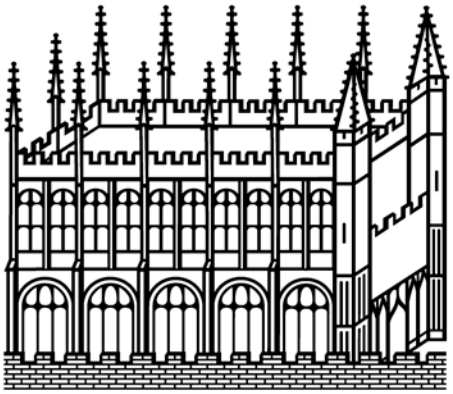
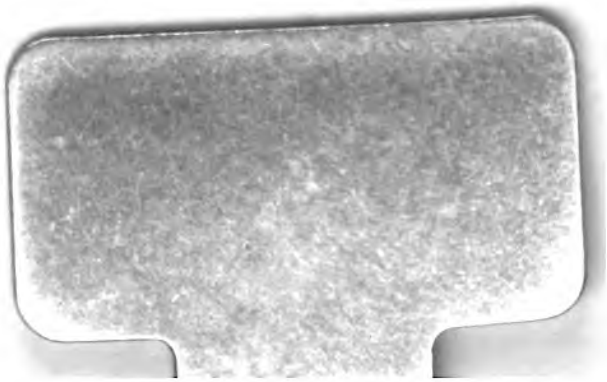
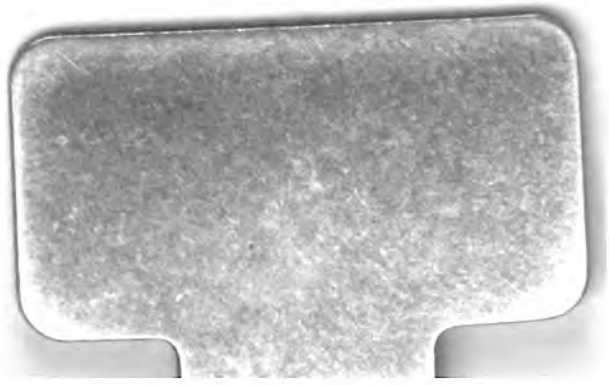


ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS

Chevalier & Chatelain





S

CTIONS.

MAXIMS

AND

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

MAXIMS

AND

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

BY THE

DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE

CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN,

TRANSLATOR OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES, AUTHOR OF LA FOLLE DU LOGIS, ETC.

LONDON:
WILLIAM TEGG AND CO.
PANCRAS LANE, CHEAPSIDE.
1875.

MEMOIR.

FRANÇOIS, Duke de la Rochefoucauld and Prince de Marsillac, (son of François, the fifth of that name, and nephew to the Cardinal,) was born in 1613. Like all noblemen of that period, his early education had been much neglected; but nature bountifully supplied the deficiency. He is described by Madame de Maintenon as having "a most agreeable countenance, a noble air, considerable intellect, and very little learning."

The period at which he first began to mix in society was one that formed a kind of turning-point in the manners of the French nation. The influence of the nobility, humbled and kept in check by the Cardinal de Richelieu's despotic and vigorous administration, was still struggling against his powerful sway,—only the spirit of faction had given way to the spirit of intrigue. It must not, however, be thought that intrigue was exactly the same thing in those days as it is with us. Manners were less toned down than in our modern times, and people strove for loftier aims; they intrigued in order to make themselves acceptable or formidable, as the case might be, while now they only seek to flatter and please. Intrigue

imparted a zest to people's mental powers, whetted courage, and called forth talents and virtues. In our times, the ambitious succeed in proportion as they are supple-backed, and endowed with patience. In those days the object they strove for seemed noble and grand; it was, in short, aiming at power and dominion; while in modern days both end and means are petty,—vanity and greed of money being their only main-spring. Intrigue was formerly a bond of union between men, while now-a-days it isolates them. It was dangerous in its former phase, being apt to clog the machinery of government, and impede progress when the government was an honest one; while under its present form it is favourable to the powers that be, and only tends to dwarf and corrupt morals. Then as now, women were the chief agents in carrying on these underhand conspiracies; and love (or at least what was honoured by that name) borrowed a certain ennobling lustre from being combined with the important interests of ambition; while gallantry in our era is only degraded by the petty interests with which it is blended, lowering alike the standard of ambition and of the ambitious.

The spirit of faction revived at the death of Richelieu. Louis XIV.'s minority seemed to offer the nobility a favourable opportunity for recovering their lost influence over the affairs of the nation. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld was carried along by the stream, and his attachment to a fair lady entangled him in the war of the Fronde,—a war bordering on

the ridiculous, from the fact of its being carried on without a definite object, a plan, or a ringleader, and whose only motive power was the restlessness of a handful of men, impelled less by ambition than by an innate love of intrigue, and who were tired of inaction and passive obedience.

At that time, De la Rochefoucauld was deeply enamoured of the Duchess de Longueville. Having been wounded in a skirmish in the Rue St. Antoine, he received an injury that for a time deprived him of sight, on which occasion he applied to himself two lines from one of Duryer's tragedies, to this effect: that "to please his fair idol and win her heart, he warred against kings, and would have warred against the gods." But lo! after a quarrel with the inconstant Duchess, he altered his note, and declared in two lines of poetry of his own composition, that "he had warred with kings to captivate an inconstant heart he had now learnt to appreciate at its true value, which experience he had acquired at the price of his sight."

We may perceive, by referring to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's life that he easily entered into intrigues, but was soon equally eager to back out of them. The Cardinal de Retz reproaches him with this want of stability, which he attributes to a natural indecision of character he cannot account for; though it seems to us easily explained by the Duke's disposition. His natural gentleness, easy manners, and turn for gallantry, could scarcely fail to entangle him in one of the prevailing factions, in a court

divided into parties, and where it was scarcely possible to remain neuter without incurring the taunt of being weak. But his superior judgment, uncompromising probity, and upright mind, at once conciliatory and observant, to which all his contemporaries have borne testimony, could not long be fettered by petty intrigues, which, under the cloak of promoting the general weal, only afforded each individual the means of forwarding his private ends and advantages, while all higher aims were sacrificed to narrow-minded, personal views.

While Pascal's genius expanded in silence and solitude, the spirit of observation and caustic sense of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld blazed forth amidst the stir and bustle of state affairs and of the fashionable world, in the shape of his far-famed book, entitled "Maxims." Having been entangled by the accidents of birth and position, and his devoted attachment to the Duchess de Longueville, to side with the Fronde, which had well nigh overturned the absolute power that Richelieu had established on so broad a basis, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld served heart and soul the cause he had embraced, no less with the strength of his arm than the resources of his intellect. When the party struggles were at length appeased, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, tired of living in the midst of cabals so little congenial to his taste, retired into that private life for which the natural bent of his mind and his character alike befitted him, where he was in his own element, and could once more enjoy the charms of friendship, and

hold converse with cultivated minds. He retained the sincerest regard for Madame de la Fayette to the last hour of his life; and Madame de Sévigné informs us that his house was frequented by all the wits and celebrities of the day. It was in this select circle that he wrote his "Memoirs" and "Maxims."

Living as he did in times when personal interest of the most trivial nature agitated the whole country, and in the midst of men who disturbed the public peace, and plunged headlong into undertakings, perhaps praiseworthy in themselves, merely to gratify their own petty passions and self-love, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was placed in the most favourable situation for observing the inner workings of egotism; and no wonder if he grew to be sceptical as to any moral principle derived from such a source. Consequently he wrote an excellent book, but not a perfect one; he depicted in masterly style one, and only one, phase of human life, for the simple reason that he knew of none other.

His "Memoirs" are written in a noble and elegant style, yet simple withal; but the events they record have lost a considerable portion of the interest they possessed at the time when they were first published. Neither do they possess the same attractive features as his "Maxims," though he still appears in the light of a profound thinker, paints in vivid colours the spirit of the times he lived in, and gives faithful pictures of court intrigues. He has been compared to Tacitus, though he exhibits neither the bitter gravity, nor the somewhat obscure

reflections, (obscure from their extreme concision,) nor the energy of the Latin historian: still he occasionally approaches him by his mode of expression, and the vividness of his language. Moreover, it is no small praise to add, that his "Memoirs" are free from the puerile details that abound in all works of this kind; and if he sins by talking too much of himself, it is a fault he has in common with all writers of memoirs.

As to the book of "Maxims," it established De la Rochefoucauld's reputation. His reflections, like those of Pascal, are full of energy, and expressed in an aphoristic style; but the courtly philosopher does not possess to the same extent as the pious antagonist of the Jesuits, the art of at once convincing and touching the feelings. He is a stranger to enthusiasm because he believes not in human virtue. Generally speaking, his style is incisive, caustic, and freezing.

In his biographical sketches of the writers of Louis XIV.'s period, Voltaire gives his opinion on the "Maxims" and the "Memoirs" in the following manner: "The Duke de la Rochefoucauld's 'Memoirs' are universally read, and his thoughts are learnt by heart. It is indeed his book of 'Maxims' that earned him his reputation." We shall again quote Voltaire in his praise, when he observes that "one of the works that most largely contributed to form the taste of the nation, and to diffuse a spirit of justice and precision, is the collection of 'Maxims' by François Duke de la Rochefoucauld, although there is perhaps but one truth uttered in the whole

book, namely, that *self-love is the main spring of every action*,"—which observation reminds us of the well-worn quotation from Madame Deshoulières:

"No love so silly as the love of self."

"Yet," continues Voltaire, "this theme is presented under such a variety of aspects, as to be almost always full of zest. La Rochefoucauld's work is not so much a book, as a collection of materials to compose a book. One reads the little treatise eagerly, and from it one learns how to think, and how to condense one's thoughts into a form at once sprightly, precise, and refined. This merit nobody in Europe had exhibited before our author, since the revival of polite literature."

La Rochefoucauld's work appeared anonymously in the first instance, and excited a great sensation from the beginning, which is generally attributed to the flashes of satire people found or fancied they discovered in its pages; and this view of the subject is no doubt a correct one. It may be that mankind in general has neither sufficient taste nor discrimination to fully appreciate a work of genius on its first appearance, and requires to be reminded of its beauties by the delineation of some special passion, that appeals more particularly to individual feelings. But if malice contributed in the first instance to establish the success of the work, time has stamped it with lasting approval. The "Maxims" have been reprinted over and over again, translated into all languages, and, what puts the crowning glory to an original work, it has given rise to a host of imita-

tors. For it seems to be a never-failing rule, that the more inimitable a work happens to be, the more it is sought to be imitated by the herd of mediocre writers.

La Rochefoucauld has been accused of calumniating human nature. Even Cardinal de Retz must needs accuse him of not sufficiently believing in the reality of virtue. There may be some slight foundation for such an assertion, but, to our thinking, it has been carried much too far. The duke painted human nature as he found it. In troubled times, amidst the bustle of factions and political intrigues, one has more opportunities of judging one's fellow creatures, and more interest to fathom their sentiments; and it is in the continual play of human passions that men's true characters are revealed, that weaknesses become apparent, and that hypocrisy betrays itself; while self-interest is mixed up with everything, corrupts every one, and rules with a despotic sway.

While looking upon self-love as the main spring of all our actions, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld had doubtless no preconceived intention of establishing such a proposition as an uncontested metaphysical axiom. He merely expressed a truth sufficiently recognised to allow of its being couched in the terse and dogmatical terms of detached maxims, and daily employed both in books and conversation, when generalizing partial observations.

It was only a man of unsullied reputation and recognised merit, who could thus venture to throw a

slur on the principle of all human actions. But personally he gave the example of the very virtues whose existence he contested. Judging from his book, he appeared to reduce friendship to an interchange of good offices; yet never was there a tenderer, truer, and more disinterested friend. "Personal bravery," says Madame de Maintenon, "was, in his eyes, a piece of folly; and he took little pains to disguise his opinion. Yet, personally he was very brave." He gave proofs of the greatest courage at the siege of Bordeaux, and at the battle of St. Antoine.

His declining years were embittered by sufferings both bodily and mental. Under his mental afflictions he displayed the most touching sensibility, while giving proofs of truly admirable fortitude in bearing his physical ailments. His courage only forsook him when he lost those most dear to him. One of his sons was killed when crossing the Rhine, and the other wounded.

"I saw his heart laid bare on that cruel occasion," says Madame de Sévigné; "and his courage, his merit, his tenderness, and good sense, surpassed all I ever met with. I hold his wit and accomplishments as nothing in comparison."

The gout, that disease especially the inheritance of high-born men, troubled the Duke de la Rochefoucauld sorely during the latter years of his life, and caused him to die in the most intolerable pain. Madame de Sévigné, an authority one is never tired of quoting, describes in touching terms the last moments of this

celebrated character. "His state of mind," says she, "is something to be admired; his conscience seems to be quite easy, as if that were a settled matter; but it is the illness and death of his neighbour that is the subject now on hand, and he seems by no means alarmed by it. It is not in vain that he has reflected during his whole life; he has so often familiarized himself with the idea of his last moments, that they seem neither new nor strange to him."

In a short memoir preceding an edition of his "Maxims," published in Paris in 1820, by the firm of Treutel and Würtz, Rue de Bourbon, No. 17, we find the following passage:

"The Duke de la Rochefoucauld had an illustrious name transmitted to him by his ancestors, which he in turn handed down with increased lustre to descendants well calculated to keep up its splendour. Qualities seem to be hereditary in certain families. Accordingly a taste for literature seems to be perpetuated in the Rochefoucauld family, together with the virtues of ancient times blended with those of a more enlightened century.

"Charles V., when travelling through France, was received in 1530, at the Château of Verteuil, by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's ancestor. On leaving this princely residence, the emperor declared, according to a contemporary historian, 'that he had never entered a house so redolent of high virtue, uprightness, and lordliness, as that mansion.'"

One of Charles V.'s successors might have said the

same when visiting the descendants of the author of the Maxims."

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld died in 1680, leaving his family in deep affliction, and his friends inconsolable.

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

PORTRAIT

OF THE DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

[*Nil sub sole novi!* This axiom will remain true to all eternity. Long before Daguerre's discovery, that consisted in putting the sun under contribution, in order to take duplicates of the "human face divine"—which discovery, thanks to Nadar, led in France to an improved style of photography—adopted in London by Cundall, and more recently by Silvy,—photography existed, if not *de facto*, at least morally. As a proof of our assertion, we need only quote the portrait of De la Rochefoucauld drawn by his own hand, and thus preceding his Maxims. This pen-and-ink portrait, at least so we believe, has never hitherto been given in the English editions. We discovered it in an old French one. It was suppressed in subsequent editions, lest it should furnish arms against its author, who, having moulded his work on Madame Deshoulières' famous basis: "Self-love, alas! is the silliest of all love!" allows his pen to wander at its own sweet will, in an ocean of self-commendation, incensing himself to his heart's content. We shall translate the whole of so curious a monument of vanity and egotism.—C. DE C.]

I AM of a slender frame, easy and well proportioned. My complexion is dark, but my skin is tolerably smooth; my eyes are black, small and deep set, and the eyebrows black and bushy, but well formed; I should be puzzled to say to which class my nose belongs, being neither flat, aquiline, nor sharp-pointed, at least so it seems to me. All I know amounts to this: It is large rather than small, and somewhat too long. My mouth is large, my lips are generally red, and neither well shaped nor the reverse. My teeth are white and tolerably well set. I used to be told that my chin was rather too prominent, and I have just consulted my glass to learn how the matter stands, and after all I know not what I can say on the subject. As regards the contour of my face, I should be puzzled to affirm whether it be square or oval. My hair is black, and curls naturally, being moreover sufficiently thick and long to be deemed a fine head of hair.

I have a gloomy, haughty look, that makes many persons fancy me disdainful, though I am anything rather than that. I speak with warmth, and perhaps gesticulate over freely. I state candidly my opinion of my outer attributes, and I think people will find that my opinion of myself is not far removed from the truth. I shall be equally candid with regard to my remaining attributes, having studied my character sufficiently to know myself thoroughly, nor shall I fail assurance to state freely what good qualities I may possess, any more than sincerity to confess frankly the faults I acknowledge as mine.

First of all, in point of temper, I am of a melancholy temperament, and to such a degree that, for the last three or four years, I have scarcely been seen to laugh three or four times. Yet I fancy that my melancholy would be bearable, supposing it proceeded from no other source than that of my constitution. But I have so many other causes that feed my imagination and occupy my thoughts, that the greater part of my time is spent either in dreaming without uttering a syllable, or speaking without attaching any importance to what I say. I am very reserved with those I only know slightly, and am not extremely apt to converse with those whom I *do* know. This I acknowledge to be a fault, and I shall spare no pains to correct it. Only as a certain gloomy look, natural to my physiognomy, contributes to make me appear still more reserved than I really am, and as it is not in our power to get rid of a sullen look, which proceeds from the mould in which our features are cast, I fancy that when I shall have corrected the inner man, there will still remain some disagreeable marks on the surface.

I possess both sense and intellect, and make no difficulty to say so; for of what use is it to be over ceremonious? Those who call to their aid so many devices, and take such pains to soften down the personal advantages they possess, only conceal, to my thinking, a degree of vanity under apparent modesty, and serve their interests very cleverly, by leading people to think far better of them than is generally allowed. For my part, I am satisfied not to be

thought handsomer than I state myself to be, nor better tempered, nor more sprightly and rational than I really am. Once more, therefore, I affirm that I am intellectual, but of that kind of intellectuality which melancholy is apt to destroy. For though I know my language well, and have a good memory, and think of things without much confusion, I am so taken up by my grief, that I frequently express my meaning confusedly.

The conversation of honest people is one of the pleasures I value most. I like such conversations to be serious, and that morality should form their prominent feature. Yet I can enjoy its flavour too, when lively; and if I do not frequently say droll things, it is not from any want of appreciating the value of such witty trifles, for I think they form a very amusing mode of joking, when there are quick-minded natural spirits, who succeed so well in such diversions. I can write good prose, and good verse for the matter of that, were I sensible to such sort of glory, and think I could, with very little application, acquire a tolerable reputation in that department.

I am fond of reading, in general, but I prefer those works which contribute to form the mind, and fortify the soul. But above all, I feel a lively satisfaction in reading with an intellectual person,—for in that case we reflect every moment on what we read,—and the reflections that follow bring about the most agreeable conversation imaginable.

I am a tolerable good judge of the works, whether in verse or in prose, that are submitted to me,—only

I perhaps give my opinion with rather too much freedom. Another thing for which I take blame to myself, is that I am over scrupulous and too severe for a critic. I don't dislike listening to a dispute, in which I frequently take part, only I generally defend my opinion too warmly; and when some defend an unjust cause against me, I occasionally take up the cudgels so warmly for reason, that I finish by becoming very unreasonable myself.

I possess virtuous sentiments and elevated inclinations, and entertain so great a wish to become an honest man, that my friends cannot please me better than by telling me sincerely of my faults. Those who know me intimately, and have been kind enough to advise me occasionally on that score, are well aware that I have always welcomed their remarks with the greatest joy imaginable, and all the humility that could be desired.

All my passions are gentle and tolerably under control. I have scarcely ever been seen in a fit of anger, nor have I ever hated any one. Yet I am not incapable of taking my revenge, should honour require my resenting the insult offered. On the contrary, I feel certain that a sense of duty would stand me instead of hatred, and that I should carry out my revenge more vigorously than any one else.

I am not troubled by ambitious aspirations. I do not fear many things, and certainly not death. I am but little inclined to pity, and wish I were not even that much. Yet there is nothing I would not do to relieve afflicted persons; indeed I think we ought to

do all we can to alleviate such sufferings, even to the degree of expressing our compassion for their state. For unhappy people are so silly that a show of compassion does them real good. Only I maintain that we should push our pity no further than words, and take good care not to let it enter our hearts. Pity is a passion of no earthly use to a benevolent mind, and only tends to weaken the heart; and we ought to leave it to common people, who, as they never follow the dictates of reason in what they do, require the stimulus of the passions to urge them on to achieve anything.

I love my friends, and love them to such a degree that I should not hesitate to sacrifice my interest to theirs. To them I exhibit a great amount of compliance. I bear with their ill temper; only I don't welcome them with caresses, nor am I much troubled about them during their absence.

I have naturally but a very slight curiosity relative to the things other people care so much about. Being very reserved, I have less difficulty than any one in keeping a secret intrusted to my honour. I hold my promise sacred, and never fail so to do, whatever the consequences of that promise may entail upon me; and this has invariably been my law. I am extremely polite to ladies, nor do I think I ever uttered in their presence one single word that could cause them pain. I prefer the conversation of right-minded women to that of the male sex; for they display a degree of gentleness not to be met with amongst ourselves. Besides that, it appears to me that they express them-

selves more intelligibly, and add a grace to the things they converse about. I was to some degree a man of gallantry, in my time, but I no longer lay claim to any such appellation, young though I still may be. I have given up small talk, and I only wonder how so many reputable persons take the trouble to make pretty speeches.

I highly approve noble passions. They show the grandeur of the soul; and though the uneasiness that accompanies them seems contrary to rigid wisdom, it coincides so well with austere virtue, that I think it cannot be condemned with justice. I who know what strength and delicacy accompany the elevated sentiments of love, shall certainly love in that fashion, if indeed I ever venture to love at all. But such as nature has made me, I do not fancy this knowledge will ever lead my mind to take up its abode in my heart.

CONTENTS.

MAXIMS.

ABILITY.

I.

THE desire of appearing to be wise, often prevents our becoming so.

II.

Some persons of weak understanding are so sensible of that weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

III.

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.*

* Tacitus says of Seneca, "Amœnum illi ingenium, et *temporis illius auribus accommodatum:*"

IV.

It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal it.*

V.

Few of us have abilities to know all the ill we occasion.

"He had a pleasing genius, which was well adapted to the times he lived in."

Most of the authors immortalized by their contemporaries, have been indebted to this knowledge; or to the good fortune of living in times with which their abilities coincided. The Augustan age, fond of their new acquaintances the Greek writers, advanced to the pinnacle of fame all such Romans as imitated them tolerably well. Hence the undeserved reputation of some of the authors of that period. Among ourselves, the last age considered Poetry as comprehending all qualifications, even those of ambassadors and secretaries of state: The present, on the contrary, thinks it scarce worth reading.

* "Unus ex legatis (Helvetiorum) Claudius Cossus, notæ facundiæ; sed *dicendi artem aptâ trepidatione occultans, atque eo validior*, militis animum mitigavit."—TACITI *Hist.*, i. "Claudius Cossus was a man of known eloquence; but he knew when to conceal it, and appeased a mutiny of the soldiery by feigning a panic."

VI.

There are some affairs, as well as distempers, which ill-timed remedies make worse; and great ability is requisite to know the danger of applying them.*

ACCIDENTS.

VII.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them: nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

VIII.

Accidents sometimes happen from

* "Felix *intempestivis remediis* delicta accendebat."—Taciti *Annal.*, xii. "Felix increased disorders by unseasonable reformations."

"*Omittere* potius *prævalida* et adulta *vitia*, quàm hoc adsequi, ut palam fieret quibus flagitiis impares essemus."—Tac. *Annal.*, iii. "There are inveterate disorders, which it is more prudent to connive at, than to manifest our impotence by a vain attempt to suppress." "Nocuit (Galbæ) antiquus rigor et nimia severitas cui jam *pares non sumus*."—Tac. *Hist.*, i. "Galba hurt himself by acting up to the severity of the ancient laws, which the times could not bear."

which a man cannot well extricate himself without a spice of madness.

ACTIONS.

IX.

Great actions, the lustre of which dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, supposed to be owing to their ambition to give a master to the world, arose probably from jealousy.*

X.

Men may boast of great actions; but they are oftener the effect of chance than of design.

XI.

Our actions are by some supposed to

* Pliny the historian says, that the Social War had its rise from a private quarrel between Livius Drusus and Cæpio about a ring under sale, for which they bid against one another.

be under the influence of good or bad stars, to which they owe the praise or blame they meet with.*

XII.

The most brilliant action ought not to pass for *great* when it is not the effect of great design.

XIII.

A certain proportion should be observed between our designs and our actions, would we reap from both the advantages they might produce.

XIV.

Our actions are like the terminations of verses, which we rhyme as we please.†

XV.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, were the world witness to the motives which produce them.

* A thousand superstitions of this sort were furnished by the religion of the Pagans, which served to raise their hopes as well as fears.

† Actions, in themselves, are indifferent: the motives and the end are what characterize them.

XVI.

To praise great actions with sincerity, may be said to be taking part in them.

ADVICE.

XVII.

There is nothing of which we are so liberal as advice.

XVIII.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and making that friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives advice repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means more than his own interest or reputation.*

* Lord Shaftesbury, in his "Soliloquy," says, 'No onewas ever the better for advice: in general, what we called giving advice was properly taking an occasion to show our own wisdom at another's

XIX.

There is near as much ability requisite to know how to profit by good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

XX.

We may give advice; but we cannot give conduct.

AFFECTATION.

XXI.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

XXII.

We had better appear to be what we are, than affect to be what we are not.

AFFLICTION.

XXIII.

Whatever we may pretend, interest

expense; and to receive advice was little better than tamely to afford another the occasion of raising himself a character from our defects."

and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions.

XXIV.

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy. Under the pretence of weeping for the loss of one who was dear to us, we weep for ourselves: we weep over the diminution of our fortune, of our pleasure, of our importance. Thus have the dead the honour of tears which stream only for the living. I call this a sort of hypocrisy, for we impose on ourselves. But there is another hypocrisy, which is less innocent, because it imposes on the world. This is the affliction of such as aspire to the glory of a great and immortal sorrow. When time, which consumes all things, has worn out the grief which they really had, they still persist in their tears, lamentations, and sighs. They assume a mournful behaviour; and labour, by all their actions, to demonstrate that their affliction will not in the least abate till death. This disagreeable, this troublesome vanity is common among ambitious women. As the sex bars all the paths to glory, they endeavour to

render themselves celebrated by the ostentation of an inconsolable affliction. There is yet another species of tears, whose shallow springs easily overflow, and as easily dry away. We weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender; we weep, in order to be pitied; we weep, that we may be wept over; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

XXV.

We lose some friends for whom we regret more than we grieve; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret.

XXVI.

Most women lament the death of a lover, not so much out of real affection, as because they would appear to be the more worthy of having been beloved.

AGE.

XXVII.

Most people, as they approach old age, show in what manner both the body and the mind will decay.*

* To a skilful observer, the future defects of a man's mind and body may sometimes be visible

XXVIII.

We arrive at the different ages of life mere novices; but want experience, though we have had many years to gain it.*

XXIX.

Vivacity, when it increases with age, is not far short of frenzy.

AGREEABLENESS.

XXX.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.†

from the time he is adult; as a good mechanic, from the accurate inspection of a machine, may perhaps predict where it will decay.

* Age does not necessarily confer experience; nor does even precept; nor any thing but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth except ability.

† "How often have I seen the most solid merit and knowledge neglected, unwelcome, and even

XXXI.

We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whose rules are unknown; it is a secret conformity of the features to one another, to the complexion, to the carriage.

AMBITION.

XXXII.

The ambitious deceive themselves when they propose an end to their ambition; for that end, when attained, becomes a means.

XXXIII.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of misfortune, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that heroes, allowing for a little vanity, are just like other men.

XXXIV.

The greatest ambition entirely conceals

rejected; while flimsy parts, little knowledge, and less merit, introduced by the Graces, have been received, cherished, and admired!"— LORD CHESTERFIELD'S 136th Letter.

itself, when what it aspires to is unattainable.

XXXV.

What seems to be generosity is often no more than disguised ambition; which overlooks a small interest, in order to gratify a great one.

XXXVI.

Moderation must not claim the merit of combating and conquering ambition; for they can never exist in the same subject. Moderation is the languor and sloth of the soul; ambition its activity and ardour.

XXXVII.

We pass often from love to ambition: but we seldom return from ambition to love.

APPLICATION.

XXXVIII.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

XXXIX.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

AVARICE.

XL.

Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it can, at best, be a mean of attaining it.*

XLI.

Avarice is more opposite to economy than liberality.

* That there is such an irrational avarice as confines itself to the mere satisfaction arising from heaping up, looking at, and touching gold and silver, without any regard to their use, every age furnishes us with too many examples to admit a doubt.

"Desire of riches is covetousness, a name used always in signification of blame: because men contending for them are displeased with one another attaining them; though the desire in itself be to be blamed or allowed, according to the means by which these riches are sought. Ambition, which is a desire of office or precedence, is a name used also in the worst sense for the reason before-mentioned." —HOBBES, "Leviathan."

XLII.

Avarice in the extreme almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

XLIII.

Avarice often produces contrary effects. There are many people who sacrifice their fortunes to dubious and distant expectations; there are others who contemn great future for small present advantages.

BENEFITS.

XLIV.

Men are apt not only to forget benefits and even injuries; but even to hate those who have obliged them, and to cease to hate those who have injured them. The very attention to requite kindnesses, and revenge wrongs, seems to be an insupportable slavery.*

* "To have received greater benefits than there is hope to requite, disposeth to counterfeit love, but really to secret hatred; and puts a man into the estate of a desperate debtor, who, in declining the sight of his creditor, tacitly wisheth him there

XLV.

Every body takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones: but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

CLEMENCY.

XLVI.

The clemency of princes is often policy to gain the affections of their subjects.*

XLVII.

Clemency, which we make a virtue of, proceeds sometimes from vanity, sometimes from indolence, often from fear, and almost always from a mixture of all three.†

where he might never see him more. For benefits oblige, and obligation is thraldom, and unrequitable obligations perpetual thraldom; which is hateful." —"Leviathan," p. 48.

* "Novum imperium inchoantibus utilis clementiæ fama."—Taciti *Ann.*, iv. "In the beginning of a reign the reputation of clemency is serviceable."

† Clemency proceeds sometimes from *vanity;* like that of Tiberius towards Silanus and Cominius:

CONSTANCY.

XLVIII.

The constancy of the wise is only the art of keeping disquietude to oneself.

XLIX.

The misfortunes of other people we all bear with a heroic constancy.

L.

Criminals at their execution affect sometimes a constancy, and contempt of death, which is, in fact, nothing more than the fear of facing it. Their constancy may be said to be to the mind what the cap is to their eyes.

"Patientiam libertatis alienæ ostentans."—Tac. *Ann.*, vi. "Making an ostentation of his patience with regard to the liberties that were taken with him."

Sometimes from *indolence:* "Oblivione magis quàm clementiâ."—Tac. *Ann.*, vi. "Rather through forgetfulness than clemency."

Often from *fear:* "Julius Civilis periculo exemptus, præpotens inter Batavos, ne supplicio ejus ferox gens alienaretur."—Tac. *Hist.*, i. "Julius Civilis, who had great authority among the Batavi, was saved, for fear his punishment should irritate that warlike people.'

LI.

Constancy in love is perpetual inconstancy: it attaches us successively to every one of the good qualities of the person beloved, giving sometimes the preference to one, sometimes to another. This kind of constancy therefore is no more than inconstancy confined to a single object.

LII.

In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the favourite object fresh motives to love; the other from our making constancy a point of honour.

LIII.

In misfortune we often mistake dejection for constancy: we bear it without daring to look on it; like cowards, who suffer themselves to be murdered without resistance.

CONTEMPT.

LIV.

We sometimes condemn the present by praising the past; we show our contempt

of what now is, by our esteem for what is no more.*

LV.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

CONVERSATION.

LVI.

Confidence in conversation has a greater share than wit.

LVII.

The reason why we meet with so few men who are agreeable in conversation is, that there are scarce any who think not more of what they have to advance, than of what they have to answer. Even those who have the most address and politeness

* We condemn the present by praising the past. This is the common track of satirists. "Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam in terris:" "I believe there was such a thing on earth as chastity in Saturn's reign," says Juvenal. And this is no inconsiderable effort of poetical faith. To believe that things have always been as they are, seems reasonable enough: but t believe, because things are thus now, that they therefore were oppositely different formerly, approaches, methinks, to a *Credo quia impossibile*

ſancy they do enough if they only *seem* to be attentive; at the same time that their eyes and minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themſelves were saying: not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently,* and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.†

COQUETRY.

LVIII.

It is a sort of coquetry, to boast that we never coquet.

* The greatest genius of the present age, speaking in conversation of a deceased friend, amongst other qualities observed, that "he was a *comfortable* hearer."

† "I must not omit one thing—which is attention: an attention never to be wholly engrossed by any past or future object, but instantly to be directed to the present one, be it what it will. An absent man can make but few observations—he can pursue nothing steadily, because his absences make him lose his way. They are very disagreeable, and hardly to be tolerated in old age; but in youth they cannot be ſorgiven."—LORD CHESTERFIELD, 195th Letter.

LIX.

All women are coquettes, though all do not practise coquetry. Some are restrained by fear, some by reason.

LX.

Women are not aware of the extent of their coquetry.

LXI.

Women find it more difficult to get the better of coquetry than love.

LXII.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

LXIII.

We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love when we have been coquetting elsewhere.*

LXIV.

Coquettes take a pride in appearing to be jealous of their lovers, in order to

* Coquettes are those who studiously excite the passion of love; though they mean nothing less than to gratify it. The male coquets are nearly as numerous as the female.

conceal their being envious of other women.

CRIMES.

LXV.

There are crimes which become innocent, and even glorious, through their splendour, number, and excess: hence it is, that public theft is called address; and to seize unjustly on provinces is to make conquests.*

LXVI.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.†

* "Id in summâ fortunâ æquius quod validius; sua retinere privatæ domus, de alienis certare regiam laudem."—Tac. *Ann.*, xv. "Power is the justice of sovereigns: it is for private persons to preserve their own, but for princes to seize what belongs to others."

"Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."—Tac. *in Agric.* "To ravage, plunder, and murder, is to reign; to desolate a country is to pacify it."

† "Innocentem quisque se dicit respiciens testem, non conscientiam."—Sen. *Ep.* iii. "Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted."

The English have a law maxim, "Nemo tenetur

LXVII.

There are people of whom we never believe ill till we see it: but there are none at whom we ought to be surprised when we do see it.

LXVIII.

Those who are themselves incapable of great crimes are ever backward to suspect others.

CUNNING.

LXIX.

The greatest of all cunning is, to seem blind to the snares which we know to be laid for us. Men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavouring to deceive others.*

LXX.

Those who have most cunning always

seipsum accusare:" "No man is legally compellable to accuse himself."

* "Solum insidiarum remedium est, si non intelligantur."—Tac. *Ann.*, xiv. "The best defence against a secret enemy is, to make him believe you are not aware of his snares."

affect to condemn it in others, that they may make use of it on some great occasion, and to some great end.

LXXI.

The common practice of cunning is by no means a sign of genius; it frequently happens that those who use it to cover themselves in one place, lay themselves open in another.

LXXII.

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

LXXIII.

The sure way to be cheated is, to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

LXXIV.

We are angry with those who trick us, because they appear to have more cunning than ourselves.

LXXV.

One man may be more cunning than another, but not more so than all the world.

LXXVI.

Those whom we deceive appear not near so ridiculous to us, as we do to ourselves when deceived by the cunning of others.

DEATH.

LXXVII.

Few people are well acquainted with Death. It is generally submitted to through stupor and custom, not resolution: most men die merely because they cannot help it.

LXXVIII.

Death and the sun are not to be looked at steadily.

LXXIX.

It may be proper to say something of that fallacy called a contempt of death. I mean that contempt which the heathens boasted to derive from their natural strength, unsupported by the hopes of a better life. There is a wide difference between suffering death courageously, and contemning it: the one is common

enough; the other I believe never to be sincere. Every thing has been written that can persuade us that death is no evil; and some of the weakest as well as the greatest of men have given celebrated examples in confirmation of this tenet. Yet I doubt whether any person of good sense ever thought so. The pains we take to persuade ourselves and others of it plainly evince that it is no easy talk. A man may, for many reasons, be disgusted with life; but he can have no reason for contemning death. Even suicides esteem it no slight matter, and are as much startled at it, and decline it as much as other people, when it comes in any other shape than that which they have chosen. The remarkable inequality in the courage of many valiant men proceeds from death appearing differently to different imaginations, and seeming to be more instant at one time than another. By this means it happens, that, after having contemned what they did not know, they are at last afraid of what they do know. We must avoid considering death in all its circumstances, if we would not think it the greatest of all ills. The

wisest and bravest are those who make the best pretences for not considering it at all: for every one that views it in its proper light will find it sufficiently terrible. The necessity of dying made the whole of philosophic fortitude. The philosophers thought it best to do that with a good grace which was not to be avoided; and, being unable to make themselves immortal, they did all they could to immortalize their reputations, and save what they might out of the general wreck. To be able to put a good face on the matter, let us by no means discover even to ourselves all we think about it; let us trust rather to constitution, than to those vain reasonings which make us believe we can approach death with indifference. The glory of dying resolutely, the hopes of being regretted, the desire of leaving a fair reputation, the assurance of being delivered from the miseries of life, and being freed from the caprice of fortune, are all alleviating reflections, and not to be rejected: but we must by no means imagine them infallible. These serve indeed to give us courage, just as in war a poor hedge em-

boldens the soldier to approach an incessant firing. At a distance, they view it as a shelter; when they come up, they find it but a sorry defence. We flatter ourselves too much, in fancying that death, when near, will appear what we judged it to be when distant; and that our opinions, which are weakness itself, will be firm enough not to give way on this severest of trials. We must be also ill acquainted with the effects of self-love, to imagine that this will permit us to think lightly of an action which must necessarily be its destruction. Reason, from which we expect mighty assistance, is too feeble, on this occasion, to make us believe even what we wish to find true. It is she, on the contrary, who betrays us; and, instead of inspiring a contempt of death, helps to discover its horrors. Indeed all she can do for us is to advise us to avert our eyes, and fix them on some other object. Cato and Brutus chose noble ones. A valet amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was going to be broken. Thus different motives sometimes produce the same effect. And so true it is, that whatever

disproportion there may be between the great and the vulgar, we often see them meet death with the like countenance: with this difference always, that the contempt of death affected by heroes is owing to their love of glory, which hides it from their sight. In common people it proceeds merely from a want of sensibility, which prevents their being aware of the greatness of the evil, and leaves them at liberty to think of something else.*

* The contempt of death has been accounted a virtue of the first class. Virgil makes it essential to the character of a happy man:

"Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."

He must be superior to every fear; even that of death, and its consequences.

The fear of death is peculiar to man; and may perhaps be a necessary instinct to counterbalance reason, which might else, too frequently, prompt him to quit his post; according to that noble thought of Lucan,

"Victurosque dii celant, ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori."

"The gods conceal from men the happiness of death, that they may endure life."

And though we find this instinct operating sufficiently in men, when under no immediate pres-

DECEIT.

LXXX.

To be deceived by our enemies, or betrayed by our friends, is insupportable;

sure, we may yet observe that it is surmountable by the exertion of every passion, even in the weakest and most timid people. Of this the numberless examples we continually see will not admit a doubt. Nor are there wanting, among the few philosophic men who have been superior to instinct, instances of such as have given the irrefutable demonstration, the irrevocable fact, in confirmation of their rational fortitude, and sincere contempt of the bugbear death; which, without passion's aid, they have encountered, with unaverted eyes and undiverted attention. Nerva's death is thus related by Tacitus: "Cocceius Nerva, continuus principis, omnis divini humanique juris sciens, integro statu, corpore illæso, moriendi consilium cepit. Quod ut Tiberio cognitum, adsidere, causas requirere, addere preces: fateri postremo grave conscientiæ, grave famæ suæ, si proximus amicorum, nullis moriendi rationibus, vitam fugeret. Aversatus sermonem Nerva, abstinentiam cibi conjunxit."—*Ann.*, l. vi. "Cocceius Nerva, a man well skilled in human and divine laws, in high favour, and in good health, came to a resolution to destroy himself. When the emperor was informed of it, he attended him, inquired into his reasons, entreated him to desist; and even confessed that it would lie on his con-

yet are we often content to be served so by ourselves.

LXXXI.

It is as easy to deceive ourselves without perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without being perceived.

LXXXII.

A resolution never to deceive others, exposes a man to be deceived himself.

LXXXIII.

Dulness is sometimes a sufficient security against the attack of a deceitful man.*

LXXXIV.

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is under a still greater deception.

science, and be pernicious to his fame, to have his best friend make away with himself, without the least apparent reason. But Nerva declined the conversation; and starved himself."

* "It is no easy thing to stick soft cheese on a hook."—DIOG. LAERT.

LXXXV.

In love, the deceit generally outstrips the distrust.

LXXXVI.

We are far happier when deceived by those we are in love with, than when undeceived.*

LXXXVII.

Should even our friends deceive us, though we have a right to be indifferent to their professions of friendship, we ought ever to retain a sensibility for them in misfortune.

DESIRE.

LXXXVIII.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow.

* And we may cry out with Horace's madman,

"Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis *gratissimus error*."

"My friends, 't were better you had stopp'd my breath;
Your love was rancour, and your cure was death,
To rob me thus of pleasure so refined,
The dear delusion of a raptured mind."

LXXXIX.

Before we passionately desire any thing which another enjoys we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

XC.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

XCI.

Were we perfectly acquainted with the object, we should never passionately desire it.*

DISGUISE.

XCII.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

XCIII.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to

* Sir Thomas More says, "The world is undone by looking at things at a distance."

others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

XCIV.

Some disguised falsehoods are so like truths, that it would be judging ill not to be deceived by them.

DISTRUST.

XCV.

Our own distrust justifies the deceit of others.*

XCVI.

That which commonly hinders us from showing an openness of heart to our friends, is not so much a distrust of them, as of ourselves.

XCVII.

How much soever we distrust the sincerity of others, we always believe them

* "Multi fallere docuerunt dum timent falli; et alii jus peccandi suspicando fecerunt."—SENECA, *Ep.* iii. "Many men provoke others to over-reach them by excessive suspicion; their extraordinary distrust in some sort justifying the deceit."

to be more ingenuous with ourselves than with any body else.

ELOQUENCE.

XCVIII.

There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the choice of his words.*

XCIX.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

* "The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy. Take common sense *quantum sufficit;* add a little application to the rules and orders of the House [of Commons], throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegancy of style. Take it for granted, that by far the greatest part of mankind neither analyse nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface."—LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letter 272.

"The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled than understandings to judge."—Id., Letter 197.

EMPLOYMENT.

C.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

CI.

We appear great in an employment below our merit; but often little in one that is too high for us.*

ENVY.

CII.

Those who imitate us we like much better than those who endeavour to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, competition of envy.†

* Tacitus says of Galba, that while he was a subject, he seemed above his condition; and had he never attained the imperial dignity, every body would have judged him deserving of it. "Major privato visus, dum privatus fuit; et omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset."—*Hist.*, i.

† "Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveo."—LUCRETIUS.

"The chiefest glory of the Grecian state
I strictly trace, willing to imitate."

CIII.

We often glory in the most criminal passion; but that of envy is so shameful, that we dare not even own it.

CIV.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just; it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which we think belongs, to us: whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot endure, even in idea, the good of others.

CV.

Our approbation of those who are just entering upon the world, is often owing to our secret envy of those who are well settled in it.

CVI.

Pride, which excites, often helps us to moderate, envy.

CVII.

Envy is more irreconcileable than hatred.

CVIII.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, as coquetry is by true love.

CIX.

Envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

CX.

More people are free from interested views, than from envy.

FAULTS.

CXI.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.

CXII.

We acknowledge our faults, in order to repair, by sincerity, the hurt they do us in the opinion of others.

CXIII.

We confess small faults, in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

CXIV.

It is strength of mind sincerely to acknowledge our faults as well as our perfections: as it is weakness to be insensible to what is good, as well as to what is bad in our composition.

CXV.

Had we not faults of our own, we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

CXVI.

We are often more agreeable through our faults, than through our good qualities.

CXVII.

The greatest faults are those of Great Men.

CXVIII.

Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves, as well as others: honest men know and confess them.

CXIX.

There are some faults which, when well-managed, make a greater figure than virtue itself.

CXX.

We are not bold enough to say in general, that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particular cases we seem to think so.

CXXI.

We have few faults that are not more excusable in themselves, than are the means which we use to conceal them.

CXXII.

We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have: thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate.

CXXIII.

We easily excuse in our friends those faults by which we ourselves are not affected.

CXXIV.

We endeavour to get reputation by such faults as we determine not to amend.

CXXV.

It seems as if men thought they had not faults enough; for they increase their number by certain affected singularities: these are cultivated so carefully, that at last they become a sort of natural defects, beyond our power to reform.

FIDELITY.

CXXVI.

The fidelity of most men is one of the arts of self-love, to procure confidence. It is the means to raise us above others, by making us the depositaries of their momentous concerns.

CXXVII.

It is more difficult to be faithful to a mistress when on good terms with her, than when on bad.

FLATTERY.

CXXVIII.

We should have but little pleasure, were we never to flatter ourselves.

CXXIX.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.*

CXXX.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

CXXXI.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery, whilst they hate only the manner of it.

FOLLY.

CXXXII.

Folly closely attends us through life,

* "Adulatione servilia fingebant, securi de fragilitate credentis."—TACITI *Ann.*, xvi. People flatter us, because they can depend on our credulity.

When a man seems to be wise, it is merely that his follies are proportionate to his age and fortune.

CXXXIII.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

CXXXIV.

It is great folly to affect to be wise by one's self.

CXXXV.

Some follies are like contagious distempers.

CXXXVI.

There are certain people fated to be fools; they not only commit follies by choice, but are even constrained to do so by fortune.

FORTUNE.

CXXXVII.

Whatever difference may appear in men's fortunes, there is nevertheless a

certain compensation of good and ill, that makes all equal.*

CXXXVIII.

Fortune turns every thing to the advantage of her favourites.†

CXXXIX.

The happiness and misery of men depend no less on temper than fortune.‡

* "Magnæ fortunæ pericula."—Tac. *Ann.*, iv. Ex mediocritate fortunæ pauciora pericula."—*Ann.*, xiv. "A great fortune runs great risks; a moderate one is secure."

"Multos qui conflictari videantur beatos; ac plerosque quanquam magnas per opes miserrimos."—Tac. *Ann.*, vi. "Many who seem wretched are happy; and many are miserable in the midst of riches."

† "Aderat fortuna etiam ubi artes defuissent."—Tac. *Hist.*, v. "Fortune often compensates for the want of abilities."

‡ "Through certain humours or passions, and from temper merely, a man may be completely miserable, let his outward circumstances be ever so fortunate."—Lord Shaftesbury, vol. ii., p. 84.

CLX.

Fortune breaks us of many faults, which reason cannot.*

CXLI.

The generality of people judge of us by our reputation or our fortune.†

CXLII.

To be great, we must know how to push our fortune to the utmost.

CXLIII.

Fortune exhibits our virtues and vices, asthe light shows objects.‡

* "Pauperes necessitas, divites satietas, in melius mutat." "Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich."

† "Studia militum in Cæcinnam inclinabant, vigore ætatis, proceritate corporis, et quodam inani favore."—Tac. *Hist.*, ii. "The soldiers were well affected to Cæcinna, because he was in his prime, tall and majestic, and much in vogue."

‡ "Ambigua de Vespasiano fama; solusque omnium ante se principum in melius mutatus est." —Tac. *Hist.*, i. "Vespasian's reputation was ambiguous, and he was the first emperor who altered for the better."

CXLIV.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favours.

CXLV.

To be able to answer for what we shall certainly do, we must be able to answer for fortune.

CXLVI.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

CXLVII.

Fortune and caprice govern the world.

"Primus Antonius nequaquam pari innocentiâ post Cremonám (excisam) agebat, satis factum bello ratus, seu felicitas in tali ingenio avaritiam, superbiam cæteraque occulta mala patefecit."—Tac. *Hist.*, iii. "Anthony, after his destruction of Cremona, behaved no longer with discretion and moderation, considering the war as ended; or perhaps prosperity disclosed his avarice, ambition, and other concealed vices."

FRIENDSHIP.

CXLVIII.

What is commonly called friendship is no more than a partnership; a reciprocal regard for one another's interests, and an exchange of good offices: in a word, a mere traffic, wherein self-love always proposes to be a gainer.

CXLIX.

Though most of the friendships of the world ill deserve the name of friendship, yet a man may make use of them occasionally, as of a traffic whose returns are uncertain, and in which it is usual to be cheated.

CL.

In the distress of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us.*

* This maxim gave occasion to Dr. Swift's celebrated "Verses on his own Death." The introductory lines give the Dean's opinion of our author, and a poetical version of the maxim :—

CLI.

The reason why we are so changeable in our friendship is, that it is as difficult to know the qualities of the heart, as it is easy to know those of the head.

CLII.

We love every thing on our own account: we even follow our own taste and inclination when we prefer our friends to ourselves; and yet it is this preference alone that constitutes true and perfect friendship.

CLIII.

It is more dishonourable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

"As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.
This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'"

See also Lord Chesterfield's defence of this maxim, Letter 129.

CLIV.

We often imagine that we love men in power; but it is all interest at bottom: we espouse not their party to do them any service, but to make them of service to ourselves.*

CLV.

We sometimes lightly complain of our friends, to be beforehand in justifying our own levity.

CLVI.

We are not very much afflicted for our friends, when their misfortunes give us an opportunity of signalizing our affection for them.

CLVII.

We are fond of exaggerating the love our friends bear us; but it is less from a

* "Fatebor et fuisse me Sejano amicum, et ut essem expetisse.—Ut quisque Sejano intimus, ita ad Cæsaris amicitiam validus."—Tac. *Ann.*, v. "I own, I was Sejanus's friend; for there was no other road to favour."

principle of gratitude, than from a desire of prejudicing people in favour of our own merit.

CLVIII.

We love those who admire *us*, but not those whom *we* admire.

CLIX.

Rare as true love is, it is less so than true friendship.

CLX.

The reason why few women give into friendship is, that to those who have experienced love,* friendship is insipid.

CLXI.

In friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our ignorance than our knowledge.

CLXII.

It is equally difficult to have a friend-

* Wine is ever insipid to dram-drinkers.

ship for those whom we do not esteem, as for those whom we esteem more than we do ourselves.

CLXIII.

The greatest effort of friendship is, not the discovery of our faults to our friend, but an endeavour to convince him of his own.

CLXIV.

The charm of novelty, and that of long habit, opposite as they are, equally conceal from us the faults of our friends.

CLXV.

The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship; just as the generality of religious people put us out of conceit with religion.

CLXVI.

Renewed friendships require a nicer conduct than those that have never been broken.

GALLANTRY.

CLXVII.

There are many women who never have had one intrigue; but there are few who have had only one.

CLXVIII.

We seldom talk of a woman's first intrigue before she has had a second.

CLXIX.

Love is the smallest part of gallantry.

CLXX.

The gallantry of the mind consists in an agreeable flattery.

GLORY.

CLXXI.

The glory of great men is ever to be rated according to the means used to acquire it.

CLXXII.

We exalt the reputation of some, in order to depress that of others; we should not extol so much the Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne, were we not inclined to blame both.*

CLXXIII.

It is as commendable to be proud with respect to one's self, as it is ridiculous to be so with respect to others.†

CLXXIV.

We are unwilling to lose our lives, and yet would fain acquire glory. Hence it is, that the brave use more dexterity to avoid death, than men versed in the chicanery of law do to preserve their estates.

GOODNESS.

CLXXV.

Nothing is more rare than true good-

* "Populus neminem sine æmulo sinit."—Tac. *Ann.*, xiv. "The public gives to every great man a rival."

† "Above all things," says Pythagoras, "reverence yourself."

ness: those who imagine they possess it have little more than either complaisance or weakness.

CLXXVI.

It is very difficult to distinguish diffusive general goodness from great address.

CLXXVII.

None deserve the character of being good, who have not spirit enough to be bad: goodness, for the most part, is either indolence, or impotence.*

CLXXVIII.

A fool has not stuff enough about him to make a good man.

CLXXIX.

The resolute alone can be truly good-

* "Segnis, pavidus, et *socordiâ innocens*."—Tac. *Hist.*, i. "Lazy, timorous, good through stupidity."

Caprice is sometimes a source of goodness:

"And made a widow happy for a whim."—Pope.

natured; those who commonly seem to be so are weak, and easily soured.

GRAVITY.

CLXXX.

Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.*

GRATITUDE.

CLXXXI.

Gratitude, like honesty among traders, helps to carry on business: in trade we

* "The Duke de la Rochefoucauld's definition of gravity," says Sterne, "deserves to be written in letters of gold. Gravity is an arrant scoundrel, and of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and more honest well-meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. The very essence of gravity is design, and consequently deceit; a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is worth."—"Tristram Shandy," vol. i., chap. xi.

"Gravity is of the very essence of imposture."—SHAFTESBURY, "Characteristics," vol. i., p. 11.

pay, not because we ought, but in order to find easier credit another time.

CLXXXII.

Not all those who discharge their debts of gratitude should flatter themselves that they are grateful.

CLXXXIII.

The reason for misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is, that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.

CLXXXIV.

There is a certain warmth of gratitude, which not only acquits us of favours received, but even, while we are repaying what we owe, converts our creditors into debtors.*

* "A grateful mind
By owing, owes not; but still pays: at once
Indebted and discharged."
"Paradise Lost."

CLXXXV.

The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to receive greater favours.

HAPPINESS.

CLXXXVI.

No person is either so happy or so unhappy as he imagines.

CLXXXVII.

We are less anxious to *become* happy, than to *appear* so.

CLXXXVIII.

Happiness lies in imagination, not in possession: we are made happy by obtaining, not what others think desirable,* but what we ourselves think so.

* Horace speaks thus of luxurious eating:

"Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in te ipso est: tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando."—*Sat.*, lib. ii., sat. ii., 19–21.

"In you consists the pleasure of the treat;
Not in the price or flavour of the meat."

HEART.

CLXXXIX.

Every man speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

CXC.

A man is sometimes well acquainted with his head, when he is not so with his heart.

CXCI.

The head is ever the dupe of the heart.*

* "Plusieurs diraient en période quarré, que quelques reflexions que fasse l'esprit, et quelques resolutions qu'il prenne pour corriger ses travers, le premier sentiment du cœur renverse tous ses projets. Mais il n'appartient qu'à M. de la Rochefoucauld de dire tout en un mot, que l'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur." "Many could have said in a round period, that whatever reflections the mind may make, and whatever resolutions it may take to reform its irregularities, the first motion of the heart overturns all its projects. But the Duke de la Rochefoucauld alone can say all

CXCII.

The head cannot long act the part of the heart.

CXCIII.

Imagination cannot invent so many contrarieties as naturally possess the heart of man.

HEROES.

CXCIV.

Nature sometimes gives great advan-

this in,—' The head is ever the dupe of the heart.' " —Bouhours, *L'Art de Penser.*

Lord Chesterfield (Letter 112th) quotes Rochefoucauld thus: "*L'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur.* If he had said, instead of *souvent, presque toujours,* I fear he would have been nearer the truth." But his lordship, perhaps, quoted from memory; for in the copies we have consulted *toujours* is the word.—*Cœur* and *esprit* imply so many senses, and *heart* and *mind* so few, that the thought, in our language, so translated, would have been flat. By the heart, however, is to be understood the seat of the *passions;* by the mind, the seat of *reason.* Our author frequently uses the expression.—" *Cœur* and *esprit,*" says a French writer, " are fashionable words; we hear of nothing else; we have a book called, ' A Quarrel between the Mind and the Heart,'—*Démêlé du Cœur et de l'Esprit.*"

tages; but the concurrence of Fortune must be obtained to make Heroes.

CXCV.

There are Heroes in bad, as well as in good actions.*

HONOUR.

CXCVI.

A single honour acquired is surety for more.

HUMOUR.

CXCVII.

Our own caprice is yet more extravagant than the caprice of fortune.

CXCVIII.

It is fancy that fixes the value on the gifts of fortune.

* Tacitus of Petronius: "Ut alios industria, ita hunc ignavia, protulerat ad famam; habebaturque non ganeo et profligator, sed erudito luxu."—*Annal.*, xvi. "Others acquire fame by industry; he got it by effeminacy: yet he was not accounted a debauchee or spendthrift, but a man of taste in pleasure."

CXCIX.

Our humour is apt to be more in fault than our understanding.

CC.

We may say of the temper of men, as of most buildings, that it has several aspects; of which some are agreeable, some disagreeable.

CCI.

The humours of the body have a regular stated course, and insensibly influence the will; they circulate, and successively exercise a secret power over us. In short, they have a considerable share in all our actions, though we perceive it not.

CCII.

Madmen and fools see every thing through the medium of humour.*

CCIII.

The calm or disquiet of our humour depends not so much on affairs of mo-

* The jaundiced eye sees every thing yellow.

ment, as on the disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

IDLENESS.

CCIV.

It is a mistake to imagine, that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

CCV.

Idleness, timidity, and shame, often keep us within the bounds of duty; whilst Virtue seems to run away with all the honour of it.*

CCVI.

Idleness belongs more to the mind than to the body.

* "Metus temporum obtentui, ut quod segnitia erat sapientia vocaretur."—Tac. *Hist.*, i. Timidity sometimes passes for wisdom. "Gnarus sub Nerone temporum, quibus inertia pro sapientia fuit." Under Nero it was wisdom to be inactive.

JEALOUSY.

CCVII.

Under some circumstances it may not be disagreeable to have a jealous wife; for she will always be talking of what pleases her husband.

CCVIII.

Those only who avoid giving jealousy are the persons who are deserving of it.

CCIX.

Jealousy is always born with love, but does not always die with it.

CCX.

Jealousy is nourished by doubt; and either becomes madness, or ceases as soon as we arrive at certainty.

CCXI.

In jealousy there is less of love than of self-love.*

* Witness Rhadamistus, who threw his beloved

CCXII.

There is a species of love whose excess prevents jealousy.

CCXIII.

Jealousy, though the greatest of evils, is the least pitied by those who occasion it.

ILLS.

CCXIV.

Philosophy easily triumphs over past and future ills; but *present* ills triumph over philosophy.

CCXV.

The good we have received from a man should make us bear with the ill he does us.

CCXVI.

It is less dangerous to do ill to most men, than to do them much good.*

wife into a river, that she might not fall into the hands of another.

* "Beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur

CCXVII.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

CCXVIII.

Weakness often gets the better of those ills which reason could not.

INCONSTANCY.

CCXIX.

There is an inconstancy proceeding from the levity or weakness of the mind, which makes it give in to every one's opinions: and there is another inconstancy, more excusable, which arises from satiety.

exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratiâ odium redditur."—Tac. *Ann.*, iv. "When benefits are such as can never be repaid, the benefactor is usually hated instead of thanked."

INGRATITUDE.

CCXX.

An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.

CCXXI.

There are some ungrateful people who are less to be blamed for their ingratitude than their benefactors.

CCXXII.

You seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.

CCXXIII.

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an insupportable one to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.

CCXXIV.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

INTEREST.

CCXXV.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of *disinterestedness* itself.

CCXXVI.

Interest blinds some people, and enlightens others.

CCXXVII.

To interest, the name of virtue is as serviceable as vice.

CCXXVIII.

The virtues and vices are all put in motion by interest.

CCXXIX.

Good nature, that boaster of sensibility, how often is it stifled by the smallest interest!

CCXXX.

Through interest alone we condemn vice, and extol virtue.

CCXXXI.

In small interests we venture to disbelieve appearances.

LOVE.

CCXXXII.

No disguise can long conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not.

CCXXXIII.

Since it is no more in our power to love than to let it alone, a lover has no right to complain of his mistress's inconstancy, nor she of her lover's levity.

CCXXXIV.

It is difficult to define love: we may say of it, however, that in the soul it is a desire to reign, in minds it is a sympathy, and in bodies a secret inclination to enjoy what we love after many difficulties.*

* This is surely but a dark confused account of love; and hardly will any one cry out after having read it, "*Nunc scio quid sit amor.*" Mr. Hobbes has thus defined it, in much fewer words: "It

CCXXXV.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.*

CCXXXVI.

There are few people who are not ashamed of their amours when the fit is over.

CCXXXVII.

Love is one and the same in the original; but there are a thousand different copies of it.

CCXXXVIII.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without

is the love of one singularity, with desire to be singularly beloved. And the same, with fear that the love is not mutual, is jealousy."

* "Quod petiere premunt arcte, faciuntque dolorem
Corporis, et dentes illidunt sæpe labellis."
LUCRET., lib. iv.

"What they desired, they hurt; and 'midst the bliss
Raise pain; when often with a furious kiss
They wound the balmy lip."—CREECH.

continual motion; as soon as it ceases to hope or fear, it ceases to exist.

CCXXXIX.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence wherein he is no more concerned than the Doge is in what is done at Venice.

CCXL.

The more you love your mistress, the readier you are to hate her.

CCXLI.

To love is the least fault of the woman who has abandoned herself to love.*

* "Viros ad unum quodque maleficium singulæ cupiditates impellunt; mulieres autem ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una ducit."—CICERO, *De Arte Rhet.*, lib. iv. "Single vices make men commit single crimes; but one vice makes women guilty of all." The reason is, that general contempt and ill-usage which custom has made the consequences of the forfeiture of female virtue. For women, finding themselves irrecoverably undone by a single slip, and treated as if nothing could be added to their guilt, stop afterwards at no single crime, because they know that they are thought capable of all.

CCXLII.

There are people who would never have been in love, had they never heard talk of it.

CCXLIII.

The pleasure of loving is to love; we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite.

CCXLIV.

To fall in love, is much easier than to get rid of it.

CCXLV.

Novelty is to love like bloom to fruit; it gives a lustre, which is easily effaced, but never returns.

CCXLVI.

It is impossible to love a second time those whom we have really ceased to love.

CCXLVII.

We forgive, just as long as we love.

CCXLVIII.

In love, we often doubt of what we most believe.

CCXLIX.

The man who thinks he loves his mistress for *her* sake is much mistaken.

CCL.

Young women who would not be thought coquettes, and old men who would not be ridiculous, should never speak of love as of a thing that in any wise concerns them.

CCLI.

Nothing is more natural or more fallacious than to persuade ourselves that we are beloved.

CCLII.

In love, those who are first cured are best cured.

CCLIII.

All the passions make us commit faults;

but in love we are guilty of the most ridiculous ones.

CCLIV.

In the old age of love, as in that of life, we continue to live to pain, though we cease to live to pleasure.

CCLV.

There are many cures for love; but not one of them infallible.

CCLVI.

Love, all agreeable as it is, pleases more by the manner in which it shows itself than on its own account.

CCLVII.

Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small indelicacies.

CCLVIII.

A lover never sees the faults of his mistress till the enchantment is over.

CCLIX.

We are much nearer loving those who hate us, than those who love us more than we like.

CCLX.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.*

CCLXI.

The reason why lovers are never weary of each other is this, they are always talking of themselves.

CCLXII.

Love and prudence are inconsistent; proportionally as the former increases, the latter decreases.†

* Gay tells us, however, that "in love we are all fools alike." Experience perhaps justifies his opinion.

† According to Ovid, love and dignity also are inconsistent:

"Non bene convenient, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et amor."

MAN.

CCLXIII.

To study men is more necessary than to study books.*

CCLXIV.

Men and things have their particular point of view: to judge of some, we should see them near; of others we judge best at a distance.

CCLXV.

The truly honest man is he who sets no value on himself.

* "The proper study of mankind is man," says Mr. Pope.—"Learning," says Lord Chesterfield, "is acquired by reading books; but the more necessary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and studying all the various editions of them." Again: "All are in general, and yet no two in particular, exactly alike. Those who have not accurately studied, perpetually mistake: they do not discern the shades and gradations that distinguish characters seemingly alike," &c. "Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—Letters 217 and 243.

CCLXVI.

He must be truly honest who is willing to be always open to the inspection of honest men.

MARRIAGE.

CCLXVII.

There may be convenient marriages, but there are no delightful ones.

MERIT.

CCLXVIII.

Those who think themselves persons of merit, take a pride often in being unlucky: they make themselves, as well as others, believe that they are worthy to be the butt of Fortune.

CCLXIX.

To undeceive a person prejudiced in favour of his own merit, is to do him the same bad office that was done to the madman at Athens, who fancied all the

vessels which came into the port to be his own.*

CCLXX.

It is a sign of extraordinary merit, when the envious are forced to praise.†

CCLXXI.

Nature gives merit, and good fortune sets it to work.

* This noble Athenian, when recovered from his indisposition, declared that he never had more pleasure than whilst he was distempered, which he remembered well; adding, that his friends would have obliged him much, to have let him enjoy a happiness that put him in possession of all things, without depriving anybody of the least. Ælian tells this story of Thrasyllus.

" Que ferait-il, hélas, si quelque audacieux
Allait pour son malheur lui dessiller les yeux?
Qu'il maudirait le jour où son âme insensée
Perdit l'heureuse erreur qui charmait sa pensée! "
—Boileau, Sat. iv.

" Should some officious person open his eyes, he would curse the day on which he was deprived of the delightful illusion." See Maxim lxxxvi.

† " Ne militibus quidem ingrata fuit Celsi salus, *eandem virtutem admirantibus cui irascebantur.*" " The soldiery, who were angry with Celsus, yet wished him well on account of his merit."—Tac. *Hist.*, i.

CCLXXII.

Some people with great merit are very disgusting; others with great faults are very pleasing.*

CCLXXIII.

There are those whose merit consists in saying and doing foolish things seasonably. An alteration of conduct would spoil all.†

CCLXXIV.

The art of setting off moderate qualifications steals esteem; and often gives more reputation than real merit.‡

* "Quædam virtutes odio sunt; severitas obstinata, invictus adversùm gratiam animus."—Tac. *Ann.*, xv. "There are odious virtues; such as inflexible severity, and an integrity that accepts of no favour."

† Those, perhaps, who with great faults are very pleasing; mentioned in the former Maxim.

‡ "Poppæus Sabinus, modicus originis, consulatum ac triumphale decus adeptus, maximisque provinciis per viginti quatuor annos impositus, nullam ob eximiam artem, sed quod *par negotiis*

CCLXXV.

It is merit that procures us the esteem of men of sense; but our good fortune procures us that of the public.

CCLXXVI.

Merit in appearance is oftener rewarded than merit itself.

CCLXXVII.

Merit, like fruit, has its season.

CCLXXVIII.

We should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

neque supra erat."—Tac. *Ann.*, vi. "Poppæus Sabinus, of moderate birth, obtained the consulship, and the honour of a triumph; and governed during twenty-four years the greatest provinces, without any extraordinary merit; being just capable of his employments, and in no manner above them."

CCLXXIX.

Censorious as the world is, it is oftener favourable to false merit, than unjust to true.

MODERATION.

CCLXXX.

The moderation of happy people is owing only to the calm that good fortune bestows upon the temper.*

CCLXXXI.

Moderation is a dread of incurring that envy and contempt which attend upon intoxicated prosperity: it is an ostentation of the strength of the mind. Moderation in an exalted station is the desire of appearing superior to fortune.

CCLXXXII.

We make a virtue of moderation, in order to bound the ambition of great

* "Tantum honorum atque opum in me cumulâsti, ut nihil felicitati meæ desit, nisi moderatio ejus. Cætera invidiam augent."—Tac. *Ann.*, xiv. "You have so loaded me with honours and riches, that nothing can be wanting to my prosperity, but moderation. Any thing more will excite envy."

men; also to comfort moderate geniuses for their slender fortune, and their slender merit.

CCLXXXIII.

Moderation resembles Temperance. We are not so unwilling to eat more, as afraid of doing ourselves harm by it.

OLD AGE.

CCLXXXIV.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

CCLXXXV.

Few people are qualified to be old.

CCLXXXVI.

As we grow old we grow foolish as well as wise.

CCLXXXVII.

Old age gives good advice, when it is no longer able to give bad example.*

* Terence makes a young fellow speak thus of his old father:—

CCLXXXVIII.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

OPPORTUNITY.

CCLXXXIX.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves as well as to others.

CCXC.

In affairs of importance, we ought less to contrive opportunities, than to use them when they offer.

CCXCI.

Our qualities, both good and bad, are

"Perii! is mihi, ubi adbibit plus paulo, sua quæ narrat facinora!
Nunc ait, periculum ex aliis facito tibi, quod ex usu fiet;
Astutus!"

"Speaking of another,
Shows how he 'd act in such a case himself:
Yet when he takes a sup or two too much,
O, what mad pranks he tells me of his own!"

—COLMAN'S Translation.

uncertain and dubious, and at the mercy of opportunity.

PASSIONS.

CCXCII.

The duration of our passions is as little in our power as the duration of our lives.

CCXCIII.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, Nature's art of eloquence, fraug ht with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

CCXCIV.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

CCXCV.

Passions often beget their opposites:

avarice produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice: men are often constant through weakness, and bold through fear.

CCXCVI.

When we subdue our passions, it is rather owing to their weakness than to our own strength.

CCXCVII.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is dangerous to obey their dictates; we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

CCXCVIII.

Notwithstanding all the care we take to conceal our passions under the pretences of religion and honour, they still appear through such flimsy veils.

CCXCIX.

Absence destroys small passions, and in-

creases great ones: the wind extinguishes tapers, but kindles fires.

CCC.

We are by no means aware of the influence of our passions.

CCCI.

The heart, while it is still agitated by the remains of one passion, is more susceptible of another, than when entirely at rest.

CCCII.

Those who, during life, are under the influence of strong passions, are happy; and miserable when cured of them.*

PENETRATION.

CCCIII.

The great defect of penetration is not

* Those who would eradicate all hopes and fears out of the human breast, as the means of happiness, are but ill-acquainted with the economy of the mind. The inaction and apathy that are the necessary attendants on such a state would be greater evils than the most unbounded licence of the passions.

so much in falling short of, as in going beyond, the mark.*

CCCIV.

Penetration has an air of divination; it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.

PHILOSOPHERS.

CCCV.

The contempt of riches in the philosophers was a concealed desire of revenging on Fortune the injustice done to their merit, by despising the good which she had denied them. It was a secret shelter from the ignominy of poverty; a bye-way to arrive at the esteem which they could not procure by wealth.†

* "It is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not."
—"Othello."

† According to Aristippus's repartee to Diogenes:

"Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
Nollet Aristippus. *Si sciret regibus uti,*
Fastidiret olus qui me notat."
—HORAT. *Ep.* xvii.

CCCVI.

The fondness or indifference for life in the old philosophers, was a taste of their self-love; which ought no more to be controverted than the taste of the palate, or the choice of colours.

PIETY.

CCCVII.

The piety of old women is often a decent way of escaping the disgrace and ridicule attendant on decayed beauty; it is an endeavour to continue upon a respectable footing.*

PITY.

CCCVIII.

Pity is a sense of our own misfortunes

"His patient herbs could Aristippus eat,
He had disdain'd the tables of the great;
And, 'He who censures me,' the sage replies,
'If he could live with kings, would herbs despise.'"

* It is also an employment for them. Mr. Pope has assigned them another:

"See how the world its veterans rewards:
A youth of conquests, an *old age of cards.*'

in those of another man: it is a sort of foresight of the disasters that may befall ourselves. We assist others, in order that they may assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.*

PRIDE.

CCCIX.

Pride always indemnifies itself, and takes care to be no loser, even when it renounces vanity.

* "Grief for the calamity of another is pity; and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himself; and therefore is called also *compassion*, and, in the phrase of this present time, a fellow-feeling: and therefore for calamity arriving from great wickedness the best men have the least pity; and for the same calamity those hate pity that think themselves least obnoxious to the same."—HOBBES' "Leviathan." The celebrated sentence of Terence, "Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto," is indeed the same opinion, more concisely expressed,—"I am a man, and feel for all mankind."

CCCX.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not complain of the pride of others.

CCCXI.

Pride is equal in all men; it differs only in the means and manner of showing itself.

CCCXII.

Nature, which has so widely adapted the organs of our bodies to our happiness, seems with the same view to have given us pride, in order to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.*

CCCXIII.

In our remonstrances to persons guilty of faults, pride is more concerned than benevolence; for we reprove, not so much with a design to correct, as to make them believe that we ourselves are free from such failings.

* "And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend."
—POPE.

CCCXIV.

Pride would never owe, nor self-love ever pay.

CCCXV.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

CCCXVI.

The same pride that makes us condemn the faults we are exempt from, inclines us to despise those good qualities which we are not possessed of.

CCCXVII.

In our concern for the misfortunes of our enemies there is often more pride than goodness of heart. By showing our compassion we make them feel our superiority.

CCCXVIII.

Nothing flatters our pride more than the confidence of the great, because we esteem it the effect of our merit; not reflecting that it proceeds most frequently

from their own inability to keep a secret. So that confidence is sometimes a relief to the mind, by throwing off the oppressive load of secrecy.*

CCCXIX.

Pride has its caprices, as well as other passions: we are ashamed to own that we are jealous, yet value ourselves for having been so, and for being susceptible of it.

PRAISE.

CCCXX.

The shame that arises from praise undeserved often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

* The difficulty of keeping a secret has been satirized in the story of Midas's barber. Midas had taken care to hide, under a Phrygian bonnet, the deformity of asses' ears. His barber discovered the secret; not daring to speak out, he imparted it to the earth; whence sprung reeds, which divulged it.

CCCXXI.

We seldom heartily praise those who do not admire us.

CCCXXII.

When we blame ourselves, we mean no more than to extort praise.

CCCXXIII.

We are not fond of praising without having a view to self-interest. Praise is an artful, concealed, refined flattery; which pleases (but with an essential difference) the giver and receiver: the one takes it as the reward of merit, the other gives it to show his candour and discernment.

CCCXXIV.

Envenomed praise exposes, by a side blow, in the person we commend, such faults as we durst not any other way lay open.*

* "Pessimum inimicorum genus laudantes."—Tac.
"Panegyrists are the most dangerous enemies."

CCCXXV.

We seldom praise but with a view to be praised.

CCCXXVI.

Few are wise enough to prefer useful reproof to treacherous praise.*

CCCXXVII.

Resistance to praise is a desire to be praised twice.

CCCXXVIII.

There are reproaches which praise, and there are praises which reproach.†

* "Peritissimis, si consulerentur, vera dicturis, arcuere eos intimi amicorum Vitellii; ita formatis principis auribus, ut aspera quæ utilia, nec quidquam nisi jucundum et læsurum acciperet."—Tac. *Hist.*, iii. "Vitellius might have known the truth from the old officers, but his courtiers kept them off; having accustomed him not to hear anything disagreeable, though useful, but to listen to everything pleasing and pernicious."

† Pliny relates of Cæsar, that his blame was so artful as to seem praise. "Ita reprehendit, ut laudet."—Lib. iii., ep. xii. "Augustus cùm

CCCXXIX.

That modesty which seems to decline praise, is the desire of being praised with more delicacy.*

CCCXXX.

An ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valour, and beauty, always contributes to their augmentation.†

Tiberio tribunitiam potestatem a patribus postularet, quanquam honorificâ oratione, quædam de cultu et institutis ejus jecerat, quæ velut excusando exprobraret."—Tac. *Ann.*, i. "When Augustus demanded the tribunitial power of the senate for Tiberius, in an oration made in his praise, he dropped something about his temper and disposition that seemed to accuse while he was excusing him."

* "But Cæsar never will your Horace hear;
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,
He spurns the flatterer and his saucy praise."
—Francis's Translation of Horace.

† "The senate," says Tacitus, "loaded Nero with praises, to excite the young emperor from the glory acquired by little actions to greater." "Magnis patrum laudibus; ut juvenilis animus, levium quoque rerum gloriâ sublatus, majores continuaret." "Sinistra erga eminentes interpreta-

QUALITIES.

CCCXXXI.

Our bad actions expose us less to persecution and hatred than our good qualities.

CCCXXXII.

It is not enough to possess great qualities; we must also have the management of them.*

tio; *nec minus periculum ex magnâ famâ, quàm ex malâ.*" "The world is apt to judge unfavourably of eminent merit. A great reputation is as dangerous as a bad one."

* "Brutidium artibus honestis copiosum, et si rectum iter pergeret ad clarissima quæque iturum, festinatio extimulabat; dum æquales, dein superiores, anteire parat: quos multos etiam bonos pessumdedit; qui, spretis quæ tarda cum securitate, præmatura vel cum exitio properant."—Tac. *Ann.*, iii. "Brutidius was possessed of good qualities sufficient to have raised him to the highest dignities, had he not through precipitation quitted the usual track; labouring to outstrip first his equals, then his superiors: a rock on which many worthy men have split; while they strove at the greatest hazard to obtain prematurely what with a little patience they would have had with perfect safety."

CCCXXXIII.

Some good qualities, when natural, degenerate into faults; others, when acquired, are always imperfect. For example, Reason must teach us to be frugal of our fortune and our confidence; Nature must give us benevolence and valour.

CCCXXXIV.

It is with some good qualities as with good parts; they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

CCCCXXXV.

To live without envy is a certain indication of great qualities.

CCCXXXVI.

Bad qualities sometimes constitute great talents.

REASON.

CCCXXXVII.

We want strength sufficient to act up to our reason.

CCCXXXVIII.

A man is not deemed rational because chance may throw reason in his way; he alone is rational who knows, distinguishes, tastes it.

REPUTATION.

CCCXXXIX.

We except against a judge in affairs of small moment, but are content that our reputation and glory should be dependent on the decision of men who oppose us, through jealousy, prejudice, or want of discernment: yet it is merely to engage these to determine in our favour that we often hazard our ease and lives.

CCCXL.

Whatever be the ignominy we may have incurred, we have it generally in our power to re-establish our reputation.*

* Particularly by a generous death: as Tacitus says of Sempronius, "Constantiâ mortis haud indignus Sempronii nomine, vitâ degeneraverat." —*Ann.*, i. "Though he had degenerated from his great ancestors by a disorderly life, he rendered himself worthy of them by his constancy in death."

SELF-LOVE.

CCCXLI.

Self-love is more artful than the most artful of men.

CCCXLII.

Common education instils into young people a second self.

CCCXLIII.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

CCCXLIV.

The first impulse of joy we feel from the good fortune of a friend proceeds neither from our good nature, nor friendship; it is the effect of self-love, which flatters us either with the hope of being happy in our turn, or of making some advantage of his prosperity.

"Descendam magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum." —VIRG.

"Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name."

CCCXLV.

Self-love, as it happens to be well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue and vice.

CCCXLVI.

Human prudence rightly understood is circumspect enlightened self-love.

CCCXLVII.

We are so prepossessed in our own favour, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that bear some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.*

CCCXLVIII.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries that have been made in the regions of self-love, there still remains much *terra incognita.*

CCCXLIX.

Self-love magnifies, or diminishes, the

* "Species virtutibus similes."—TAC. *Ann.*, XV. "Seeming virtues." "Ipsa vitia pro virtutibus interpretamur."—*Ibid.*, i. "We mistake vices for virtues."

good qualities of our friends, in proportion to the satisfaction we take in them; and we judge of their merit by the terms they keep with us.

CCCL.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing self-love, as the observation, that we disapprove at one time what we approve at another.

CCCLI.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love: we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

CCCLII.

The self-love of some people is such, that, when in love, they are more taken up with the passion, than the object of it.

CCCLIII.

Self-love is the love of self, and of

everything for the sake of self. When fortune gives the means, Self-love makes men idolize themselves, and tyrannize over others.* It never rests or fixes

* Self-love is the spring of all animal action. Nature has implanted it in animals with a twofold view; the good of the individual, and that of the species: and operates on them by a twofold impulse; an insupportable uneasiness attendant on its suppression, and a pleasurable sensation annexed to its gratification. In brutes, this motive to action, being under the sole direction of instinct, is in general uniform and evident. In man, instinct has been superadded to reason, and self-love becomes complex and mysterious. It is plain, from fact, that all animals are in some degree social; some of them (if we may so speak) living under monarchal, some oligarchal, others democratical, and the rest patriarchal government. The stifling, or exerting, the principle that thus unites them, has always its concomitant pain or pleasure. And instinct, where she is sole governess, impels them invariably and unerringly to Nature's end and their own good; which are always united, though not absolutely the same. For example, animals eat to appease their hunger, or please their palate; they have no more view to sustenance, than the sexes, in their intercourse, have to propagation. Men, too, so far as they act under instinct, act unerringly; when that leaves them, they have recourse to reason; which not being at all times, nor in all persons, equally right and strong, does not always

anywhere from home. If it settle on external things, it is only as the bee doth on flowers, to extract what may be serviceable. Nothing is so impetuous as its

prompt to what is equally true and just. Society is undoubtedly the interest of all mankind; and though an universal government has never yet been, nor most probably ever will be, formed, yet the wants of every man make him confederate with, and join himself to, some particular public. Now, as in order to the establishment of a state it is indispensably necessary to supersede some private rights, which are indeed compensated reflectively, though in a less obvious manner, this seems to produce cases wherein the good of the government and that of the subject clash. And certainly there are occasionally instances where the necessities of the commonwealth bear so hard on particular members as would give them a distaste to society, did not the uniting principle, the love of the species, the affection for the community of which they are a part, lighten the oppression, soothe the grievance, and, by benevolent reflection, even render it pleasurable. To actions deduced from this source, the self-love of the rest of the community (which reaps the benefit of these seeming self-sacrifices) ascribes extraordinary merit, annexes attendant glory, and calls them virtuous: which virtue, relatively to the kind, though it be highly meritorious, is yet not disinterested, because repaid by the reflex pleasure of the actor: and may also be carried so far as to become irrational and vicious; for "to be virtuous,"

desires, nothing so secret as its designs, nothing so artful as its conduct. Its suppleness is inexpressible; its metamorphoses surpass those of Ovid, and its refinements those of chemistry. We can neither fathom the depth, nor penetrate the obscurity of its abyss. There, concealed from the most piercing eye, it makes numberless turnings and windings: there is it often invisible even to itself: there it conceives, breeds, and cherishes, without being sensible of it, an infinity of different inclinations; some of which are so monstrous, that it either knows them not when brought forth, or cannot prevail on itself to own them. From the gross darkness that envelopes it, springs

says Lord Shaftesbury, "is to have one's affections right in respect of one's self as well as of society." So that virtue is found to be, not a disinterested benevolence towards the species, but of that sort which is its own reward; not a boundless enthusiasm for the public, but the social affection conducted by reason. It is rational humanity; or, according to our author, *well-regulated self-love*. And thus,

"True self-love and social are the same."

—Pope.

the ridiculous notion entertained of itself: thence its errors, ignorance, and silly mistakes. Thence it imagines those sensations dead, which are but asleep; sits down quietly when only taking breath for a new chase; and thinks that it has lost all appetite because for the present it is rather sated. But the thick mist which hides it from itself, hinders it not from seeing perfectly whatever is without; and thus resembles the eye, that sees all things except itself. In great concerns and important affairs, where the violence of desire summoneth the whole attention, it sees, perceives, understands, invents, suspects, penetrates, and divines all things;—one would be tempted to believe that each passion had its respective magic. No cement is so close and strong as its attachments; which in vain it attempts to break or dissolve even upon impending misery. Yet sometimes, what could not be accomplished with the most cruel efforts for years, are effected without trouble. Whence we conclude, that by itself are its desires inflamed, rather than by the beauty and merit of the objects; that its own taste

heightens and embellishes them; that itself is the game it pursues; and its own inclination what is followed rather than the things which seem to be the objects of inclination. Composed of contrarieties, it is imperious and obedient, sincere and hypocritical, merciful and cruel, timid and bold. Its inclinations, according to the different tempers that possess and devote it—sometimes to glory, sometimes to wealth, sometimes to pleasure. These are changed as age and experience alter: and whether it has many inclinations, or only one, is a matter of indifference; because it can split itself into many, or collect itself into one, just as is convenient or agreeable. It is inconstant; and numberless are the changes, besides those that happen from external causes, which proceed from self.—Inconstant through levity, through love, through novelty, through satiety, through disgust, through inconstancy itself.—Capricious; and sometimes labouring with eagerness and incredible pains to obtain things that are no ways advantageous, nay, even hurtful; but which are pursued merely as a present affection.—Whimsical, and oftenexerting

intense application, in employments the most trifling; taking delight in the most insipid, and preserving all its haughtiness in the most contemptible.—Attendant on all ages and conditions; living everywhere; living on everything; living on nothing.—Easy either in the enjoyment, or privation, of things; going over to those who are at variance with it; even entering into their schemes; and, wonderful! joining with them, hates itself; conspires its own destruction; labours to be undone; desires only to exist; and, that granted, consents to be its own enemy. We are not therefore to be surprised if sometimes, closing with the most rigid austerity, it enters boldly into a combination against itself; because what is lost in one respect is regained in another. When we think it relinquishes pleasures, it only suspends or changes them; and even when discomfited, and we seem to be rid of it, we find it triumphant in its own defeat.—Such is self-love! of which man's life is only a strong, a continued agitation. The sea is its representative; in the flux and reflux of whose waves self-love may find

a lively expression of the turbulent succession of its thoughts, and of its eternal motion.

THE SOUL.

CCCLIV.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem the most secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be in good health.

CCCLV.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body; thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.*

CCCLVI.

The flaws of the soul resemble the

* "Dilatæ voluptates, dissimulata luxuria, falsæ virtutes, et vitia reditura."—Tac. *Hist.*, i. "Suspended pleasures and disguised passions are false virtues, or vices that will certainly return."

wounds of the body: the scar always appears, and there is danger of its breaking out again.

TALKATIVENESS.

CCCLVII.

We speak very little when vanity prompts us not.

CCCLVIII.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our auditors.

CCCLIX.

We acknowledge that we should not talk of our wives; but we seem not to know that we should talk still less of ourselves.

CCCLX.

We had rather talk ill of ourselves than not talk at all.

CCCLXI.

It is never more difficult to talk well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

TASTE.

CCCLXII.

It is as common for men to change their taste, as it is uncommon for them to change their inclination.

CCCLXIII.

A good taste is the effect of judgment more than of the understanding.

CCCLXIV.

We give up our interest sooner than our taste.

CCCLXV.

Our taste declines with our merit.

CCCLXVI.

Our self-love bears with less patience

the condemnation of our taste than of our opinion.

TRUTH.

CCCLXVII.

Truth is not so beneficial as its appearances are prejudicial to us.

CCCLXVIII.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer to truth than we do to ourselves.

VALOUR.

CCCLXIX.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humour of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valour so celebrated among men.

CCCLXX.

Valour in private soldiers is a hazardous trade, taken up in order to get a livelihood.

CCCLXXI.

Perfect valour, and perfect cowardice, are extremes which men seldom experience. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men's faces and humours. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action; but slacken and are disheartened at its duration. There are others who do little more than aim at preserving their honour. Some men are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Some fall occasionally into a general panic. Some advance to the charge because they dare not stay in their posts. There are men whom small dangers inspire, and fit them for greater. Some are brave at the sword, but fearful of bullets: others defy bullets, but dread a sword. All these different kinds of valour agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion: for we find that those who do most, would do

more still, were they sure of coming off safe: so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage.

CCCLXXII.

Perfect valour consists in doing without a witness all that we should be capable of doing before the whole world.*

CCCLXXIII.

In war, most men sufficiently expose themselves to save their honour, but few so much as is necessary even to succeed in the design for which they thus expose themselves.

CCCLXXIV.

No man can answer for his courage if he has never been in danger.

* Valour is the contempt of death and pain. "Pleraque cœpta initiis valida, spatio languescunt."—Tac. *Ann.*, iii. "Most enterprises that are brisk at first, languish towards the conclusion." "Obscurum noctis obtentus fugientibus."—Tac. *Hist.*, ii. "The darkness of the night is a protection to runaways." "Major vitæ quàm gloriæ cupido."—Tac. *Ann.*, iv. "We love life more than glory."

CCCLXXV.

A wise man had rather avoid an engagement than embrace a conquest.

VANITY.

CCCLXXVI.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.*

CCCLXXVII.

Though vanity really overturn not the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

CCCLXXVIII.

The most violent passions have their intermissions: vanity alone gives us no respite.

CCCLXXIX.

The reason why the pangs of shame

* "Adeo familiare est hominibus, omnia sibi ignoscere, nihil aliis remittere."—PATERC., lib. ii. "We overlook all faults in ourselves, but none in others."

and jealousy are sharp is this—Vanity affords no assistance in supporting them.

CCCLXXX.

Vanity induces us, more than reason, to act against inclination.

VICE.

CCCLXXXI.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.*

CCCLXXXII.

Vices enter into the composition of virtues, as poisons into the composition of medicines. Prudence mixes and tempers, and makes good use of the compound against the ills of life.

* The vices wait for us through life, like hosts with whom we are obliged successively to lodge and it is uncertain, were we twice to take the same journey, whether experience would make us avoid them.

CCCLXXXIII.

The reason we are not often wholly possessed by a single vice, is, that we are distracted by several.

VIOLENCE.

CCCLXXXIV.

The violence done us by others is often less painful than that which we do to ourselves.

CCCLXXXV.

The violence we do to ourselves, in order to prevent love, is often more rigorous than the cruelty of a mistress.

VIRTUE.

CCCLXXXVI.

Our virtues are commonly disguised vices.

CCCLXXXVII.

What we mistake for virtue is often no more than a concurrence of divers actions

and interests, which fortune, or industry, disposes to advantage. It is not always from the principle of valour and chastity that men are valiant, or that women are chaste.

CCCLXXXVIII.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue than adversity.

CCCLXXXIX.

The virtues are lost in self-interest, as rivers are in the sea.

CCCXC.

To the honour of virtue it must be acknowledged, that the greatest misfortunes befall men from their vices.

CCCXCI.

We despise not all those who have vices; yet we despise all those who have no virtues.

CCCXCII.

Nature seems to have prescribed to

every man at his birth the bounds both of his virtues and vices.

CCCXCIII.

Virtue would not go far, if vanity did not bear her company.*

CCCXCIV.

Men dare not, bad as they are, appear to be open enemies to virtue: when therefore virtue is persecuted, it is represented as counterfeit, or some crime is laid to its charge.

UNDERSTANDING.

CCCXCV.

Strength and weakness of mind are improper terms; they are in reality only

* "Tolle ambitionem et fastuosos spiritus, nullos habebis nec Platones, nec Catones, nec Scævolas, nec Scipiones, nec Fabricios."—SENECA. "Take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes or patriots?"

the good or ill disposition of the organs of the body.

CCCXCVI.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

CCCXCVII.

Politeness of mind consists in a courteous and delicate conception.

CCCXCVIII.

It often happens that things present themselves to our minds more finished than we could, with much labour, make them.

CCCXCIX.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

CCCC.

The understanding is better employed

in bearing the misfortunes that actually befall us, than in penetrating into those that possibly may.

CCCCI.

It is not so much through a fertility of invention that we occasionally find expedients, as through a poverty of judgment, which makes us listen to everything that imagination presents, and hinders us from discerning what is best.

CCCCII.

A man of sense finds much less difficulty in submitting to one who is wrong-headed than in attempting to set him right.

CCCCIII.

The labours of the body free us from pains of the mind. This it is that constitutes the happiness of the poor.*

* "It is certain that as in the body, when no labour or natural exercise is used, the spirits,

CCCCIV.

The mind, between idleness and constancy, fixes on what is easy and agreeable. This habit always sets bounds to our inquiries: no man was ever at the trouble to stretch his genius as far as it would go.

CCCCV.

Small geniuses are hurt by small events; great geniuses see through and despise them.

which want their due employment, turn against the constitution, and find work for themselves in a destructive way; so in a soul, or mind, unexercised, and which languishes for want of action and employment, the thoughts and affections, being obstructed in their due course, and deprived of their natural energy, raise disquiet, and foment a rancorous eagerness and tormenting irritation. The temper from hence becomes more impotent in passion, more incapable of real moderation, and, like prepared fuel, readily takes fire by the least spark."—SHAFTESBURY, vol. ii., p. 160.

UNTRUTH.

CCCCVI.

An aversion to untruth is often no more than an imperceptible ambition to make our testimony considerable, and to give our words a religious weight.

WEAKNESS.

CCCCVII.

Weakness is the only fault that is incorrigible.*

CCCCVIII.

Weakness is more opposite to virtue than is vice itself.

* It is, however, the fault of Nature, for which a man is just as blameable as a vessel is for being faulty, *i. e.*, defective.

Lord Chesterfield says, men are more unwilling to have their weaknesses and imperfections known than their crimes: and that if you hint to a man that you think him ignorant, silly, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly you think him a rogue.—Letter 129.

CCCCIX.

Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.

CCCCX.

Weak people are incapable of sincerity.

CCCCXI.

More men are guilty of treason through weakness than any studied design to betray.

CCCCXII.

If there be a man whose weak side has never been discovered, it is only because we have never accurately looked for it.*

* Lord Chesterfield seems to have had this maxim full in view when he wrote his 97th Letter. He tells us, that everybody has a prevailing weakness; that Cardinal Richelieu, the ablest of statesmen, had the idle vanity to be thought the best poet too; that Sir Robert Walpole's prevailing weakness was to be thought to

CCCCXIII.

Silence is the happiest course a man can take who is diffident of himself.

WEARINESS.

CCCCXIV.

We boast that we are never out of spirits; and yet are too much conceited to own that we are never bad company.

CCCCXV.

We easily forgive those who weary us, but can never forgive those who are wearied by us.

CCCCXVI.

We are almost always wearied with the company of those very persons with whom we ought never to be wearied.

have a polite and happy turn to gallantry, of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living; and those who had any penetration applied to it with success.

WISDOM.

CCCCXVII.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.*

CCCCXVIII.

Our wisdom is no less at Fortune's mercy than our wealth.†

CCCCXIX.

It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.‡

* "Sapientia prima (est) Stultitiâ caruisse."—HORAT.

"Ev'n in our flights from vice some virtue lies,
And, free from folly, we to wisdom rise."

† Res adversæ consilium adimunt."—TAC. *Ann.*, xi. "Adversity deprives men of their reason."

‡ "Ita quæso (dii vostram fidem !)
Itane comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium,
Aliena ut melius videant et dijudicent
Quàm sua? An eo fit, quia in re nostrâ aut gaudio
Sumus præpediti nimio, aut ægritudine ? "
—TERENCE.

CCCCXX.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.*

WIT.

CCCCXXI.

Confidence in conversation has a greater share than wit.

CCCCXXII.

No fools are so troublesome as those who have some wit.

CCCCXXIII.

Those who have but one sort of wit are sure not to please long.

"Gods! that the nature of mankind is such,
To see and judge of the affairs of others
Much better than their own! Is 't therefore so,
Because that in our own concerns we feel
The influence of joy and grief too nearly?"

* "Mens sana in corpore sano."—Juv.

"Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body and content of mind."

CCCCXXIV.

Wit sometimes tempts us to play the fool with great courage.*

CCCCXXV.

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so small wits seem to have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.†

CCCCXXVI.

Those are mistaken who imagine wit and judgment to be two distinct things. Judgment is only the perfection of wit, which penetrates into the recesses of

* It is by vivacity and wit that man shines in company; but trite jokes and loud laughter reduce him to a buffoon.—CHESTERFIELD, Letter 134.

† (Ceux) "qui parlent beaucoup, ne disent jamais rien."—BOILEAU, Ep. ix. "People who talk much say nothing." Or, as Terence expresses it,

"Næ ista hercle magno jam conatu magnas nugas dixerit."—*Heautontim.*

"She 'll take mighty pains
To be delivered of some mighty trifle."—COLMAN.

things, observes all that merits observation, and perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree, that it is extensive wit which produces all the effects attributed to judgment.*

CCCCXXVII.

A man of wit would often be at a loss, were it not for the company of fools.

WOMAN.

CCCCXXVIII.

Women affect coyness, as an addition to their beauty.

CCCCXXIX.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The amuse-

* This is a more rational account of wit and judgment than that of those antithesis philosophers who make diametrical opposites of two mental operations, which, if not strictly the same, are at least inseparably united; for nothing can be witty that is not judicious.

ment of an intrigue, the emotion of mind produced by gallantry, their natural passion for being beloved, and their unwillingness to give a denial; all these make them imagine they are in love, when in fact they are only coquetting.

CCCCXXX.

Women are completely cruel only to those they hate.

CCCCXXXI.

The wit of most women serves rather to fortify their folly than their reason.*

CCCCXXXII.

The virtue of women is often the love of reputation and quiet.

* "Women have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but, for solid reasoning and good sense, I never knew one in my life that had it, or who reasoned and acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together."—LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letter 129.

CCCCXXXIII.

There are few virtuous women who are not weary of their profession.

CCCCXXXIV.

Most virtuous women, like concealed treasures, are secure because nobody seeks after them.

CCCCXXXV.

A woman keeps her first lover long, if she happens not to take a second.

CCCCXXXVI.

Youth without beauty, with regard to women, is of as little consequence as beauty without youth.

CCCCXXXVII.

The common foible of women who once were handsome, is to forget that they are now no longer so.*

* "Every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome. The suspicion of age no woman, let her be ever so old, ever forgives. No flattery is either too high or too low for them.

CCCCXXXVIII.

Most women yield more through weakness than passion; whence it happens that an enterprising rather than an amiable man commonly succeeds best with them.*

CCCCXXXIX.

Of all the violent passions that which least becomes a woman is Love.

They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding, down to the exquisite taste of her fan."—LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letters 129, 181.

* "Whenever the slightest wishes arise, the rest will soon follow." Again, "If you are not listened to the first time, try a second, a third, and a fourth. If the place is not already taken, depend upon it, it may be conquered."—Letters 218, 224.

It is difficult to say whether our author or Lord Chesterfield has been hardest upon the sex. His lordship, however, (among other *douceurs*,) acknowledges, that "women are the only refiners of the merit of men; that it is true they cannot add weight, but they polish and give a lustre; that they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payments."—Letters 129, 218.

CCCCXL.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterwards the passion.

CCCCXLI.

That woman is much to be pitied who at once possesses both love and virtue.

YOUTH.

CCCCXLII.

Youth changes its inclinations through heat of blood; old age perseveres in it through habit.

CCCCXLIII.

Youth is continual intoxication. It is the fever of reason.

CCCCXLIV.

Young people, at their entrance upon the world, should be either bashful or giddy; a composed self-sufficiency generally turns to impertinence.

CCCCXLV.

Timidity is a fault which is dangerous to reprehend in those we would reform.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

CCCCXLVI.

In every profession every individual affects to appear just what he would willingly be esteemed; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

CCCCXLVII.

The rust of business is sometimes polished off in a camp; but never in a court.

CCCCXLVIII.

Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.

* Because temerity, its opposite, is a fault equally dangerous, and it is difficult to draw the line.

CCCCXLIX.

The only good copies are those which point out the ridicule of bad originals.

CCCCL.

Decency is the least of all laws; but the most strictly observed.

CCCCLI.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

CCCCLII.

Few cowards know the extent of their fear.

CCCCLIII.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

CCCCLIV.

Good sense should be the test of all rule, whether ancient or modern; whatever is incompatible with good sense is false.

CCCCLV.

It is easier to govern than to avoid being governed.*

CCCCLVI.

Since great men cannot bestow either health of body or peace of mind, we certainly pay too dear for all that they can bestow.

CCCCLVII.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

CCCCLVIII.

Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably through life.†

* "Agricola governed his family; which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province." "Domum suam coercuit, quod plerisque haud minus arduum est quàm provinciam regere." —TACITUS.

† It does more; it extends its influence beyond the grave, and helps to reconcile us to the stroke of death.

"Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.'

—POPE.

CCCCLIX.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

CCCCLX.

We find it more difficult to overlook the least infidelity to ourselves than the greatest to others.

CCCCLXI.

Innocence finds not near so much protection as guilt.

CCCCLXII.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary strength of soul, that renders it superior to the trouble, disorder, and emotion which the appearance of danger is apt to excite. By this quality, in the most surprising and dreadful accidents, heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preserve the free use of their reason.

CCCCLXIII.

Badness of memory every one complains of, but nobody of the want of judgment.

CCCCLXIV.

The love of justice often means no more than the fear of suffering by injustice.

CCCCLXV.

To know things well, we should know them in detail; but this being in a manner infinite, our knowledge must needs be superficial and imperfect.

CCCCLXVI.

What we call liberality is seldom more than the vanity of giving; we are fonder of the vanity than the generosity of the action.*

* Liberality is not merely the act of giving: it is the noble disposition of the giver.

CCCCLXVII.

Magnanimity contemns all, to obtain all.

CCCCLXVIII.

Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name; yet we may say of magnanimity, that it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause.

CCCCLXIX.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same persons?

CCCCLXX.

We are often dissatisfied with those who negotiate our affairs, because they often sacrifice their friend to the success of the negotiation: success becomes their own interest through the honour they

expect for bringing to a conclusion what themselves had undertaken.

CCCCLXXI.

Narrowness of mind is often the cause of obstinacy: we believe no farther than we can see.*

CCCCLXXII.

Passion often makes a fool of a man of sense: and it sometimes makes a man of sense of a fool.

CCCCLXXIII.

Perseverance merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

CCCCLXXIV.

He who is displeased with everybody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

* "Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."
—DRYDEN.

CCCCLXXV.

It is difficult to determine whether a clear, sincere, and honest procedure be the effect of probity or artifice.

CCCCLXXVI.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

CCCCLXXVII.

Most men, like plants, have secret properties, which chance alone discovers.

CCCCLXXVIII.

That conduct sometimes seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which may perhaps be wise and solid.*

* That of L. J. Brutus, for example; whose father and eldest brother Tarquin having murdered, he counterfeited himself a fool, in order to escape the same danger. Tarquin, thinking his folly real, despised the man; and, having possessed himself of his estate, kept him as an idiot merely with a view of making sport for his children. At the death of Lucretia Brutus, happening to be

CCCCLXXIX.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and, while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

CCCCLXXX.

The desire of being either pitied, or admired, is commonly the true reason of our confidence.

CCCCLXXXI.

There are two kinds of curiosity. One arises from interest, which makes us desirous to learn what may be useful to us; the other from pride, which makes us

present, threw off the mask: he drew the poignard reeking from her wound, and lifting it up towards heaven, "Be witness, ye gods," he cried, "that from this moment I proclaim myself the avenger of the chaste Lucretia's death; from this moment I profess myself the enemy of Tarquin." An amazement seized the hearers! In the sequel, Tarquin was expelled, and Brutus was proclaimed Deliverer of the People.

desirous to know what others are ignorant of.*

CCCCLXXXII.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never was there any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame conceals, and example sets at liberty.

CCCCLXXXIII.

Familiarity is a suspension of almost all the laws of civility; libertinism has

* "Curiosity," says Hobbes, "is a desire to know why and how; such as is in no living creature but man: so that man is distinguished, not only by his reason, but also by this singular passion, from other animals; in whom the appetite of food, and other pleasures of sense, by predominance, take away the care of knowing causes; which is a lust of the mind, that, by a perseverance of delight in the continual and indefatigable generation of knowledge, exceedeth the short vehemence of any carnal pleasure."—'Leviathan,' p. 26.

introduced it into society under the notion of ease.

CCCCLXXXIV.

The hatred of favourites is nothing more than the love of favour. Our indignation at not possessing it ourselves is soothed and mitigated by the contempt we express for those who do; and we refuse them our homage, because we are not able to deprive them of that which procures them the homage of every one else.

CCCCLXXXV.

Grace to the body is like good sense to the mind.*

CCCCLXXXVI.

An able man will arrange his interests,

* "They are both the gifts of nature; but they may be cultivated, increased, and brought to perfection. Adorn yourself with all those graces and accomplishments which without solidity are frivolous; but without which, solidity is to a great degree useless."—LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letter 182.

and conduct each in its proper order. Our greediness often hurts us, in making us prosecute too many things at once; by earnestly desiring the less considerable, we lose the more important.

CCCCLXXXVII.

Many people despise riches; yet few know how to bestow them.*

CCCCLXXXVIII.

Ridicule seems to dishonour more than dishonour itself.†

* "Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite; quare
Templa ruunt antiqua deûm; cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?"
—HORAT.

"Then why not better use this proud excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
Do sacred shrines in aged ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch! a moderate share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know?
Thou future laughter of thy deadliest foe!"

† "Ridicule excites contempt and laughter, but

CCCCLXXXIX.

How can we expect that a friend should keep our secret, whilst we are convincing him that it is more than we can do ourselves?

CCCCXC.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.*

CCCCXCI.

Sincerity is an openness of heart which is rarely to be found. It is commonly personated by a refined dissimulation, whose end is to procure confidence.

CCCCXCII.

A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set

can never be a detector of falsehood or a test of truth."—BROWNE against Shaftesbury.

* "Domitianus simplicitatis ac modestiæ imagine studium literarum et amorem carminum simulabat; quo velaret animum, et fratris æmulationi subduceretur."—TAC. *Ann.*, iv. "Domitian, under the mask of simplicity and modesty, affected the love of letters and poetry, the better to conceal his designs, and avoid his brother's jealousy."

our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

CCCCXCIII.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

CCCCXCIV.

Sobriety is either the love of health, or an incapacity for debauch.

CCCCXCV.

Men would not live long in society, were they not the mutual dupes of each other.

CCCCXCVI.

The accent of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind as on his tongue.

CCCCXCVII.

We have more power than will; we

often represent things as impracticable,* merely by way of exculpating ourselves.

CCCCXCVIII.

No encomiums are thought too great for prudence: yet cannot prudence insure the least event.

CCCCXXIC.

Quarrels would never be lasting, were the fault only on one side.

D.

Raillery is more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but are ridiculous in being angry at a jest.

* "Multa experiendo confieri, quæ segnibus ardua videntur."—Tac. *Ann.*, xiii. "Indolence persuades us that those things are impracticable which we might easily accomplish."

"Nil tam difficile est quin quærendo investigari posset."—Ter.

"Nothing so difficult but may be soon accomplished by industry."—Colman.

DI.

Reconciliation with enemies proceeds from a desire of bettering our condition; from the fatigues of war; or from an apprehension of some untoward event.

DII.

Repentance is not so much a remorse for what we have done, as an apprehension of consequences.

DIII.

It is less difficult to feign the sensations we have not, than to conceal those we have.

DIV.

Titles, instead of exalting, debase those who act not up to them.

DV.

Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.

DVI.

Subtilty in the extreme is false delicacy; true delicacy is solid subtilty.

DVII.

There are those who, like new songs, are favourites only for a time.

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