THE EPISTLES OF SENeca

corporis solida ferrum et quicquid humanae torserant
manus reiceret. Molaribus demum fracta saxis est.
Et adversus mortem tu tam\(^1\) minuta iacarlis? Subula
iconem excipis? Acuta sunt ista, quae dicis; nihil
est acutius arista. Quaedam inutilia et ineffecticia
ipsa subsidiitas reddit. \textit{Vale}.

LXXXIII.

\textit{Seneca Lucilio suo salvem}

1 Singulos dies tibi meos et quidem totos indicari
iubes; bene de me iudicas, si nihil esse in illis putas,
quod abscondam. Sic certe vivendum est, tamquam
in conspectu vivamus; sic cogitandum, tamquam
aliquis in pectus intimum intropiscere\(^2\) possit; et
potest. Quid enim prodest ab homine aliquid esse
secretum? Nihil deo clusum est. Interest animis
nostris et cogitationibus mediis intervenit—sive inter-
venit, dico, tamquam aliquando discedat. Faciam
ergo, quod iubes, et quid agam et quo ordine,
libenter tibi scribam. Observabo me protinus et,
quod est utilissimum, diem meum recognoscam. Hoc
nos pessimos facit, quod nemo vitam suam respicit.
Quid facturi simus cogitamus. Atqui consilium
futuri ex praeterito venit.

\footnote{tu tam later MSS.; totam VPh.}

\footnote{introspecre Hense; prospectare VPh.}

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\(^a\) \textit{Cf. Ep. lxxv.} 1 pudet in aetem descendere pro dis
hominibusque susceptor subula armatur.

\(^b\) \textit{Cf. Ep. xii.} 2 seen intra nos spiritus, . . . malorum
bonorumque nostrorum observator et custos.

\(^c\) \textit{Cf. Ep. i.} 4 ratio constat imperfectae (referring to his
attempt to employ his time profitably).

258
EPISTLES LXXII., LXXXIII.

toughness which matched its bulk, made spears, or any weapon hurled by the hand of man, glance off. It was finally destroyed by rocks equal in size to millstones. Are you, then, hurling petty weapons like yours even against death? Can you stop a lion’s charge by an awl? Your arguments are indeed sharp; but there is nothing sharper than a stalk of grain. And certain arguments are rendered useless and unavailing by their very subtlety. Farewell.

LXXXIII. ON DRUNKENNESS

You bid me give you an account of each separate day, and of the whole day too; so you must have a good opinion of me if you think that in these days of mine there is nothing to hide. At any rate, it is thus that we should live,—as if we lived in plain sight of all men; and it is thus that we should think,—as if there were someone who could look into our inmost souls; and there is one who can so look. For what avails it that something is hidden from man? Nothing is shut off from the sight of God. He is witness of our souls, and he comes into the very midst of our thoughts—comes into them, I say, as one who may at any time depart. I shall therefore do as you bid, and shall gladly inform you by letter what I am doing, and in what sequence. I shall keep watching myself continually, and—a most useful habit—shall review each day. For this is what makes us wicked: that no one of us looks back over his own life. Our thoughts are devoted only to what we are about to do. And yet our plans for the future always depend on the past.

259
THE EPISTLES OF SENECA

3 Hodierne dies solidus est; nemo ex illo quicquam mihi eripuit. Totus inter stratum lectionemque divisus est. Minimum exercitationi corporis datum, et hoc nomine ago gratias senectuti: non magno mihi constat; cum me movi, lassus sum. Hic autem excitationis etiam fortissimis finis. Progymnastas meos quaeris? Unus mihi sufficit Pharius\(^1\) puer, ut seis, amabilis, sed mutabilur. Iam aliquem teneriorem quaero. Hic quidem ait nos eandem eris in habere, quia utrique dentes cadunt. Sed iam vix illum adsequor currentem et intra paucissimos dies non potero; vide, quid exercitatione cotidiana proficiat. Cito magnum intervallum fit inter duos in diversum euntes. Eodem tempore ille ascendit, ego descedo, nec ignoras, quanto ex his velocius alterum fiat. Mentitus sum; iam enim actas nostra non descendent, sed cadit. Quomodo tamen hodiernum certamen nobis ecessit quaeris? Quod raro cursoribus evenit, hieran fecimus. Ab hae fatigatione magis quam exercitatione in frigidam descendit; hoc apud me vocatur parum calda. Ille tantus psychrolutes, qui kalendis Ianuarii euripum salutabam, qui anno novo quemadmodum legere, scribere, diceere alicui, sic auspicabar in Virginem desilire, primum ad Tiberim transtuli castra, deinde ad hoc solium, quod,

\(^1\) Pharius some MSS.; faveius b; faveius PV; Earius Erasmus.

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\^ a See \(\)p. xii. 3 for a similar witticism.
\^ b Hieran (coronam), as Lipsius thinks, when the result was doubtful, the garland was offered to the gods. From the Greek \(\)ephs, sacred.
\^ c Constructed by Marcus Agrippa; now the fountain of Trevi.

260
EPISTLE LXXXIII.

To-day has been unbroken; no one has filched the slightest part of it from me. The whole time has been divided between rest and reading. A brief space has been given over to bodily exercise, and on this ground I can thank old age—my exercise costs very little effort; as soon as I stir, I am tired. And weariness is the aim and end of exercise, no matter how strong one is. Do you ask who are my pacemakers? One is enough for me,—the slave Pharius, a pleasant fellow, as you know; but I shall exchange him for another. At my time of life I need one who is of still more tender years. Pharius, at any rate, says that he and I are at the same period of life; for we are both losing our teeth. Yet even now I can scarcely follow his pace as he runs, and within a very short time I shall not be able to follow him at all; so you see what profit we get from daily exercise. Very soon does a wide interval open between two persons who travel different ways. My slave is climbing up at the very moment when I am coming down, and you surely know how much quicker the latter is. Nay, I was wrong; for now my life is not coming down; it is falling outright. Do you ask, for all that, how our race resulted to-day? We raced to a tie,—something which rarely happens in a running contest. After tiring myself out in this way (for I cannot call it exercise), I took a cold bath; this, at my house, means just short of hot. I, the former cold-water enthusiast, who used to celebrate the new year by taking a plunge into the canal, who, just as naturally as I would set out to do some reading or writing, or to compose a speech, used to inaugurate the first of the year with a plunge into the Virgo aqueduct, have changed my allegiance, first to the Tiber, and then to my favourite tank, which is warmed only by the


8 Quid ergo est nunc, cui animum adiecerim? Dicam. Superest ex hesterno mihi cogitatio: quid sibi volucerint prudentissimi viri, qui rerum maximarum probationes lavissimas et perplexas fecerunt, quae ut sint verae, tamen mendacio similes sunt. Vult nos ab ebrietate deterrere Zenon, vir maximus, huius sectae fortissimae ac sanctissimae conditor. Audi ergo, quemadmodum colligat virum bonum non futurum ebrium: "ebrio secretum sermonem nemo committit; viro autem bono committit; ergo vir bonus ebrius non erit." Quemadmodum opposita interrogatione simili derideatur, adtende. Satis est enim unam

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*The same word is used by Seneca in De Tranq. An. xvii. 7 quidam medio die interiuvserunt et in postmeridianas horas aliud levioris operae distulerunt.
*Cf. Ep. lvi. 3 ipsum fremitum non magis auro quam fluctum aut decretum aquae.
* Zeno, Frag. 329 von Arnim,—quoting also Philo's εἰ τῷ μεθήναι ὅσα ἐν τὶς οἰκογενομία χάνῃ άπόφησον παρακαθάρον... ὅσα ἀπα μεθύει ὃ ἀστείος.
sun, at times when I am most robust and when there is not a flaw in my bodily processes. I have very little energy left for bathing. After the bath, some stale bread and breakfast without a table; no need to wash the hands after such a meal. Then comes a very short nap. You know my habit; I avail myself of a scanty bit of sleep, — unharnessing, as it were. For I am satisfied if I can just stop staying awake. Sometimes I know that I have slept; at other times, I have a mere suspicion.

Lo, now the din of the Races sounds about me! My ears are smitten with sudden and general cheering. But this does not upset my thoughts or even break their continuity. I can endure an uproar with complete resignation. The medley of voices blended in one note sounds to me like the dashing of waves, or like the wind that lashes the tree-tops, or like any other sound which conveys no meaning.

What is it, then, you ask, to which I have been giving my attention? I will tell you. A thought sticks in my mind, left over from yesterday, — namely, what men of the greatest sagacity have meant when they have offered the most trifling and intricate proofs for problems of the greatest importance, — proofs which may be true, but none the less resemble fallacies. Zeno, that greatest of men, the revered founder of our brave and holy school of philosophy, wishes to discourage us from drunkenness. Listen, then, to his arguments proving that the good man will not get drunk: “No one entrusts a secret to a drunken man; but one will entrust a secret to a good man; therefore, the good man will not get drunk.” Mark how ridiculous Zeno is made when we set up a similar syllogism in contrast with his. There are

263
ponere ex multis: "dormienti nemo secretum sermonem committit; viro autem bono committit; vir bonus ergo non dormit." Quo uno modo potest, Posidonius Zenonis nostri causam agit, sed ne sic quidem, ut existimo, agi potest. Ait enim ebrium duobus modis dici: altero, cum aliquid vino gravis est et inpos sui; altero, si solet ebrius fieri et huic obnoxius vitio est. Hunc a Zenone dici, qui solet fieri ebrius, non qui sit. Huic autem neminem com-

missurum arcana, quae per vinum eloqui possit. Quod est falsum. Prima enim illa interrogatio conplectitur eum, qui est ebrius, non eum, qui futurus est. Plurimum enim interesse concede et inter ebrium et ebriosum. Potest et qui ebrius est, tunc primum esse nec habere hoc vitium, et qui ebriosus est, saepe extra ebrietatem esse. Itaque id intellego, quod significari verbo isto solet, praeertim cum ab homine diligientiam professo ponatur et verba examinante. Adice nunc quod, si hoc intellexit Zenon et nos intellegere voluit, ambiguitate verbi quasiiit locum fraudi, quod faciendum non est, ubi veritas quaeritur.

Sed sane hoc senserit; quod sequitur, falsum est, ei qui solet ebrius fieri, non committi sermonem secretum. Cogita enim, quam multis militibus non semper sobriis et imperator et tribunus et centurio

\* Cf. Ep. xlix. 8 quod non perdidisti, habes; cornua autem non perdidisti; cornua ergo habes,—and the syllogisms given in Ep. xlvii.

264
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