitating the elegant Flights of the fine Wits of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*. I find, especially, that the *Italians* come nearer to them; perhaps, because they are more proper than others to refine on Pleasure. This is the Character of the Nation, of the Truth of which I shall give no other Proof, than the last Lines of an Elegy, written by *Sannazarius*, a *Neopolitan* Gentleman. The Sense of which in *English* runs thus.

Since vig'rous Youth, all blooming, brisk,
and gay,

Excites our tender Souls to sport and play,
Let's taste ambrosial Pleasures whilst we
may.

Those Joys to which our Souls are most inclin'd,

And suit the throbbing Passions of the Mind.
Let's love while soft ecstasick Fires engage,
And shew us Lovers on the World's great
Stage,

Dull Reason only suits with frightful Age.

And see, she comes, for ever to destroy,
For ever all our Bliss, and all our Joy.
Unwelcome Age comes on with swiftest Pace;
Let's then prevent this wretched sad Dis-
grace.

O may the Terrors of approaching Fate,
Excite new Fires, inspire fresh vig'rous Heat;
That Love may Sov'reign reign in ev'ry Part,
And drive unworthy Weakness from our
Heart.

Thrice happy, if surpriz'd by Death one
Day,
Absorpt in sweetest Bliss we die away.

But to return to my Subject. We are told for certain, that the *Scythians* used to drink out of a Skull; and probably they had the same Design in doing so as the *Egyptians* had in looking on their Skeletons. But leaving these Objects, which cannot be very diverting, in what View soever one may consider them, let us come to the *Romans*. *Gruter* tells us in his *Inscriptions**, that they used to cry out at their Feasts,

AMICI,

DUM VIVIMUS,

VIVAMUS.

* P. 609.

That is, *Friends, while we live, let us be merry.* For *Raderus* has evidently made it appear, by several Examples out of *Catullus, Cecilius, Varro, Anacreon,* and other antient Authors, that *vivere, or to live,* signifies to make merry, to give one's self up to all Kinds of Pleasures, making good Chear, &c.

I know not whether the *Gascoigns,* who pronouncing the *V* Consonant like *b,* instead of *VIVIS & regnas in secula seculorum,* say (as I have been informed, how true it is I know not) *BIBIS & regnas in secula seculorum,* are of the same Sentiment with *Raderus* in this Point: But very probably that good honest *German* was, who in a Kind of Ecstasy over a Bottle cry'd out,

O felices populi, quorum vivere est bibere!

However, to prove this, as also at the same Time to confirm what has been said above, in relation to the Motives that induced People of old Times to make merry, I shall instance some Passages of the Antients. But first let us not omit this Inscription in *Gruter* *, which is not much unlike the former.

* P. 699.

VIVE, HOSPES, DUM LICET, ATQUE VALE.

“ Be merry, Landlord, and enjoy your
“ self while 'tis in your Power, as for the
“ rest, Adieu.

Martial says somewhere, Be merry to
Day, depend not on to Morrow.

Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

Catullus expresses much the same Senti-
ments, in these beautiful Verses :

“ *Vivamus* ———

“ *Rumoresq; senum severiorum,*

“ *Omnes uninus estimemus assis.*

“ *Soles occidere & redire possunt ;*

“ *Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*

“ *Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

“ Let us be merry ———

“ And all the rigid Cant of peevish Age,

“ Count as poor Straws that on the Surface
float.

“ The Sun may roll his swift diurnal Course,

“ And from the Ocean raise again his Head,

“ But when our glimm'ring Lamp of Life's
expir'd,

“ One long perpetual Night we then must
sleep.

Horace, in several Places says how we ought (according to him) to employ to the best Advantage the little Time we have to live ; but especially in one of his Odes, which in *English* would run thus.

I.
All Things hereto invite. Come, come, a-
way,

Let's seize the present Hours, nor vainly care
For future Time, but wisely, only fear
To lose of Life one short uncertain Day,
Or Moment, which in Death must soon de-
cay,

No human Force can her strict Laws with-
stand :

Her cruel Rigour no one spares,
The blooming Cheek, and hoary Hairs,
Alike submit to her victorious Hand.
O'er all she bears unbounded Sway,
All her impartial Scythe relentless mows :
Th' ill-manner'd Tyranness no Difference
shows,

Betwixt Imperial and Plebeian Clay.

II.

When we the dark and dismal Beach
Of dreaded Floods below shall reach,
And vain, cold Phantoms quiv'ring stand,
In those sad gloomy Shades of Night,
No *Cynthia's* Charms will then command,
Nor *Iris* with her Angel's Voice delight ;

Nor *Doris* with soft dying Languors move.
These dreary Realms exclude, alas! for
ever Love.

III.

Nor are there any boon Companions *there*,
To laugh, and sing, and make good Chear:
There shall we taste no more that wondrous
Juice,

That Nectar which the blessed Vines produce,
The Height of all our Joy, and Wishes *here*.

Nor those sweet Entertainments gay,
When by the Glass inspir'd so many Kings
We tope, and speak, and do heroick Things,
And count our selves more happy far than
they.

These Days of ours the fatal Sisters spin,

To consecrate to Love and Wine,

Let's now, e'er 'tis too late begin.

Alas! without these Pow'rs divine

What should one do with a vain useles
Thread?

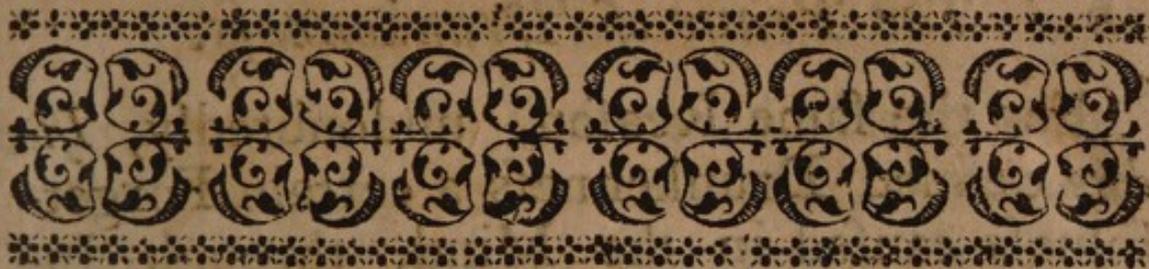
What does it aught avail to breathe and
move?

One had as good be dead,

Much better be no more, than not to drink
and love.

I shall close this Chapter with one of the
Anacreontick Odes of the famous Monsieur
La Motte, Author of the *Fables Nouvelles*,
lately translated into *English* under the Title
of *Court Fables*.

- “ *Bûvons, Amis, le tems s’enfuit,*
 “ *Menageons bien ce court espace.*
 “ *Peut-etre une eternelle nuit*
 “ *Eteindra le jour qui se passe.*
 “ *Peut-etre que Caron demain*
 “ *Nous recevra tous dans sa Barque;*
 “ *Saisissons un moment certain.*
 “ *C’est autant de pris sur la Parque.*
- “ *A l’envi laissons-nous saisir,*
 “ *Aux transports d’une douce Yvresse :*
 “ *Qu’importe si c’est un plaisir,*
 “ *Que ce soit folie ou sagesse.*
- “ *Let’s drink, my Friends, Time flies away,*
 “ *Let’s husband well this little Space;*
 “ *For what we know, this very Day*
 “ *May to eternal Night give Place.*
- “ *Let’s snatch from Fate one certain Minute,*
 “ *Perhaps to morrow Charon’s Wherry,*
 “ *May every Mother’s Son take in it,*
 “ *And waft us o’er the Stygian Ferry.*
- “ *In giddy Transports without measure*
 “ *With Wine let’s drown all Melancholy.*
 “ *No matter, if it be a Pleasure,*
 “ *Whether ’tis Wisdom call’d, or Folly.*



C H A P. II.

That Wine drives away Sorrow, and excites Mirth.



F all the Means proper to drive away Sorrow, and excite Mirth in the Minds of Men, Wine is certainly the most agreeable and efficacious.

For in the first Place it banishes all manner of Cares, and makes us entirely forget them, producing the same Effect as the Waters of the River *Lethe* on those Souls which were destined to enter into other Bodies.

— *Animæ quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethei ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, & longa oblivio potant*.*

— Those Souls which Fate decrees Shall other Bodies take, upon the Strand Of *Lethe* sit, and drink secure the Flood, And long Oblivion.

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. 6. v. 713.*

For the same Reason, undoubtedly, *Isidore* defined Drunkenness a certain Forgetfulness caused in the Mind, through Indulgence of immoderate Drinking. His Words are these, *Ebrietas est per quam menti quaedam oblivio generatur ex superfluatorum potuum indulgentia* *.

A certain *French* Poet † sings thus much in the same Tune.

“ *Oui Thirsis cest le vin qui nous fait rejeunir,*
 “ *Et qui bannit de nos pensees ;*
 “ *Le regret de choses poseees,*
 “ *Et le crainte de l'avenir.*

Yes, *Thirsis*, 'tis the Vine's prolific Juice
 Can Youth and Beauty re-produce,
 Banish the sad Regret of former Years,
 And of Futurity the Fears.

In the next Place, Wine is a soveraign Remedy against a particular Species of Sorrow or Chagrin, I mean a Sort of inward Wearisomeness, which the *French* call *Ennui*. I shall explain my self a little farther, and for my Expositor I cannot make Choice of a fitter Person than *Mr. de St. Evremont* †, who after having discoursed a little on this

* *Lib. 3. Etymol.*

† *Rec. Poes.*

‡ *Miscel. Vol. 1.*

Subject, adds, " That good Cheer with
" ones Friends, is a sovereign Remedy
" against this Kind of Chagrin ; for be-
" sides that Conversation at such Times
" becomes more free and gay, it insensibly
" sweetens it. It is certain, that Wine rouses
" up the Forces of Nature, and gives our
" Soul a Vigour capable to drive away all
" Sorts of Uneasiness. I know very well
" that certain morose People, at least exter-
" nally so, and in Appearance, will shew a
" great deal of Aversion for a Remedy,
" the Delights of which they do not how-
" ever, too much despise. But all Grimace
" aside. I don't trouble my self with their
" ill understood Severities, since the most
" severe Philosopher in the World has ad-
" vised us to make Use of this Remedy ;
" and the most morose of our illustrious
" Men have submitted, if we may say so,
" their most austere Virtues, to the Charms
" of this sweet Pleasure ; and the most wel-
" bred People have not disdained its U-
" sage.

In a Word (I must speak a little *French*
now and then).

* *Le Vin fait que les annees,
Nous durent moins que les journees.*

Wine makes whole Years to pass away,
And seem much shorter than one Day.

But it does more than all this, it even asswages Choler; 'tis an admirable Cataplasm for Rage. To cite a vast Number of Examples to prove this important Truth would be superfluous. Amongst the many illustrious ones I could instance, I shall content my self to mention that of the Emperor *Maximin* *, who having been declared an Enemy to the People of *Rome*, by the Senate, fell into such a Rage and Fury, that no other Way could be thought on to bring him back to his natural Temper, than by making him drunk.

But let us return to the two principal Qualities of Wine, which consist in driving away Care and Sorrow, and exciting Mirth and Joy.

A certain *French* Author † has a few Verses on this Subject, which, as not *mal a propos*, I shall here insert. Talking of the good Qualities of Wine, he says,

“ *Tu sais, mon cher Tirsis, qu'il a le privilege*
“ *D'etouffer les ennuis dont l'aigreur nous assiege.*

* *Jul. Capit. Hist. Aug. Script. Fol. p. 359.*

† *Nicol Rec. de Vers. p. 44.*

- “ *Et que cette liqueur chasse de nos esprits,*
“ *Tous les facheux pensers dont nous sommes*
surpris,
“ *C'est ce qui nous oblige à cherir la bouteille.*

You know, dear *Thyrsis*, and full well you
know,

To Wine this Privilege we owe,
It stifles all those sad invading Cares
Which irksome Chagrin ever wears.

This sprightful Liquid makes us brisk and
gay,

And drives effectually away
Those Thoughts vexatious that surprize our
Soul,

And makes us cherish the full Bowl.

Seneca, whom I have mentioned in the
foregoing Chapter, confirms what has been
said, “ Sometimes (says he) one must go even
“ so far as Drunkenness; not, indeed, that
“ it may drown us, but drown our Cares.
“ For Drunkenness washes away Care, and
“ moves the very Bottom of the Soul. And
“ as it is a sovereign Remedy against some
“ Distempers, so is it a perfect Cure for
“ Heaviness and Sorrow. *Nonnunquam us-*
que ad ebrietatem veniendum, non ut mergat
nos, sed ut deprimat curas. Eluit enim cu-
ras, & ab imo animæ movet, & ut morbis qui-
busdam,

busdam, ita tristitia medetur *. On this Account certainly it was, *Pliny* maintained that *Nepenthe*, whose Virtues *Homer* so much exaggerates, was nothing in the World but generous Wine.

Horace, in like manner, insists, that Wine is the only proper Expeller of the most racking Cares.

————— *Neque*
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines †.

Nor otherwise are cank'ring Cares remov'd.

And thus advises the sage *Plancus* to have Recourse to this Remedy:

“ *Sic tu sapiens finire memento.*

“ *Tristitiam, vitæque labores.*

“ *Molli, Plance, mero.*

So, thou, sage *Plancus*, this *Memento* keep,
To lull the Cares and Toils of Life asleep
With Cordial Juleps of old mellow Wine;
The grand and universal Anodyne.

In another Place he thus beautifully sounds the Praises of Drunkenness.

* *Seneca de Tranquil.*

† *Lib. I. Ode 18.*

“ *Ebrietas*

- “ *Ebrietas quid non designat? operta recludit*
“ *Spes jubet esse ratas: in prælia trudit inertem,*
“ *Sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes.*
“ *Facundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?*
“ *Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum.*

In Drunkenness what pow'rful Magick lies,
What's most envelop'd from re-searching
Eyes,

(Transparent Thing!) it evidently shows,
The Innocent no dark Disguises knows.

By her Commands our Hopes maturely rise,
Push'd on to War the Coward dauntless dies,
And sinking Minds beneath unweildy Care,
Cast off the Load, and move with sprightful
Air.

To her, all Arts their Origin must owe:
What Wretch so dull but eloquent must grow,
When the full Goblets with persuasive Wine,
Inebriate with bright Elegance divine,
The drunken Beggars plume like proudest
Kings,
And the poor Tipsy Slave in Fetters sings.

After all this, will any one accuse me for
a Plagiary, and that I steal from the most
common Places? No Matter. I have Com-
pany enough: Do not all modern Authors
do so? However, I shall not for all that,
pass over in Silence what *Ovid* has said of
this same Drunkenness. The Passage is
this.

- “ *Vina parant Animos, faciuntq; coloribus aptos.*
 “ *Cura fugit, multo diluiturq; mero.*
 “ *Tunc veniunt risus, tunc pauper cornua sumit,*
 “ *Tunc dolor & curæ, rugaq; frontis abit.*
 “ *Tunc aperit mentes, avo rarissima nostro*
 “ *Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo.*

As I am nothing less than a Poet, I shall not presume to dance with the Nine Sisters, to make use of the Thought of the ingenious *Sarasin*. However, here follows an Ode of *Anacreon*, which may supply the Place of a Translation of those Verses of *Ovid*.

I.

When I hold a full Glass in my Hand,
 I laugh and I merrily sing;
 I think I have sov'reign Command
 And the Treasures possess of a King.

II.

Let who will try their Fate in the Field,
 In War all their Days let them pass:
 No Arms but the Bottle I'll wield,
 Fill, Boy, then, a thundering Glass.

III.

If *Bacchus* the Victory gain,
 On the Ground tho' I'm motionless laid;
 All agree it, a Truth very plain,
 'Tis better be Drunk than be Dead.

And very probably the *Greek* Philosopher
 had Wine in view, when he caused an In-
 scription

cription to be made over his Door in these Words, in Capitals, *Here are Remedies for all Sorts of Afflictions: Here are Cures for all Distempers of the Soul.*

The Philosopher so often quoted by *Seneca*, desired no more than Bread and Cheese, to rival *Jupiter* in Happiness: For my Part, though I am no less a Philosopher, yet I desire nothing to effect this, but good Wine. For when I take a hearty Glass, I find myself so much transported with Joy, that I could almost cry out with that little Fool in the *Latin Comedy* *, *Now could I pardon any one that would kill me, so much afraid am I lest some Accident may trouble the Purity of my Happiness, and mingle some ungrateful Bitter with the exquisite Sweets I now enjoy.* And, indeed, it is amongst Bottles and Glasses that one may truly say,

————— “ *Mediis videat discumbere in
astris,*

“ *Cum Jove, & Iliacâ porrectum sumere dextrâ*

“ *Immortale merum †.*

Far from the Earth remov'd in Realms above,
I seem amongst the Stars to sit with Jove:

* Nunc est profecto cum me patior interfici, ne hoc gaudium aliquâ contaminetur ægritudine. *Eunuch.*

† *Statii Sil. 2. Lib. 4.*

Lolling in Ease celestial, lie supine,
And taste from *Ganymede* immortal Wine.

And without doubt *Asclepiades* had all this in his Head, when he maintained that the Gods produced nothing that equalled Wine in Goodness. *Philostratus* is much of the same Sentiment, who after having taken Notice of the Edict of the Emperor *Domitian*, who forbid Men to be castrated and Vines to be planted, he adds, That this admirable Emperor did not reflect that he made the Earth in some Sort an Eunuch at the same Time that he spared Men.

Varro founded the Praise of Drunkenness in Terms no less pathetick.

- “ *Vino nil quicquam jucundius eluet,*
“ *Hoc continet coagulum convivii ;*
“ *Hoc hilaritatis dulce seminarium*
“ *Hoc ægritudinem ad medendam invenerunt*

Than Wine no Orient Jewels finer play,
And dart more pleasantly their glittering
Ray.

This vital Juice, the Cream of all the Feast.
Strong Cement, close uniting every Breast.
The sweet prolifick Seed of gay Desires,
Bright Mirth, and gen'rous Amity inspires.
This was found out a certain Remedy
To set Mankind from all Distempers free.

Monfieur La Motte, whom I must ever admire, for his inimitable COURT FABLES, before mentioned *, will furnish us with a beautiful Ode to clofe this Chapter †.

“ Bacchus contre moi tout conspire,

“ Viens me confoler de mes maux :

“ Je vois au mépris de la Lire

“ Couronner d'indignes Rivaux.

“ Tout me rend la vie importune

“ Une Volage me trahit,

“ J'eus peu de bien de la fortune,

“ L'Injustice me le ravit.

“ Mon plus cher ami m'abandonne,

“ En vain J'implore son secours,

“ Et la Calomnie empoisonne

“ Le reste de mes tristes jours.

“ Bacchus viens me verser a boire

“ Encore — bon — Je suis soulagé,

“ Chaque coup m'ôte la memorie

“ Des maux qui m'avoient affligé.

“ Verse encore — Je vois l'allegresse

“ Nager sur le jus précieux.

* These FABLES are translated into English by Mr. Samber, and printed for E. Curll, in the Strand.

† Ode 9. Anacr.

“ *Donne, redouble — O douce Ivresse!*

“ *Je suis plus heureux que les Dieux.*

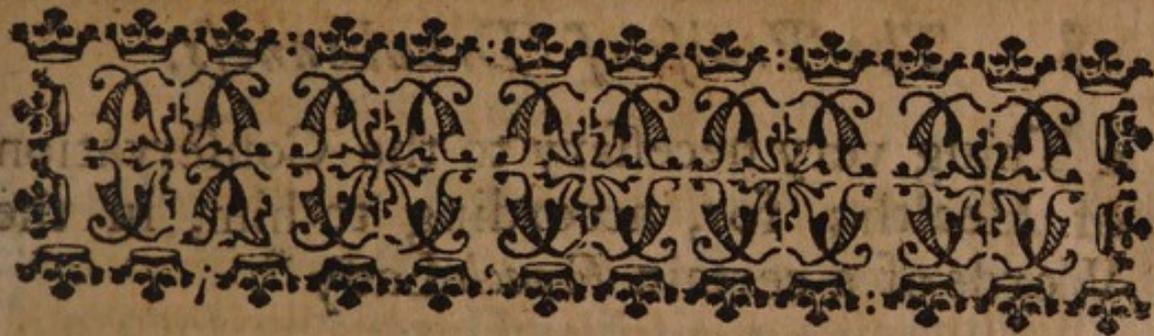
Help, *Bacchus*, or I'm quite undone,
All Things against my Peace conspire;
Unworthy Rivals many a One,
I find, despising Song and Lyre.

My Life's intirely irksome grown
By an Inconstant I'm betray'd,
On that small Fortune, once my own,
Injustice has severely prey'd.

Forfaken by my dearest Friend,
In vain his Succour I implore;
And Calumnies rank Poisons send,
And what is left of Life devour.

Bacchus, some Wine; fill higher yet
Again — so — I some Comfort find;
Each smiling Glass makes me forget
Those Evils that have rack'd my Mind.

Some more — I see gay Images
On the rich Surface, sprightly move,
Fill double — O sweet Drunkenness!
I'm happier than the Gods above.



C H A P. III.

That it is good for one's Health to get Drunk sometimes.

ALTHO' Mirth and Joy be absolutely necessary to Health, yet it must be allowed, that there are a great many Pleasures very injurious and prejudicial to it; and we should act with Precaution in using those we make choice of*. But this Precaution is not necessary in those we seek in the sweet Juice of the Grape. So far is Drunkenness from prejudicing our Health, that, on the contrary, it highly preserves it. This is the Sentiment of the most able Physicians. These worthy Gentlemen are Arbiters of Life and Death. They have over us, *Jus vitæ & necis*. We must therefore believe them. *Ergo*, Let us heartily Carouse. Every one knows, that *Hippocrates*, the Prince of Physicians, prescribes getting Drunk once a Month, as

* *Voluptates ut mel summo digito degustanda non plenâ manu sumenda.* Dionys. Sophron, apud Philostr.

a Thing very necessary to the Conservation of Health; for, according to him, in the Words of a certain *French Lady* *.

“ *Une utile & douce Chaleur*
 “ *Fait qu'on pense au sortir de Table*
 “ *Avoir pris de cet Or potable,*
 “ *Qui triomphe des ans, qui chasse la douleur,*
 “ *Qui fait tout, & qui par malheur*
 “ *N'a jamais été qu'une Fable.*

When from the Bottle, flush'd with Wine,
 we rise,
 The brisk Efluvia brighten in our Eyes;
 This sweet and useful Warmth still makes us
 think
 That Cups of potable rich Gold we drink,
 Which baffles Time, and triumphs over
 Years,
 Drives away Grief, and sad perplexing Cares
 Does all, and yet in Fables sweet Disguise,
 O dire Mishap! its only Essence lies.

“ *Avicenna and Rasis, most excellent Phy-*
 “ *sicians of Arabia, say †, That it is a Thing*
 “ *very salutary and wholesome to get Drunk*
 “ *sometimes.*

Monfieur *Hofman* confirms what has been
 just now said in relation to *Avicenna*, and

* *Mad. Deshoul. T. 2. Ep. p. 104.*

† *Div. Lec. de P. Messie, Part 2. ch. 15.*

adds thereto the Testimony of another Physician. "Avicenna, says he*, absolutely approves getting Drunk once or twice every Month, and alledges for it physical Reasons." Dioscorides says, "That Drunkenness is not always hurtful, but that very often it is necessary for the Conservation of Health. Homer says, That Nestor, who lived so long, tofs'd off huge Bocals of Wine †.

Monfieur Hofman believes also, That Wine is an excellent Preservative against Distempers, and of an admirable Use in their Cure. In like manner, several Divines believe, that there is no manner of harm in getting Drunk, when it is done for Health sake and not for Pleasure. In this Class one may reckon Pere Taverne, a Jesuit †. These are his Words. "Drunkenness, says he, is a mortal Sin, if one falls into it for Pleasure only; but if one gets Drunk for any honest End: as for Example, by Direction of ones Physician in order to recover Health, there is no manner of harm in it at all.

But however, not to digress too much from our Subject, to preserve their Health

* Hofman, T. 2. 9 Dissert. ch. 6.

† Bocal, an Italian Word, and signifies a Pot or Jug holding about three Pints.

‡ Synopses Theolog. pract.

the *Africans* drink a great deal of Wine; and this they do to help the Digestion of the vast Quantity of Fruits they eat.

* *Montaigne* tells us, That he heard *Silvius*, an excellent Physician of *Paris*, say, That to keep up the Powers of the Stomach, that they faint not, it would be very proper to rouze them up once a Month by this wholesome Excess. And if we believe *Regnier*, a young Physician does not see so far as an old Drunkard †.

We also say with the *French Poet* ||.

“ *Si Bourdaloue* || | *un peu severe*

“ *Nous dit: craignez la volupté*

“ *Escobar* || |, *lui dit on mon Pere*

“ *Nous la permet pour la Sante!*

If *Bourdaloue*, somewhat severe,
Warns us to dread voluptuous Sweets,
Good honest Father *Escobar*,
To fuddle for ones Health permits.

And, by the by, if the Number of Physicians, who used to get drunk, proves any Thing, I could insert a good round Cata-

* *Essays*, lib. 2. cap. 2.

† *Satir.*

|| *Boileau.*

|| | *The Names of two Jesuits, the former a famous Preacher, and the other as famous a Castist.*

logue, amongst whom I do not find any *English* Doctors, for they are the most abstemious Persons in the World; however, being unwilling to trouble my gentle Reader with so long a Bead-Roll, I shall instance only two very illustrious Topers of the Faculty. The first is no less a Man than the great *Paracelsus*, who used to get Drunk very often; and the other is, the famous Master *Dr. Francis Rabelais*, who took a singular Pleasure to moisten his Clay; or, to make use of one of his own Expressions, *Humer le piot*.

I could, after these, mention *Patin**, who tells us, That when he gave his publick Entertainment for his *Decanat*, or Deanship, at which Thirty six of his Collegues assisted, he never saw in all his Life so much toping. From all which, however, one may very reasonably infer, that so many able Persons would never have drunk so much, had they not thought it was no ways prejudicial to their Health.

To conclude, let any one alledge this Verse as a Maxim, that

Pocula non lædunt paucula, multa nocent.

It does no Harm to take a Glass or two,
But in great Numbers mighty Ills accrue.

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 51.

32 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

And I shall do my self the Honour to
answer him with another Verse, that some-
times

Una salus sanis multam potare salutem †.

The only Health to People hail and found,
Is to have many a tipling Health go round.

And that this is true, witnesses the great
Hippocrates, who says,

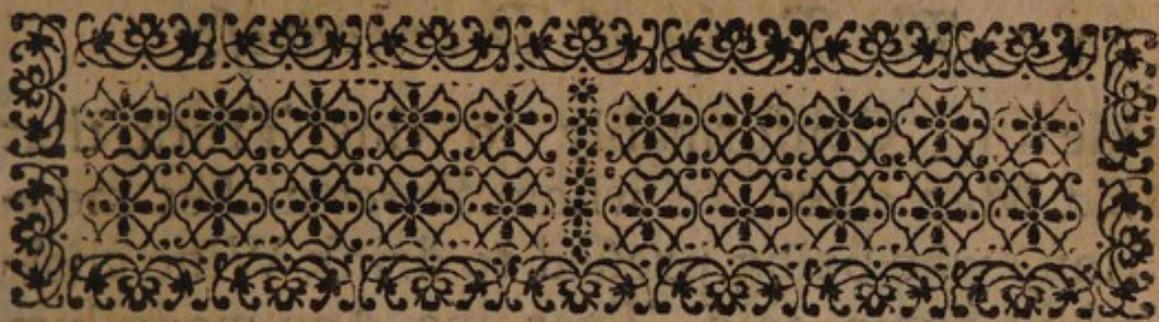
That what to Health conduceth best,
Is Fuddling once a Month at least ||.

† *Owen, Ep.*

|| *Qui'l faut a chaque mois.*

Du moin s'enyvorer une fois. Fureteriana,





C H A P. IV.

That old People ought to get Drunk
sometimes.

WINE taken with some Excess is
excellent for old People.

W — *Ubi jam validis quassatum est
viribus ævi*

*Corpus & obtusis ceciderunt viribus Artus **

When shaken by the powerful Force of Age
The Body languid grows, and ev'ry Joynt
Its proper Juice exhal'd, all feeble droops.

And is not the Reason plain? Because it
moistens their dry Temperament, and nou-
rishes their radical Moisture. Hence came
the Proverb, which says, That Wine is the
Milk of old Men †. *Tirellus*, in his History,
declares the same Thing, when he says,
That Wine is the Nutriment of natural

* *Lucret. Lib. 3.*

† *Vinum lac Senum*

Heat †. Conformably to this Truth that old Man acted, of whom *Seneca* makes mention, who being pressed to drink Wine cooled in Snow, said, That his Age made him cold enough, and that he did not desire to be more cold than he was*. Than which, certainly no Answer could be more just and true.

Besides, the Infirmities of an advanced Age require some Consolation and Diversion. Let us see what *Montaigne* says, who was not much given to Tippling; for he plainly says, That his Gout and Complexion were greater Enemies to Drunkenness than his Discourse. His Words are these,

“ The Inconveniencies attending old Age,
 “ which stand in need of some Support and
 “ Refreshment, might with Reason produce
 “ in me a Desire of this Faculty, since it is,
 “ as it were, the last Pleasure that the
 “ Course of Years steals from us. The na-
 “ tural Heat, say the boon Companions,
 “ begins first at the Feet, this is the Case
 “ of Infancy; thence it ascends to the mid-
 “ dle Region, where it continues a long
 “ while, and there produces in my Mind the
 “ only true Pleasures of the corporal Life;
 “ at last exhaling it self like a Vapour, it

† *Vina calidi innati pabula.*

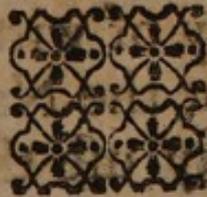
* *Ætas meo frigore contenta est.*

“ moves upwards, till it comes to the Throat,
“ and there it makes its last little Stay ||.

Athenæus, after *Theophrastes*, says, That
Wine drives away those irksome Inquietudes,
to which old People are unhappily subject *.
And to conclude, the divine *Plato* assures us,
that “ Wine is a Medicine as well for the
“ Body as the Mind, the Driness of old
“ People having great Occasion for this
“ kind of Moistening, and their severe
“ Genius of the brisk Gaity inspired by
“ Wine, without which they would not be
“ able to perform their Part in the Con-
“ cert, and consequently would be no longer
“ useful Members in the Commonwealth,
“ which is no other ways supported and pre-
“ served than by Harmony.

|| *Essays*, lib. 2. cap. 2.

* *Lib.* 11, cap. 7.





CHAP. V.

That Wine creates Wit.

AS Wine increases the Quantity of animal Spirits, by the Fumes which it sends to the Brain, it is easy to comprehend, that it cannot but be of great Advantage to dull and heavy Wits; so that one may particularly apply to them the common Proverb, *Wine sets an Edge to Wit* *. And the Emblem of *Adr. Junius*, in which he represents *Bacchus* as a Youth with Wings on, and with this Inscription, *Wine kindles Wit* †, agrees admirably well with these People: But the Application of both Proverb and Emblem is no less just in Relation to all the World; for it is most certain, that the God *Bacchus*, by warming the Thoughts, renders them more acute, and inspires a greater plenty of witty Sallies. For “*Bac-*
“*chus* had not the Name of *Lysian*, or *Open-*
“*er*, if I may use the Term, bestowed up-

* *Vinum acuit Ingenium.*

† *Vinum ingenii fomes.*

“ on him for nothing but purely because
“ he opens the Mind, by putting it into
“ an agreeable Humour, and renders it
“ more subtile and judicious”*. For this
Reason it is grown into a Proverb, That
Water-drinkers are not near so knowing as
those who drink Wine †.

Plutarch assures us, That Wine collects
and increases the Powers of the Mind. He
observes also, That it produces excellent Ef-
fects on the Minds of Persons, who, though
naturally timid, want no Penetration. *Plato*
maintains, as I have observed in the forego-
ing Chapter, That Wine warms as well the
Mind as the Body. *Monfieur Hofman* says
a great deal more, viz. That Experience
proves, that those Climates which produce
good Wine, produce also People that
“ have infinitely more Wit, than those of
“ the North, who drink nothing but Beer.
“ *Gryllus* believes, That the *Greeks* were cal-
“ led Fathers of Wisdom, on account of the
“ Excellency of their Wine; and, that they
“ lost their antient Lustre by reason of the
“ *Turks* rooting out their Vines. The *Hea-*
“ thens placed *Pallas* and *Bacchus* in the same
“ Temple, to shew, That Wine increased
“ their Wisdom, and that the Gods were re-

* *Hist. des. 7. sag. p. 123.*

† *Non idem sapere possunt qui aquam & qui vinum
bibunt.*

“ presented wiser than Men, only because
 “ they drank Nectar and Ambrosia.

In respect of Poets the World was always
 so sensible of the Necessity they lay under,
 of having their Imagination rouzed by Wine,
 that no Body ever had any good Opinion of
 the Productions of a Poet that drank Water,
 that *Non est Dythyrambus si aquam bibat*; and
 Wine was called the Poets great Horse.

“ There never were any excellent Poets,
 “ says Mr. Bayle, that could versify, till af-
 “ ter drinking pretty plentifully*.

And if we believe Plato, “ He could ne-
 “ ver open the Gates of Poefy till he was a
 “ little beyond himself. The Soul can
 “ speak nothing grand, or above the com-
 “ mon, if it be not somewhat agitated †.

Horace ‖, who knew by Experience this
 Truth, goes yet farther.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possint,
 Quae scribuntur aqua potoribus.*

Poor Water-drinkers sing an irksome Tune,
 Short liv'd their Numbers, and their Airs
 jejune.

* *Resp. aux Quest. d'un Prov. T. 1. ch. 12.*

† *Sive Platoni credimus, frustra Poetices fores compos
 sui pepulit. Non potest grande aliquid & supra ceteros
 loqui nisi mora mens.*

‖ 1 Ep. 19. 3.

Ovid bewailed himself very bitterly for want of Wine in his Exile.

“ *Impetus ille sacer, qui vatum pectora nutrit*

“ *Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That sacred Rage that feeds a Poet's Breast,
Common to me, is now no more possess'd.

La Motte*, my beloved French Man, has something not unlike it.

“ *Loin une Raison trop timide*

“ *Les froids Poetes qu'elle guide*

“ *Languissent & tombent souvent.*

“ *Venez yvresse temerarie,*

“ *Transports ignorez du vulgarie*

“ *Tels que vous m'agitiez vivant.*

Away too fearful Reason, haste, be gone,
Those frozen Poets, whom thy Phantoms
guide,

Languish, and often feebly slide,
Down to the lowest Ebb of wretched Song,
Insipid Notes, and lifeless Numbers sing.

O come, sweet Drunkenness, thou heady
Thing,

With Transports to the vulgar Herd un-
known,

Which agitates my Soul, and gives it Wing.

* La Motte, Ode Pind. 1.

With kind Enthusiasms then ecstatic grown,
 It takes unusual Flights, sublimely soars
 Spurns the dull Globe below, and endless
 Worlds explores.

One may very well apply to *Bacchus*, what
 the same Gentleman says of the *Graces* in
 this Ode*.

“ *Tout fleurit par vous au Parnasse,*
 “ *Apollon languit, & nous glace,*
 “ *Sitot que vous l'avez quitté,*
 “ *Mieux que les traits les plus sublimes*
 “ *Vous allez verser sur mes Rimes*
 “ *Le Don de l'Immortalité.*

The sprightly Influence you shed,
 Bright Constellation! makes *Parnassus* gay.
Apollo droops and hangs his Head,
 His frozen Fingers know not how to play;
 And we his Sons the sad Distemper find,
 Which chills the Fancy, and benumbs the
 Mind
 When cruel you withdraw your magick Ray.
 You finely paint on ev'ry Rhyme
 Features most noble and sublime.
 Resplendent all the Images,
 In rich immortal Draperies.
 You give me Colours that can never die,
 But baffle Time, and live through all Eternity!

* Ode 2. Pindar.

It is to Wine we owe the Productions of *Eschylus* and *Anacreon*, whose Muses were very chilly, till *Bacchus* warmed them. *Aurelius*, the Sophist, compos'd his best Declamations in his Cups. *Herodes*, called *Saginat*us Orator, the fatten'd Orator, never talk'd better, than after drinking pretty plentifully. And according to *Horace*, this was the Case with *Ennius*.

“ *Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad Arma*
“ *Profiluit dicenda* _____ *.

Ennius himself ne'er fung of Arms,
Martial Exploits, and Wars Alarms,
Till the good Father's Face did shine,
Enrich'd with ruby Beams of Wine.

Alcæus, the famous Poet, never sat down to compose Tragedy till he was tipsey. The Disciples of the great *Paracelsus* took the Opportunity, when he was fuddled, to make him dictate. The venerable Messire *Francis Rabelais*, compos'd over the Bottle the Acts and Gests of *Gargantua*, and his Son *Pantagruel*, a Work which gain'd him such great Reputation. “ *Pontius de Thiard*, Bishop of *Chalons sur Saone*, had greater “ Obligations to *Bacchus* than *Apollo* for his

* 1 Ep. 19. 7.

42 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*

“ good Verses; who, not reckoning what
 “ Wine he drank all Day long, never slept
 “ without drinking a pretty large Bottle*.
 So true is it, that

“ *A la Fontaine ou s'enyre Boileau*
 “ *Le grand Corneille & le sacré troupeau*
 “ *De ces Auteurs que l'on ne trouve guere*
 “ *Un bon Rimeur doit boire a pleine éguyere,*
 “ *S'il veut donner un bon tour au rondeau ||.*

At that rich Fountain where the great *Boileau*,
Corneille, *Racine*, to whom so much we owe.
 Th' immortal *Dryden*, and the sacred Band
 Of those bright Authors, whom we cannot
 find,

Whose Names (so does Oblivion's Power
 command)

Alas, we no where know,
 Supp'd largely to inebriate their Mind.
 Here a good Versifier, fond of Rhime,
 Should swill, to make his jingling Couplets
 chime.

From hence, good natur'd B — D, arose
 your Flame,
 Hence your inimitable Numbers came,
 When you so prais'd his House and *Buck-*
ingham.

* *Menagiana*, T. I. p. 384.

|| ————— p. 189.

And certainly Cicero was much in the wrong, when he said, that " what People do when they are drunk, is not done with the same Approbation as if they were sober; they hesitate, and oftentimes recall themselves, and frame a weaker Judgment of what they see"*. But had he consulted Experience, he would have found that Drunkenness, far from making People fearful, inspires them with Boldness and Temerity.

* *Ne vinolenti quidem quæ faciunt quæ sobrii, hesitant, revocant se interdum, usque quæ videntur, imbecillius assentiuntur, Acad. Quest. lib. 4.*



CHAP. VI.

That Wine makes one Eloquent.

WHAT Wretch so dull, but eloquent
must grow,
When the full Goblets with per-
swasive Wine
Irebriate with bright Eloquence divine?

Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Let us make a few Commentaries on this Verse of *Horace*.

We read, that “ the Sages of *Portugal*
“ having undertaken to convert those of
“ *Melinda*, gained as much upon them by
“ Wine as by Reason, which, in the End,
“ facilitated the Conquest of the whole
“ Country*.

To draw a Consequence from this, we say, That one must reasonably believe, that Wine gave those Sages an Eloquence necessary to convert the People of *Melinda*, and them a necessary Penetration to discover the

* *Rem. sur Rabel*, T. I. lib. I. cap. 5.

Truth through the thick Veils of their Ignorance.

Books of Travels farther inform us, that
“ the Priests of the Kingdom of *Tibet*, whom
“ they call *Lamas*, drink a good quantity of
“ Wine on their Days of Fasting and De-
“ votion, that they may have, to use their
“ own Words, the Tongue prompt, and
“ ready to say their Orisons †.

According to this Doctrine *Palingenius*
was much in the wrong to say, That Wine
makes Church Men incapable to perform
the Duties of their Function.

Nec bene tractabit vinosus sacra sacerdos *.

No Priest, who tipples Wine that's good,
Will do his Duty as he shou'd.

Surely our Author never conversed much
with the Religious. The Friars would have
told him, they never perform their Office
without taking a Choire Cup. *Experto crede*
Roberto, as the Saying is. There's no false
Latin in this, says a good Monk to me once
upon a Time, drawing from under his Cassock
a double Flask. You are much in the right
on't Brother *Peter*, said I, I believe as the

† *Divers. cur.*

* *Lib. 3. p. m. 43.*

Church believes, and so — my Service to you and here's to the pious Memory of St. *Boniface*. And, indeed, the Vehicle proved capaciously Orthodox.

In relation to what hath been said I shall add a Remark of the famous *M. Bayle*.

“ It cannot be denied, says he, that the
 “ Christians of *Europe* are subject to two
 “ great Vices, *Drunkenness* and *Lewdness*.
 “ The first of these reigns in cold Countries,
 “ the other in hot. *Bacchus* and *Venus*
 “ share these two Climates between them.
 “ We find that the Reformation having
 “ divided this Portion of Christianity, that
 “ Part which was subject to *Venus* continues
 “ as it was, but the greatest Part of what
 “ was subject to *Bacchus* has renounced *Po-*
 “ *pery**.

But you will say, what Coherence has this Remark with the Matter in question? Have a little Patience and you shall presently see the Application. I say then, that a thorough true blue hearty Protestant would conclude from this Quotation, that Wine bestowed so much Eloquence and Penetration to these Northern People, as to put them into that happy State, to discover the Truth, and conquer all Prejudices against it whatsoever. But of this enough.

Pon, pon; pata pon: tara rara, pon pon †.

* *Bayle Dict.* T. 2. p. 1163.

† *Racine.*

C H A P. VII.

That Wine acquires Friends, and reconciles Enemies.

Friendship is a Good so precious and valuable, and at the same Time so very rare, that one cannot take too much care in order to procure it. The most efficacious Means to do this is Feasting. It is by eating and drinking together that Conversation becomes more easy and familiar; and, to use the Words of Monsieur *le la Mothe le vayer*, "We hold, that Table Communion unites Peoples very Souls, and causes the strictest Friendships." *Inde Philotetius Crater* *. And, in reality, can any Thing be more agreeable and engaging, than to take a friendly Bottle in pleasant and delightful Company?

And therefore *Cleomedes* had great Reason to say, "Take away the Pleasures of the Table, where we open our selves so agreeably to each other, and you rob us of the sweetest Cordial of Human Life*." This

* *Dial. 2. d'Or, Tuber, p. m. 118.*

* *Hist. 7 Sap.*

was also the Sentiment of *Cicero*, in his Book of old Age; of *Aristotle*, in his Ethics; and *Plutarch*, in his Questions. Let who will then, look on Trencher Friends to be false and say with those of whom *Ovid* make mention,

*Dum fueris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

In happy Times, while Riches round you flow
A thousand Friends their Obligations own,
But when loud adverse Winds begin to blow
And darksome Clouds appear, you're left
alone.

Daily Experience teaches us, That one of the best Means to push ones Fortune, is often to regale with those who are in Credit for, to One that may have ruined himself by so doing, Ten have made their Fortunes. We may therefore say of Entertainments that,

Hac res & jungit, & junctos servat amicos.

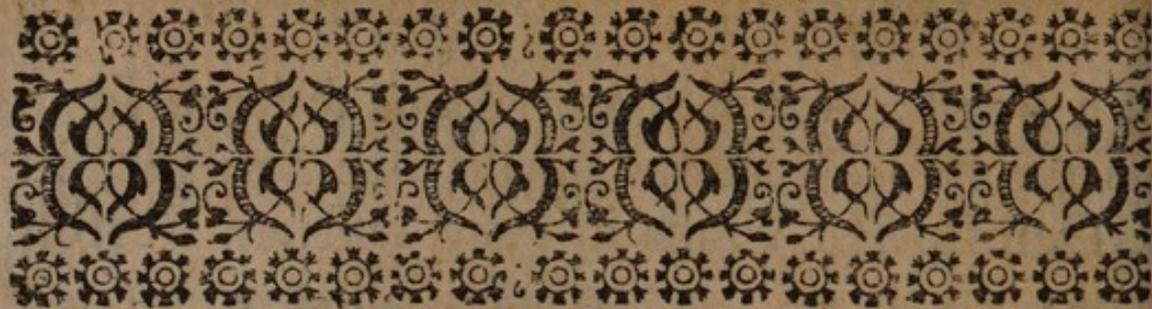
These unite Friends and strictly keep them so

But what is more, Wine does the Office of a Mediator between Enemies. Of which Truth I shall instance two illustrious Examples, *M. Crassus* reconciled himself to *Cicer*

t a Feast; *Asdrubal* and *Scipio* did the same
 n the like Occasion. And one may see, in
 Description which a very learned Person
 has given of *Switzerland*, That when the
 inhabitants of that Country quarrel with
 ne another, and come to Blows, they are
 immediately reconciled, by returning to
 heir Cups, and no Harm ensues, but sitting
 p all Night and amicably getting Drunk
 ogether. The *Latin* has more force in it,
 which I shall therefore here transcribe. *Quin-
 t* *si quando vehementius in se insurgunt, depo-
 tis in medium Armis, pugnis rem manibusque de-
 raunt, sed eodem momento conveniunt, iisdem-
 ue epulis, iisdemque poculis à quibus surrexere
 onciliantibus, & nullo alio ex contentionibus dam-
 o, nisi quod innovata pocula in noctem ducantur.*
Tacitus had said the same Thing long be-
 ore of the *Germans*.

But to come nearer. The Bishop of *Bitonto*,
 ne of the Fathers of the Council of *Trent*,
 nd a famous Preacher, frequently in his
 ermons exhorting the *Germans* to Unity,
 nd to return to the Church, made use of
 his Topic, of friendly drinking, conjuring
 hem thereto, as undoubtedly, by the strong-
 st, and most efficacious Argument he could
 make use of, by remembering how merry
 nd sociable heretofore they had been in
 heir Cups.

* *Dan. Eremit. Descript.* p. 416.



C H A P. VIII.

*That the Custom of getting Drunk is
most Antient.*

AFTER having displayed the good Qualities of Wine and Drunkenness, I come now to shew, that it is generally received by all the World. To do this effectually I shall enter into some particular Detail, and after having remarked, *en passant*, how the Custom of Fuddling is very antient, I shall then shew, that the Primitive Christians used to get Drunk; I shall speak something of the Tippling of Church Men in general, afterwards I shall take a cursory Review of Popes, Saints and Bishops, then I shall come to Kings and Emperors, and give a small Catalogue of these illustrious Topers; I shall not forget the Philosophers, and much less the Poets, who loved Drinking. Free Masons, and other learned Men, who after having wearied themselves with important Studies have taken this Diversion, shall also appear upon the Stage. After this I shall enumerate the several Nations that have been, and those which

rich yet are subject to get fuddled; whether they make use of Wine for that purpose, or such Liquors as produce the same Effect with Wine. And from this Enumeration I shall draw some Consequences in favour of Drunkenness.

But before I enter into this Detail, I hope shall be permitted a general Remark, which is, That my Readers must not expect I should set down a complete List of all the several Sorts of Topers I just now mentioned: such an Exactitude would take up too much time. Much sooner may one reckon up what Numbers die every Spring by the Doctor; and how many dispose of their Maidens before Marriage.

In every different Class you will find no other than Drunkards, but such as I have met with in my great Reading, and as shall occur to my Remembrance. Neither shall I be very scrupulous in placing them according to the strict Rules of Chronology, but put them down as they present themselves to my Imagination.

If the Antiquity of a Custom makes it always good and laudable, certainly Drunkenness can never deserve sufficient Recommendation. Every one knows, that *Noah* got drunk after he had planted the Vine. There are some who pretend to excuse him, that he was not acquainted with the Strength of Wine. But to this it may very well be answered,

That it is not very probable so wise a Man as *Noah* should plant a Vine without knowing its Nature and Property. Besides it is one Thing to know, whether he got drunk at all; and another, whether he had an Intention to do so.

But if we give any Credit to several learned Persons, *Noah* was not the first Man that got fuddled. Father *Frasen* maintains
 “ That People fed on Flesh before the Flood
 “ and drank Wine. There is no likelihood
 “ according to him, that Men contented
 “ themselves with drinking Water for fifteen
 “ or sixteen Hundred Years together.
 “ It is much more credible, That they prepared
 “ a Drink more nourishing and palatable.
 “ These first Men of the World were indued
 “ with no less Share of Wisdom than their
 “ Posterity, and, consequently, wanted no
 “ Industry to invent every Thing that might
 “ contribute to make them pass their Lives
 “ agreeably. Jesus Christ says
 “ That in the Days of *Noah*, before the Flood
 “ Men married, and gave their Children in
 “ Marriage. These People, Father *Frasen*
 “ observes, regaled each other, and made
 “ solemn Entertainments. Now who can
 “ imagine, that they drank at those Festivals
 “ nothing but Water, and fed on Fruits
 “ and Herbs! *Noah*, therefore, was not
 “ the Inventor of that Use which we make
 “ of the Grape; the most that
 “ di

did, was only to plant new Vines*.

This good Father was not singular in his Opinion, another very learned Person also believed, that from the Passage of Scripture above cited, one might draw a very probable Argument, That Men before the Flood drank Wine, and that too even to be drunk †.

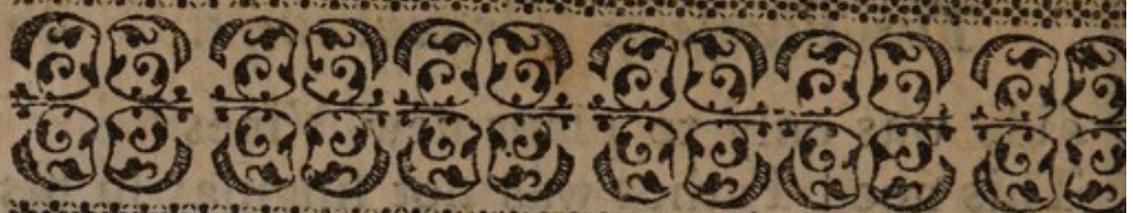
As for *Procopius of Gaza* †, one of the most eminent Interpreters of Scripture, he thinks no less true, That the Vine was known in the World before *Noah's* Time, but he does not allow, that the Use of Wine was known before that Patriarch, whom he believes to be the Inventor of it.

* *Disq. Biblic. Journ. des Sçavans.*

† *Jo. Chr. Beeman. Annal. Hist.*

‡ *Torner de Ebriet, Lib. 1. c. 3.*





C H A P. IX.

That the Primitive Christians got Drunk

THERE is no one that has ever so little dipped into Ecclesiastical History, but knows very well that in the Primitive Church it was a Custom to appoint solemn Feasts on the Festivals of Martyrs. This appears by the Harangue of *Constantine*, and from the Works of *St. Gregory Nazianzen* and *St. Chrysostom*. People generally got drunk at these Feasts; and this Excess was looked upon as a Thing that might be permitted. This evidently appears by the pathetic Complaints of *St. Augustin* and *St. Cyprian*: The former of these Holy Fathers expresses himself after this manner.

“ Drunken Debauches pass as permitted amongst us, so that People turn them into solemn Feasts, to honour the Memory of the Martyrs; and that, not only on those Days which are particularly consecrated to them (which would be a deplorable Abuse to those, who look at these Things with other Eyes than those of

of the Flesh), but on every Day of the Year*.

St. *Cyprian*, in a Treatise attributed to him, says much the same Thing. “Drunkenness, says he, is so common with us in *Africa*, that it scarce passes for a Crime. And do we not see Christians forcing one another to get Drunk, to celebrate the Memory of the Martyrs †!

But it was not only at these Repasts that the Christians got Drunk, they did the same on several other Occasions; and ’twas on this Account that St. *Augustin* wrote to his dear *Alipius* in these Terms. “However the Corruption of Manners, and the Unhappiness of the Times, have induced us to wish, I do not say that People should not get drunk in particular Houses, but that they should not get drunk any where else †.

Cardinal *du Perron* tells us, “That the *Manichæans* said, that the Catholics were People much given to Wine, but that They never drank any §.

Against this Charge St. *Augustin* no otherwise defends them, than by Recrimination. He answers, “That it was true,

* *Ep.* 22.

† *Pamel*, p. 416.

‡ *Ep.* 29.

§ *Perron*, p. 64.

“ but that They (the *Manichæans*) drank the
 “ Juice of Apples, which was more delici-
 “ ous than all the Wines and Liquors in the
 “ World. And so does *Tertullian*, which
 “ Liquor pressed from Apples, he says, was
 “ most strong and vinous.” His Words
 are, *Succum ex pomis vinosissimum**.

Here one may observe also, That the Use of Cyder was very primitive and antient, but as strong and delicious as it was, the Catholicks stuck close to the Juice of the Grape, as what was intirely orthodox and no wise conversant with the Hereticks of those Days.

But to return to these Feasts just now mentioned, it is certain, that it was not only customary for the Christians of *Africa* to get drunk. They had this Custom in common with the Christians of *Italy*, where these Kinds of Repasts were forbidden by the Council of *Laodicea*, which was held in the 4th Century. *Paulinus*, however (and I do not wonder at it, being a Poet) has endeavoured to excuse the Christians, on pretence that they only got drunk out of a good Intention, which, say the Casuists, judges all Human Actions†. His Words are,

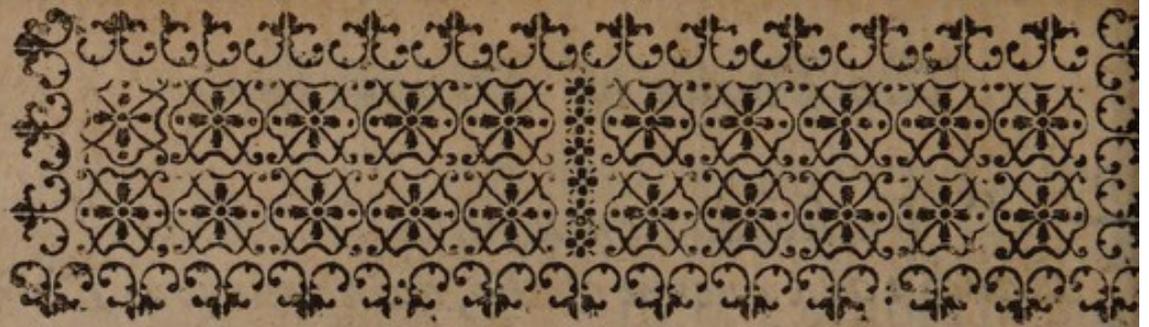
* *Ibid.*

† *Quicquid agunt homines intentio judicat omne.*

— “ *Ignoscenda tamen puto talia parvis
Gaudia quæ ducunt epulis, quia mentibus Error
Irrepat rudibus, nec tantæ conscia culpæ
Simplicitas pietate cadit, male credula sanctos
Perfusis halante mero gaudere sepulchris.*

But yet that Mirth in little Feasts enjoy'd,
I think should ready Absolution find;
A slight Peccadillo of an erring Mind,
Artless and rude, of all Disguises void,
Their simple Hearts too easy to believe
(Conscious of nothing ill) that Saints
in Tombs
Enshrin'd, shou'd any Happiness perceive
From quaffing Cups, and Wines ascend-
ing Fumes,
Must be excus'd, since what they did they
meant,
With Piety ill placed, yet good Intent.





C H A P. X.

Of Church Men.

IF one formed a Judgment of the Manner of Church Mens Lives by their Discourses, certainly one would take them for Models of Sobriety. But there is a great deal of Difference between preaching and practising. This Distinction is very solid, and daily Experience confirms it. And if those Gentlemen would do themselves Justice, how many amongst them might say in particular;

Alas! how can I ever dare pretend,
From Man this antient Error to remove,
Which they, ev'n to Distraction, fondly love:
If I, who blame it, with such Pain defend
My self from this contagious Malady,
This epidemic Poison of the Mind.
Weak Reason, feeble Thing, of which Man-
kind
So boasts, this only we can build on thee,

Unjust continuing still, and false and vain,
In our Discourses loudly we complain
Against the Passions, Weakness, Vice, and yet
Those Things we still cry down, we still
commit.

One cannot, therefore, without Indignation, hear Church Men declaim against Drunkenness, while they themselves are such ruddy Examples of it.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione quærentes *.

With Patience who can hear West-Country
Cudden
Rail against roasted Beef and good plumb
Pudden?

If the Law of Prescription take Place, one cannot dispute with them that of Fuddling with any Colour of Reason, for in St. Jerom's Time, the Priests were very much given to Wine. This we learn from an Epistle of that Father, in which he very severely reprehends them. They have been no Changelings since. We read in the *Adages* of Erasmus, that it was a Proverb amongst the Germans, That the Lives of the Monks consisted in nothing but eating, drinking, and

* Juvenal.

— *Monachorum nunc nihil aliud est quam facere, esse, bibere.* Besides, a vast Number of Councils, who made most severe Canons against Priests that should get drunk, evidently shew, that they used frequently to do so. Such were the Councils of *Carthage, Agathon, the first of Tours, that of Worms, Treves, &c.* To make this more clear, we shall copy a little of what *H. Stephens* says on this Subject, in his *Apology for Herodotus.*

“ But to return, says he, to these Proverbs,
 “ *Theological Wine, and the Abbots, or Prelates*
 “ *Table.* I say, that without these, one
 “ could never rightly understand this beau-
 “ tiful Passage of *Horace, viz.*

“ *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*

“ *Pulsanda tellus : Nunc saliaribus*

“ *Ornare pulvinar Deorum*

“ *Tempus erit dapibus sodales.*

“ Come Boys, lets put the flowing Goblet
 “ round,

“ Drink hard, and with brisk Measures
 “ beat the Ground.

“ The Tables of the Gods now bright shall
 “ shine

“ With Cheer luxurious, fit for Mouths
 “ of Priests,

“ When holy *Epicures* become your Guests,
 “ And venerably quaff large Cups of
 “ Wine.

Nor this other,

“ *Absumet hæres cacuba dignior*

“ *Servata centum clavibus: & mera*

“ *Tinget pavimentum superbo*

“ *Pontificum potiore cænis.*

“ A worthier Heir shall then with Joy unbind
“ Cæcubian, by a hundred Locks confin'd,
“ And tinge with better Wines the Ground,
“ Than e'er at Feasts Pontifical are found.

“ You see how necessary these Proverbs
“ are, to let us into the true Understanding
“ of these two Passages of this Poet. Here
“ follows, Word for Word, what a certain
“ Gloss says of the last of them, *Mero dicit*
“ *potiore (meliore) cænis Pontificum, quam quo*
“ *Pontifices in cænis suis, quæ semper sumtuosif-*
“ *simæ fuerunt, unde nunc theologicum dicunt*
“ *vinum, usi sunt.* That is, with better
“ Wine than that which the chief Priests
“ used at their Suppers, which were always
“ most sumptuous and expensive, and which
“ sort of Wine we call now *Theological*.

“ By this you plainly see, how much at-
“ tached to Divines and Prelates those Gen-
“ tlemen are, who make Profession of being
“ Expositors of the Poets. But in relation
“ to this same *Theologal*, or *Theological*, I
“ know very well, that it is a great Questi-
“ on, if it should be called *Vinum Theologa-*

“ *le*, or, *Vinum Theologalis per appositionem* ;
 “ for the wicked Laity, some of them will
 “ have it, That when these good Men get
 “ Tipsey they agree no otherwise than Dogs
 “ and Cats. But I shall leave this Dispute
 “ to be decided by the Readers. And as
 “ to these two Proverbs, they put me in
 “ mind of another, and that is, an *Abbot's*
 “ *Face*, which Proverb being very antient,
 “ makes me believe, that formerly the Ab-
 “ bots had their Faces illuminated — But
 “ without going any farther for Witnesses,
 “ I shall content my self with presenting my
 “ Readers with the following Piece of An-
 “ tiquity, *viz.*

“ *Sanctus Dominicus fit nobis semper amicus,*
 “ *Cui canimus rostro jugiter preconia nostro*
 “ *De cordis venis siccatis ante lagenis.*
 “ *Ergo tuas laudes si tu nos pangere gaudes*
 “ *Tempore paschali, fac ne potu puteali*
 “ *Conveniat uti, quod si fit undique muti*
 “ *Semper erunt Fratres qui non curant nisi ventres.*

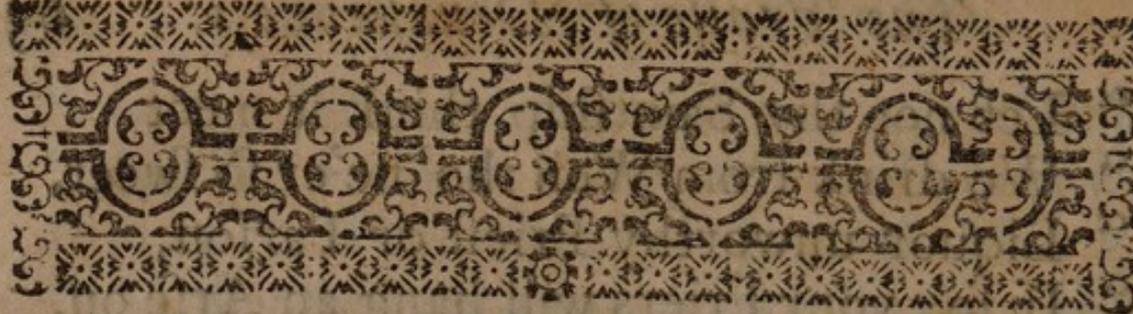
“ O good Saint *Dominic*, be ay propitious,
 “ Whose Praise we daily chirp in Notes de-
 “ licious
 “ From all the Veins of all our Hearts,
 “ Having tofs'd up some double Quarts.
 “ Therefore, if't be thy true Desire
 “ We chaunt thy Lauds at *Easter Quire*.

“ Let not thy Saintship think it meet
“ We drink from Well tho’ ne’er so sweet,
“ Liquor unworthy Priest or Parson,
“ If so, your Friars will hang an Arse on,
“ Who nothing mind, I need not tell ye,
“ Most holy Patron, but their Belly.
“ So used, they’ll ev’ry Soul be Dumb,
“ No *dixit Dominus*, but ——— Mum.

Not unlike this is what follows.

“ *O Monachi, vestri Stomachi sunt amphora Bac-*
“ *chi,*
“ *Vos estis, Deus est testis, teterrima pestis!*
“ O Monks, ye reverend Drones, your
“ Guts
“ Of Wine are but so many Buts ;
“ You are, God knows (who can abide ye?)
“ Of Plagues the rankest, *bona fide!*





C H A P. XI.

*Of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, that
used to get drunk.*

AFTER having spoken of the Drunkenness of Church-Men in general, it will not, perhaps, be a Thing altogether needless, to put the whole in the clearest Light, to confirm what has been said, by the Example of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, who have practised that laudable Custom of getting Drunk.

A little Song, mentioned by *H. Stephens*, in his *Apology for Herodotus*, affords Matter of Speculation in relation to the Sobriety of Sovereign Pontiffs.

“ *Le Pape qui est a Rome;*
“ *Boit du Vin comme un autre Homme*
“ *Et de l’Hypocras aussi.*

The Pope at *Rome*, his Holiness,
Of Wine drinks many a hearty Glass,
And pleasant Hypocras also,
As any other Man I trow.

If one reads over the Popes Lives, we shall be fully convinced, that these Holy Fathers were no Enemies to Wine. *Alexander* the fifth was a great Drinker, and that too of strong Wines, says his own Historian, *Theoderic de Neim*. If one may give any Credit to the Letters of the King of *Spain's* Ambassador to his Master, *Sixtus Quintus* was a terrible Drunkard*.

And Pope *Boniface* instituted Indulgences for those who should drink a Cup after Grace (called since *St. Boniface's Cup*.) A plain Argument, that his Sanctity did not hate Wine.

This puts me in mind of what I have formerly read, tho' the Author's Name is now slipped out of my Memory, that when Cardinal *Pignatelli*, afterwards *Innocent* the 12th, was advanced to the Papacy, his Name signifying little Pots or Mugs, three of which he bore for his Arms; and whose Mother was of the House of *Caraffa*, which signifies a Jug, a French Man made these Lines.

- “ *Nous devons tous boire en repos*
“ *Sous le regne de ce saint pere*
“ *Son noms ses armes sont des pots*
“ *Une Caraffe etoit sa mere.*
“ *Celebrons donc avec eclat*
“ *Cet auguste Pontificat.*

* *Thuan.* p. 447.

Under this Holy Father's Reign
 Hang Sorrow, let us ne'er complain;
 I think all of us should turn Sots,
 And fuddle with one another,
 His Name, and so his Arms, are Pots,
 And a Gallon Pot was his Mother;
 Then let us brightly celebrate
 This most august Pontificate.

In the main, this is nothing but a little punning or playing with Words, but it is one of those agreeable Trifles that may now and then be worth our thinking on.

One may add to the Number of such Popes as loved Fuddling, all those who sat at *Avignon*; for if we believe *Petrarch**, the long Residence that the Court of *Rome* made at *Avignon*, was only to taste the good *French* Wines; and that it was *merely* on that Account they staid so long in *Provence*, and removed with so much Reluctance.

Let us now pass on to Saints and Bishops. I shall only instance one of each, because I hate Prolixity. The first Saint that presents himself to me, is the renowned *St. Augustin*, who himself owns, that he used to get drunk sometimes. *Crapula autem nonnunquam surrepit servo tuo miseraberis ut longe fiat a me.* Thy

* *Perron*, p. 387.

Servant has been sometimes Crop-sick thro' Excess of Wine, Have Mercy on me, that it may be ever far from me. * It is true, M. Cousin maintains against my Author, M. Petit, the *Journal des Sçavans*, of the Year 1689, 27 June, that St. Augustin, however, never got drunk. The Arguments on both Sides you may find in Bayle's Dictionary, under the Article *Augustin*. But yet there are somewhere in St. Augustin these Words, viz. My Soul certainly being a Spirit cannot dwell in a dry Place. *Anima mea certè quia Spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.*

I shall make no Comment upon these Words, only insert one already made, which I take from M. Duchat in his Remarks on *Rabelais* †. On these Words of Saint Augustin, says he, mentioned in the second Part of the *Decretals*, *caus. 32. q. 2. c. 9.* the Commentator says, “ And this is an Argument for the
“ Normans, English, and Poles, that they
“ may drink largely, that the Soul may not
“ live in the Dry. *Et est Argumentum pro*
“ *Normannis, Anglicis, & Polonis, ut possint*
“ *fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet in sicco.*
“ To which Peter Chatelain, a Flemish Physician, made this pleasant Addition, It is
“ very probable, that the Commentator was

* Petit *Nepenths*, p. 137.

† *Liv.* 1. ch. 5.

“an entire Stranger to the Nature of the
 “*Flemings. Verisimile est glossatorem ignorasse*
 “*Naturam Belgarum.*

And, perhaps, this Argument from St. *Augustine's* Words, is as just, as One of a merry Fellow I knew, who would prove, from St. *Paul's* going to the *Three Taverns**, That he loved a hearty Bottle.

Amongst the Bishops, I cannot instance a more illustrious Example of a great Drinker, than that of *Pontus de Thiard*. We are told †,
 “That this Gentleman, after having re-
 “pented of the Sins of his Youth, came to
 “be Bishop of *Chalons sur Soane*; but, how-
 “ever, he did not renounce the Power of
 “drinking heartily, which seemed then in-
 “separable from the Quality of a good Poet.
 “He had a Stomach big enough to empty
 “the largest Cellar; and the best Wines of
 “*Burgundy* were too gross for the Subtility
 “of the Fire which devoured him. Every
 “Night, at going to Bed, besides the ordi-
 “nary Doses of the Day, in which he would
 “not suffer the least drop of Water, he
 “used to drink a Pottle before he slept.
 “He enjoyed a strong, robust, and vigorous
 “Health, to the Age of Fourscore.

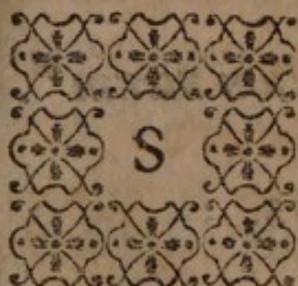
* *Acts* cap. 28. v. 15.

† *Rep. des Lett.* Febr. 1687. Art. 7.



C H A P. XII.

A Catalogue of some illustrious Topers.

 SINCE according to *Horace's* Observation, every one conforms himself to the Example of the Prince.

“ Regis ad exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

And that, according to *Seneca's* Maxim, one must regulate ones Conduct by illustrious Models.

“ Vita est instituenda illustribus exemplis.

It must not be wondered at, that People so generally get drunk, since in this they follow the Examples of great Kings, amongst whom are very few that this Verse of *Ovid*, which *Guy. Patin* applied to *Naudæus* and *Gassendi*, agrees with*.

“ Vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis.

* *Esprit de Pat. p. 22.*

Flies Wine abstemious, but the limpid Stream
Pure and unmixed his thirsty Heat subdues.

And, perhaps, this is the Reason, why
in Comedies they bestow Crowns to those
that are drunk.

————— *Quid ego video*

P. S. Cum coronâ ebrium Pseudolum meum.*

And in *Amphytrion*, Mercury says,

Ho inter & capiam ornatum qui potius decet.

“ I’ll go in and take the Ornament which
“ better becomes me.” For he had said a
little before,

Capiam coronam in caput, assimulabo me esse ebrium.

I’ll put a Crown upon my Head and feign my
self drunk.

Lipsius † furnished me with these Examples.

But I should never have done, if I endea-
voured to give a List of all the Kings that
got drunk.

* *Plautus.*

† *Ant. Lect. Lib. 3.*

— “ *Quorum si nomina quæras*
“ *Promptius expediam quot amaverat Hippia*
“ *mæchos,*
“ *Quot Themiscæ agros autumnò occiderat uno* *.

— Whose Names, if you require,
With greater Expedition could I tell,
To Hippia's Lust, how many prostrate fell;
How many only in one Autumn died,
By Doctors, and their Slip-flops ill applied.

I shall content my self, therefore, to instance some of the most illustrious, as they come into my Mind, without observing any certain Order.

Alexander the Great first offers himself to my Imagination. It will be sufficient to mention his Name, without saying any more. *Nomen non amplius addam.*

Cæsar, to make use of *Balzac's* Words, was not always the sober Destroyer of the Commonwealth, and he did not at all Times hate the Pleasure of drinking.

Cambyfes was also very much given to Wine, as may be judged by what I am going to say. This Prince having been told by one of his Courtiers, That the People took notice he got drunk too often, taking some

* *Juvenal, Satire 10. v. 220.*

Time after his Bow and Arrow, shot the Son of that Courtier through the Heart, saying no more than this to the Father. *Is this the Act of a Drunkard?*

Darius, the first King of *Persia*, had these Words put upon his Tomb.

Vinum multum bibere potui idque perferre.

I could drink much Wine and bear it well.

King *Antigonus* may come in here. *Ælian* reports of this Prince, That one Day when he was much in drink meeting *Zeno* the Philosopher, whom he had a great Kindness for, he kissed him, and promised to give him whatever he would desire, *Zeno* only answered very mildly, *Go and ease your Stomach by vomiting, that's all I ask of you at present.*

Philip, King of *Macedon*, got drunk sometimes; witness what a Woman, whom he had not done Justice to, said to him, *viz. I appeal from Philip drunk, to Philip when sober.*

* *Dionysius* the younger, Tyrant of *Sicily*, was sometimes drunk for nine Days successively; he drank himself almost blind, and the Lords of his Court, to flatter him, pretended they themselves could scarce see, so that they neither eat nor drank but what he reached to them.

* *Ælian*, Chap. 6.

Tiberius was called *Biberius*, because of his excessive Attach to drinking; and, in derision, they changed his Surname of *Nero* into *Mero*.

Bonosus was a terrible Drinker, if one may give any Credit to his own Historian, *Flavius Vopiscus*. He used to make Ambassadors, that came to him from Foreign Powers, drunk, in order, by that Means, to discover their secret Instructions.

* *Maximin* the Father, drank very often a Pot containing two Gallons. One might very well, therefore, have given him this Epitaph.

Hic jacet amphora vini.

Trajan and *Nerva*, those excellent Princes, took sometimes a Pleasure in getting drunk.

Galerius Maximinus, who, according to *Aurelius Victor*, was a Prince of sweet Temper, and loved Men of Probity and Letters, had a very great Passion for Wine, and frequently got drunk. Having once given Orders when he was in this Condition, which he repented of when sober, he solemnly forbade any one to obey such Orders that he would give when he should get drunk for the future.

* *J. Capitolin.*



C H A P. XIII.

Of Philosophers that used to get Drunk.

WH O' the Example and Authority
T of Philosophers prove nothing, yet
one must not imagine with *Boileau*,

“ ———— *Que sans Aristote,*
“ *La Raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens redote.*

That Reason, void of *Aristotle's* Rule,
Inspid grows, good Sense a doating Fool.

It is, however, very true, that we shall find our selves wonderfully disposed to get fuddled, when we consider that those of Antiquity, for whom we have most Respect and Veneration, have made no manner of difficulty to get drunk sometimes, and have praised Drunkenness, not only by their Actions but Discourse. This I am going plainly to make appear. I begin with the Seven *Sages of Greece*, who were acknowledged as such by all Antiquity. These Philosophers did not look upon Drunkenness as a Thing incompatible with Virtue, of which they made

made strict Profession. History tells us, that they drank largely at the Entertainment *Periander* the Tyrant, or King of *Corinth*, gave them.

Solon, that famous, yet so rigid, Legislator of the *Athenians*, composed a Song in the Praise of Wine, in which he introduced *Venus* and the *Muses*. *Seneca* is of Opinion, that he was suspected to be as much given to Wine as *Arcefilaus*. * And *M. Chevreau* observes very well, that "the Wisdom of *Solon* was not of such an Austerity as to frighten People, when he said, *That the Ladies, Wine, and the Muses, were the Pleasures of Human Life.*

Zeno, whose Philosophy was so severe, got notwithstanding, drunk sometimes. Being one Day, at an Entertainment, he was asked how he came to be so joyful, he answered, that he was like _____, which were bitter naturally, but grew sweet after they were moistened.

Socrates, whom the Oracle declared the wisest Man of *Greece*, was, in like manner, a very great Drinker. *M. Charpentier*, in his Life, tells us, That tho' he did not love to drink, yet when he was forced to it no one could come up to him; and, that he had this

* *Solonem & Arcefilaum credunt indulgisse vino.*

wonderful Happiness, as not afterwards to find himself incommoded by it.

Cato, that Hero of Stoicism, got drunk sometimes, in order to relax his Mind, fatigued with the Cares of publick Employment. These are the very Words of *Seneca*, *Cato vino laxabat animum curis publicis fatigatum*. And the same Author says elsewhere, that “People reproached *Cato* with “Drunkenness, but that Reproach was rather an Honour to him than otherwise.” *Catoni ebrietas objecta est, & facilius efficiet quisquis objecerit honestum quam turpem Catonem*. *Horace* gives us the same Idea of the great *Cato*, in these Words,

“*Narratur & prisca Catonis*

“*Sape mero caluisse virtus.*”

Tradition tells, that oftentimes with Wine,
Ev'n *Cato's* Virtue moisten'd, shone Divine.

If one knew the *Scythian* Philosopher *Anacharsis*, no otherwise than by his Apothegms against Wine and Drunkenness, one would take him for the soberest Man in the World, but we know very well that his Theory varied very much upon this Point, and no way agreed with his Practice. One Day above the rest, having got drunk at an Entertainment given by *Lybis*, Brother to *Pittacus*, he demanded the Prize that was to be given to the

the greatest Drinker. With which Action, when he was afterwards reproached, he reply'd, "Can a Man better signalize himself in Battle than by glorious Wounds? And at Table, than with that Gaiety you call Drunkenness? Did not *Homer*, the wisest of your Poets, make not only *Agamemnon* drunk, but *Jupiter* too, and made *Nectar* flow in full Goblets at the Table of the Gods.*? *Ælian* † also tells us, that this Philosopher drank largely at *Periander's* Feasts, and alledged for an Excuse, That to drink a great deal was essential to the *Scythians*.

Plato, another Hero of Antiquity, not only permitted, but commanded, that People should get drunk at some certain Times. To prove what I say, one has no more to do than to read his Laws.

Seneca, who was so severe a Philosopher, at least his rigid Precepts would make one think him so, thought it no harm now and then to get drunk, and ranges Drunkenness amongst the Means he prescribes to maintain the Strength and Vigor of the Mind.

I have quoted what he says in this Respect in the first and second Chapter of this

* *Hist. Sep. Sap.*

† *Lib. 2. 2.*

The Philosopher *Arcefilaus*, who lived about the 120th Olympiad, might be reckoned amongst those who loved Wine, since he died by drinking too much of it unmixed. A greater, and more convincing Proof of his sincere Love to the Creature could not be given.

For he that hangs, or beats out's Brains
The Devil's in him if he feigns ||.

* *Xenocrates*, one of the most illustrious Philosophers of antient Greece, and of a Virtue very rigid and severe, got drunk sometimes. *Ælian* has put his Name into the Catalogue of those who loved drinking, and could bear a great deal of Liquor. *Athenæus*, says this Philosopher, gained the Crown of Gold which the Tyrant of Syracuse had promised him that should empty a certain Measure of Wine. *Diogenes Laertius* confirms this last Particular. "He had
" moreover acquired such an Empire over
" his Passions, that a very beautiful Courtesan (*Phryne*) who had laid a Wager she
" could subdue his Virtue, lost it, tho' she
" had the Liberty to lie with him, and used
" all her little Toyings to incite him to enjoy
" her." You see here (adds Mr. Bayle

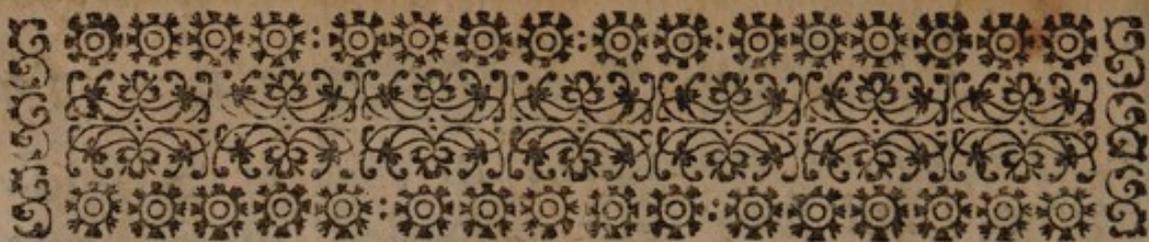
a Triumph as remarkable as that of S. Aldhelme, and some other canonised Saints, who came off victorious on such Attacks.

* Cicero assures us, That *Stilpo* of *Megeira*, the Philosopher, a Man of much Wit and Ability for the Times he lived in, loved Wine as well as Women; and, that his Friends wrote this of him in his Praise and not Dishonour.

Athenaus says, That the Philosophers *Lacides* and *Timon*, once upon a Time, past two whole Days successively in drinking. *Ælian* puts their Names into his Catalogue of hard Drinkers; to which he adds *Amasis*, the Lawgiver of the *Egyptians*.

Chryssippus the Philosopher, Native of *Solos*, a Town of *Cilicia*, or of *Tharsus*, according to others, got drunk pretty often. It is said, That some of his Disciples having prevailed upon him to come to a Sacrifice, he drank so much pure Wine, that he died five Days afterwards. There are other Authors, however, will have it, that he died of immoderate Laughter, seeing an Ass eat Figs out of a Dish, and upon which he commanded they should give him Drink.

* *Lib. de Fab.*



C H A P. XIV.

Of Poets that used to get Drunk.

S Wine is the Poet's great Horse,
A so it must not be wondered at, that
the major Part of them fuddle
their Noses; for, in reality, they
cannot properly be said to be mounted on
their great Horses, till they have drunk
pretty heartily. These Gentlemen speak
then on Horseback, for the Discourse of
Poets is quite opposite to that of Orators,
which *Horace* says, is a Discourse on Foot*,
but when they drink nothing we can only say,
that they are mounted upon.

The Attach that *Homer* had to Wine, ap-
pears in the frequent Elogiums he gives that
Liquor. And if we examine *Anacreon* never
so little, we shall find his Inclinations, as well
as his Verses, were divided between Wine
and Love. As much Delicacy and fine
Turns as one finds in his Works, an honest
Man cannot see without Indignation, but
that they tend absolutely to *debauch*. One

* *Sermio pedestris.*

The Praise of Drunkenness. 81

must drink, one must love. The Moments that are not employed in the Pleasures of the Senses are lost. Pausanias tells us, That he saw at Athens the Statue of *Anacreon*, which represented him drunk and singing.

The Poet *Philoxenus* wished he had a Neck as long as a Crane, that he might the longer have the Pleasure of swallowing Wine, and enjoy its delicious Taste.

Ion, the Poet of *Chios*, was not much more sober in respect of Wine, according to *Ælian* and *Euripides*.

Horace must by no means be forgotten, whose Satires derive from the Grape their Sprightfulness and Gaity.

Timocreon of *Rhodes*, a comic Poet in the 75th Olympiad, was a great Drinker. *Athenæus* has given of him this Epitaph.

Multa bibens & multa vorans, mala plurima dicens

Multis hic jaceo Timocreon Rhodius.

To these we may add *Alceus* and *Ennius*, of whom we have already made mention; but what signifies this Enumeration, since it is most certain, that almost all the Poets in the World, of all Ages, got drunk, which puts them under the Protection of *Bacchus*. This made them heretofore in *Rome*, celebrate once a Year, in the Month of *March*, a Festival in Honour to this God with fo-

lemn Sacrifices. What *Ovid* * has said on this Point puts the Matter out of all doubt.

- “ *Ille dies hac est, qua te celebrare poeta*
 “ *Si modo non fallunt tempora, Bacche, solent,*
 “ *Festaque odoratis innectunt tempora sertis*
 “ *Et dicunt laudes ad tua vina tuas.*
 “ *Inter quos memini, dum me mea fata sinebant,*
 “ *Non invisâ tibi pars ego sepæ fui.*

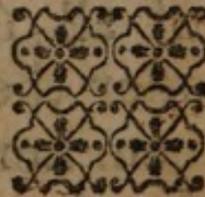
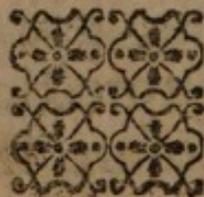
This is the Day, unless the Times are chang'd,
 That Poets us'd to sing in merry Lays,
 And with sweet Garlands crown'd, promiscu-
 ous rang'd,

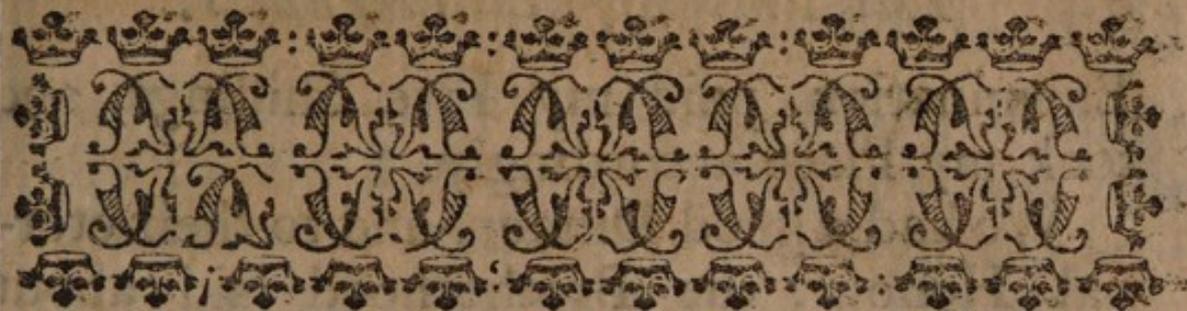
To thy rich Wines, great *Bacchus*, chaunt
 thy Praise.

With these gay Chorists, when my Fates were
 kind,

Free, unreserv'd, to thee, immortal Power
 (The pleasing Object fresh salutes my Mind)
 Without Disguise a Part I often bore.

* *Trist.* 5. 3.





C H A P. XV.

*Of Free Masons, and other learned Men,
that used to get Drunk.*

 **I** F what Brother *Eugenius Philalethes*, Author of *Long Livers*, a Book lately printed, and dedicated to the *Free Masons*, says in his Preface * to that Treatise, be true, those Mystical Gentlemen very well deserve a Place amongst the Learned. But without entering into their peculiar Jargon, or whether a Man can be sacrilegiously perjured for revealing Secrets when he has none, I do assure my Readers, they are very great Friends to the Vintners. An Eye-witness of this was I my self, at their late general Meeting at *Stationer's Hall*, who having learn'd some of their Catechism, pass'd my

* *Vide Preface, p. 17. l. 6. where are these Words, viz. Thus shall Princes love and cherish you as their most faithful Children and Servants, and take delight to commune with you, in as much as amongst you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who, thereby, may make their Names, who love and cherish you, immortal.*

Examination, paid my Five Shillings, and took my Place accordingly.

We had a good Dinner, and to their eternal Honour, the Brotherhood laid about them very valiantly. *They saw then their high Dignity; they saw what they were, acted accordingly, and shewed themselves (what they were) MEN**. The *Westphalia* Hams and Chickens, with good Plumb Pudden, not forgetting the delicious Salmon, were plentifully sacrificed, with copious Libations of Wine for the Consolation of the Brotherhood. But whether, after a very disedifying Manner their demolishing huge Walls of Venison Pasty, be building up a spiritual House, I leave to Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* to determine. However, to do them Justice, I must own, there was no mention made of Politics or Religion, so well do they seem to follow the Advice of that Author †. And when the Music began to play, *Let the King enjoy his own again*, they were immediately reprimanded by a Person of great Gravity and Science.

The Bottle, in the mean while, went merrily about, and the following Healths were begun by a great Man, the King, Prince and Princess, and the Royal Family ;

* Page 6. l. 9.

† Page 16. l. 19.

the Church as by Law established; Prosperity to old *England* under the present Administration; and Love, Liberty, and Science, which were unanimously pledged in full Bumpers, attended with loud Huzzas.

The Faces then of *the most antient and most honourable Fraternity of the FREE MASONS*, brightened with ruddy Fires; their Eyes illuminated, resplendent blazed.

Well fare ye, merry Hearts, thought I, hail ye illustrious Topers, if *Liberty and Freedom*, ye free Mortals, is your essential Difference, richly distinguishes you from all others, and is, indeed, the very Soul and Spirit of the Brotherhood, according to Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* *. I know not who may be your *Alma Mater*, but undoubtedly *Bacchus* is your *Liber Pater*.

*'Tis Wine, ye Masons, makes you free,
Bacchus the Father is of Liberty.*

But leaving the *Free Masons*, and their invaluable Secrets, for I know not what they are worth, come we now to speak of other Men of Learning, who loved to indulge their Genius with the delicious Juice of the Grape. And here we need not fly to Antiquity, which would swell this Work into a large

* Page 5. l. 12. Page 42. l. 13.

Volume, later Times will furnish us with many a bright Example. *Non semper confugiamus ad vetera.*

A Man of Learning, after ten or twelve Hours daily Study, cannot do better, than to unbend his Mind in drinking plentifully of the Creature; and may not such a one say to himself these Verses of the French Poet.

- “ *Dois-je mal a propos secher a faire un livre*
 “ *Et n'avoir pour tout fruit des peines que je prends*
 “ *Que la haine de sots & les mepris des grands**.”

Why should I pass away my Time in vain,
 And to compose a Book, dry up my Brain,
 When all the Recompence I'm like to find,
 For all the Toil and Labour of my Mind,
 Is the unthinking silly Ideot's Hate,
 And the Contempt and Scorn of all the
 Great.

I must own I would have the indefatigable Labour of such a one gain an immortal Reputation after his Death; but after all, to weary one's self all one's Life long with those Views, is very chimerical. And certainly, he that makes but little Account of the Honours that might accrue to him af-

* *Oeuv. div. du Sieur D'Espreaux, p. 246.*

ter his Death, acted like a Man of Sense.
Si venit post fata gloria non propero *.

Is it not infinitely better to divert ones self while one lives, than to idle all ones Life away on poring upon Books? Much better will the following Song become the Mouth of a Man of Letters, which I have transcribed out of the *Mercure Galant*, of the Year 1711, p. 67.

- “ *De ceux qui vivent dans l’Histoire,*
- “ *Ma fois je n’envierai le sort.*
- “ *Nargues du Temple de Memorie*
- “ *Ou l’on ne vit que lorsque l’on est mort.*
- “ *J’aime bien mieux vivre pendant ma vie*
- “ *Pour boire avec Silvie ;*
- “ *Car je sentirai*
- “ *Les momens que je vivrai*
- “ *Tant que je boirai.*

Faith, I shan’t envy him, who e’er he be,
That Glorious lives in History ;
Nor Memories rich Fane amuse my Head,
Where no one lives but when he’s dead.
I had much rather, while I Life enjoy,
The precious Moments all employ,
With my lov’d *Silvia*, and delicious Wine,
Both wonderful, and both divine.

For that I truly live, and healthy prove,
Is that I drink, and that I love.

This is exactly the same Thing that *Racan* said to *Maynard* in this Ode*.

“ *Je sai, Maynard, que les merveilles*
 “ *Qui naissent de tes longues veilles*
 “ *Vivront autant que l’Univers ;*
 “ *Mais que te sert il que ta gloire*
 “ *Eclipse au Temple de Memoire*
 “ *Quand tu seras mangé des vers ?*
 “ *Quitte cette inutile peine,*
 “ *Bûvons plutôt a longue haleine*
 “ *De ce doux jus deliceux,*
 “ *Qui pour l’excellence précède*
 “ *Le Bruvage que Ganimede*
 “ *Verse dans la coupe des Dieux.*

Maynard, I know thy Thoughts express’d
 in Rhime,
 Those Wonders of thy bright immortal
 Pen,
 Shall live for ever in the Minds of Men,
 Till vast Eternity shall swallow Time,
 Yet should thy Glories, now so radiant Bright,
 In Memory’s rare Temple lose their Light;
 Suffer Eclipse, when to the Worms a Prey,
 Those Reptiles eat thy poor Remains away.

* *Parnass. Franc. p. 97.*

Does this Reflection chagrin thee, my Friend,
Thus to the useles Thought decree an End?
Drink, and drink largely, that delicious Juice,
The Em'rald Vines in purple Gems produce,
Which for its Excellence surpasses far

That Liquor, which to bright celestial Souls,
Jove's Minion *Ganimede*, with steady Care,
Richly dispenses in immortal Bowls.

So much for Poetry, let us come to the Point, and instance some learned Men that have loved this Diversion. And first, enter *Erasmus*, who certainly was no Enemy to Wine, since he chose rather to continue where the Plague was than drink Water. To prove this, I shall instance part of a Letter written to this great Man by *Ammonius* an *Italian*, and a very learned Person. "Immediately after my Arrival in *England* I endeavoured to inform my self where you were, because in your last you told me, the Plague had forced you to quit *Cambridge*. At length I was told for certain, that you had indeed left the Town, but retiring into a Place where there was no Wine, which to you being worse than the Plague, you returned thither, and where you now are. O intrepid Soldier of *Bacchus*, whom so eminent a Danger could not compel to desert his General!" The *Latin* having much more Force, for the sake of those who understand that Language, I shall take

take the Liberty to insert it, as follows. *Simul atque Anglicum solum tetigi, ubi locorum esses rogare cepi, siquidem Cantabrigiensem pestem fugere te scripsisti. Unus tandem sixtinus mihi dixit te quidem Cantabrigiam. Ob pestem reliquisse & concessisse nescio quo, ubi cum vini penuria laborares, & eo carere gravius peste duceres, Catabrigiam repetiisse atque ibi nunc esse. O fortem Bassareii commilitonem, qui in summo periculo ducem deserere nolueris**.

“ *Daniel Heinsius* loved to drink a little.
 “ One Day, when he was not in a Condition to read his Lectures, having got drunk the Day before, some Arch-wags fixed these Words on the School Door, *Daniel Heinsius, non leget hodie, propter hesternam carpu- lam †*.

“ *George Sharpe*, a Scotch Man, Professor, and Vice-Chancellor of *Montpelier*, who died in the Year 1673, on his Birth-Day, aged Fifty nine Years, was a great Drunkard ||.

Barthius may also be reckoned amongst those learned Topers, if what *Coloniez* says be true. “ I knew, says he, some learned Men in *Holland*, who spoke of *Scrivenerius* as of a Man extremely Amorous. *M. Vossius*, amongst others, related to me one Day,

* *Bayle Dict. Art. Ammon.*

† *Menagian, T. 1. p. 26.*

|| *Patinian, p. 106.*

“ That *Barthius* being come from *Germany* to
“ *Harlaem* to see *Scriverius*, had in his
“ Company a Lady perfectly beautiful,
“ whom *Scriverius* had no sooner seen, but
“ he found means to make *Barthius* drunk,
“ that he might entertain the Lady with
“ greater Liberty, which he accomplished.
“ It was not, however, so well managed,
“ but *Barthius* coming to himself, had some
“ reason to suspect what had past, which
“ grew so much upon him, that he took the
“ Lady along with him in a Rage, and
“ drowned her in the *Rhine**.

Scaliger treats as a Drunkard *John Kuklin*,
a Calvinist Minister, Native of *Hesse*, and
a very learned Man||.

“ *Nicolas de Bourbon*, of *Bar sur l'Aube*,
“ was Nephew's Son to the Poet *Nicolas*
“ *Bourbon*, who lived in the Time of *Francis*
“ the first; after having been King's Pro-
“ fessor, then Canon of *Langres*, made him-
“ self a Father of the Oratory ———. He
“ was a prodigious dry Soul, and loved
“ good Wine, which made him often say,
“ That tho' he was of the *French Academy*,
“ yet that when he read *French Verses* he
“ fancied he was drinking Water.

* *Rec. de partic.* p. 318. Ed. 4.

|| *Scaliger*, p. 409.

The great *Buchanan*, so famous for his fine Writings, was a terrible Drinker, if we may give any Credit to *Father Garasse*. What follows is taken out of his *Doctrine Curieuse*, p. 748. “ I shall, says he, recount to our new Atheists, the miserable End of a Man of their Belief and Humour, as to eating and drinking. The Libertine having passed his debauched Youth in *Paris* and *Bourdeaux*, more diligent in finding out Tavern Bushes than the Laurel of *Parnassus*; and being towards the latter End of his Life, recalled into *Scotland* to instruct the young Prince *James Vith.* continuing his Intemperance, he grew at last so dropfical by drinking, that by way of Jeer he said he was in Labour. *Vino intercute, not aqua intercute.* As ill as he was, he would, however, not abstain from drinking Bumpers, and them too all of pure Wine, as he used to do at *Bourdeaux*. The Physicians who had care of his Health, by order of the King, seeing the extravagant Excesses of their Patient, told him roundly, and in a kind of Heat, That he did all he could to kill himself, and that, if he continued this Course of Life, he could not live above a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, longer. He desired them then to hold a Consultation amongst themselves, and let him know, how long he might live if he abstained from Wine. They did so, and

told him, He might, on that Condition,
 live five or six Years longer. Upon
 which he gave them an Answer worthy
 his Humour. *Go, says he, with your Re-*
gimens and Prescriptions, and know, that I
had rather live three Weeks, and get drunk
every Day, than six Years without drinking
Wine. And as soon as he had thus dis-
 missed the Physicians, he caused a Barrel
 of Wine of *Grave* to be placed at his Bed's
 Head, resolving to see the Bottom of it
 before he died; and carried himself so va-
 liantly in this Encounter, that he drank
 it up to the Lees, fulfilling literally the
 Contents of this quaint Epigram of *Epi-*
gonus upon a Frog, who falling into a Pipe
 of Wine, cried out,

φεί τίνες ὕδωρ

πίυσι μανίνω σώφρονα μαινόμενοι.

Having Death and the Glafs between his
 Teeth, the Ministers visited him to bring
 him to himself, that he might take Reso-
 lution to die with some Thought and Re-
 flection, one of them especially exhorted
 him to recite the Lord's Prayer, upon
 which, opening his Eyes, he looked very
 ghastly upon the Minister; *And what is*
that, says he, that you call the Lord's Pray-
er? The Standers by answer'd, It was the
Our Father; and that, if he could not
 pro-

“ pronounce that Prayer, they desired him,
 “ that at least he would recite some Christian
 “ Prayer, that he might die like a good Man.
 “ For my part, replied he, I never knew
 “ any other Prayer than this,

“ *Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,*
 “ *Contractum nullis ante cupidinibus.*

Cynthia's fine Eyes, me wretched, first could
 move,
 Before that Time I knew not what was Love.

“ And scarce had he repeated Ten or
 “ Twelve Verses of that Elegy of *Propertius*,
 “ but he expired, surrounded with Cups and
 “ Glasses, and of him one may really say,
 “ that he vomited his Purple Soul out, *Pur-*
 “ *puræam vomit ille Animam**.

I shall not vouch for the Truth of this
 Story, but you have it as I find it; nor
 must it be expected that *Buchanan*, who was
 their mortal Enemy, should find any Favour
 from the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

Justus Lipsius got sometimes drunk; he
 tells us so himself, in his Commentary on
Seneca, for in that Passage where the Philoso-
 pher says, That Drunkenness cures some
 certain Distempers, he makes on the Worc

* *Bayle Dict. Art. Buchan. D.*

Distempers this Remark following. *Melan-
holy* (WE KNOW IT BY EXPERIENCE) or *Cold*.
And in the Discourses which he says were
carried on between *Carrio Demius*, and
Dusa, upon Subjects of Literature, and
which he inserts in his *Antient Lessons*, they
had always a Glass in their Hand.

Every one knows that *Baudius*, Professor
in the University of *Leyden*, was a great
Drinker, and *Culprit* himself pleads guilty
to the Indictment. *Habemus rerum confiten-
em*. Here follow his own Words, which I
own I cannot translate without losing their
Beauty in the *Latin*, but the Substance is,
That he defies Envy it self to say any Thing
against him, but that like the antient *Cato*
he drank pretty liberally of the Juice of the
Grape. *Concurrant omnes*, says he, *non dicam
ut ille satiricus, Augures, Haruspices, sed quic-
quid est ubique hominum curiosorum, qui in alie-
na acta tam sedulo inquirunt ut ea fingant quæ
nunquam fuerunt, nihil inveniet quod in nobis
carpere possit livor, quam quod interdum ad ex-
emplum prisce Catonii liberalitatis invitare nos
patiamur, nec semper constitimus ultra sobrieta-
tem veterum Sabinorum**. And in another
Letter he says, that the most virulent De-
tractor could never reproach him with any
Thing, but that he got sometimes drunk.

* *Ep. 33. Centur. 3.*

90 *the Image of Drunkenness.*
*Malignitas obtreſtatorum nihil aliud in nobis ſi-
gillare poteſt quam quod nimis commodus ſum con-
vivator, & interdum largius adſpargor rore li-
beri patris*.*

Balzac made alſo ſome little Debauches with ſome of his Friends at his Country Houſe; and what he wrote to an Officer who was then Priſoner in *Germany*, makes it evidently appear, That he thought it lawful ſo to do. “ In relation, ſays he, to the
“ *German* manner of drinking Healths,
“ which you ſpeak of with ſuch trouble, as
“ if they were ſo many *Turkiſh* Baſtinadoes.
“ I think your Sobriety in that reſpect to be
“ a little too delicate, you muſt learn to Howl
“ when you are in Company of Wolves, as
“ the Proverb has it, and not to inſtance
“ great Generals; don’t you know, that
“ wiſe Ambaſſadors of Kings have hereto-
“ fore got drunk for the Good of their Ma-
“ ſter’s Affairs, and ſacrificed all their Pru-
“ dence and Gravity to the Neceſſity of
“ great Men, and the Cuſtom of the Coun-
“ try where they were. I do not adviſe
“ you here to any forbidden Acts of Intem-
“ perance, but I think it no manner of harm
“ now and then to drown your Chagrin in
“ *Rheniſh* Wine, and to make uſe of that
“ agreeable Means to ſhorten the Time,

* Ep. 26. Centur. 3.

“ the long Continuance of which is ever ex-
“ tremely tedious to Prisoners*.

The illustrious Professor of *Utrecht*, whose Name shall live as long as the Republic of Letters shall subsist, was a great Drinker, and valued himself for drinking a great deal. It is reported of this learned Man, that at the Congress of the last Peace, a certain *German* Prince, of a Sovereign House, came on purpose to have a Brush with our Professor, who accepted the Challenge, and came off victorious, having fairly laid his Enemy speechless on the Floor.

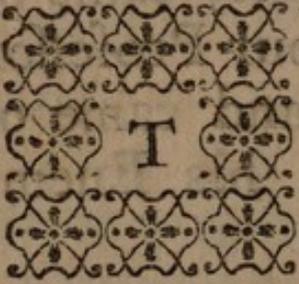
* *Lett. chois.* lib. 2. Let. 5.





C H A P. XVI.

Of Nations that used to get Drunk.

HE Plot now begins to thicken upon us, and we are come to give an Account of such Nations with whom the Custom of getting Drunk was heretofore very much in Vogue; and of those with whom this same Custom reigns at this very Day.

When we consult antient Histories upon this Point, we learn from *Plato**, that the *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Celtæ* and *Iberians* were the greatest Drinkers that ever were. *Ælian* † says the same in relation to the *Thracians* and *Illyrians*. It is also reported of the *Parthians* ‡, that the more they drink the more thirsty they grow.

Atheneus § also assures us, that the *Thracians* were great Drinkers; and he says th

* *Lips. Cent. 3. Ep. 51.*

† *Lib. 2. Cap. 15.*

‡ *Erasm. Adag.*

§ *Lib. 10. cap. 10.*

same Thing of the *Milesians*, *Illyrians*, *Lydians*, *Persians*, *Carthaginians*, *Gauls* and *Spaniards*.

The *Tapyrians* were so much given to Wine, that they past their whole Lives in drinking, and even bathed their Bodies in Wine*.

The *Tarentins* used to drink from Morning till Night, and got quite drunk in public†.

The *Leontins*, a People in *Sicily*, were such great Drunkards, that they occasioned this Proverb, *viz.* the *Leontins* are always near a Cup of Wine||.

The *Byzantins* must not be refused a Place in this Chapter. *Ælian* reports¶, that *Leonides*, their General, being besieged, and unable to make his Men keep their Posts, which they quitted every Moment to go and get drunk at the Taverns, he immediately gave Orders that the Vintners should repair with all their Liquors to the Ramparts, by which Stratagem he kept them to their Duty.

But as it may be said, that the Nations we have already mentioned were all barbarous, we shall, for that Reason, verify what

* *Ælian*, lib. 3. cap. 13.

† *Lib.* 12.

|| *Forner de Ebriet.* lib. 1. cap. 12.

¶ *Lib.* 3. cap. 14.

Montaigne says, that amongst Nations the best regulated, and most polite, *this Essay of Drinking deep was very much in use* ||.

The *Greeks*, whom one may look upon as the only Nation of the World for Politeness and good Sense, are a Proof of what I advance. They celebrated the Feasts of *Bacchus* with a great deal of Solemnity; 'tis from them that *Pergræcari*, of which every one knows the Signification, is derived. *Ælian* assures us, they were so very luxurious, that they put perfumed Oils into their Wine, which they called Wine of Myrrh.

The *Romans* had also a very strong Passion for Wine, so that at *Rome* there were frequently very great Seditions for want of it. *Seditiones sunt concitatae graves ob inopiam vini* *, says *Ammianus Marcellinus*, in the Life of *Constantius* and *Gallus*; and in the Reign of *Constantius* only, the same Historian says, there was a Sedition also upon that very Account.

Titus Livius tells us, that the *Clusians* passed the *Alps*, and came to inhabit the Country that the *Etrurians* possessed before, to have the Pleasure of drinking Wine †.

|| *Essays*, l. 2. cap. 2.

* *Hist. Aug. Script.* Ed. 1609. Fol. p. 414. &

p. 425.

† P. 85.

Let us now descend to some Nations, with whom, at present, this Custom of getting Drunk is received.

Sir *Paul Ricaut* † assures us, that the *Turks* considering that Wine rejoices the Heart, and comforts the Stomach, have begun to drink it; adding, that at present there are only a few (*Ulamah*) Ecclesiastical Hypocrites, or some ignorant Bigots, or superannuated People, that abstain from that Liquor; but at the same Time Drunkenness is grown very common amongst them.

M. Du Mont confirms this Truth, “As to Wine, says he, tho’ it be as expressly forbidden as Swines Flesh, it is nevertheless very certain, that a great many *Mahometans* transgress that Precept; and the justest Thing that I can say in that respect is, that Abstinence from Wine is observed there almost after the same Manner as Lent in France*.

The *Persians* too drink Wine to Excess, tho’ their Law forbids the Use of it; and they say for an Excuse, “That it is to pass away the Time, and sweeten the Cares that surprize them †.

The *Armenians* are no way behind the *Persians*, if we may believe *Tavernier*, who says,

† *Hist. of the Turks.* * *Voyage*, T. 3. Let. 5.
‡ *Tavernier's Trav.* 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

that with them, “He that treats thinks
 “ he has handsomely acquitted himself of
 “ his Entertainment, if his Guests cannot
 “ find the Door when they have a mind to go
 “ home, which would very often happen,
 “ without the Assistance of their Servants,
 “ who lead them, and yet have not Power
 “ enough sometimes to keep them from fal-
 “ ling down in the Room, or in the Street,
 “ which is a great Satisfaction to the Host;
 “ for if he finds any of them Master of so
 “ much Judgment as to guide himself, tho’
 “ he reels never so much, he laments
 “ very much, as having the Misfortune of
 “ spending his Money to no purpose*.

The *Siameze* drink Wine very heartily
 when they can get it, tho’ every Thing that
 may intoxicate them is forbidden by their
 Law †.

Father *le Clerc*, Author of a Relation of
Gaspesia, assures us, that Drunkenness is the
 favourite Vice of the Inhabitants of that
 Country †.

The Inhabitants of the Coast of *Africa* are
 great Drunkards; they would give all they
 had in the World for a Glass of Brandy. At
Loanda, Capital of the Kingdom of *Angola*,

* *Tavern. T. i. lib. 5. cap. 17.*

† *Louberc, liv. v. ch. 9.*

‡ *Bibl. Univ. T. 23. p. 44.*

A Firkin of Wine sells for above 30 Pounds Sterling. They love it extremely, and they tell you a pleasant Story hereupon of the great Duke of *Bamba*, which is a Province of the Kingdom of *Congo*, viz. that he once refused the Crown, as he himself owned to the Fathers Missioners, that he might be always near the *Portugueze*, and drink, by their means, sometimes a little Wine or Brandy*.

The *Muscovites* love Wine with a kind of Fury, and it has been known, that when a Man who has drunk to excess, and can swallow no more, they wash him soundly with it. And in *Germany* you are not looked upon to have treated your Guest like a Friend, if you do not reduce him to that Condition as quite to forget himself, and know not what he does †.

“ As *Georgia* produces strong Wines, so
“ its Inhabitants are great Drunkards, the
“ strongest Liquors is what they love most ;
“ and at their Entertainments they drink
“ more Brandy than Wine, Women as well
“ as Men ||.

Sir *John Chardin* § assures us, that there is no Country in the World where they drink

* *Viaggio del Congo.*

† *Chevrean*, T. 2. p. 215.

|| *Tavern*. T. 1. liv. 3. ch. 9.

§ *Voyag.* T. 2. p. 129.

so much Wine, and more excellent, than they do at *Georgia*; adding, that the *Georgians* are great Drunkards, and that the Clergy get drunk as well as the Laity.

Like People like Priest.

Quales Populus talis Sacerdos.

We have taken care not to forget *Germany*.
Vocabitur hæc quoque votis. Which we reserve to the next Chapter.



C H A P. XVII.

Of the Drunkenness of the Germans.

THE Germans were, in all Times
and Ages, great Drinkers, and in
the Words of one of their own
Poets.

Illic nobilitas, æterno nomine digna

Exhaurire cados, siccareque pocula longa.*

worthy eternal Fame!
'Tis there a Piece of true Nobility,
To empty Casks, and drink deep Goblets
dry.

To demonstrate the Origin of their Bibe-
city, it is absolutely necessary to go higher
than *Tacitus*, who in the Treatise which he
composed in relation to their Customs and
Manners, thus speaks, "It is no shame
" with them to pass whole Days and Nights
" in drinking; but Quarrellings are very
" frequent amongst them, as are usual

* *G. Brusch. Inter. p. 405.*

“ amongst Folks in that respect, and more
 “ often end at Daggers drawing than in *Bil-*
 “ *lingsgate*. It is, however, in such Meet-
 “ ings, that Alliances and Reconciliations
 “ are formed. Here they treat of the Elec-
 “ tion of Princes. In short, of all Affairs,
 “ of Peace and War. Those Opportuni-
 “ ties they think most proper, inasmuch as
 “ then People shake off all Disguise of
 “ Thought and Reflexion, and the Heat of
 “ Debauch engages the Soul of Man to Re-
 “ solutions the most bold and hardy*.

Owen, our Country Man, has made an
 Epitaph in Honour of these our substantial
 Topers, the *Germans*; the Sense of which is,
 That if Truth lies hidden in Wine, they are
 the first People in the World that will find it
 out. His Words are,

*Si latet in vino Verum, ut Proverbia dicunt,
 Invenit verum Teuto vel inveniet.*

Let us see now what Travellers have said
 on this Subject of the *Germans*: And we will

* *Diem noctemque continuare nullam probrum, crebra
 et inter vinolentos rixas, raro conviviis sapius cede & vulne-
 ribus transfiguntur. Sed & de reconciliandis invicem ini-
 micitiis & pangendis affinitatibus & adsciscendis principi-
 bus, de pace denique ac bello plerumque in conviviis consul-
 tant; tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices co-
 gitationes pateat animus, aut ad magnas incalcescat.*

begin with *M. Aug. de Thou*, an Eye-witness thereof*. “There is, says he, before
“ *Mulhausen*, a large Place, or Square;
“ where, during the Fair, assemble a prodigious Number of People, of both Sexes,
“ and of all Ages; there one may see Wives
“ supporting their Husbands, Daughters
“ their Fathers, tottering upon their Horses
“ or Asses, a true Image of a *Bacchanal*.
“ The publick Houses are full of Drinkers,
“ where the young Women who wait, pour
“ Wine into Goblets out of a large Bottle
“ with a long Neck, without spilling one
“ drop. They press you to drink with Pleasuries
“ the most agreeable in the World.
“ People drink here continually, and return
“ at all Hours to do the same Thing over
“ again.

This pleasant Sight, so new to *M. de Thou*, continues almost all Night. And what is very particular amongst such a great Concourse of People, and such a Number of Drunkards, every Thing passes without Dispute and Quarrelling.

Let us now see what the *Duke de Rohan* says on this Head, whose Words are these †,
“ From thence I came to *Trent*, a Place no
“ ways agreeable, and famous for nothing

* *Memoir. de Thou. liv. 2. p. 63.*

† *Voyag. p. 27. Ed. 1646.*

“ but the last Council which was held there;
 “ and if it was not that it was half *Italian*
 “ (being glad of coming out of little *Barbary*,
 “ and a universal Tipling-House) I would
 “ take no Notice of it; being well satisfi-
 “ ed, that the Mathematicians of our Times
 “ can no where find out the perpetual Moti-
 “ on so well as here, where the Goblets of
 “ the *Germans* are an evident Demonstration
 “ of its Possibility — They think
 “ they cannot make good Cheer, nor per-
 “ mit Friendship or Fraternity, as they call
 “ it, with any, without giving the Seal brim-
 “ ful of Wine, to seal it for Perpetuity.

M. *Misson*, who was also some Time in *Ger-*
many, gives us yet a larger Description.
 “ The *Germans*, says he, * are, as you know,
 “ strange Drinkers. There are no People
 “ in the World more caressing, more civil,
 “ more officious; but still another Cup.
 “ They have terrible Customs on that Arti-
 “ cle of Drinking. Every Thing is trans-
 “ acted over the Bottle; you can do nothing
 “ without Drinking. One can scarce speak
 “ three Words at a Visit, but you are asto-
 “ nished to see the Collation come in, or
 “ at least a good quantity of Wine, attend-
 “ ed with Crufts of Bread cut into little
 “ Pieces, upon a Plate with Salt and Pep-

* *Voyage de Italie*, T. 1. Let. 9.

“ per, a fatal Preparative for bad Drinkers.
“ I must instruct you in the Laws they ob-
“ serve in their Cups; Laws sacred and in-
“ violable. You must never drink without
“ drinking some ones Health, which having
“ done, you must immediately present the
“ Glass to the Party you drank to, who must
“ never refuse it, but drink it to the last
“ Drop. Reflect a little, I beseech you,
“ on these Customs, and you will see how,
“ and by what Means, it is impossible to
“ cease from drinking. After this manner
“ one shall never have done. It is a per-
“ petual Circle to drink after the *German*
“ Fashion; it is to drink for ever ———
“ You must likewise know, that the Glasses
“ too are respected in those Countries as
“ much as the Wine is loved; they range
“ them all about in Ranks and Files; most
“ of their Rooms are wainscotted up two
“ Thirds of the Wall, and the Glasses are
“ ranged all about, like Organ Pipes, upon
“ the Cornish. They begin with the small,
“ and end with the large ones, which are
“ like Melon Glasses, and must be taken off
“ at one Draught, when they drink any
“ Health of Importance.
“ Let us observe here, * “ That it was the
“ Custom of the antient *Greeks* to drink

* *Chevreana*, T. 2. p. 188.

“ largely after Meals; and, that this Cu-
 “ stom is now practis'd in *Germany*.” This
 was what *Æneas*, and the People of his
 Train, us'd to do, as we learn from these
 Verses of *Virgil**.

“ *Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaque remota,*
 “ *Crateras magnas statunt & vina coronant.*”

After the Teeth had gain'd their first Repose,
 The Dishes ta'en away, the Cloth re-
 mov'd,
 The rich Repast gigantic Tankards close,
 Replete with Wines, by nicest Tastes ap-
 prov'd.

It is the same Thing with the *Armenians*,
 they never drink till at the End of their
 Meals. “ After they have said Grace the
 “ Dishes are remov'd, in order to bring in
 “ the Desert, and then they prepare them-
 “ selves to drink to excess.

We come now to the *Swiss*. Here follows
 what *Daniel Eremita*, a very learned Man,
 who published a Description of their Coun-
 try, has said of them. † “ They have the
 “ same Simplicity in drinking, but they do
 “ not keep the same Moderation. Wine is

* *Æneid*. lib. 1. v. 723.

† *Ed.* 8. p. 411.

“ what they place their Delight in, and they
“ prefer it to all Things in the World. At
“ their Assemblies, both for Pleasure and
“ Business, or any other Affairs, Wine al-
“ ways makes a Party; with which, when
“ they have overloaded their Stomach they
“ discharge it, and set down to it again, and
“ drink as they did at first. They leave the
“ Care of the Family to their Wives and
“ Children, who live with the utmost Oeco-
“ nomy, in favour of their Husbands, who
“ are continually at the Tavern. They talk
“ with Glafs in Hand, and please themselves
“ in that Posture to recount their *Acts* and
“ *Gests*, and those of their Ancestors, as
“ Examples to Posterity. They speak free-
“ ly all they know, and know not what a
“ Secret is. In short, this Way of Life
“ does not only continue whole Days succes-
“ sively, but all the Time they live.

Nor have Things now taken another Aspect
in *Switzerland*. The Author of a Travel late-
ly into that Country, tells us for certain,
that “ Wine is a singular Attractive, a pow-
“ erful Charm, against which the *Swiss* can
“ make no manner of Resistance*.

Before I close this Chapter I shall take
Notice of the *Flemings*, whom we ought to

* *Voyag. de Rouvier*, p. 89.

look upon as making part of *Germany*, who, though they are surrounded by Water, take care never to drink any, which made *Scaliger*, when in *Holland*, say to *Douza*.

“ *In mediis habitamus aquis, quis credere possit*
 “ *Et tamen hic nullæ, Douza, bibuntur aquæ* *.

Amidst the Waters here we live,
 Yet who can any Credit give
 To what I say, for, *Douza*, here
 No Water Drinkers e'er appear.

Guicciardin, in his Description of the low Countries, accuses the People of drinking too much. † *Hanno*, says he, *poi per la maggior parte quel vitio del bere troppo*. He adds, however, “ That they are in some sort excusable; “ because the Air of the Country being for “ the most part of the Year humid, and apt “ to inspire Melancholy, they could not, “ perhaps, make use of a more efficacious “ Remedy to expel this irksome, unwhole- “ some Melancholy, than Wine, which, I “ suppose, was *Horace's* Sentiment, when “ he said, *With Wine drive away Care*. The “ Words in the Original are, *Ma sono in* “ *qualche parte scusabili, per che essendo l'aria*

* *De admir. Holland.*

† *Ed. Fol. 1567. p. 29.*

“ del paese il pui del tempo humida & malin-
“ conica, non potrieno peraventura trovar in-
“ stromento piu idoneo a scacciare & battere la
“ malinconia odiosa & mal sana che il vino, si
“ come pare che accerni Horatio dicendo. *Vino*
“ *pellite curas.*

But without any farther talking of the
Germans, I shall end this Chapter with this
necessary Remark, That one need not go
out of *England* for Examples of hard
Drinking, our Country, God bless it,
does not come behind any other in this
Particular.





C H A P. XVIII.

*Of Nations that get Drunk with certain
Liquors.*

Not every Country does not produce
A Wine, but according to the Poet*.
“ *Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius Uvæ.*

Here Wheat, more happily there grows the
Grape.

Those Nations, with whom there are no
Vines, have invented other Drinks to make
themselves Merry. *Pliny* † tells us, That
the Western People got Drunk with certain
Liquors made with Fruits; and that these
Liquors have different Names in *Gaul* and
Spain, tho' they produce the same Effect.

Ammianus Marcellinus reports, That the
Gauls having no Wine in their Country,
tho' they are very fond of it, contrive a great

* *Virgil.*

† *Const. & Jul. lib. 16.*

many Sorts of Liquors, which produce the same Effect as Wine. *Vini avidum genus adlectans ad vini similitudinem multiplices potus.*

The *Scythians* had no Wine, as appears by the Answer of *Anacharsis* the Philosopher, who being asked, If they had none that played on the Flute in *Scythia*, replied, That they had not so much as any Wine there. However, for all that, they got drunk with certain Liquors which had the Force and Strength of Wine. This also we learn from these Words of *Virgil*.

Ipse in defossis specubus, secura subaltis
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque roborata lasque
Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, & pocula lati
Fermento, atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.

Secure, in quiet Ease, they dwell in Caves
 Deep dug in Earth, and to their Chimnies
 Whole Oaks, and Elms entire, which Flames
 devour.
 Here all the Night in Sport and merry Glee
 They pass and imitate, with acid Service,
 By Fermentation vinous made, the Grape.

The *Thracians* intoxicate themselves by swallowing the Fumes of certain Herbs which they cast into the Fire.

The *Babylonians*, according to *Herodotus*, used likewise to get drunk, by swallowing the Fumes of certain Herbs that they burned.

Strabo reports, that the *Indians* made a certain Drink with Sugar Canes, which made them Merry; very probably, not unlike what we now call Rum.

Benso, in his History of *America*, says the same of the Inhabitants of the Island of *Hispaniola*, and several other Provinces of *America*.

Pliny and *Athenæus* tell us, that the *Egyptians* fuddled themselves with a Drink made of Barley; by this it seems the Liquor of Sir *John Barley-Corn* is very antient.

*Leri**, in his Voyage to *Brasil*, tells us, That the Inhabitants of that Country are as great Drinkers as the *Germans*, *Flemings*, *Lansquenets*, *Swiss*: And all those merry Gentlemen who love Carousing, and drink *supernaculum*, ought to agree, that they are even with them. Their Drink is made of certain Roots, which they boil and ferment, and is then called by them in their Language *Caou--in*. The Author adds, “ That he has
“ seen them not only drink three Days and
“ Nights successively without ceasing, but
“ that they were so very Drunk, that they

* P. 126. Ed. 1594.

could swallow no more till they had disgorged, which was in order to begin again.

There * grows in the *Eastern Countries* certain particular Drugs, with which the Inhabitants are wonderfully delighted, and which produce a kind of Drunkenness, or agreeable Folly, which continues some Time. They are so much accustomed to the Use of these Drugs, by a long Habit, that they imagine that Life must be very sad and unhappy without them. The *Indians* and *Persians* have their *Bangué*, the *Egyptians* their *Bola*, and the *Turks* their *Opium*.

In relation to the *Persians*, *Tavernier* † has these Words, viz. “ They have a sort of Drink to divert and make themselves Merry, which they call *Kokemaar*, made of Poppy Seeds boiled. They drink it scalding Hot; and there are particular Houses, called *Kokemaar Kronè*, where People meet, and give a great deal of Pleasure and Delight to those who see the ridiculous Postures which this kind of Liquor makes them perform. Before it operates they quarrel with one another, and give abusive Language, without coming

* *L'Emer. des Alim. part 3. ch. 2.*

† *T. I. lib. 5. ch. 17.*

“ to Blows; afterwards, when the Drug
 “ begins to have its Effect, then they also be-
 “ gin to make Peace. One compliments in a
 “ very high degree, another tells Stories,
 “ but all are extremely ridiculous both in
 “ their Words and Actions.” And after
 having spoken of other Liquors that they
 make use, he adds, “ It is difficult to find
 “ in *Persia* a Man that is not addicted to
 “ some one of these Liquors, without which
 “ they think they cannot live but very un-
 “ pleasantly.

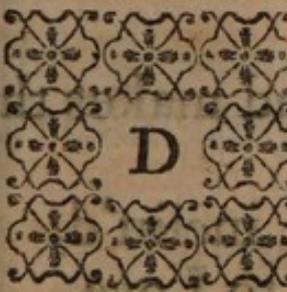
I take no Notice here of that admirable
 Drink called *Punch* with us; nor *Juniper*
 Water (vulgarly called *Geneva*, a Corrupti-
 on from the *French* Word *Genevre*, which sig-
 nifies the same Thing) nor that Dram cal-
 led, *All Fours*, which have such wonderful Ef-
 fects on the wretched Commonalty.





C H A P. XIX.

Other Considerations in favour of Drunkenness.

 Runkenness will (and ought to do so) appear excusable to People the most sober, if they would but make these two Reflections following, *viz.*

I. *That Drunkards are not generally given to Lewdness.*

“ *Aristotle* says, That too much Drinking
“ makes one very improper for the Acts of
“ *Venus*, and gives his Reasons. *Athenæus* re-
“ ports the same Thing in that Passage, where
“ he makes mention of the Drunkenness of
“ *Alexander* the Great, a Vice, says he,
“ which, perhaps, was the Cause of his
“ little Inclination for the Ladies.

Montaigne * speaks very well on this Article, “ These, says he, are two Things which

* *Essais*, l. 2. ch. 2.

“ vigorously oppose each other; this weak-
 “ ens our Stomach on one Hand; whereas,
 “ on the other, Sobriety serves to makes us
 “ more quaint and delicate in the Exercise
 “ of Love.

Ovid * says much the same Thing.

“ *Vina parant animum veneri, nisi plurima su-*
mas,

“ *Ut stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.*

Wine, not too much, inspires, and makes the
 Mind

To the soft Joys of *Venus* strong inclin'd,
 Which buried in Excess, unapt to Love,
 Stupidly lies, and knows not how to move.

II. *That in those Countries where they do
 not drink to Excess, they are very much
 addicted to Debauchery.*

It is certain, That in hot Countries they
 drink a great deal less than they do in cold,
 but in lieu of that, Lewdness reigns much
 more. *Montaigne* †, after having observed
 that they began to drink less than they used
 to do, adds, “ Does any one think it tends
 “ to Amendment? No, indeed, but, per-

* *De Remed. Amor.*

† *Essais, liv. 2. ch. 2.*

“ haps, we are much more given to Whoring
“ than our Forefathers.

This puts me in mind of an *Italian*, who
having reproached a *German* with the *Drun-*
kenness of his Country, by these Verses,
viz.

“ *Germani multos possunt tolerare labores*

“ *O utinam possint tam tolerare sitim.*

The *Germans* (patient) toil, inur'd to Pain,
O could they but their Thirst so well sustain!

The *German* answered him *extempore* in
these other two.

“ *Ut nos vitis amor, sic vos Venus improba*
vexat

“ *Est data lex Veneri, Julia, nulla mero.*

As we love Wine, so wicked *Venus* you,
Twas *this*, not *that*, the *Julian* Edict knew.

In order to draw a Consequence from all
his, let us speak once more of *Montaigne**,
whose Words are, “ And if we cannot give
any Pleasure but what costs us something,
as the Antients maintain, I find this Vice
costs the Conscience less than all the rest,

* *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

“ besides, it is in this respect, no
 “ despicable Consideration, that a Man
 “ advanced in Honours, amongst Three
 “ principal Conveniencies of Life, that he
 “ told me he yet enjoy'd, he reckoned This
 “ for One.

After having shewn in the foregoing
 Chapters, That Drunkenness reigns all the
 World over, *Nulla in parte mundi cessat*
Ebrietas. Let us see what we may hence
 infer in its favour: And I ask, if the
 Agreement of so many different Nations,
 to do one and the same Thing, proves no-
 thing, and may not, in some Measure, serve
 as an Apology for Drunkenness? For if
 one considers, that the surprizing Variety
 of the Humour and Temperament of Men,
 do, notwithstanding, in no wise hinder
 them from agreeing unanimously in this
 Point, one shall have a very strong Temp-
 tation to believe, that the Desire of getting
 Drunk is an *innate* Quality, and we shall
 be confirmed in this Sentiment after tasting
 experimentally the exquisite Sweetness cau-
 sed by Drunkenness.

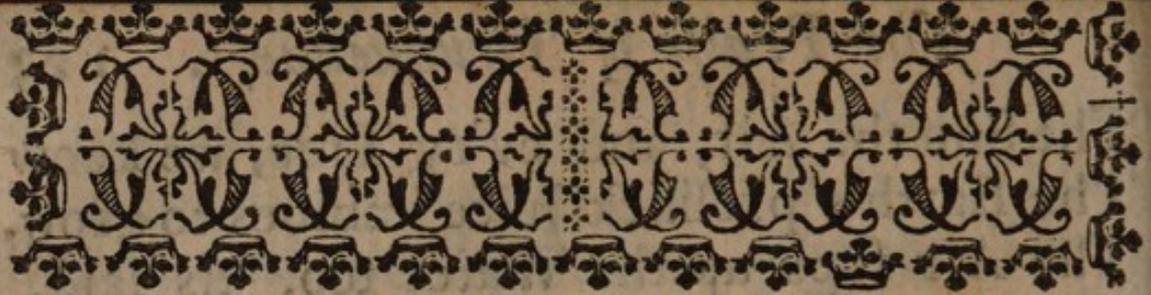
To conclude,

All drink, throughout the Universe, 'tis
 plain,
 The Moon drinks up the Sea, the Earth the
 Rain,

The Sun the Air, and ev'ry Tree, we know
The Earth's prolifick Juice imbibes to grow.
The Air sups up the Water too, 'tis said,
Why then, my dearest Friends, d'ye plague
my Head,
And angry grow, because, dry Soul *, I
swill
New Wine, Drink fit for Gods, and quaff
my fill.

* *Anima mea non potest habitare in sicco.* S. Aug.





CHAP. XX.

An Answer to the Objection, That Drunkenness causes infinite Evils.

AFTER having specified the good Qualities of Drunkenness, let us now answer some frivolous Objections that may be made against what we have here advanced. For Example, People will not be wanting immediately to object, That Drunkenness has been the Cause of infinite Evils.

To this I answer, that it has been only the Cause of these Evils, when People have pushed it too far, and not observed the Rules they ought to keep in Drinking, and which we shall see here prescribed by and by. For where do we find, that any one of so many grave Philosophers that used to get drunk, made any Disorders? It was for this Reason that *Chrysippus's* Maid said, that *her Master was drunk in the Hams*. And 'twas on this very Account, perhaps, that the Stoics said of their Sage, "That he was, indeed, to be overcome with Wine, but would not, however, be drunk, *Vino obrutum*"

“ *rutum iri non ebrium tamen futurum.*

On the other Hand, without being willing to excuse those Disorders which Drunkenness has been the Cause of, one may say nevertheless, that some of these Disorders have produced Effects highly advantagious.

“ Suppose, for Example, that *Lot* had not
“ got drunk, and his two Daughters had
“ not been possessed with the furious Desire
“ of having Children, and the Fear of dy-
“ ing Maids, you ruin, by this Means,
“ whole Families, who bore a great part
“ in the wonderful Events of the Children
“ of *Israel**.

Their High Mightinesses the States of *Holland*, have eternal Obligations to Drunkenness, since to this they owe, in some sort, the Establishment of their Republic, which was after this manner, according to *Strada*.
† The same Day that *Brederode*, accompanied by above two Hundred Gentlemen, had presented that famous Petition to *Margaret of Parma*, who then governed the *Netherlands*, he gave a magnificent Entertainment in the House of the Count of *Culenbourg*, there was no want of Drinking; and as they saw the Count of *Hoostrate*, who by chance passed that way, they began, with a great

* *Lett. 16. sur la Crit. du Calvin.*

† *Strada de Bello Belgico, Part 1. lib. 5.*

deal of Joy, to give one another the Name of *Gueux* †; upon which taking each of them altogether great Glasses in their Hands, they made Vows and Oaths to each other by the Name of *Gueux*, and cried out with one Voice and general Applause, *Long live the Gueux.* After which they promised mutual Fidelity; and the Prince of *Orange* and the Counts of *Egmont* and *Horn* coming to them, they began to drink again, and with great Acclamation renewed Vows and Wishes with these new Comers, as they had already done, for the *Gueux.* At last, in the Heat of Wine, they took those vigorous Resolutions, the Effects of which were afterwards seen, which was the Liberty of the *United Provinces.*

† *The French Word for Beggars.*



C H A P. XXI.

An Answer to the Objection, That the Mirth which Wine inspires is chimerical.

I T will be objected, without doubt, that the Mirth which Wine inspires is imaginary, and without any Foundation, and that, as *Boileau* has it.

*“ Rien n'est beau que le vrai. Le vrai seul est
“ amiable.*

Nothing so beautiful as what is true,
That it is only lovely is its Due.

I very willingly own, that this Joy and Mirth is nothing else than the Effect of our Imagination.

Full well I'm satisfied 'tis nothing all
But a deceitful Hope, less solid far,
A thousand Times, than is the moving Sand;
But are not all Things so with wretched
Man?

All Things soon pass away like rapid Streams
 Which hasten to the Sea, where lost for ever
 In th' Ocean's vast Abyſs unknown they lie.
 Our wiſeſt Wiſhes and Deſires are vain,
 Abſtracted Vanities, gay painted Bubbles,
 That break when touch'd and vaniſh into Air.
 Love, Wiſdom, Knowledge, Riches, Phan-
 toms all.

But before we thoroughly refute this Ob-
 jection, I ſhall obſerve by the Way, That
 Errors and Illuſions are neceſſary to the
 World. * “ In general, indeed, it is true to
 “ ſay, that the World, as it is now, cannot
 “ keep it ſelf in the ſame Condition, were
 “ not Men full of a Thouſand falſe Prejudi-
 “ ces and unreaſonable Paſſions; and if Philo-
 “ ſophy went about to make Men act accord-
 “ ing to the clear and diſtinct Ideas of Reaſon,
 “ we might, perhaps, be ſatisfied, that Man-
 “ kind would quickly be at an end. Errors,
 “ Paſſions, Prejudices, and a Hundred other
 “ the like Faults, are as a neceſſary Evil to
 “ the World. Men would be worth no-
 “ thing for this World, were they cured, and
 “ the greateſt part of the Things which now
 “ take up our Time, would be uſeleſs, as
 “ *Quintilian* well knew, namely Eloquence.

* *Lett. 16. ſur la Crit. de Calvin, p. 516.*

Things are in this Condition, and will not easily change, and we may wait long enough for such a happy Revolution, before we shall be able to say with *Virgil*.

“ *Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

A Series long of Ages now appear,
Entirely new to Man, before unknown.

On the other Hand, * “ If you take away
“ from Man every Thing that is chimeri-
“ cal, What Pleasure will you leave him?
“ Pleasures are not Things so solid, as to
“ permit us to search them to the bottom;
“ one must only just touch them and away.
“ They resemble boggy and moorish Ground,
“ we must run lightly over them, without
“ ever letting our Feet make the least Im-
“ pression.

No, wherefoe'er we turn our wishing Eye,
True Pleasures never can our Souls enjoy.

Let us add, † “ That if we did not help to
“ deceive our selves, we should never enjoy
“ any Pleasure at all. The most agreeable
“ Things in this World are, in the bottom,

* *Fontenelle Dial. d'Elisab. & du D. d'Alençon.*

† ——— *Dial. des Morts de Callich. & de Paulin*

“ so trivial, that they would not much af-
 “ fect us if we made but never so little seri-
 “ ous Reflection upon them. Pleasures are
 “ not made to be strictly examined into,
 “ and we are obliged every Day to pass over
 “ a great many Things in them, about which
 “ it would not be proper to make one self
 “ uneasy.

Besides, * “ Is not the Illusion we enjoy
 “ as valuable as the Good we possess? M.
 “ Fontenelle makes a very excellent Obser-
 “ vation hereupon in these Verses †.

“ *Souvent en s'attachant a des fantômes vains*
 “ *Notre raison seduite avec plaisir s'egare.*
 “ *Elle-même jouit l'objets qu'elle a fenits.*
 “ *Et cette illusion pour quelque tems repare*
 “ *Le defaut des vrais biens que la nature avare*
 “ *N'a pas accordez aux humains.*

Often enchanted by the 'luring Charms
 Of Phantoms gay, our Reason all seduc'd,
 With Pleasure roams thro' endless Desarts
 wild,
 Enjoys the Objects which her self has form'd.
 And this Illusion for some Time repairs
 The want of real Joys, which niggard Na-
 ture
 Never has granted to unhappy Man.

* *Nov. Dial. des Dieux. p 68.*

† *Poesies Pastors.*

“ Enjoyment, says *Montaigne* *, and Possession, belong principally to Imagination, which embraces more eagerly that which it is in pursuit of, than that which we have in our Power.

And certainly, one may pronounce them Happy, who thus amuse themselves, and believe themselves to be so. And indeed, when a Man is so far gone in this Perswasion, every Thing that is alledged to the contrary is rejected as a Fable.

But to shew, at present, the Reality, if one may say so, of meer Illusion, we need go no farther than the Poets, who are certainly the happiest Mortals living in that respect.

To instance no more, there's Mr. ———, who would fain be a Rhimer, and that's his Folly; but tho' the poor Man, for his insipid Verses, and improper Epithets, richly deserves our Pity, yet is he wonderfully pleased with his Performances, and with a great deal of Tranquillity mounts up *Parnassus*, in his own Conceit, in loftier Tracts than *Virgil* or *Theocritus* ever knew. But alas! what would become of him, if some audacious Person should dare unbind his Eyes, and make him see his weak and graceless Lines, which, however smoothly they

* *Essais*, lib. 3. ch. 9.

may run, are, at best, but exquisitely dull; contain Terms that have no Meaning in them, and have no other Ornament, but unintelligible Jingle, and initial Letters? How would he curse the Day which deprived his senseless Soul of that happy Error that so much charm'd his Thoughts, and amused his Imagination?

What is here said of the Poets is applicable to all Mankind; and so a Man, whom any one should undertake to persuade, That the Mirth and Joy inspired by Wine is chimerical, would do well to answer him, after the Manner as a certain Mad-man did the Doctor that cured him. The Story is this,

Once upon a Time a certain *Bigot*, otherwise a Man of Sense, had his Brain a little touched with Whimsies, and continually fancied he heard the heavenly Musick of the blessed Spirits. At last a Physician, very expert in his Profession, cured him, either by his Skill, or by Chance, no Matter which; but when he came to demand his Fees; for what? Says the other, in a violent Passion, by your damn'd Slip-flops and hellish Art, you have robbed me of my Paradise, tho' you have cured me of my Error. This I borrow from *Boileau**, as he did from *Horace*†.

* *Satire 4. M. le Vayer.*

† *Lib. 2. Ep. 2.*

* “ There are, says *Pere Bouhours*, writing to *Bussi Rabutin*, agreeable Errors, which are much more valuable than that which the *Spaniards* call *Desengano*, and which might be called in our Language *Disabusement*, if this Word, which one of our best Writers has ventur'd upon, had been received.

We shall conclude with *M. de Sacy* †, That it is not always doing Mankind an agreeable Service to dissipate their Illusions.” And we say of those who taste those Satisfaction Wine inspires, what *M Bayle* says very pleasantly of News-Mongers, who are still in hopes of what they wish for. They are †, says he, the least unhappy, whatever happens. There is a great deal of Reality in their agreeable Sentiments, how chimerical soever their Foundation may be; so that they do not willingly suffer themselves to be disabused, and they sometimes say, when one gives them Reasons why they should believe the News that makes them so joyful, is doubtful, or absolutely false. *Why do you envy us the Pleasures we enjoy? Do not disturb our Entertainment, or rob us of what we hold most*

* *Lett. de Rab. T. 3. Lett. 63.*

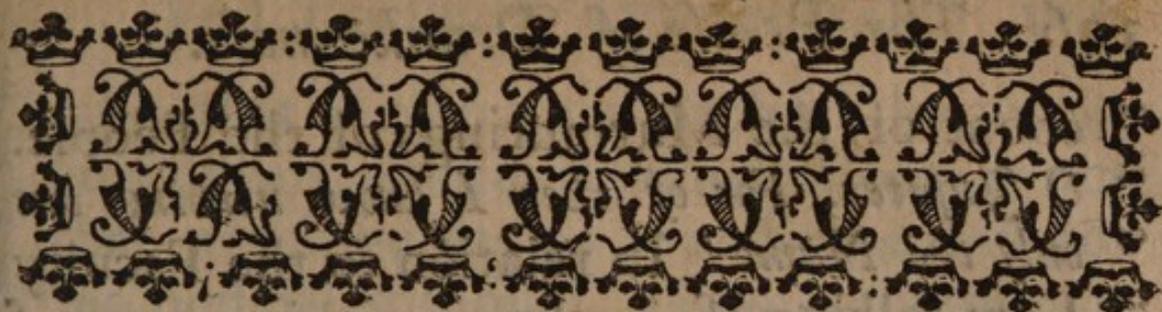
† *De l' Amitié, p. 2.*

‡ *Rep. aux quest. d'un Prov. T. 1. ch. 20.*

“ dear. A Friend more opposite to Error
 “ than Charity is a very troublesome Rea-
 “ soner; and if he meddles with their Chi-
 “ meras they’ll endeavour to do him a Dif-
 “ kindness.

We come now to another Objection, and that is, That this Joy inspired by Wine is but of a very short Continuance; and the Pleasure one tastes in so short a Space, dearly repaid with a long and tedious Uneasiness. *Ebrietas unius horæ hilarem insaniam longo temporis tedio pensat.*

I own that it is a very great Misery, that our Pleasures are so short; and the shorter too, the more exquisite they are. And, perhaps, this may be a Kindness to us, since some are so superlatively so, that should they continue a much longer space, Mankind could not support themselves under these Ecstasies. But be this as it will, can we make them otherwise than they are? We must therefore have Patience, and take them as we find them. In short, there is no present Happiness in the World; all we can do, is to be contented with the present, not uneasy at what’s to come, but sweeten with an Equality of Soul the bitter Miseries of Human Life.



C H A P. XXII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one loses one's Reason in getting Drunk.

 T is objected here, that Reason ought to be the Motive of all our Actions; and, of Consequence, that we ought not voluntarily to lose it.

To this Objection I answer several ways. First and foremost then, I say, People do well to talk to us so much of Reason, when almost all Mankind acts without Reason, so that it may pass for a Thing that has no manner of Existence but in the Imagination. We shall prove this from *M. Bayle*. * “ We are defined, says he, *a reasonable Animal*. “ A very fine Definition indeed, when none of us do any Thing but without Reason. “ I assure you, Sir, that one may say of Reason, what *Euripides* said in the beginning of one of his Tragedies, and “ which afterwards was corrected, on ac-

* *Lett. 22. sur la Crit. du Calv. p. 756.*

“ count of the Murmurings of the People.
 “ *O Jupiter, For of thee I know nothing but*
 “ *only the Name!* In relation to the Faculty
 “ I am talking of, we know nothing more of
 “ it than that, so that we may well laugh at
 “ the Complaints of that Heathen Philoso-
 “ pher, who found that Reason was a very
 “ troublesome Present sent to us by the
 “ Gods for our Ruin; for he supposed,
 “ that Reason busied her self in our Af-
 “ fairs, whereas the Truth of it is, she ne-
 “ ver meddles in the least with them. We
 “ act nothing but with Prejudice, by In-
 “ stinct, by Self-love, and the sudden Starts
 “ of a Thousand Passions, which drag and
 “ turn our Reason as they will, insomuch
 “ that one may most justly define the Princi-
 “ ple which rules and domineers over us,
 “ *A Mass of Prejudices and Passions which*
 “ *knows how to draw Consequences.* I remem-
 “ ber to have seen a Man, who having ne-
 “ ver heard mention made of the *Cotta* of
 “ *Cicero*, said nevertheless as well as he,
 “ that it would have been much better that
 “ God had not made us reasonable, since
 “ Reason poisons all our Affairs, and makes
 “ us ingenious to afflict our selves, upon
 “ which a certain Person said to him in
 “ Raillery, *That he had what he desired; that*
 “ *he had received so small a Share of Reason,*
 “ *that it was not worth his while to complain.*
 “ For my part, I turned the Thing other-
 “ wise,

“ wise, that People were much in the wrong
“ to murmur against Reason, since it is not
“ that which guides us ; and that it is not
“ too possible it should, without overthrow-
“ ing the Order which has reigned so long
“ in the World. The learned *Erasmus*,
“ continued I, deserves the highest Praise
“ in this respect ; he has written, *The Praise*
“ *of Folly*, wherein he shows, That she sheds
“ every where her Influence, and without her,
“ the whole World would in a short Time
“ be turned Topsy turvy. I make no doubt,
“ Sir, but you know the Merit of that
“ Work. The Author speaks, tho’ in a
“ merry Manner, the greatest Truths in the
“ World ; and I do not know, whether he
“ believed himself as profound a Philoso-
“ pher, as he really was, in that ingenious
“ Satire.

Secondly, This is not all, * “ It is some-
“ times necessary, for the general Good of
“ the World, to follow Prejudices, popular
“ Errors, and the blind Instincts of Nature,
“ rather than the distinct Ideas of Reason.”

Mr. *Bayle* extends himself farther on this
Idea in another Place, which I shall here in-
sert. “ Errors, says he, irregular Passions,
“ and unreasonable Prejudices, are so ne-

* *Lett. sur la Crit. du Calv. Lett. 16. p. 504.*

† *Ibid, p. 535.*

cessary to the World, to make it a Theatre of
 that prodigious Diversity of Events which
 make one admire his Providence. So that he
 who would reduce Men to do nothing but ac-
 cording to the distinct Ideas of *Reason*, would
 ruin Civil Society. If Man was reduced
 to this Condition, he would have no longer
 any Desire of Glory; and having no longer
 that Desire, is it not true, that then
 Mankind would be like Ice? I say, he
 would have no Desire of Glory, for right
 Reason shews us, That we should not
 make our Happiness depend on the Judg-
 ment of other Men; and consequently,
 that we should not toil and fatigue our
 selves, to make other People say this, or
 that, of us ——— The earnest Desire
 of being praised after Death, is an In-
 stinct of Morality that God has impressed
 in the Mind of Man, to keep up Society.
 And it is certain, that earnest Desire has
 been the Cause of the greatest Events;
 and this ought to instruct us, that the
 World stands in need of a great many In-
 stincts, which examined according to the
 Ideas of our Reason, are ridiculous and
 absurd. For there is nothing so opposite
 to Reason, as to torment our selves in
 this Life, that we may be praised after
 we are dead, since neither Philosophy,
 nor Experience, nor Faith, nor any Thing
 whatsoever, makes it appear, That the
 Praises

“ Praises given us after Death can do us
“ any good. It would be a Thing uneasy
“ to the Heart of Man, if we did nothing
“ but according to the Light of Reason; and
“ how many Designs would come to nothing
“ at the same Time ?

Thirdly, Besides, Reason very often serves
for nothing but to make us wretched.

“ The Happiness of Man is never the Work
“ of Reason.” Of all our Evils Reason is
often the worst; it frightens us in the full
Career of our Pleasures, and with importu-
nate Remorses comes to bridle our fleet De-
sires. The horrid Thing reserves for us most
cruel and matchless Rigors. 'Tis like a
troublesome Pedant one is forced to hear,
who always growls, but never touches us,
and frequently like D——, and such
like venerable Impertinents, lose the Time
they employ in Predication.

* “ If there be any Happiness, says *Fonte-*
“ *nelle*, that Reason produces, it is like that
“ Sort of Health which cannot be maintain-
“ ed but by the Force of Physic, and which
“ is ever most feeble and uncertain.”

And in another Place he cries out, † “ Can
“ we not have sound Sight without being at
“ the same Time wretched and uneasy ? Is

* *Dial. de M. Stuart, & P. Riccio.*

† *Dial. de Parmen. & de Theb.*

“ there any Thing gay but Error? And is
 “ Reason made for any Thing else but to
 “ torment and kill us?” * “ What Cause
 “ have not Men to bewail their wretched
 “ Condition? Nature furnishes them but
 “ with a very few Things that are agree-
 “ able, and their Reason teaches them how
 “ to enjoy them yet less.” † “ And, why
 “ has Nature, in giving us Passions which
 “ are sufficient to make us happy, given
 “ us Reason, that will not suffer us to
 “ be so?

’Twas this same troublesome Reason that
 made *Sophocles* say, † “ It is very sweet to
 “ live, but none of your Wisdom, away
 “ with her, she spoils Life.

Vaunt less thy Reason, O unhappy Man!
 Behold how useles is this Gift celestial,
 For which, they say, thou should’st the rest
 disdain.

Feeble as thou wert in thy infant Days,
 Like thee she moved, she totter’d and was
 weak.

When Age mature arriv’d, and call’d to
 Pleasures,
 Slave to thy Sense, she still was so to thee,

* *Dial. de Alexand. & Phryne.*

† *Nouv. Dial. des Dieux*, p. 99.

‡ *Moria Encom.*

When fifty Winters, Fate had let thee count;
Pregnant with thousand Cares and Worlds
of Woes,
The hateful Issue in thy Breast she threw,
And now grown old thou loofest her for
ever.

Before I end this Chapter, let every
Body take Notice, That if for having spo-
ken so much against Reason, any one should
say, that it is a plain sign the Author has
none; and that there are a great many
others, who, in the Words of M. *La Motte*
* will be apt to say,

“ *Heureux cent fois l'Auteur avec qui l'on
s'oublie*

“ *Qui nous offre un charmant poison,*

“ *Et nous associant a sa douce folie*

“ *Nous affranchit de la raison.*

Happy the Author, whose bewitching Stile
Life's tedious Minutes can beguile,
Makes us, with him, forget uneasy Care,
And not remember what we are.

Who by a Charm, which no one can with-
stand,
Enchanting Poison can command,

* *La Motte, Od. la Vanité.*

Can make us share his pleasing Foolery,
And from dull Reason set us free.

And I shall not be wanting to answer in
the Words of the same Gentleman.

* “ *Bûveur’s briser le joug d’une raison trop fiere*
“ *Eteignez son triste flambeau*
“ *D’autres enseignent l’art d’augmenter sa lumiere*
“ *Mais l’art eteindre est plus beau.*

Break, jolly Topers, break th’ ungrateful
Chain

Of Reason, if she too imperious grow,
Of being disturb’d you never need complain,
If you put out her troublesome Flam-
beau.

Others may teach the Art t’ Increase her
Fires,

To put them Out a finer Art requires.

* *Ode. Thalia.*





C H A P. XXIII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one cannot trust a Man that gets Drunk.

HERE is a Proverb amongst the Jews, * “*Ingrediente vino egreditur secretum.*” As the Wine goes in so the Secret goes out. Seneca † makes the same Objection. “As, says he, new Wine bursts the Vessel, and the Heat makes every Thing go upwards, so the Force of Wine is such, that it brings to light, and discovers, what is most secret and hidden.”

In answer to this Objection I say, That People who are naturally Secret, are not less so after drinking. ‖ “And *Bacchus* was not said to be the Inventor of Wine, on Account of the Liberty of his Tongue, but because he freed our Minds from

* *Voyage de Rouvie, p. 497.*

† *Ep. 83.*

‖ *Seneca de Tranquillitate.*

“ Disquiet, and makes them more firm and
 “ resolute in what we undertake.

Besides, do we not see every Day, People of all Ranks, Conditions, and Characters, get drunk, and yet we trust them with Secrets, and it very rarely happens they speak of them when they are drunk. Thus, if we consult History, we shall learn from *Seneca* † himself, that the Design of killing *Cæsar* was as well communicated to *Tullius Cimber*, who was a great Drinker, as to *C. Cassius*, who drank nothing but Water. And tho’ *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, got frequently drunk, he, notwithstanding, excellently acquitted himself of his Duty. *Augustus* made no manner of difficulty to give him secret Instructions, bestowing on him the Government of *Thrace*, the Conquest of which he intirely completed. *Tiberius*, before he left *Rome*, where he was generally hated, in order to retire into the *Campania*, made choice of *Costus*, who was extremely given to Wine, for Governor of that City, to whom he communicated such Things as he dared not trust his own Ministers with.

* *Seneca, Ep. 83.*

C H A P. XXIV.

An Answer to the Objection, That Drunkenness makes one incapable of performing the Duties of Civil Life.

DENY this absolutely, and to
I prove the contrary, I say, the *Per-*
sians had a Custom to deliberate on
Things the most serious, and of the
reatest Importance, after hard Drinking.
Tacitus reports the same Thing of the *Ger-*
mans. *Dampier* assures us, That the same
Custom is practised with the Inhabitants of
the Isthmus *Darien*. And to go higher, one
finds in *Homer*, that during the Siege of *Troy*,
the *Greeks*, in Council, did eat and drink
heartily. An evident Proof, that this Ob-
jection is contrary to Experience. But to
go farther, this same Experience made the
Ancients look on those who could carry a
great deal of Wine, as Persons of a Genius
very much superior to those who could not
drink at all. On this Account it was, that
Alexander, in writing to the *Lacedemonians* the
Reasons which rendered him more capable
of Government than his Brother, amongst
other Things, takes Notice, that he could
H drink

drink more Wine than he. And so many fine Productions, for which we are obliged to the Drunkenness of the Poets, make it evidently appear, that Wine, far from rendering us incapable of doing any Thing that good, rather helps and incites us to it. This important Truth we shall confirm by several Examples.

Plutarch relates, that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, after having conquered the *Athenians* made a Feast, at which he got drunk; and that all proud with that happy Success, nevertheless did a great many Things intirely ridiculous; but being informed that the *Ambassadors* that the *Athenians* sent him to desire Peace, wished to see him, changed his Countenance all of a sudden, and having heard their Proposals with possible Attention, answered them with great deal of Justice.

The Emperor *Bonofus*, who *Amelian* says was born not to live, but to drink, acted always with greater Prudence after drinking, says *Flavius Vopiscus*, after *Onesimus* *.

We have taken Notice, in the foregoing Chapter, that *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, tho' he was often drunk, acquitted himself notwithstanding, punctually of his Duty.

* *Flav. Vopisc. in vita Bonof.*

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† *Christiern*, the 4th King of *Denmark*, drank like a *Templer*, and never King was more laborious, a greater Lover of his Subjects, or more beloved by them.

* *Scaliger* says, That a *German* has as much Reason when he is drunk, as when he has drank nothing. *Non minus sapit Germanus ebrius quam sobrius.*

|| *Montaigne* speaks in his *Essays*, of a great Lord of his Time, who, tho' he drank every Day a prodigious Quantity of Wine, was, nevertheless, equally careful in his Affairs. According to which, that which *Cicero* says is not generally true, viz. "That one must never expect Prudence from a Man that is always drunk." *Nec enim ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia* §.

Another Proof that *Drunkenness* does not render us incapable of doing any Thing that is good, is, that it inspires People with Courage, and even makes the Coward valiant. *Ad prelia trudit inertem.* Experience confirms this Truth. "We see, says *Montaigne* §, that our *Germans*, tho' drowned in

† *Amel. de la Houffai sur Tacit. Ann. Liv. II. ch. 35.*

* *Scaligeriana, p. 169.*

|| *L. 2. ch. 2.*

§ *Orat. 2. Philip.*

§ *Essais, l. 2. ch. 2.*

“ Wine, remember their Post, the Word
 “ and their Rank.

We read in *Spartien*, That a certain General having been vanquished by the *Saracens*, his Soldiers laid all the Blame of their Defeat on their want of Wine.

The Soldiers of the Army of *Pescennius Niger* pressed earnestly for Wine, undoubtedly to make them fight the better; but he refused them in these Words, *You have the Nile*, said he, *and do you ask for Wine?* I Imitation, I suppose, of the Emperor *Augustus* *, who, when the People complain of the Dearness and Scarcity of Wine, said to them, *My Son in Law Agrippa has preserved you from Thirst by the Canals he has made for you.*

By what has been said it plainly appears That Wine is so far from hindering a Man from performing the Duties of Life, that it rather forwards him, and is an admirable Ingredient in all States and Conditions, both of Peace and War, which made *Horace* † thus bespeak the God of Wine.

“ *Quanquam choreis aptior & jocos*

“ *Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus*

* *Sueton. in Vit. August.*

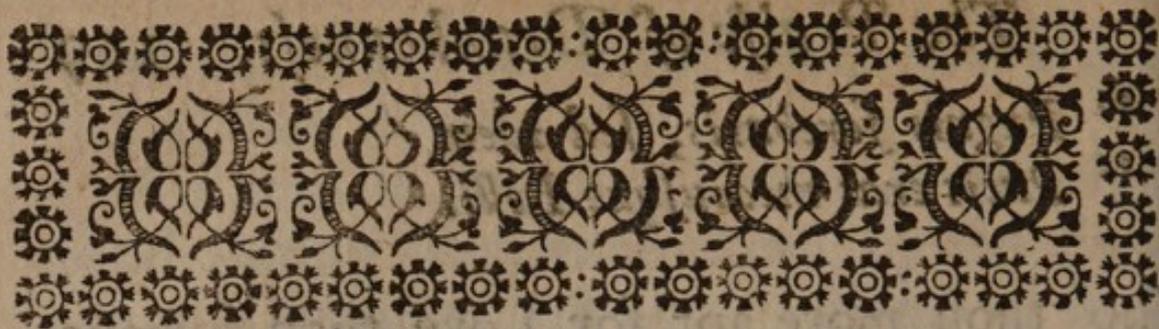
† *Lib. 2. Od. 19.*

“ *Pugnis ferebaris, sed idem*

“ *Pacis eras mediusque Belli.*

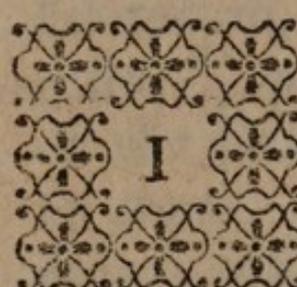
Tho' thou more apt for Love than furious
War,
And gay Desires to move, thy chiefeft Care,
Let War, and sweetest Pleasures, you can
joyn,
Both *Mars* and *Venus* are Devotes to Wine.





C H A P. XXV.

*Burlesque, ridiculous, and out-of-the-Way
Thoughts, against Drunkenness.*

 T is reported that *Gerson* should say, That there was no Difference between a Man's killing himself at one Stroke, or to procure Death by several, in getting Drunk.

Some Body has burlesqued this Verse of *Ovid**,

Vina parant animos, faciuntque coloribus aptos.

And thus changed it,

Vina parant asinos, faciuntque furoribus aptos.

† *Cyneas* alluding to those high Trees to which they used to fasten the Vines, said one

* *Sphinx Theol.* p. 682.

† *Diver. cur.* T. I. p. 141.

day, discoursing on Wine, that it was not without Reason that his Mother was hanged upon so high a Gibbet.

|| "The Diversion that People took heretofore in making one another drunk, appeared more heinous to St. *Augustine* than an Assassination, for he maintained, that those who made any one drunk, did him greater Injury than if they had given him a Stab with a Dagger.

* "A Greek Physician wrote once a Letter to *Alexander*, in which he begged him to remember, that every Time that he drank Wine, he drank *the pure Blood of the Earth*, and that he must not abuse it.

† "Some Poets say, that it was the Blood of the Gods wounded in their Battle with the Giants.

¶ "The *Severians* in St. *Epiphanius*, hold, that it was engendered by a Serpent, and it is for that Reason that the Vine is so strong. And the *Encratites*, in the same Author, imagine to themselves, that it was the Gall of the Devil.

|| *Rep. des Lett.* Janv. 1687. Art. I.

* *Androcydes*.

† *Entret. de Voiture, & de Costar, Lett.* 29.

¶ *Lib. 1. Heres.* 47.

“ Noah * in an Hour of Drunkenness,
“ says St. Jerom, let his Body be seen na-
“ ked, which he had kept covered for six
“ Hundred Years.

* Ep. ad Oceanum.





CHAP. XXVI.

A ridiculous Aversion that some have to Wine.

N aversion to Wine is a Thing not very common; and there are but a very few but will say with *Catullus*.

*“ At vos quo lubet, hinc abite lymphæ
“ Vini pernicies.*

Pernicious Water, bane to Wine, be gone.

One should certainly be very much in the wrong to put in the Number of those who had an Aversion to Wine the Duke of *Clarence*. His Brother *Edward* the Fourth, prejudiced with the Predictions of *Merlin*, as if they foretold, that one Day that Duke should usurp the Crown from his Children, resolved to put him to Death, he only gave him the Liberty to chuse what Death he would die of. The Duke being willing to die a merry Death, chose to be drowned in a *Butt*

of *Malmesey*. Not unlike him on whom this Epigram was made.

* “ *In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,*
 “ *Sic ait Oeneus, sponte perire velim.*

In a full Glafs of Wine expir'd a Fly,
 So, said *Oeneus*, would I freely die.

But let us come in earnest to those who have really had an Antipathy to Wine. *Herbelot* †, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, says, that there are some *Mussulmans* so superstitious, that they will not call Wine by its true Name, which is *Schamr* and *Nedibh*; and that there are some Princes amongst them that have forbidden the mentioning of it by express Laws. The Reason of all this is, the Prohibition of *Mahomet* to his Followers, which enjoyns them not to drink Wine. The Occasion of which Prohibition is as follows. || “ They say, that passing one Day
 “ thro' a Village, and seeing the People in
 “ the Mirth of Wine embracing and kif-
 “ sing one another, and making a Thou-
 “ sand Protestations of Friendship, he was
 “ so charmed with the Sight, that he blessed

* *Fem. sur Rabel. T. 4. ch. 93.*

† *Page 777.*

|| *Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Let. 5.*

“ the Wine, as the best Thing in the
“ World. But that, at his return, ob-
“ serving the same Place full of Blood,
“ and having been informed, that the same
“ Men whom he had seen before so merry,
“ had, at last, changed their Mirth in-
“ to Rage, and been fighting with their
“ Swords, he recalled his Benediction, and
“ cursed Wine for ever, on account of the
“ bad Effects it produced.

It is one of the chief Commandments
amongst the *Siameze*, to drink no Wine,
nor any Liquor that will procure Drun-
kenness*.

† “ Drunkenness is detested in most Parts
“ of hot Countries. It is looked upon there
“ as infamous. The greatest Affront you
“ can give a *Spaniard*, is to call him Drun-
“ kard. I have been assured, continues
“ M. Bayle, a Servant, if his Master should
“ call him so, might bring his Action at
“ Law against him, and recover Damages,
“ tho’ any other Name he’ll suffer very pa-
“ tiently, and without any right of Com-
“ plaint of being injured in his Reputa-
“ tion, as Rogue, Hang-Dog, B———,
“ &c.

* Chaumont *Voyag. de Siam.*

† Bayle *Dict.* T. 2. p. 1266.

150 *The Fraije of Drunkennejs.*
Empedocles, we may well conclude, loved Wine, which he called, *Water putrified in Wood.*

* Amongst the *Locrians*, *Seleucus* had such an Aversion to Wine, that he forbade any one to drink it under Pain of Death, or even give it to the Sick.

Apollonius Thyanaeus never drank any Wine, no more than *St. Fulgentius*, Bishop, *S. Stephen* King of *Poland*, and Cardinal *Emeri.*

† “ The *Severians*, Disciples of *Severus*,
“ in the Time of Pope *Sotherus*, condemned
“ absolutely Wine, as a Creature of the
“ Devil.

‡ The Emperor *Frederic* the Third, seeing his Wife barren, consulted the Physicians upon the Case, who told him, that if the Empress would drink Wine she might be fruitful. But he told them, like a Simpleton as he was, that he had rather his Wife should be barren and sober, than be fruitful and drink Wine. And the Empress being informed of the wise Answer of the Imperial Nanny-Hammer her Husband, said full as wisely, That if she was

* *Ælian, lib. 2. ch. 33.*

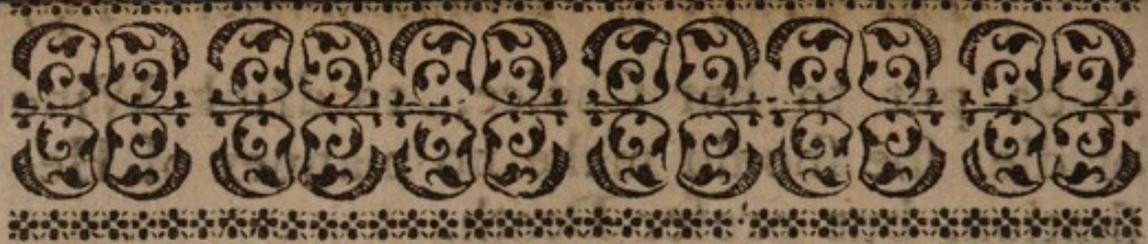
† *Du Mont. Voyag. T. 3. Lit. 5.*

‡ *Rec. choise d' Hist.*

The Stage of Drunkenness. 157
to be put to her Choice, to drink Wine
or die, she should make no manner of He-
sitation, but prefer Death.

De nimia Sapientia libera nos Domine.





C H A P. XXVII.

Rigorous Laws against Wine and Drunkenness.

IT is easy to imagine, that Princes who did not love Wine themselves, would make very rigorous Laws against Drunkenness, and fall into that Fault which *Horace* speaks of.

Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.

But this Maxim, *Nullum violentum durabile*, has been verified a great many Times, upon this Subject of Drunkenness, for all the Laws made against it have not long subsisted.

* *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, endeavoured to extirpate entirely the Custom of getting Drunk, but he did not find his Account in it, for he was very ill treated by his Subjects for his Pains.

† *Lycurgus*, King of *Thrace*, commanded all the Vines of the Country to be cut up,

* *Sphinx Theol.* p. 669.

† *Hist.* 7 *Sap.*

for which he was justly punished by *Bacchus*. He also made Laws against Drunkenness, which one may reckon amongst the bad ones that he instituted. As,

I. *The using Women in common.*

II. *The Nudity of young Women in certain solemn Festivals.*

* “ *Pittacus*, one of the wise Men of
 “ *Greece*, commanded, that he who commit-
 “ ted a Fault when he was drunk, should suf-
 “ fer double Punishment. And amongst
 “ the Laws of *Solon*, there was one, which
 “ condemned to Death the chief Magistrate
 “ if he got drunk. Amongst the *Indians*,
 “ who only just touch Wine in the Ceremo-
 “ nies of their Sacrifices, the Law com-
 “ mands, that the Woman who killed one of
 “ their Kings, should get drunk, and mar-
 “ ry his Successor.

† The *Athenians* had also very severe Laws against those that should get drunk; but one may say, these Laws resembled those of *Draco*, which were written rather with Blood than Ink.

We come now to the *Turks*. Sir *Paul Ricaut* || tells us several Particulars on this Head.

* *Chevreaux*, T. 1, p. 217.

† *Hist. Turc.*

|| See his *Turkish Hist.*

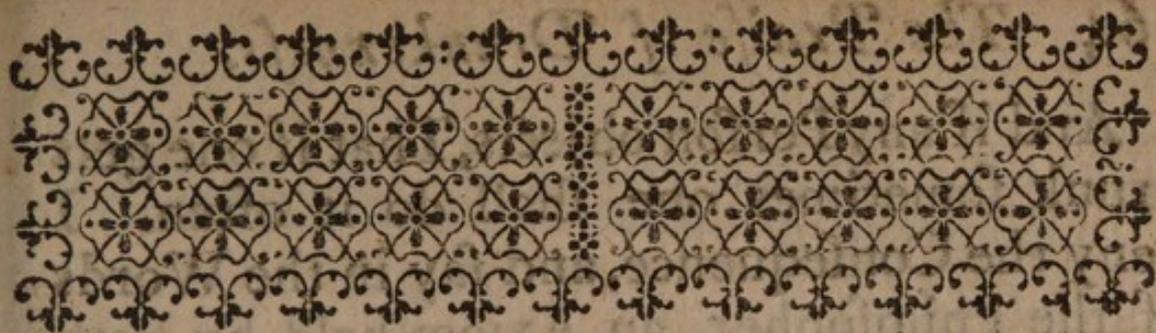
Amurath, says he, resolv'd in the Year 1634, to forbid entirely the Use of Wine. He put out a severe Edict, which commanded all the Houses where they sold Wine to be razed, the Barrels where-ever they should be found to be staved, and the Wine to be let out into the Streets. And that he might truly be satisfied his Orders were obeyed, he frequently disguised himself, and walked in that manner about the City; and when he found any one carrying Wine, he sent him to Prison, and had him bastinadoed almost to Death. One Day he met in the Streets a poor deaf Man, who not hearing the Noise usually made at the Approach of the Sultan, did not soon enough avoid a Prince whose Presence was so fatal. This Negligence cost him his Life. He was strangled by order of the Grand Seignior, who commanded his Body to be cast into the Street. But this great Severity did not last long, and all Things returned to their former Condition.

However, Matters took again another Turn under the Reign of *Mahomet* the IVth. who in 1670. resolv'd to forbid all the Soldiery the Use of Wine. The terrible Seditions that Liquor had formerly raised were remembered, and especially, that which happened under *Mahomet* the Third, who saw his *Seraglio* forced by a great Multitude of Soldiers full of Wine, and whose Fury he could

could not free himself from, but by sacrificing his principal Favourites. An Edict was published, to prohibit entirely the Use of Wine, and to command all those who had any in their Houses, to send it out of Town. The same extended all over the Empire. The Sultan condemned to Death those who should violate this Decree, in which he spoke of Wine as of a Liquor infernal, invented by the Devil to destroy the Souls of Men, to disturb their Reason, and put States into Combustion. This was rigorously put in Execution, and to that Extremity, that it cost the Ambassador of *England*, and the Christian Merchants of *Constantinople*, great Sollicitations, and large Sums of Money, to get leave to make only as much Wine as would suffice for their own Families. At *Smyrna*, the Officers of the Grand Seignior had not the same Indulgence for the Christians, who were one whole Year without Wine; and it was with great Difficulty they got leave to import it from the Isles of the *Archipelago*, and other Places, not comprized in that Prohibition. For this Prohibition reached only those Places where there were *Mosques*. Besides all this, they made every *Friday* Sermons stuffed full of Declamations against those who should drink it. In short, this Edict was so severe, that Wine seemed to be banished for ever the States of the Grand Seignior. But in about a Year's Time its Severity

verity was somewhat remitted. The Ambassadors, and other Christians, had leave to make Wine within themselves, and about a Year after that, the Indulgence for Wine was general, the Taverns were opened, and at this Day that Liquor is as common as it was before.

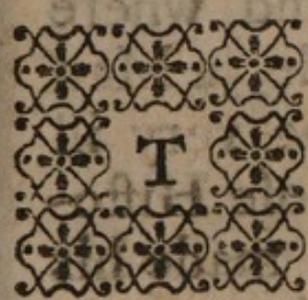




C H A P. XXVIII.

Rules to be observed in getting Drunk.

I. *Not too often.* II. *In good Company.*

 O avoid the Disorders that Drunkenness might cause, here are some Rules that ought to be observed in this important Affair of getting Drunk; for, according to *Pliny*, the Art of getting Drunk has its Laws.

Hac ars suis legibus constat.

I. The first, and principal of these, is not to get drunk too often. This is what * *Seneca* recommends very much. “ You must not, “ says he, do it often, for fear it grow into “ a Habit; ’tis but only sometimes, you “ should make your Spirits gay in banish- “ ing gloomy Sobriety.

* *De Tranquillitate.*

And if any Person objects, That if one gets drunk sometimes one shall do it often. I deny the Consequence, and say in the Words of the Philosopher, an Axiom held by both Universities, that

Ab actu ad habitum non valet consequentia.

II. Second Rule. One must not get drunk but in good Company. That is to say, with good Friends, People of Wit, Honour, and good Humour, and where there is good Wine. For Example, a Man in former Times would have done very ill to get drunk with *Heliogabalus*, whose Historian * reports, that after having made his Friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an Apartment, and at Night let loose upon them *Lions, Leopards, and Tygers*, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other Hand, the best Wine in the World will taste very bad in bad Company. 'Tis therefore that *Martial* reproaches one, that he spoiled his good Wine with his silly Babbling.

Verbis mucida vina facis.

* *Ælius Lamprid. in Vit. Heliogab.*



C H A P. XXIX.

Third Rule, *With good Wine.*

WHEN one has a mind to get drunk, one should make Choice of good Wine, and not drink bad, which is prejudicial to Health. For Example, green Wine is very bad; this * *Guilleaume Cretin*, a great Punster, has expressed in these Verses, which, I own, I am not able to put into *English*.

“ *Par ce vin verds Atropos a trop os*
“ *Des corps humains ruez envers en vers*
“ *Dont un quidam apre aux pots a propos*
“ *A fort blâmé les tours pervers en vers.*

Good Wine, on the contrary, has very good Effects. *Erasmus* † preserved himself from the Plague, by drinking a Glass of *Burgundy* at a proper Season.

You see now the Efficacy of good Wine, which, to be in its Perfection, the Adepts in

* *Rem. sur. Rabel. T. 3. p. 39.*

† *Journ. des Sçav. June, 1706.*

100 *The Praise of Drunkenness.*
the Free Schools of *Liber Pater* say, must have these four Properties, and please these four Senses; the Taste by its Savour, the Smell by its Flavour, the Sight by its clean and bright Colour, and the Ear by the Fame of the Country where it grows. Old Wine was looked upon to be the best by the Antients.

A Beauty, when advanc'd in Age,
No more her Lovers can engage,
But Wine, the rare Advantage, knows,
It pleases more, more old it grows.

And were they never so old themselves, they would still, if possible, have the Wine older than they were. *Nec cuiquam adeo longa erat vita, ut non ante se genita potaret* *. Which these Words of *Seneca* † also confirm, “ Why at your House do you drink Wine older than your self? *Cur apud te vinum apud te vetustius bibitur.*

Martial says, “ Do you ask me of what Consulate this Wine is? It was before there were any Consuls in the World.

“ *De sinuessanis venerunt Massica praelis:*
“ *Condita quo quæris consule? nullus erat.*

* Plin.

† *De Vit. beat. c. 17.*

At present the Fame of the best Wine in Europe is reckoned to be, that of *Monte Fiascone*, two Days Journey from *Rome*. Here it was a *German* Abbot killed himself by drinking too much of this delicious Creature. The Story is this, and it is related in *Lassell's Travels*.

A certain *German* Abbot travelling to *Rome*, ordered his Servant to ride before him, and when he found the best Wine, to chalk upon the Door of the Inn (in order to save Time) the Word *EST*. Coming to *Monte Fiascone*, he found it so excellent, that he put down, *Est, Est, Est*, which the Abbot finding true, drank so plentifully of it, that he went no farther on his Journey, but lies buried, they say, in the Cathedral Church, with this Epitaph, written by his Servant the Purveyor.

Est, Est, Est,

&

Propter nimium Est,

Herus meus Dominus Abbas

mortuus Est.

The Wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*, or *the Tears of Christ*, is a most delicious Wine. At least a Master of Arts of the University of *Cologne* thought so, who going also to *Rome*,
drank

drank at the same Place pretty heartily of it, and out of the Abundance of his Heart cried out,

Utinam Christus lachrymatus fuisset in nostra Patria.

I wish Christ had shed Tears in our Country.

M. Hofman believes, that Rhenish Wine is the best of all Wines for one's Health.

There grows also most excellent Wines in France, such as Champagne.

* *Wencestaus*, King of *Bohemia* and the *Romans*, being come into *France* on account of some Negotiations with *Charles* the 6th, arrived at *Rheims* in the Month of *March*, 1397. when he was in that City he found the Wine so good, that he got drunk more than once; and being one Day in that Condition, that he could not enter into any serious Discourses, he rather chose to grant what was asked of him than leave off drinking.

The Wines of *Burgundy* must not be forgotten, which some prefer to *Champagne*.

“*Baudius* called *Vin de Beaulne*, *Vinum Deorum*, the Wine of the Gods.”

* *Fourn. de Scav. June 1706.*

† *Patimana, p. 34.*

The Wines of *Ai* are also very excellent. *S. Evremont* * says, that *Leo* the 10th, *Charles* the 5th, *Francis* the 1st, and *Hen.* 8th, King of *England*, did not think it below their Dignity, amongst the most important Affairs of State, to take care to have the Wines of *Ai*. *Henry IV.* caused himself to be stiled Lord of *Ai* and *Gonesse*.

But I shall desire my Readers here to observe two Things, First, That artificial Wines, and a many other Liquors, containing a great deal of gross viscous Matter, excite a Drunkenness more long and dangerous, than that which is produced by ordinary Wines. Another Thing is, Never to get drunk with Brandy, Spirits, and Strong Waters. *Patin* † says very pleasantly, that these are sugar'd Poisons which surely kill: They give Life to those who sell them, and Death to those who use them.

* *Lett. S. Evrem.*

† *Vign. Marvill, T. 2. p. 7.*





C H A P. XXX.

Fourth Rule, *At convenient Times.*

TH O' one must not get drunk every Day, one may, notwithstanding, on certain Occasions. One must sometimes unbend the Mind.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

And when a Man puts on the Air of a Philosopher, 'tis then he turns Fool in affecting to be wise.

There is a Time for all Things, and so there is in getting Drunk, that is, getting drunk with Decency and Decorum; and there are some Times which are not convenient to do so. As for Example (for I love to illustrate what I advance) it does not suit with Decorum for a Judge to be drunk on the Bench; nor a Crier in the Court exercising his Office, [hiccup, ki—— Book] a Parson in the Pulpit, an experimental Philosopher in shewing of his Gimcracks, nor a Free-Mason on the Top of a Church Steeple.

But

But it suits very well with strict Decorum,
to get drunk at a publick Rejoicing after a
signal Victory.

When the proud *Gaul* sustain'd an Over-
throw

By the Immortal MARLBOROUGH
Ever Invincible! then you and I,
My *Thirsis*, shar'd the common Joy.
Blenheim and *Rameillies* were then our Song,
The Day tho' short, the Night was long,
Till both with mighty Claret glow'd,
And tipsy, to our Beds were show'd.

We may also very decently get drunk
with a Friend we have not seen a long
while.

Here 'tis! — O welcome, Flask Divine,
How bright does thy Vermillion shine!
Thou charming Native of *Dijon**,
At thy Approach my Cares are flown,
Sad Melancholy is no more,
Which rack'd and plagu'd my Soul before.
Whether thy Influence incites,
(Sweet Influence) to soft Delights;
Or else dost other Measures keep,
And gently urge to peaceful Sleep.

* *Dijon*, chief City in Burgundy.

O may'st thou still such Streams bestow,
Still with such ruddy Torrents flow.

Damon, this Bottle is your due,
And more I have in Store for you
Under the Sun the faithfullest Friend:
I've kept them for no other End.
Drink then a Bumper, 'tis a Folly,
Dear Damon, to be melancholy.

However rigorous the Roman Laws were against Drunkenness, they permitted it nevertheless on their Festivals; witness what a young Man said to his Father in Presence of the People. * "No Father, says he, I have no reason to be ashamed for having taken a little more Wine than ordinary at a Feast with my Companions." *Non est res qua embescam, Pater, si die festo inter aequales largiore vino fui usus.*

The Persian Soldiers, who otherwise lived very soberly, were permitted to get drunk once a Year †.

In Georgia, he who did not get quite drunk at their principal Holidays, as at Easter and Christmas, was not looked upon to be a Christian, and ought to be excommunicated. § So that, according to this,

* Tit Liv. lib. 4. ch. 14.

† Alex. ab Alex. lib. 2. ch. 11.

§ Voyag. de Chard. T. 2. 129.

getting drunk at certain convenient Times amongst these Christians, was so far from being unlawful, that a Man was not looked upon to be Orthodox without he did so. Getting drunk is therefore very Orthodox.





C H A P. XXXI.

Fifth Rule, *To force no one to drink.*

IT is very ridiculous and unreasonable to force any one to drink, because the taking away Liberty spoils Company, the Benefit of which cannot subsist without Freedom. Besides, every Man's Capacity of drinking is not the same; one shall be able to drink a Gallon, and another a Pint; the latter therefore, by drinking a Pint, has drank as much as the former when he has taken off his Gallon, because they both have drank as they can, and ———
Ferdinando ——— No Man can do more than he can do. Let every Man therefore have the Liberty to drink as he pleases, without being tied up to the mad Laws of drinking. I am of the same Opinion in this Matter with Brother *Horace*.

————— *Prout ciuq; libide est*
Siccat inequales calices conviva solutus
Legibus insanis, seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis humescit latius ———

We learn from History, that there was an antient Law amongst the *Persians*, that forbad any one to force another to drink. The *Lacedemonians* also had that laudable Custom.

Charlemagne also made a Law, that prohibited forcing any one to drink.

Mr. *Bayle* reports a very pleasant Revenge that M. *Peyren* gave to *Raphael Thorius*, a very learned Person, who would force him to drink, which take as follows. * “ M.

“ *Peyren* dining at *London* with several Per-
“ sons of Learning, could not be dischar-
“ ged from drinking a Health that Dr. *Tho-*
“ *rius* toasted. The Glafs was of a prodigi-
“ ous size, which M. *Peyren*, for that rea-
“ son, a long while refused, and alledged
“ a thousand Reasons, but all in vain: He
“ must empty the Glafs. Before he did it
“ he made this Agreement with his Antago-
“ nist, that he should drink a Health after-
“ wards that he should toast to him; which
“ being consented to, he took off the Bum-
“ per, and filled the Glafs full of Water,
“ and drank it off to the Doctor, who
“ thereupon was Thunder-struck, but see-
“ ing he could not get off, sighed deeply,
“ and lifted the Glafs a Thousand Times to

* *Diction.* p. 2875. *Art.* Thor.

“ his Lips, and as often drew it back again :
 “ He called to his Assistance all the quaint
 “ Sayings of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets,
 “ and was almost the whole Day drinking
 “ that cursed Bumper.

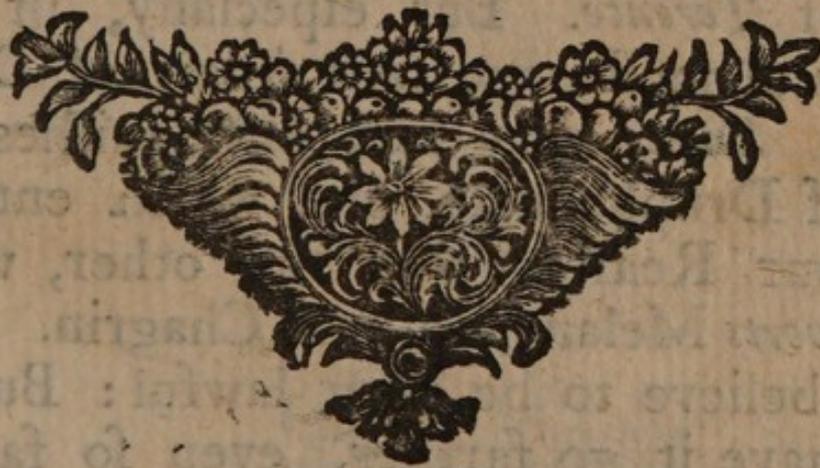
This is not much unlike what *M. Chevreau* reports of *Marigni*, who, * “ after
 “ having dined at one of the best eating
 “ Houses in *Frankfort*, with six or seven Per-
 “ sons of Quality, was called to the Side-
 “ board, where one of them began the Em-
 “ peror’s Health. This he must drink,
 “ and as he foresaw very well, that this
 “ Extravagance would be attended with
 “ others, he order’d three or four great
 “ Pieces of Bread to be brought to him,
 “ and having eaten half of one to the
 “ Health of the King of *France*, he gave
 “ the other Half to the other, who took it,
 “ indeed, but would not so much as put it
 “ to his Mouth. The Company surprized
 “ at so unexpected a Novelty let him alone
 “ without any Contradiction.

Nevertheless, one should be very dili-
 gent in observing this Rule, which is, That
 when we find our selves in the Company of
 People that drink, and would not run
 those Lengths they are going to do, to

* *Chevreana*, T. 2. p. 188.

retire; and this was a standing Law amongst the *Greeks* in their Festivals, and ought to be as unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*, viz.

DRINK, OR GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.





C H A P. XXXII.

Sixth Rule. *Not to push Drunkenness too far.*

IF is certain, that to do well, we ought continually to have an Eye to this Maxim of *Horace*, viz. *Est modus in rebus*. And the *Ne quid nimis* of *Terence*. But especially, in this grand and most important Affair of Drunkenness. *Seneca* very well distinguishes two Sorts of Drunkenness, one which entirely buries our Reason; and the other, which only diverts Melancholy and Chagrin. The last we believe to be very lawful: But we would have it go farther, even so far, as not only to divert, but to drive away our Cares entirely, or else not to get drunk at all. That which is between these, if any such there can be, does one an Injury, according to the Poet.

*'Aut nulla Ebrietas, aut tanta sit ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si qua est inter utramque nocet.*

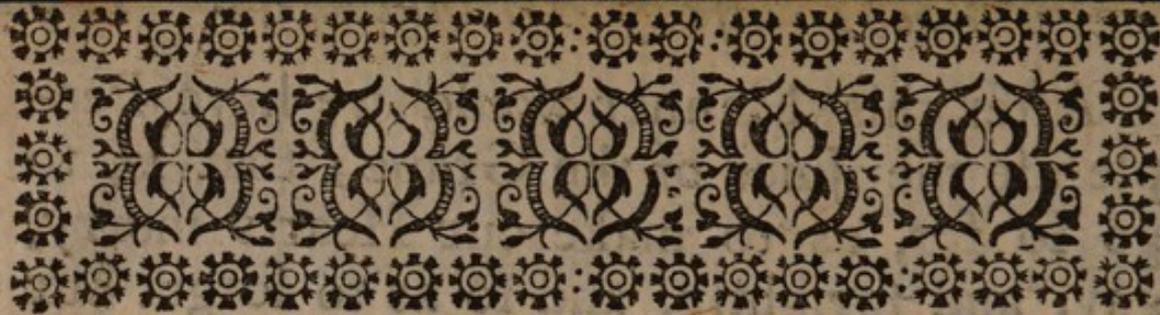
After this Manner would we have People use the Juice of the Grape ; that is, to go so far, as to make our Hearts merry, gay, and sprightly, and so as to forget our Cares.

It would be here useles to shew, by a great many Examples, the Disorders that Drunkenness has caused, when pushed too far, because it was never the Intention of this Work, but to divert (as Wine was designed to do) and make merry, I shall therefore conclude the whole with an Ode to *Bacchus*, as follows.

B A C C H U S



LET the immortal Fruits
To the eternal Glee of our Song
And sweet Symphonies ; may by long
And sweet Sonorous vocal Musick
And every grating Instrument combine
To celebrate great God thy Power Di-



It would be hard to show by a
great many Examples, the Disorders that
Drunkards has caused, when pushed too
far, but it was not the Intention of
this Work, but to divert (as Wine was
designed to do) and make merry, I shall
therefore conclude the whole with an Ode
to Bacchus, as follows.

A N
O D E
T O
B A C C H U S.



I.

LET's sing the Glories of the God of
Wine,
May his immortal Praise
Be the eternal Object of our Song,
And sweetest Symphonies; may ev'ry Tongue
And Throat sonorous, vocal Music raise,
And ev'ry grateful Instrument combine
To celebrate, great God, thy Power Di-
vine.

Let

Let other Poets to the World relate,
Of *Troy*, the hard, unhappy Fate;
And in immortal Song rehearse,
Purpled with Streams of Blood the *Phrygian*
Plain;

The glorious Hist'ry of *Achilles* slain,
And th' odious Memory of *Pelop's* Sons
revive in Verse.

II.

God of the Grape, thou potent Boy,
Thou only Object of our cordial Vows,
To thee alone I consecrate my Heart,
Ready to follow thee in ev'ry Part:
Thy Influence sweet Mirth bestows,
For thee alone I'd live and die in Scenes of
Joy.

Thy Bounty all our Wishes still prevents;
Thy wond'rous Sweetness calms to soft Repose
Our wild Regrets and restless Woes,
And richly ev'ry craving Mind contents.
Without thee *Venus* has no Charms;
You Constancy to am'rous Souls impart,
And Hopes bestow to each despairing Heart.

III.

But, what involuntary Transports roll,
And seize, at once, my agitated Soul!

Into

Into what sacred Vale! what silent Wood!
 (I speak not by the Vulgar understood.)
 Am I, O God! O wond'rous Deity!
 Ravish'd, brimful of thy Divinity and Thee!
 To my (once Infidel) believing Eyes
Bacchus unveils entire his sacred Mysteries.
 Movements confus'd of Joy and Fear
 Hurry me I know not where.

With Boldness all Divine the God inspires;
 With what a pleasing Fury am I fill'd!

Such raging Fires
 Never the *Menades* in *Thracian* Caves be-
 held.

IV.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
 Leave a while the Realms above;
 With your gay Presence grace the Feast
 Of that great God, who bears a boundless
 Sway,
 Who conquer'd Climates where first rose
 the Day.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
 At rich Repasts an ever welcome Guest;
 But O —, too long you stay,
 Already young *Amyntor* brisk and gay
 His lovely *Doris* o'er the Plain pursues:
 The sparkling Juice at *Sylvan* Nymphs com-
 mand

Richly distills from their ambrosial Hand,
 And old *Silenus* copiously bedews.

V.

Hence, ye profane,
I hate ye all, fly, quit the Field,
My ready Soul gives way
To those gay Movements, this important Day
Inspires, so to the Conq'ror willing Cap-
tives yield.
Come, faithful Followers of *Bacchus'* Train,
(*Bacchus*, most lovely of the Gods)
Enter these blest'd Abodes.
On high his verdant Banners rear,
And quick the Festival prepare.
Reach me my Lute, a proper Air
The Chords shall sound; the trembling
Chords obey,
And joyn to celebrate this glorious Day.

VI.

But midst the Transports of a pleasing Rage
Let's banish ever hence,
By a blind Vapour rais'd, and vain Pretence,
Those loud seditious Clamours that engage
Only inhuman, brutish Souls,
By barb'rous *Scythians* only understood,
Who cruelly their flowing Bowls
At Banquets intermix with Streams of
Blood.

Dread-

Dreadful, preposterous, Merriment!
 Our Hands all gayly Innocent,
 Ought ne'er in such Confusion bear a Part,
 Polluted with a savage Centaur's mortal Dart,

VII.

From this sweet innocent Repast,
 (Too exquisite, alas! to last)
 Let's ever banish the rude Din of Arms,
 Frightful *Bellona*, and her dread Alarms.
 The dire Confusions of pernicious War,
 The Satyrs, Fauns, and *Bacchus*, all abhor.

Curst'd be those sanguinary Mortals, who
 Of reeking Blood with crimson Tides
 The sacred Mysteries imbrue
 Of our great God who over Peace presides.

VIII.

But if I must wage War,
 If so Necessity commands,
 Follow, my Friends, advance your Hands,
 Let us commence the pleasing Jar.
 With Wreaths of Ivy be our Temples bound,
 Hark! to Arms, to Arms, they sound,
 Th' Alarm to Battle calls,
 Lend me your formidable *Thyrse ye Bacchana-*
nals.

Double your Strokes. Bold — bolder
yet,

'Tis done ————— How many Rivals con-
quer'd lie?

How many hardy Combatants submit?

O Son of *Jupiter*, thy Deity,

And Sovereign Power, we own, and Aid
divine:

Nothing but Heaps of jolly Topers slain

I see extended on the Plain,

Floating in ruddy Streams of reeking
Wine.

IX.

To Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus* Songs of Triumph let us sing;

His great Immortal Name

Let us aloud to distant Worlds proclaim.

To Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus* grateful Strains belong;

O! may his Glories live in endless Song,

The vanquish'd wel'tring on the Sand,

One Health from us their Conqu'ror demand.

Fill me a Bumper. Trumpet found,

Second my Voice, loud, louder yet,

Sound our Exploits, and their Defeat,

Who quiet, undisturb'd, possess the Ground,

To Victoria to our King,

To *Bacchus*, Songs of Triumph let us sing.

To this great Work now finished (God be thanked) I subscribe as usual in the like Cases of Books, for I love Decorum, and have an utter Aversion to Particularity, Prolixity, and Circumlocution. I say, to make short, I subscribe as usual, &c. in the like Cases, &c. for I love, &c. and have an Aversion, &c. the universally famous and most noted Name which is subscribed to all Books by what Name or Titles dignified or distinguished: Or of what Sort, Species, Size, Dimension, or Magnitude soever, Pamphletary or Voluminous; whether they be first and foremost, Plays, either Comical, Tragical, Comi-Tragical, Tragi-Comical, or Pastoral; godly, or prophane Songs, or Ballads; Sermons High or Low, Popish or Protestant, Dissenting, Independent, Enthusiastical, Brownistical, Heterodox or Orthodox; Philadelphian, Muggletonian, Sacheverelian, or Bangorian, Quaking, Rhapsodical, Prophetical, or Nonsensical; Legends golden or plain; Breviaries, Graduals, Missals, Pontificals, Ceremonials, Antiphonaries, Statutes, Spelling Books. Or, Secondly and Lastly, Tracts, Treatises, Essays; Pandects, Codes, Institutes; Primers, Rosaries, Romances; Travels, Synods, History Books; Digests, Decretals, Lives; Commentaries Anagogical, Allegorical or Tropological; Journals, Expositions, Vocabularies,

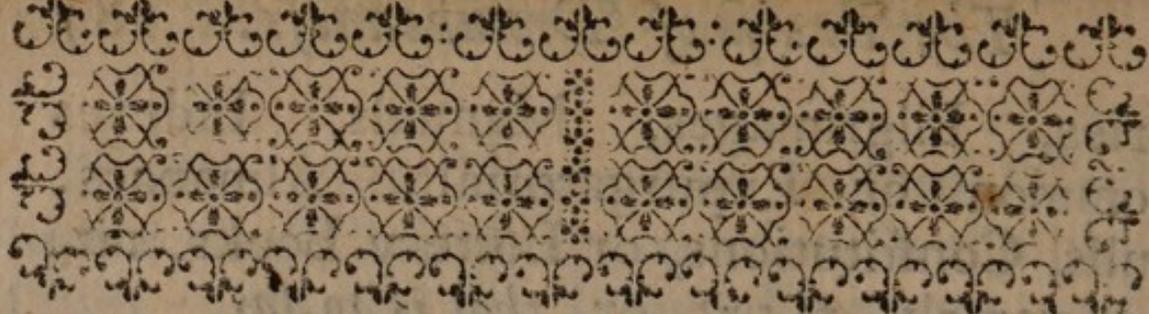
laries, Pilgrimages, Manuals, Indexes
Common or Expurgatorial; Almanacs,
Bulls, Constitutions, or Lottery Books, *viz.*
i. e. namely, *to wit*, or, *that is to say*,

F I N I S.

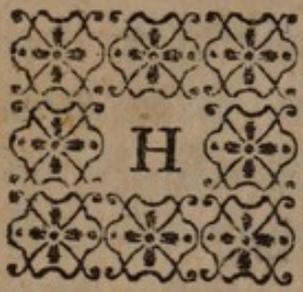
Which being interpreted is,

The **E N D.**





POSTSCRIPT.



HAVING received the following Letter from a merry Friend, wherein are some (not unpleas-
ant) Remarks, on the forego-
ing Treatise, I thought fit to
send it to the Press, which the Reader, as
he is at Liberty either to read, or let alone,
so it is the same Thing to me, whether he
does read it, or let it alone.

To the renowned *Boniface Oinophilus de Monte Fiascone*, A. B. C. Author of the most inimitable (and Non-pareil) Treatise, *Ebrietatis Encomium*, to be left with that Mirror of privative Perspicuity, Signor *Edemondo Curluccio*, at the *Bible and Dial* over against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*.

Right Trusty, and well Beloved, I greet you well,

HAVING perused (at the Booksellers, who showed me the Sheets) your *Ebrietatis Encomium* all through, even unto *Finis*, or the *End*, I own I was not a little diverted

ted thereat. But as I never flatter any Body, so my Friends may least of all expect I should begin with them. I must, therefore, be frank and free with you, most renowned, and never-to-be-forgotten *Boniface*, *post nullos memorande sodales*, and tell you, that you have omitted several Things very material, and highly conducive to the Elucidation, or Illustration (chuse you whether) of your agreeable Subject. But perhaps they either did not occur to your Memory; or, which is the same Thing (*quoad Lectorem*) you were entirely ignorant of them, but which take as follow.

First and foremost, amongst your Philosophers you have taken no Notice of the stupendous *Des Cartes*, with his wonderful System of Whirlpools (Vortices) and Particles cubic, conic, striate, oblong, globular, hooked, crooked, spiral and anguilear: For who the Devil but a meer tipsey, giddy Brains, could have dished up such a confounded *Hotch-potch* and *Gallimatias* of whimsical Rotations, or fancied that the whole Earth whirl'd round like a Town-Top, had not *Vinorum materia subtilis*, the circling Effluvia of *Liber Pater* abundantly invaded his capital Regions.

So have I seen in Days of Yore a Dame
 At *Winchester*, who Seventy Winters knew,
 Not more nor less, my Mistress then yclept,
 Hight *Margaret*, deceas'd long since I trow,
 Whose Fate I thus bemoan'd in Song sublime.

She's gone, alas! the beauteous Nymph is
 dead,

Dead to my Hopes, and all my eager Wishes:
 Such is the State of poor unhappy Man,
 All Things soon pass away, nought permanent,

That rolls beneath the Vortex of the Moon.
 So when we've screw'd up to the highest Peg*
 Our ample Lines of future Happiness,
 Some Disappointments dire, or Chance disastrous,
 Snaps the extended Chords. O! then farewell,

No more shall visual Ray of Form acute
 Affect her wondrous Mien. Farewel those
 Lips

Of Sapphire Tincture, Gums of Crocus Die
 Freed from th'ungrateful Load of cumbrous
 Teeth.

Mantle farewell, of Grograin brown compos'd,

Studded with Silver Clasp in Number plural:
 With Jacket short, so famous, tory Red,

* You must remember my Mrs's. Name was Margaret.

Not hemm'd, but bound about with good
Galloon

Of deepest *Mazarine* (delightful hue!)

Farewel (I sighing speak) those non-such
Shoes

Of obfusc Colour (Heel of Form cylindrical)

In Loves true Knot of verdant Ferrit tied.

But Oh! Farewel, a long and last fare-
wel,

To large *Ampull* with vital Water fraught,

Wherein the Effluvia soft and delicate

Of dulcet Anniseed (not Coriander)

In its capacious Rim of Form anguillar

Whirl in sweet Vortex. Hence it was ob-
served,

The subtile Matter, when in Throat retir'd,

Kept still its roulant Quality, and oft

Would mount in circling Spires to Pericrani-
um

Of She-Philosopher, when in elbow Chair,

Deep and profound, would the grave Ma-
tron reve,

And learnedly pronounce (like Great
RENATUS *)

With equal Verity the World turns round.

Secondly and foremost, you should have
added at the End of the Philosophers Chap-

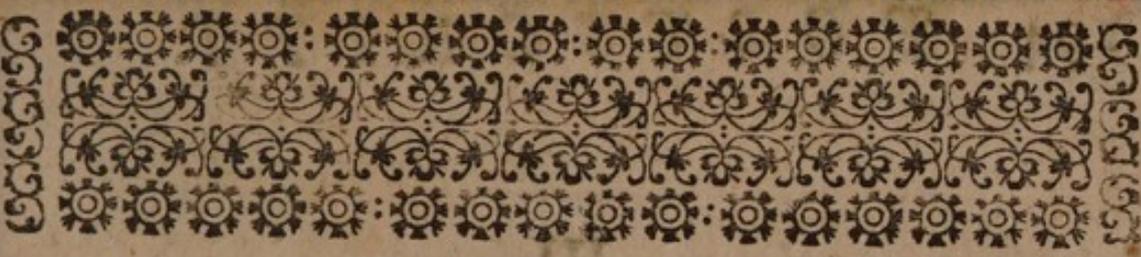
* Des Cartes's Christian Name.

ter, the Song of the *Tippling Philosophers*, which I send you here inclosed.

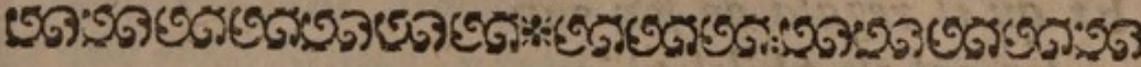
The Bookseller to whom I mentioned this, fancied truly, that you might think it too mean and trifling to insert. But without troubling my self to know, whether this be your Sentiment, or whether he spoke this of his own Head, I shall trouble my self to tell you, as this Song is taken from an excellent *French* one, which you may find in a very famous Book*, and which (to follow your Method) you may know by the Note at the bottom. The Song (whether you have ever seen it, or not, I neither know, nor do I care) is as follows, and will go with the same Tune as the *English* (if I am not mistaken).

* *Fureteriana*, p. 205.





CHANSON a BOIRE.



I.

E cherche en vin la vérité
J Si le vin n'aide a ma foiblesse.
*T*oute la docte antiquité
Dans le vin puisa la sagesse.
Oui ce par le bon vin que le bon sens eclate
J'en atteste Hypocrate,
Qui dit qu'il faut a chaque mois
Du moins s'enyvrer une fois.

II.

Socrate cet homme discret
Que toute la terre revere,
Alloit manger au Cabaret
Quand sa femme estoit en colere.
Pouvous-nous mieux faire que d'imiter Socrate
Et de suivre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

III.

Platon est nommé le divin
 Parce qu'il étoit magnifique
 Et qu'il regala de son vin
 La cabale philosophique.
 Sa table fût toujours splendide & delicate
 Il suivit Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

IV.

Aristotle bûvoit autant
 Et nous avons lieu de le croire
 De ce qu' Alexandre le grand
 Son disciple aimoit tant a boire.
 Qu'il degeula cent fois sur les bords de l'Euphrate
 En suivant Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c,

V.

L'ou veut que Diogene aimoit l'eau,
 Mais il n'ent point cette folie
 Il se logea dans un tonneau
 Pour sentir le gout de la lie.
 Et pour mieux boire au pot, il jetta la sa jatte
 Et tint pour Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VI.

Democrite près de sa fin,
 Par une invention jolie,
 En flairant seulement le vin,
 De trois jour prolongua sa vie.
 Le vin retarde plus la mort, qu'il ne la hâte
 Temoin notre Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VII.

Heraclite toujours etoit
 En pleurs a cè que dit l' histoire,
 Mais ce que le vin lui sortoit
 Par les yeux à force de boire.
 Par ce remede seul il guerissoit sa rate
 Comme ordonne Hyppocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

VIII.

Epicure sans contredit
 De bons bûveurs est le vrai pere,
 Et sa morale nous induit
 Au plaisir, a la bônne chere.
 En vain l'homme icy bas d'un autre bien se flatte;
 Suivous donc Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

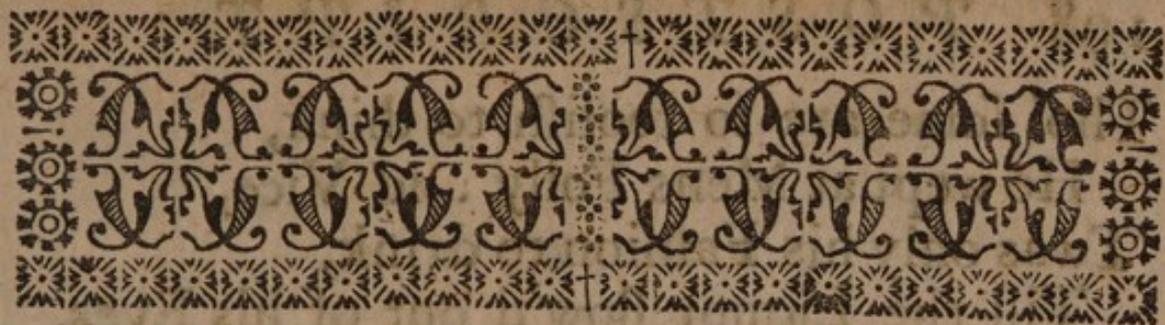
IX.

Esopo quelque fois la nuit,
 De complot avec la servante
 Chalumoit sans faire de bruit
 Les tonneaux de son maitre Xante.
 Il en eut mis dix pots sous sa grosse Omoplate,
 Il suivit Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.

X.

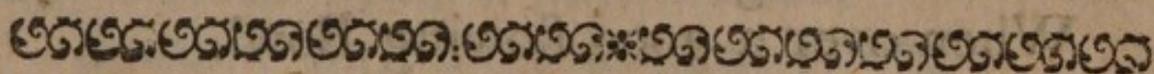
Galen, ce fameux docteur
 En traittant du jus de la vigne,
 Dit qu'il faut defendre le cœur
 Contre la qualité maligne
 Qui trouble nos humeurs, les altere & les gâte
 Et rapporte Hypocrate,
 Qui dit, &c.





T H E

TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.



I.

*D*iogenes furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is
Truth;

But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask, &c.

II.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny,
To tipple and cherish his Heart,
And when he was Maudlin he'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart :

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at Mens Folly and Vice,
 'Twas only his Fashion to drink,
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

III.

Democritus always was glad,
 Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
 And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing Bowl.
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was Drunk as a Lord
 At those that were Sober he'd laugh.

IV.

Copernicus too like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the Best
 Made Reason the better to shine.
 With Wine he'd replenish his Veins,
 And make his Philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

V.

Aristotle that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine.
 His Belly, most Writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering Trough,
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

VI.

Old *Plato* that learned Divine,
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone,
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known:
 By Wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

Thirdly and Lastly, I wish in *Chap. 23.* in
 your Answer to the Objection, *That one*
cannot trust a Man that gets drunk, you had
 been pleased to have taken Notice of the
 Taciturnity and Contineny of the right
 Worshipful the *Free Masons* in this Respect.
 For

For tho' otherwise they are *free* enough of Speech, yet I do assure you, as to Secrets, tho' some of them love the Creature very heartily, and carouse abundantly, yet has it never been known, tho' never so fuddled (for Free Mafons will get fuddled) that they ever discovered any of their Secrets. This is irresistible, irrefragable, irrefutable, or if you will, to speak (*norunt dialectici*) in *stylo infinito*, non-resistible, non-refragable, and non-refutable, and, indeed, is my *Argumentum palmare Scotisticum*.

But and, *Fourthly* also, and *Finally*, you will give me leave to remark to you, That in relation to St. *Boniface's* Cup, which you take Notice of *Chap. XI. p. 65. l. 10.* I do assure you, Sir, The Practice was some Years ago, to my certain Knowledge, much in vogue (and, as I am credibly informed, is still wonderfully Catholic) and, by the bye, take the following Relation.

In the beginning of the last Wars, when I was very young, I had the Misfortune to be Prisoner in *Luxembourg*, and not too civilly treated by the Governor, the morose Count *Dautel*. Close Confinement (tho' in the Post-Master's-House) with the unusual Smell of the Stoves (for it was in the cold Month of *March*) made me very ill, and worse, in all probability should have been, had I not obtained the Liberty of the Town, which, after many fruitless Solicitations, I

despaired, from the ill-natured Governor, nor should ever have had, were it not by the pressing Instance of Father *Cripps*, a *German Franciscan* Frier, of the Convent of *Luxembourg*, whom they called there *Heer* * *Cripps*, being Confessor to the Governor, and having been once sent on a Message of Moment from him to the King of *Spain*, *Philip* the 5th, now reigning.

This Father was really a good Man, and a Man of Honour, him I gained by the good Nature of the Post-Master, whose Son was then in his Noviceship, in the Noviciate of their Order at *Ulflingen*. I need not tell you, that by Noviceship is meant that Year of Probation, which those who have a Mind to enter into any Religious Order in the Church of *Rome*, must pass thro', before they can be professed, or take their Vows. This you, who have been Abroad, must know as well as I.

This good Father, with much ado, obtained what I desired from the Governor, who he said was, *Homo mirabilis in negotiis suis*, which, by the sequel of his Discourse, I understood signified, a very strange Man in his Affairs. Gratitude obliged me to invite this Reverend Father to a Glass of

* *Heer*, in High Dutch, is the same as *Monfieur* in French, and is given to Persons of the highest Distinction.

Rhenish, the Wine of the Country, which he frankly accepted of in the Afternoon, and, indeed, drank very plentifully, *more Germanorum*, as you have described. But tho' he would drink largely as well as his Companion, yet I must own, that in none of the many merry Bouts we had together (for he visited me very often afterwards, as I did him, I never saw him so far advanced as to loose his Reason) he never failed a large Glass brimful to St. *Boniface*, which he drank to the pious Memory of the good Father, *ad piam memoriam boni patris*, and sometimes only to the good Father, *ad bonum patrem*. I found afterwards the same laudable Custom of St. *Boniface's* Cup in the *Low Countries*, *France* and *Italy*, &c. amongst the Religious.

And now, before I subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your most obedient, &c.

give me leave to tell you, that the *French* Religious, who do not speak much *Latin*, drink Healths in their own Language. But I was surprized, when I heard in a certain Monastery every one of the Fathers drink a full Glass to each other in these Words, a *Bumper*, as I thought. I am obliged to your Reverence (Reverend Father, said I to the Procurator, who sat

sat next me, and drank to me in the same Words) in drinking in our Country Language, you do me a great deal of Honour. It may be your Country Phrase, said the Prior to me, very gravely, for what I know; your Country Men make use of a great many of our Words, but the Thing it self, let the Word (or *vox significans*) be what it will, the Thing (or *res significata*) is very laudable, and every one will practise, who has any respect for the Sacred See, Holy Church, and the good of his own Soul. Did you never hear of the Indulgencies that the good Father, Holy Pope St. *Boniface*, has granted to such as drink his Cup, and which we have just now piously done? I ask your Reverence's Pardon, Reverend Father, said I, I thought we had only been drinking a *Bumper* to one another. *Seulement au bon pere!* replied he a little warmly (for the Conversation was all in *French*, and which Word I till then mistook for a *Bumper*.) Why, that is all, said he, *mais* (continued he) *c'etoit au bon pere Saint Boniface*. You see, Sir, the *double Entendre**, and, that

* *The Transition from au bon pere, which is pure French to a Bumper, is very natural and infinitely more so, than that Golden Pippen should be derived from Cooper, which was said to be effected, in process of Time, after this manner, Cooper, Hooper, Roper, Diaper, Napkin, Pipkin, King Pepin, Golden Pippin.*

drinking of Bumpers, which some Precifians have ignorantly called Profane, is a Practice very Orthodox and Catholic.

*Heigh Church militant, rare Church militant,
dainty Church militant, O!*

Dub. Dub. Dub. Dub a dub. Dub. Dub.

Tan. Tan. Tan. Tan. tara rara ra.

Adieu, mon tres-cher,

Votre ami tres-affectioné

¶

Valet bien-humble

May 1, 1723,

*From my Garret in
Bandy legged Walk.*

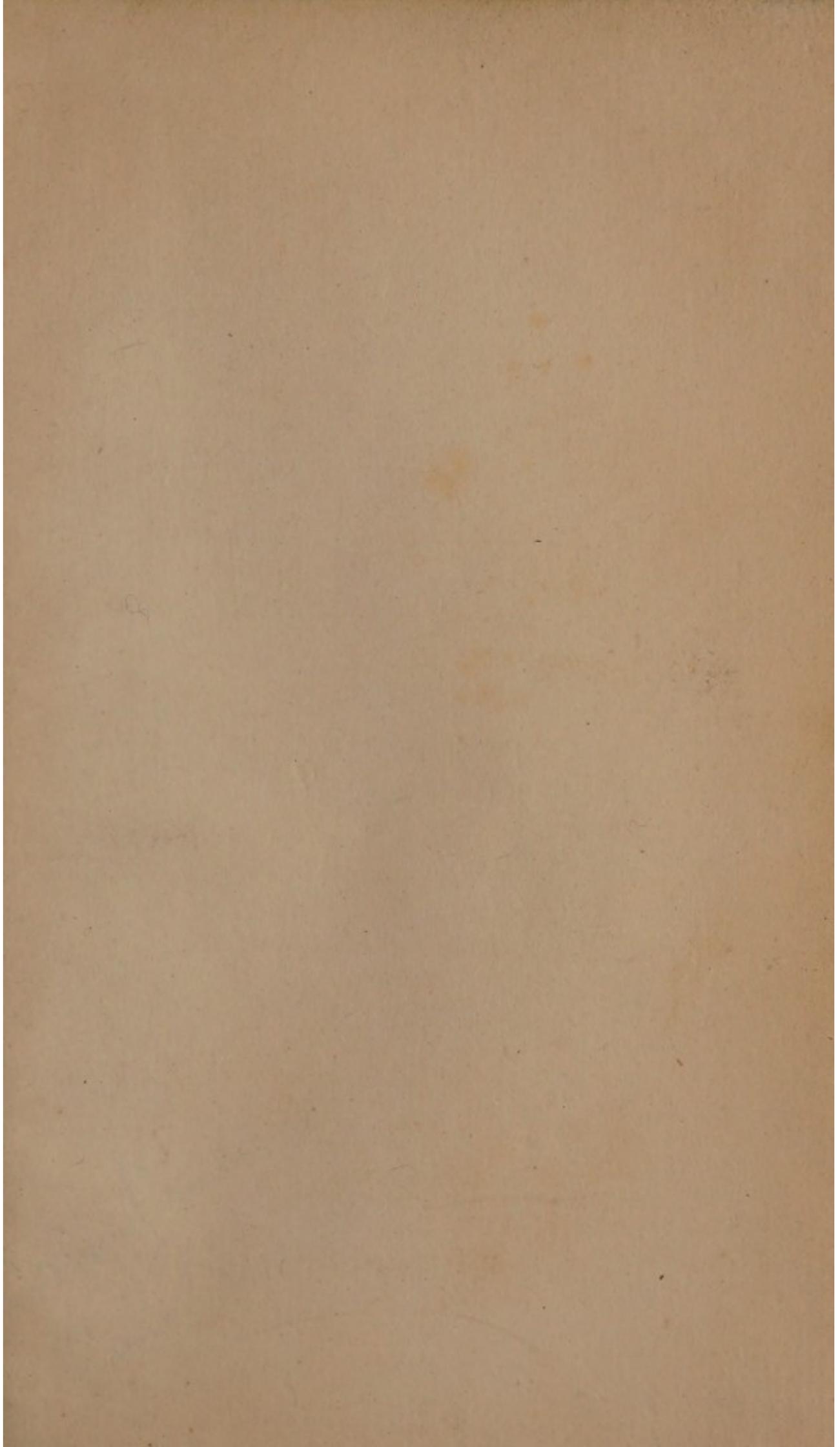
F. SANS-TERRE.

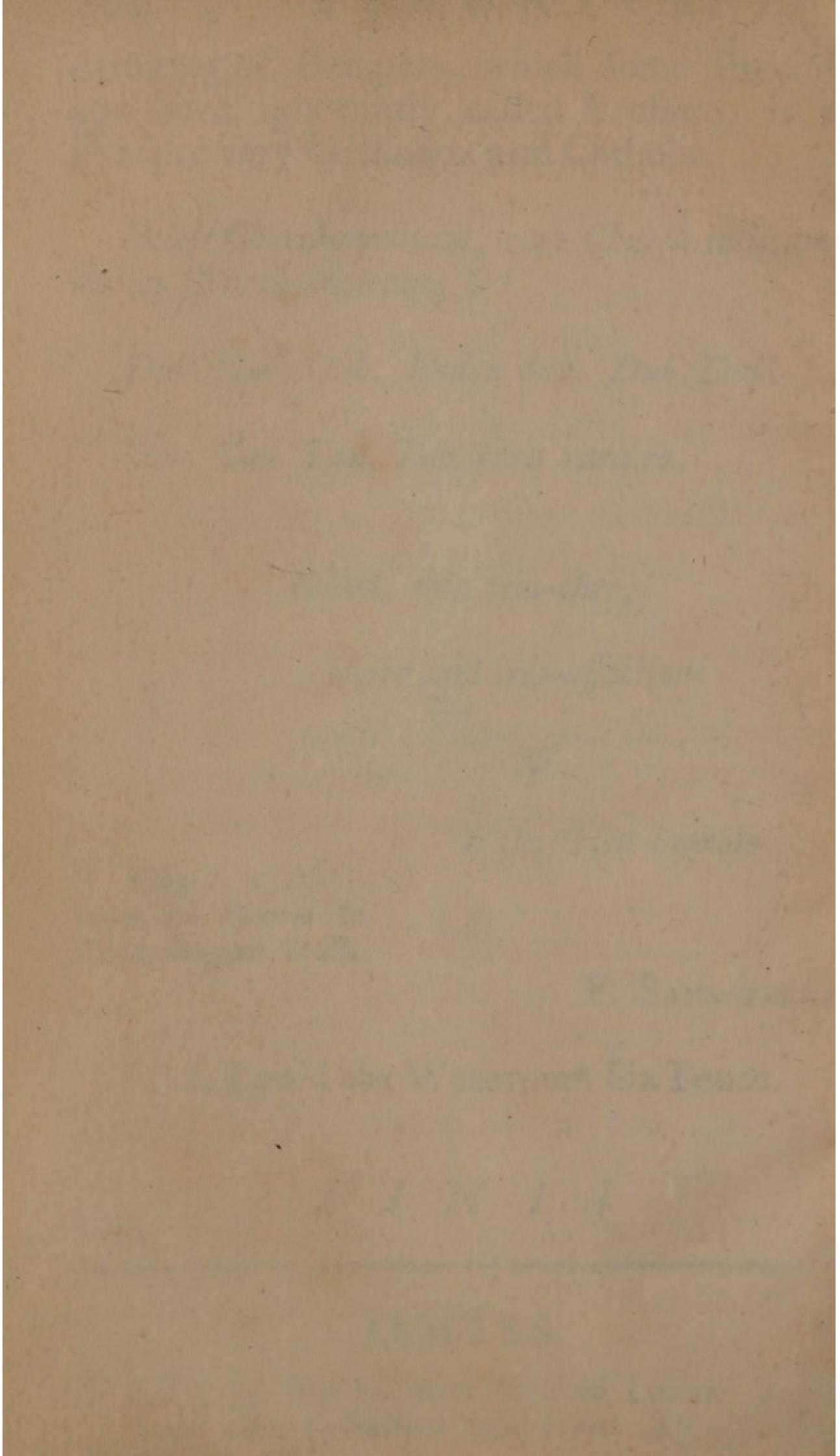
P.S. I paid the Waterman Six Pence.

F I N I S.

OMISS.

PAGE 75. line 20. after *like* read *Lupins.* p. 191.
l. 4. after *Cylindrical* read *Worn only upon Days
Non-ferial.*





Drumkennes
W. mophilus

