THE ESSAYES

Or

Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses:

of

Lo: Michael de Montaigne,

Knight

Of the noble Order of St. Michael, and one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary of the French king, Henry the third his Chamber.

The first Booke.

("

First written by him in French.

And

now done into English

By
By him that hath inviolably vowed his labors to the勝rnicity of their Honors, whose names he hath severally inscribed on these his consecrated Altars.

The first Book.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LYCIE CO: OF BEDFORD;
AND
LADIE ANNE HARRINGTON
HER H: MOTHER.

The second Book.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
ELIZABETH CO: OF RUYLAND,
AND
LADIE PENELOPE RICHE.

The third Book.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LADIE ELIZABETH GREY,
AND
LADIE MARIE NEVILL.

John Florio.

Printed at London by Val. Sims for Edward Blount dwelling in Paul's churchyard. 1603.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE my best-beloved Benefactors, and most-nost honored Ladies,
Lucie Countess of Bedford;
and her best-beloved loving Mother,
Ladie Anne Harrington.

Trang it may seeme to some, whose seeming is mist-thinking, in one worlde to pass for two to severallie all-worthy Ladies. But to any in the right, it would be judged wrong, to disjoyne them in ought, who never were nearer in kindle, then ever in kindlese. None deareer (dearest Ladies) I have seen, and all may say, to your Honourable husbands then you, to you then your Honourable husbands; and then to other, they either is to another. So as were I to name but the one, I should surely intend the other: but intending this Dedication to two; I could not but name both. To my first Birth, which I held much time, (as are all my consents that are their owne, though now by their collision, and what was a Monster like Bacchus, closed by), it is delivered to all Honourable Godfathers, with the O's of your Noble Lady's, as witness. So to this defective edition (since all translations are reputed finally, delivered at second hand; and in this servile printing, to hatch it, this Minerva from that Taurus, that bigge b metamorphosis.) I yet at last a fondling foster-father, having transported it from France to England, put it in English clothes, taught it to talk our tongue (though many times with a jerke of the French tongue) would I set forth to the best service. I might, and to better might not, then to be that deliver the best. Yet hath it this above your other favors: it may not only serve you so: I see in true English, which you read in the French, as many mouths more, to tell them in their own; what they would be told in another language. How worthy it is defended, let the father in the ninth chapter of his third book be letters testimonial, of the Roman Senate and City bear record! How righteously is this, and his beloved, set him by his dute in the right's of his second, written to the Lady of Esthufie (as if it were to you concerning your sweete wife, most motherly affected Lady Harrington) and by his acknowledgement in this first to all Readers give evidence, first that it is de bonnes, then more than that, est tete: How worthy, qualified, embellished, furnished it is, let her faire flocks, and fine-witted Daughter by allience passe her verdict, which the need not rarent: Here-hence to offer it into your service, let me for him but do and say, as he did for his other off-she, his peerless sire Steven de Bette, in the 25. of this first, and think her speaks to you my
The Epistle Dedicatory.

praise-sunning Countesse of Bedford, what there she speaks to the Lady of

Grammont Countesse of Guise: Since as his Master-Poete saide,

mutatis nominum, dicit

Fabula narratur:

Do you but change the name, Of you it is the fame:

So do his attributes accord to your desires, whereof to runne a long-bredth
career, both to faire and large a field might entice mee, and my in-burning spirites
would excite mee, if I were not held by your fairest reticing hand (who euer
held this desire, sooner to exceeded what you are thought, then though what you are
ne) nor had I not prejudice by premonition your affured adverse. When
your cause shall come to the weighing. And yet what are you not that you excite!
What weight would you not elevate in true ballance of befit judgements? More
to be followed by glory, since you fly it; which yet many good fellow: More
to be praised, for being all praises, which yet will professe on vertue, will be,
will the, will she.

In which matter of fame (and that exceeding good) well may you (I doubt not) vie
the word, which my Author breve (I feare) villupeth:

The further that the goth,
The more in strength the groweth.

Since (as in the original) if of his vertue or glory, more of yours, his Arch-Poet
might verify.

Ingredisse sola, & cupis inter nobilis condit: She (great and good) on earth doth move,
Yet veiles her head in heaven above:

But being by your limit-leave moderation lock in limits (who more desire, no-
thing may be said, than too much) thought I cannot say too much as he of Carthage,
so I of your praise-worthynesse, were I to say nothing, than too little. For this
in hand (if it may be honest to kiss your Honors gracious hand) all your grace
and goodnesse imputed and ascribed. For (that I may discharge me of all this,
and charge you with your owne, pardon Madame my plainnesse) when I with one
Chapter found my selfe over-charged, whereeto the charge or choise of an Hono-
rable person, and by me not-to be denied Benefactor (Noble and veruous Sir
Edward Wotton) had engaged me, (which I finnished in your owne house) your
Honor having dawayed to read it, without pity of my faling, my fainting, my labouring,
my languishing, my gasping for some breath (O could I Honorable, be
so pitty-less Madame, now doe I flatter) Yet commanded me on: (and
let me die outright, ere I do not that command.) I say not you took pleasurable
at shore (as thourgh this Author) to see mee-torff, weather-beaten, slippe-wracks,
almost drowned. Nor say I like this mans Indian King, you cke with a lower-
frame countenance the yeoulful complaint of your drooping, near-dying subject.
Nor say I (as he alledgegeth out of others) like an ironically modde Virgin, you
endeu, yeast commanded, yeast delighted to see mee thrive for life, yet fall out of
breath. Vide ars what you were, but nor craddle.(Madame, now I flatter you)

Yet this I may and must say, like in this French-mans report, our third in name, but
first and chief in name, K. Edward, you would not succour your blacke, nor tonne,
but fervant, but bad him fight and conquer, or die: Like the Spartan impe-
rious Mother, a shield indeede you gave mee, but with this Word. - A te om bre,
The Epistle Dedicatory.

Quod solet, & placet, si placet, suum est.

I trust breath and pleasure of please I do,
It is your grace, such grace proceed from you.

For, besides your owne inexplicable bounty first mover of my good, La quale
viaggi me peregrino errante, e figlio iungo e fonda agitato, al serer di Fortuna, e benigna;
mente guida in porto di salute e pace. Your noblest Earles beneficence, foremost running all
as faire in curte as pedegree, and bearing not only in his heart or hand, but even in aspect and due respect the native magnanimity of Bedford, and magnificent
franci-Nature of the Russels, hath so kindly bestowed my earth when it was
finburnt, so gently thawed it when it was frost-bound, as were there anie good in me.
I were more fencelike then earth, if I returned not some fruites in good measure.
This may be thought too much for no better a deferver than I am: Yet more
must I acknowledge joyned to this; for as to all, that profess any learning, & do you
(but small) heads therein, you and your husbands hand (most bounteous Ladie
Harrington) have beene the open, & your hospitable houfe, my retreate in tomes,
my reliefe in needle, Yet your heartes ever enlarged: so for an infance, in doing
wel by me (the meanes) as if honorable father and mother with their noblest sonne
and daughter should contend in that onely praine worthy emulation of wel doing,
you seemed even to strive, who should excel each other, who should best entertaine,
cherish and foster me: And as the river of benignite did runne in a blood,
your worthie Sonne in law, and vertuous Daughter Chichester with like sweete li-
quor have supplied my drie cestern. So as to the name and houfe of Bedford and
Harrington, without prophaneness, let me vow but one wordes of the Psalme,
ILLIVS ARAM,

and with that word my felle
Your Honorable Ladisships in
humble harrie service,

John Florio.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, Lucie Countesse of Bedford.

Elusive lustre of our English Dames,
In one comprizing all moxt prizde of all,
Whom Verue hires, and bounty hires doth call,
Whole verue honor, beauty love enflames,
Whole value wonder writes, silence proclaims,
Though, as your owne, you know th'original
Of this, whole grace must by translation fail;
Yet since this, as your owne, your Honor claims,
Yours be the honor, and if any good
Be done by it, we give all thanks and praise
For it to you: but who enough can give?
Aye-honor'd be your Honorable Blood;
Rise may your Honor, which your merites raife:
Live may you long, your Honor you out-live.

II Candido.
To the noble-minded Ladie, Anne Harrington.

F Mothers love exceeding others love, If Honours heart excelling all mens hearts, If bounties hand with all her beauties parts, Poets, or Painters would to pourtray prove, Should they seek earth below, or heav'n above, Home, Court or Country, foraine moulds or nart's, For Master-point, or model of their artes, For life, then here, they need no further move:

For Honour, Bountie, Love, when all is done, (Dread they not) what should they add, or faine, But only write, Lady ANNE HARRINGTON.

Her picture loth, would Nature second her, She could not, or she must make her again. So vows he, that himself doth hers averre.

Il Candido.

To the curteous Reader.

Hail! I apologize translation! Why has some bold (as for their free-born) that such conversion to the subversion of Unscriptur'd God's work with them, and whet their wits from unmane or empryse, it was an almanac, the sum of Books should be the overturning of Libraries. Yes but my old friend No's no use of me, and taught publickly, that from translation all Science had it's offspring. Likely, since true Philosopher, Grammar, Rhetorike, Logique, Scholastike, Geometrie, Almoomy, Artificie, and all the Mathematices yet hold their name of the Greeks; and the Greeks drew their bathing water from the conduit-pipes of the Egyptians, and they from the well springs of the Hebrews or Judges. And cause well, to be wise and deep, and will the well-drawn water be in summer and winter? And were they Countries is a round, advantaged, and embellished by such discoveries, and dont to drive our noble Colonie upon the back of a name! And did they well, and prove they well, and make we prove all that doe so? Why but Learning would not be made common. Too but Learning cannot be common, and the commoner the better. Why but who is not sculac, but Achilles, should be so profitez? Too but the Myriads in his eyes, fire, water, the more breathed the clearer, the more extended the warmer, the more drawn the sweeter. He was unamorous to cope her up, and worthy foriture close to conceaue her. Why but Schollers should have some privilege of preeminence. So have they: they each are worthy Translators. Why but the summer should not know all. No, they can not for all this; nor even Schollers for much more: I would hath could and known many more than either do or can. Why but all would be knownd all. No nor can; much more we know not than we know; all know something, none know all: would all know all they must break ere they be bigge. God only, which from God, Why but pastures should not be call to hue; yet are ripe put in there nature, and a good store of there is, and the meate and his medicine, and as much before, as any thing doth suppose to the Frenchman. Why, for it is not well De Prunice should be in the world or old women, a cather, or clothe's tale or table-tale. They are wise, and right's wise none too much: wise none too little. Why but let Learning be wrap't in a learned mantle. Too but to be worraine by a learn'd man: write ye to be kept up againe. Too, and violate againe. Elfe, hold we ignorance the mother of devotion and preaching in an unenowt tongue: as fury a mother, as a devil daughter: a good mindle perhaps; but surely all manner. If the heft be meta for os, why should the heft be barred? Why but the heft were heft in a tongue more unenowt: Nay in a tongue more knownt to them that write, and not unenowt of them to whom they wrote. Why but more honour to him that makes more learned. Too(such perhaps, as Quantamus Orator, a learned man I warrant him) for I understand him swer a word. Why but let me write for the most honour of the Writer. Nay, for most profit of the Reader: and (as hep, most honour). If to write oblige be perverted offensire, as Augustus welljudged: for our own not to write in other wone but unenowt we, is happy to fewer and more critical, but surely without honor, without profit, if he see not, or find not an emptyrtre. "Who else what is he but a Translator? Oblige be he that loves criticains. And therefore willing that I take his words, though willingly I doe notlike it, Translator profite. Why but who ever did well all? Nay, who did ever well without? If nothing can be more joy, but hath borne (write before) as he (write before) if there be no new thing under the Sunne. What is that that hath borne? That that shall be: (as he (write before) what doe the heft then, but glome after where? but or their colour, invents their possissent? What doe they but translate? Perhaps, serpents at left,
To the Reader.

If with acknowledgment it is well, or by fleas, it is too bad; in this, our confidence by our ancillary; polluter s or judge: in that our fustian to our advocate, and you Reader to our venue, Why but when of those that have a great name for it? Nay who great else, but either in part, as Plato and Aristotle, or of many: Thull, Plutarch, Pliny, out of Plutarch, and many so of parfable, as all that since have made much know the Greeks, and almost the Latin, even translated their whole treatise? Why Cardan maintained, either Homer's verse can well express in Latine, nor Virgilius in Greek, nor Petrarcthus in either. Suppose Homer took nothing out of any, for we have no more before him, and there must be a better yet Homer by Virgil is often translated at Scaliger's conceits there is the armour of Heracles, or purgant put on the backe of Bacchus: is the true doctrine, and Petrarthus, if wellytraced, would be found in their foilsettes, whose wight garbe left's [sells] are noted to have gathered. Why but that Scaliger thinks, that Ficimus by his radical simplicity translated Plato, as an Owl should represent an Eagle, or some twa-wang, Player should all the pretty Telephus with asos, as rag at his clothes, as grave at his voyce. If the famous Ficimus were a family, who may hope to see Lyses fast-free but for him and us all let me confess, as he beere confesseth, and his confession makes holy amends, that every language hath's Genius and incomparable forms; without Pythagoras his Metempsychisis it can not rightly be translated. The Tasso trueth, the Venus of the French, the Sarpe state of the Spaniah, the foque insignity of the Dutch cannot from here be drawn to life. The sense may keepe forms; the sentence is digged, the finesse, finspe, &c. diminished, as much as an artes nature is from of natures artes, a picture of a body, is shadow of a substance. Why then beke I have done by Montaigne, as Terence by Menander, made of good French no good English. If I have done so worse, and on no worse taken, it is as, if he be Poet, yet am I a sheete, since I say of whom I had it, rather to imitate his and his authors negligence, then any backketers obscure disdaine. His heare lies before you, perhaps without his trapping, and his waist without his shirt. Indeed in this specially finds I fault with my mother, that as Calus and Antinoos in Tullie, the one seem to contemne, the other not to know the Greeks, whereas the one so judge Greek as he seemed to know no other tongue, the other in his travels to Athens and Rhodos had long conversed with the learned Gracious: So be it, well bringing of his sense, and the worſt rather then the best, disclaiming of mereke, any allsort, or borrowing of the ancient or modern; whereas in course of his discourse he frames acquainted not only with all, but no other but he himselfe shall well out of question like Cyrus or Cesar call any of his owrme by his name and condition. And I would for us all be in this whole body done as much, as in most of this other languages my preceffe deserve, my selfe and newer sufficiently commend the English, yet done for mine and your safe and intelligence. Why then, as Terence, I have had help. Than, and thankes for the rest, and thank you neede not be disheartned by them that may pleas you in a better manner. Why these figures are but mensch-themes pieced together, you might as well say several texts. As in the childe revende. Text worthy, but Montaigne, the other was, but a French with fordell's legge, and extra-ordinary. Now say you English was by the freely centre of as learned a wit as among you. The excellency of that translation by some Conseller (honeyed Sir Edward Wotton) would not have embarped me to this discovery, had not his wittsome purpose worth my pensive, and your perusing. And should any way false, trothbe's Drucyke, or adder-tongu'd Sir sachruff or False Jack, that in the course of his discourse, or weake of his figures, or entwining of his chapters, he holdeth a discourse, that grace and glorie filling of life, and that many this so much more his iudges, and have me here to teare, in such a world, for they declare so little, but if they selfe let them alone, I sendeth them to the whole chapter of the third book, page 86, where himselfe prevents their carping, and foreseing their criticks, answereth them for me as full. Yet are there hereon errors. If of matter, the Author; if of omission, the printers: him I would not amend, but send homen to you as you are. 7. That could not attend, but where I found faults, let me pray and enquire for your owne jarge to corrig, as you read to amend as you list. But some errors are mine, and mine by more then translation. Are they in grammer, or orthographie as cash for you to right, or me to wrong, or as contradiction, as mis-crownning him, or it othings: alive, or dead, or never you may know my meaning, and see the fittes of your occasion: or are they in some uncommon terms, as tenace, conscionice, endure, tarry, conspire, comparte, efficace, facili, ammucating, debouching, yege, effort, emotio, and such like, if you list them not, take others most commonly set by them to express them, since there they were set to make such like English words familiar with our English, which well may bear them. If any be capital in your meaning, be I admis,