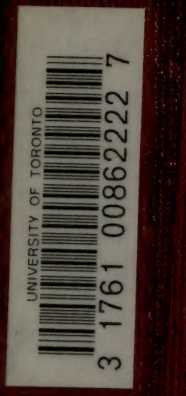

THE MAXIMS OF DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

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THE MORAL MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

OF THE

DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

BY GEORGE H. POWELL

BY N. MONSIAU

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

THE MORAL MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

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DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY GEORGE H. POWELL

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

BY N. MONSIAU

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INTRODUCTION

I.—The Period

It was in the year 1665, towards the beginning of the "Grand Age" of French Monarchy, that the "Maxims of La Rochefoucauld" first saw the light.

It was the age when civilisation might seem to have attained the highest level compatible with the negation of freedom, when the French language had been just brought to its perfection as a vehicle of refined thought and delicate badinage.

Molière was then at the height of his fame. Racine was rising in celebrity, Corneille declining. The eloquence of Bossuet had begun to delight the Court, and La Fontaine was composing his first fables. The "Provincial Letters" of Pascal (1656-7), reputed the first monument of classical French Prose, were still rousing furious controversy; and the Marchioness de Sévigné (1627-1696) had embarked upon that famous correspondence which forms the brightest chronicle of her time.

Yet not even those many volumes of entertaining

letters, to which we owe the most precious details concerning our author, have attained more celebrity than his single little manual of detached apophthegms, epigrams, and criticisms of life. It is one of the small books which have stood the test of time—one of the few studies in humanity which, drawn from one epoch in society, have succeeded in interesting all subsequent generations. It has the more peculiar distinction accorded by Voltaire of having at once influenced the taste and expressed the genius of the French nation to a degree hardly predicable of any other work.

Viewed simply as short observations on human character and conduct, the Maxims have, of course, their well-known prototypes in the earliest "Gnomic" literature, classical or Oriental; in the famous "Characters of Theophrastus"; the poetical counsels of Theognis of Megara, in the "Manual of Epictetus" and the "Confessions" of his Imperial patron, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus—in all of which works it is little wonder that similar ideas or truisms are of chronic recurrence. The Maxims may be compared again with the contemporary (but more discursive and theological) "Thoughts" of Pascal, or the more pointed personal reflections of La Bruyère, just as they doubtless influenced—half-a-century later—the reflections of the high-minded Marquis de Vauvenargues. In our own language

perhaps the nearest parallel, both for form and spirit, would be found in some of the brief, dry expressions of worldly wisdom scattered about Bacon's Essays.

If none of these writers interest us in the same way, and few to the same extent as La Rochefoucauld, this, we are often told, is because his object was simply to observe, while other maxim-mongers, from Solon to "poor Richard," were bent upon instructing and improving their readers. There is a significant difference, indeed, between Benjamin Franklin's fatherly recommendation of honesty as "The best policy" and La Rochefoucauld's contemptuous estimate of the "trickster" (Maxim 127) as a fool who has not wit enough to be straightforward. Doubtless his chief aim is to analyse, to dissect, and to expose the theory underlying a selfish social system, the springs which the author believed to actuate ordinary humanity. For this purpose he would seem to have jotted down day by day in terse French a singularly impersonal record of every trait, action, motive, that came under his view—a view restricted, no doubt in part, by his peculiar environment—in part, perhaps, by the fatal truth emphasised by himself, that "Certain virtues are like the senses, unappreciable to those who do not possess them."

The result was a collection of some 700 axioms on the conduct of man in society—a work acutely

interesting alike from the novelty of its style as from the agonising familiarity of all mankind with its subject-matter, but not of an ostensibly "improving" nature. The preaching of La Rochefoucauld is, at anyrate, on negative and unconventional lines, though much of it resembles those "Words of the wise, that hurt like goads," and stick in the mind "like nails."

"The Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld," says Voltaire, "are read: '*his maxims known by heart.*' . . . "Though there is but one truth discussed in the book—viz. that self-love is the motive of all action, yet this is presented under so many aspects that it never fails to interest." The actuality and conciseness of the Reflections were something new and attractive, presenting, indeed, a great contrast to the flowery rhetoric and conventional optimism of most moralists of the age.

"An evident generalisation," as Hallam says, "from long experience, without pedantry, and without deductive argument," the book fills a serious place in French moral philosophy, by the side of those other generalisations, the guesses at truth and the criticisms of life and conduct, put forward by Montaigne, Pascal, and La Bruyère.

Next to its singular and even unpalatable candour, the peculiarity of the book is its personal note as a "Cry of the Heart," expressing the despair of a

not ignoble nature in an age of great national suffering, of misguided and ineffective disturbance.

And thus, as La Rochefoucauld was not, as might sometimes be fancied, a misanthrope, living in morose retirement, but an active agent in all the political and social life of the time, it is worth while, before examining his work more in detail, to glance at the age and society out of which emerged so singular a manifesto against humanity.

The long and complex religious civil wars of the sixteenth century had disorganised society in France from the top to the bottom. Apart from the mere licentiousness of court life—already prolonged through three reigns—"the nation had received a moral twist from its religious bitterness, which was displayed as much in politics and diplomacy as in literature and social life." *

The country was in a condition of appalling misery, the result of the sanguinary struggles of the Catholic League, and of prolonged extortionate taxation.

Even from the date of the States-General of 1614 (when the grievances of the people are detailed in language much like that of 1789), the records of widespread ruin, penury, famine, and crime, are heartrending to read. And, in the middle of the century, the exasperation of all

* Van Laun: "History of French Literature, ii. 145.

these evils (never remedied till the great Revolution) produced the outbreak of the "Fronde," an insurrection of the nobility, the local parliaments, and the Third-Estate against Mazarin and the Queen Regent.

As a popular rising, the "Fronde" (1648-53) was a curious prototype of the great Revolution of a century and a half later. As a struggle against absolute monarchy it contrasted strangely with the serious contest then raging in England. During its three complex phases (with the details of which we are not concerned) the French aristocracy appeared for the last time ranged in arms against their Sovereign. But this civil war—inaugurated, as it seemed, mainly by a few nobles and their mistresses, carried on by sanguinary engagements in the streets of Paris, and by squibs and lampoons in the fashionable salons—was as remark- for the general want of principle of the parties engaged in it as for the calamitous sufferings which it caused.

Turenne, the greatest general of Europe (1611-1675), involved in flagrant rebellion by the charms of the famous Duchess de Longueville; La Rochefoucauld himself, plunging light-heartedly into the same struggle, inspired partly by a similar passion, partly by pique at the refusal of a governorship he had asked of the Queen; the Prince of

Bourbon-Condé, the "Great" Condé (1611-1686), only second to Turenne in military fame, at first loyal, then engaging the royal troops in the streets of the capital, and, when defeated, ready to betray his country to Spain; Cardinal de Retz (1614-1679), the profligate and unscrupulous Archbishop of Paris, now heading popular insurrections with "a dagger for breviary," now studying the art of conspiracy in the pages of Sallust—these are typical figures of an age of lawless violence, of social demoralisation and disorder, of corrupt and theatrical intrigue, overshadowed by the absolute despotism now first and finally established.

But another feature in French life of the time had a more direct effect upon literature. That was the genesis and development of the institution known as the "Salon." Earlier in the century the young Marquise de Rambouillet had retired (1608) from the corruptions of Henry IV.'s court to found the new species of social academy which has made the "Hotel de Rambouillet" famous in French history. In this school of culture, refined badinage, and philosophic discussion, many of the greatest wits, poets, and thinkers took refuge from the impossible world of politics. The literary atmosphere was, it may be feared, somewhat that of a magnificent "hot-house," or became so some years before its absurdities were immortalised

(1659) in the "*Précieuses Ridicules*" of Molière. By that date other salons were in flourishing existence, notably those of Madame de Sablé (herself the author of maxims), Madame de Scudèry (poet and romancist), and Madame de La Fayette, a more remarkable character, intimately associated with La Rochefoucauld and his book: and the influence of woman—or perhaps we should say of "great ladies"—had become a permanent force in French thought and manners.

At the same time, to conclude this sketch, French civilisation had taken on that imposing, but extravagant and artificial, glamour, in which monarchy, with its legendary motto "*L'etat c'est moi*," started on the long down-grade of licence, tyranny, and bankruptcy, that led so directly to revolutionary chaos and the pit.

What is called political life under such a regime seems devoid alike of liberty and honesty; and if society—upper class society, that is—presents, on the surface, a brighter prospect, this seems, on nearer view, a cold and hard brilliance, which has little of the warmth of living humanity about it. A deeply corrosive class-selfishness, a want of the common feelings most essential to the union of the social fabric—these are noticeable traits. When we find the amiable and cultured Madame de Sévigné writing, with such unconcealed delight, of the

hideous barbarities inflicted on the poor, defenceless Breton peasantry, as if massacre and hanging were a good joke, so long as she was left to enjoy in peace the shade of her beloved woods, we are perhaps less surprised to find her friend, M. de La Rochefoucauld, speaking with contempt of pity itself. A feeling, he thought, to be excluded from every intelligent mind, and "left to the *common people*, who, being unaffected by reason, are only stirred to action by their passions." French society was already accumulating materials for the great explosion of "pity and passion" of a century later.

II.—The Author

To a peculiar degree, the product of his time, the author of the Maxims was, none the less, a distinguished and typical Frenchman, of one of the most renowned families of the old nobility.

His grandmother had entertained Charles V. at her chateau of Verneuil; an ancestor was among the Protestant leaders massacred on St Bartholomew's Eve; and the last bearer of the title sat as deputy for his order in the States-General of 1789, and subsequently fell a victim to the brigands of the Terror and his own incorruptible and "inconvenient" rectitude.

François, Duke of Rochefoucauld and Prince of Marsillac, soldier, historian, and moralist, was born in 1613, and died in 1680. With every advantage of birth and physique, considerable natural ability and acuteness, but little education, he plunged, at an early age, into the vortex of intrigue and adventure so vividly depicted for the modern reader in the pages of M. Alexandre Dumas. He figures, indeed, as Prince de Marsillac in that entertaining chronicle of this period which bears the famous name of D'Artagnan; * and the earlier portions of his own more authentic memoirs (never discovered till 1817) throw a surprising light upon the chivalrous or fantastic enterprises in which he strove, it seemed, to rival the exploits of Buckingham, just as De Retz modelled himself upon Catiline. For this abortive romance of his wasted youth he seems to have sought a strange revenge in the world of letters. At least, when we find him involved, at the age of twenty-three, in a plot to carry off the unhappy Queen *and* the King's favourite mistress, and subsequently punished by short terms of exile or imprisonment in the Bastille, we note with surprise that the bitter philosophy of the

* "Memoires de M. D'Artagnan," 3 vols. 12mo. Amsterdam, 1715. See the Preface to Dumas' "Romance"; and the recent English edition of the "Memoirs."

Maxims and Reflections was bred in what might seem the uncongenial atmosphere of "The Three Musketeers"! This is not so strange if, as seems the case, the adventures, which gave such dire offence to King and Cardinal, were the practical ruin of his political prospects, and left him a disappointed and embittered, if not perverted, man at the age of thirty-three.

It was as such that he was confronted with the great enterprise of his life—the crisis in the history of his country when the honesty and independence of a few leading spirits might have rendered her such signal services.

Of this it need only be said that he was involved in the successive phases of the "Fronde" by motives mainly as frivolous and unprincipled as those of his fellow-conspirators. The vanity or caprice of himself and Madame de Longueville—whom nature had only intended to ornament a salon — were no sure guides for their political partnership, and La Rochefoucauld, weary and disappointed, gladly seized the occasion offered by the favour she showed to the Duc de Nemours to withdraw from both kinds of intrigue, in the characters of an injured lover and a despairing politician.

Apart from general impressions, a good many details of autobiography are, we learn, to be

picked out of the Maxims. In some of the bitter and weary comments upon love, inconstancy (maxims 84 and 759), and such topics, we may trace a reflection of the infidelity of the author's beautiful mistress and the extinction of his enthusiasm both for herself and the cause to which she clung so desperately. It was to her that as a lover he had addressed the well-known lines from a forgotten tragedy (Duryer's "Alcyonée"):

"Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois faite aux Dieux,"

lines which throw some light on the spirit of misplaced chivalry animating many a *Frondeur*.

When the light-hearted, if disastrous revolutionary struggle was over, and the two had finally separated, he parodied the verses with a reference to the wound received during a desperate fight in the Faubourg St Antoine, which nearly deprived him of sight.

"Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connois mieux
Jai fait la guerre aux rois, j'en ai perdu les yeux."

At anyrate, his personal courage was unaffected by the contempt in which he seems to hold that quality.

In the portrait of himself (written before 1658) he tells us that, "though still young," he had

abandoned the gallantries of earlier years. The perilous and precarious alliance with La Longueville, who a few years after the Fronde retired to that fashionable refuge of disappointed lovers, the Carmelite Nunnery, was abandoned for the more tranquil and intellectual society of Madame de La Fayette.

The essay of Sainte Beuve, from which we have quoted above, is one which the reader finds with mild surprise to be included among that charming writer's "*Portraits de femmes*" (!), on the ground that the moralist is, as a character, inseparable from the two remarkable women just mentioned. His infatuation for the first involved him, as has been said, in rebellion and civil war. His attachment to the second soothed the close of his career and mollified some of the asperities in his character. There were at least two other women, Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Sablé, for whom he cherished, at different periods, what he calls a "*belle passion*," but Madame de Sévigné believed he had never known what it was to be really in love.

In the more serious affairs (if they were more serious) of public life, La Rochefoucauld—according to the testimony of Cardinal de Retz, an acute observer, if an avowed enemy—showed equally little pertinacity, no particular genius or

penetration, and a singular degree of irresolution.* Neither quite one thing nor the other, no general though a brave soldier, and no diplomatist though constantly involved in one intrigue or another, his shrewd sense and attractive personal qualities were balanced by a certain indefinable ineffectiveness in action, as of one "always on his defence, half timid and half ashamed." This fact, and the want of all faith in practical virtue which is breathed in the Maxims, convinced De Retz that the author would have done better to content himself with passing for the most polished courtier of his time.

With the failure of the cause for which he had fought and bled, when the two Frondes were finally crushed in 1653, there came no consolation to his vanity. He was not so devoid of ambition as he assures us, yet his courtierlike desire for some place, or the tutorship of the Dauphin, remained (and naturally enough) ungratified.

After years of fitful intrigue and personal exertion and danger, he found himself regarded as a political nonentity, the object neither of anxiety nor of conciliation. Included by Mazarin in the amnesty granted to the defeated enemies of absolute monarchy, he returned to Paris and devoted himself to repose,

* "Memoires," Part ii. Chap. 8. Portrait du Duc de La Rochefoucauld. For an equally candid portrait of the Cardinal by the Duke see: "Lettres de M. de Sévigné," 17th June 1675.

to the recovery of his health, to the society of his friends, and last, but not least, to the literary work which was to console him for his failure in other fields, if not to avenge his grievances against the world in general.

In 1662 first appeared, in an imperfect and incorrect form, his *Memoirs of the Intrigues which followed the death of Louis XIII., the wars of Paris and Guyenne, and the imprisonment of the Princes*,* one of the best accounts of the complex and tortuous politics of the time. A serious and dignified work, if not superior, as M. Bayle thought, to the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, at least it presents a striking contrast to the *piquant* reminiscences of Cardinal de Retz.

Some three years later the Maxims and Reflections were launched upon the world by the famous publisher, Claude Barbin.†

* Reprinted in correct form by Renouard, 1804-17. From his sumptuous little edition is taken the portrait which is the frontispiece of the present volume.

† See a playful reference to him in Madame de Sévigné's letters (16th March 1672). "The wretch," she says, detested her because she only wrote letters, and not romances such as the "Princess de Clèves," in which Madame de La Fayette was assisted by Madame de Segrais and La Rochefoucauld. These, it seems, were among Barbin's most successful publications, which include the first edition, in book form, of Perrault's immortal "Fairy Stories" (1697), and a creditable collection of French poetry (5 vols. 8vo, 1692) known as the

They appeared in anonymous form, but coupled with a discourse usually attributed to M. de Segrais (a minor poet and friend of Madame de La Fayette), which referred to the recently published memoirs, and could leave little doubt as to the author's identity. The venture was a great success, though it roused a storm of criticism to which the author could not be indifferent. But, in one form or another, the book was continually reprinted. "Yet another edition of 'M. de La Rochefoucauld,'" exclaims Madame de Sévigné, "corrected and enlarged. Some of the Maxims are splendid, others, I'm ashamed to say, I can't understand. Heaven knows how you will."

The success of the book being assured, the apologetic "discourse" was withdrawn, and a hundred more maxims were added in the fifth edition (1678), the latest text to which the author was able to put a revising hand.

For some years he had suffered chronic torments from the gout, and, in the spring of 1680, a severe attack of fever supervened, to which, after a deceptive rally, and in spite of the assistance of an English physician, specially called in, he succumbed about midnight, March 16-17.

"Recueil Barbin." The Maxims, it may be added, were heralded—one must not say "boomed"—by an article from the pen of Madame de Sablé, in one of the first numbers of the *Journal des Scavans*.

He had endured agonising pain with a fortitude which he need not have denied to other philosophers; and his death roused the admiration even of those who knew him best.*

"It is not to no purpose," writes his friend, "that he has given so much of his life to *Reflections*: for he approaches his last moments in such fashion, that they have nothing new or strange for him." She had told us before † of the goodness and tenderness he had exhibited at a moment of the most harrowing domestic affliction, qualities beside which "all the attractions of his wit sank into insignificance."

It is gratifying to know, from the same reliable informant, that the man who had said such hard things of friendship left behind him more than one grief-stricken friend, besides the son so devoted to his father, and the amiable and talented woman, with whom he maintained, for the last twenty-five years of his life, a relation of indescribable charm and intimacy," ‡ regarding her, perhaps rightly, as

* "Letters de Sévigné. Mar., B. 13, 17, 1680.

† 23rd June, 1672.

‡ Marie Madeline Pioche de la Vergne, Contesse de La Fayette (1632-1693), authoress of "Zaide," the "Princess de Clèves," (in conjunction with La Rochefoucauld), and the more remarkable "Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre" (1644-1670), (the unfortunate princess celebrated in the romances of Dumas), which was not published till 1720.

the one genuine woman of an artificial and corrupt generation.

His temperament he has himself described as of so melancholy a cast that he was scarcely seen to laugh once in a year. A dignified figure in court or camp, in his manner unquestionably proud and reserved, impressing casual spectators as contemptuous, but not really so.

Witty—he does not conceal that—though, in spite of his clear perception of things and easy command of language, here, again, a moody temper marks him for its own—"*J'ai donc de l'esprit, encore une fois, mais un esprit que la melancolie gâte*"—even to the extent, he thought, of impairing the expression of what he meant to say. Fond of conversation, he describes himself, more especially of the serious discussion of moral questions, not averse to the *badinage* of the day, though little indulging his capacity for it: addicted to reading, more particularly when combined with conversation, a fairly competent author in prose and verse, and a sound critic, if a little given to excessive frankness, conscious that in argument he sometimes becomes rather dogmatic.

Little troubled by ambition, undisturbed by violent passions, he was quite capable of making others feel his resentment of any injury touching his honour. Little affected by curiosity, studiously

courteous, but inclined to be reticent if not taciturn, devoid of fear, and, as has been said, scarcely sensible of pity, he would yet do anything to relieve a friend's suffering, even so far as to express commiseration for them, seeing that people who suffer are "*so stupid that that does them all the good in the world.*"

That he keenly enjoyed the society of witty and cultivated women—*not* those, we may presume, whose wit merely showed up their folly (maxim 340)—does not argue any generally sociable qualities, and when he adds that, in his punctilious politeness, he "never uttered a word in their presence calculated to give them pain," the reader who peruses his numerous reflections on the fair sex may wonder how much respect underlay his numerous "attachments," or what the magnificent polish of the "grand" age was really worth.

But La Rochefoucauld died, in any case, if he had not always lived, superior to the principles which he has sketched for us with so much eloquence and precision. He died, moreover, a disappointed man, and, from his own point of view (if his indifference to literary fame was not merely affected), a failure.

At anyrate, his *chef d'œuvre* is, as has been said, in its personal aspect, something of an outburst of despair—the bitter cry of an aspiring but

irresolute temperament which is acute enough to see that, after all, it has only itself to blame.

The pessimism which now and then seems to leave us no satisfaction with life can hardly fail to convey the writer's—the thinker's—consciousness of wasted opportunities, as if he felt in himself, and wildly sought to justify, the predestined despair of one "always driven about by passions yet never filled with any" (maxim 479), endowed with the keenest insight into human failings yet without the faith and energy required to apply it profitably to himself.

The harshness of much of his earlier criticism (or abuse) of mankind he seems to have repented of * under the softening influence of age, repose, and the society of Madame de La Fayette.

* Of this modification the reader may trace several examples by comparing the earlier and later maxims under any important heading in the index. A typical case will be found in maxims 82 and 465. La Rochefoucauld wrote (1665) that "*the most distinterested* friendship is but a kind of bargain." In 1678: "*What men call* friendship is no more than a partnership, a mutual care of interests, an exchange of good offices, *in a word* a sort of Traffic." So again, in 1665: "It is not Nature but Fortune that makes heroes." In 1678: "not nature alone," but Fortune must contribute something. Here Stanhope's version includes only the revised form (maxim 54). No. 170, too, is milder than the original edition. Several of the maxims, it might be added, rather suffer from revision, on the very principle laid down by the author (No. 102), which itself was subsequently remodelled.

It is true that once given to the world—even in the seventeenth century—a bitter truth or a cynical sneer could never be recalled, even if that were, in the interests of literature, at all desirable. But to judge La Rochefoucauld's personal opinions fairly we must, as his severest critic insists, accept them in their final and corrected form.

III.—Character of the Maxims

On the character and permanent value of such a work volumes have been, and still might be, written It has supplied texts for thousands of discourses and furnished a score or so of proverbs to the whole civilised world. If there is any better known manual of moral philosophy there is none that has been at once so well read and so well abused.

The author's dearest friend and literary coadjutor has confided to us (through Madame de Sablé) that, "if pleasantries were to be taken seriously," these (and grim pleasantries some of them are!) * would have endangered her attachment to him. Such "corruption of mind and heart" did she think could alone enable a man "*to imagine all that!*"

* See maxims 205-6, 366-7, 476, 752, etc.

And it would seem that since Mesdames de Sévigné and de La Fayette first cut the pages of the "Moral Reflections" they have never ceased to interest—and to "shock."

They have been censured, indeed, by the orthodox of every successive generation. "Yet their doctrine," says the first critical editor of the nineteenth century, "is even worse than their reputation." * All the good in human nature they reduce to a hollow unreality. All action they would base upon mere egoism, the "shameful and solitary instinct," which the author so fatally confounds with that higher form of self-interest essential to the preservation of society.

Against this charge the author defends himself, somewhat half-heartedly, in the short preface which introduces the "Discourse."

We need only concern ourselves with the fact that La Rochefoucauld is more of a "specialist" than any other maxim-monger known to literature.

Even as the Hebrew preacher dwells upon the vanity of all human wishes and experiences, so does La Rochefoucauld cling to his one depressing theme. The Maxims, Voltaire remarks, are rather "materials for a book" than a work in

* *Cf.* the Examen prefixed to Aimé Martin's valuable edition of the Maxims, which roused a lively controversy.

themselves—materials, he might have added, for a "Natural History of *Selfishness*."

It is true that the author has something to say upon most human qualities, most departments of conduct; but even if they did not most of them communicate with this (*cf.* Max. 172), it is here that he speaks with the most frigid certainty and the most overwhelming detail.

The Essay (now Max. 2) which headed the book in its original form, if it does not contain some of the most dreadful sentences ever penned, is, at least, couched in a more elaborate, more mercilessly scientific a vein than any other chapter of the book. It deserves careful study. It is an eloquent and terrible denunciation, that seems to brand naked and trembling humanity as with a hot iron. And if we put together only a part of the materials referred to, what a tragic and penetrating study do they present of that—"bottomless abyss" (Max. 2), that uncharted ocean, that dark, unexplorable continent (4), where the tyrannous, idolatrous *Alastor* of self-love, the *insouciant* parent of acts and conceptions too monstrous for its own recognition (2), blind even to its own interests (593), trampling on the rights and feelings of others (262, 534), more cruel even than cruelty *pur et simple* (546), is doomed to pursue for ever, under a thousand fair and fleet-

ing disguises (2), the barren reflection of—itself! It is not, assuredly, for his presentation of this intellectual vice, this spiritual deformity, that La Rochefoucauld is open to attack.

"Self-love," whether we like to contemplate it or not, *is* the love of a man's own self, and of everything else for his own sake. It *does* make people "idolaters to themselves and tyrants to all the world besides"; and had all the rest of the book been modelled on these opening sentences of the original edition, then, though nothing could render them pleasant reading, it could have provoked no very effective retort.

But the author has also urged upon us the imperfection (or unreality) of all apparent goodness, the vulgarity of motive often animating what passes for the best and highest action. He has turned up for our inspection the dingy, "seamy," and ridiculous side (though there is little mirth in his display) of all that seems magnanimous and dignified in human conduct: and, in doing this, perhaps he has, as M. Aimé-Martin suggests, drawn rather from "men" —Frenchmen of the Fronde—than from "man."

"He begins," says the indignant critic, "by stigmatising our nature as base. He ends by corrupting it." We feel in ourselves the disposition to selfishness, envy, vanity, ingratitude. We give way to it. We support ourselves (as the

author suggests that "weak people" do: No. 657) on a maxim. We say—such or such a feeling, practice, motive, is common to humanity, and—we cease to blush. There is no doubt some truth in this eloquent indictment.

"Revenge may be wicked," exclaims the heroine of a truculent satire on modern civilised life, "*but it's natural.* I'm no angel!"

That is the principle here suggested for the student of the Maxims. He reads that friendship is—how often!—a mere traffic of useful services; gratitude, a lively anticipation of future favours; and pity, the "ingenious foresight" (264) of possible disasters to ourselves; and, seeing how much of the undeniable there is in all this, gradually admits to his soul a sort of poisonous apathy, saying to himself "ingratitude, treachery in fine, cold-blooded selfishness—are all very natural. That is enough—'*I'm no angel!*'"

But if there is much in the Maxims calculated to drive the virtuous to despair, there is certainly little comfort in them for the heartless and wicked.

"Hypocrites," it is well observed in the prefatory apology, "pass their time very ill in reading a book of this character"—that is, if they do not wish to be made extremely uncomfortable. It is quite pathetic to watch a pious commentator wrestling, as it were, with these uncompromising

"chips from the workshop" of a worldly philosopher who will not say that "All virtue is hypocrisy," but only that hypocrisy is all the virtue that you can get out of certain people (219), nor that "All men really hate each other"—but only that "there is *something* not unpleasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends." (235*) Here, it is true, as elsewhere, he can deal in fine distinctions. When we read, in his curt and frigid commentary, that "As our merit lowers, our taste lowers too" (Max. 378), or that "He who loves no one is worse off than he whom nobody loves" (772), we can supply terrible adjectives enough to paint the degradation or the loneliness he is contemplating. But the fact is that there is a delusive and almost indecent materialism in the simplicity assigned with such persistence to human motives in general, as if man were a piece of bloodless clockwork and not a "living ganglion" of complex passions and cravings. That is one obvious reflection. Brevity, in itself, is apt to be mistaken not only for wit but for the epitome of truth. On the other hand, there is some danger of the reader mistaking his own pessimism for that of the author, of his regarding as satirical condemnation certain bald statements of fact. What if friendship be a kind of commerce—is commerce so base a thing as to exclude all thought of others? If it does, does

not that show, as Rochefoucauld himself tells us, how pure, unadulterated selfishness (593) defeats its own object! If we are stung by hearing gratitude spoken of as a sort of account-keeping, is there not something precious in the refined justice which governs its impulses and keeps its operation (226) dignified and independent? And the critic who sees ingratitude in the *hasty return of an obligation* (227) can hardly be suspected of depreciating true generosity. And if it be objected that he sometimes (especially in the most complete editions) contradicts himself, he can surely reply, with Walt Whitman: "Very well. I contradict myself. I am large, I contain multitudes."

To compare, verify, adjust, all these varieties of sharply-pointed criticism, and almost confidential information, is a pleasing task which shall be left to the reader.

For his guidance in grazing up and down so large a field, an index has been compiled, which, the editor hopes, may serve as a clue to every distinct idea or topic emphasised or discussed in the book.

To handle but a few of these gems, where shall we find in so short a compass a sounder theory of true happiness (49), of peace of mind (528), of courage (216-7), of love (644), of wisdom (232, 539, 690, 707, etc.), of real eloquence (251, 656),

and sham humility (255), of the ties that unite the virtuous (595), of the disgrace of the untrustful (85), and the misery of the unloving (772)? Where shall we see more conscientiously depicted for us the relations of treachery and weakness (121), of wit and stupidity (130), of confidence in ourselves and in others (550), of book-learning and pedantry (586, 672, 690), of vanity and sincerity (382), of body and soul (297), of the intellect and the heart (103-8, 109)? Who has unmasked with a defter hand all the obscurer weaknesses of humanity from our *conceit in misfortune* (51), to that eternal little difficulty of forgiving, not the people who have injured us, but *the people we have injured* (304), our thirst for futile information (612), our unappreciated interest in other people's destinies (272), our instinctive aversion to our betters (296), our "commendations with a sting in the tail" (146), and those familiar conversational failings which make up, in the twentieth as in the seventeenth century, the whole art of boredom? (135, 160, 313, 363, 596, etc. etc.).

Many of these delicate revelations seem to fall quite naturally into the form of popular conundrums. Thus: Why are heroes like pictures? *Ans. Because to be admired they must be viewed from a distance* (734). Why does flattery injure us?

Only because we first flatter ourselves (153). Why then do we sometimes object to it? Because it is awkwardly expressed (329). And so on. . . . Why, for example, do we ask advice of others? *To hear our own opinions confirmed* (117). Why do we refuse praise (as Julius Cæsar refused the crown) the first time it is offered? *Because we want to hear it again* (150 and see 356). Why are we half-hearted in the pursuit of any given vice? Because, most probably, *our affections are divided among several* (196). Why do we confess small faults? *To avoid being suspected of great ones* (327), and, lastly: Why do we fear men's contempt? *Because we deserve it* (332).

These will strike the reader, according to his mood, either as brilliant satires upon other people or reflections for his private chamber. It may be a pungent truth that few of us master "the art of being old" (423): but perhaps only a cynic could tell us that greybeards are fond of giving good advice (94), because it consoles them for being unable to set bad examples, or that our good qualities bring more hatred and persecution upon us than all the ill we do (30, 239, but see 483).

If that were literally true in Mazarin's day, let us try and hope it may be relegated, like the Reflections on Favourites (56), or "Princes (320,

706), or the Great" (240 etc.), on Reconciliation (83), and certain others (717, etc.), to the class of "topical" maxims, as distinguished from those which are "not for an age but for all time."

To the latter class would belong the dreadful sentence already quoted, against the morally "deficient" (337), with its more cheering correlative (548), and that acute exposition of the principle underlying all modern advertisement: Would you rise in the world, and *get your business done?*—then "*use all possible means of persuading the people it is done already.*"

We have emphasised the sincerity of the author. If there is some cynicism in his book, there is very little, if any, of the shallow and flippant cynicism with which the modern epigrammatist so often tries to startle or shock his jaded hearers. Perhaps some of the profoundest maxims of all, by what we may call their laboured vagueness (as of an observer struggling to describe the indescribable), triumphantly refute the suggestion of certain critics that La Rochefoucauld's main object was to say something smart and clever. Doubtless he does say a few shallow and seemingly heartless things. The belief that a woman's worth rarely survives her beauty (476) scarcely survives among us.

And there are a few (see 366) other maxims of the kind which the partial Madame de La

Fayette declined to take seriously, their bitterness being affected, let us hope, by a twinge of the author's persistent enemy—the gout; though it is to be remembered that some of the most unpopular and apparently cynical reflections were (as will be seen) never intended by the author for the perusal of posterity.

But there is no superficial rhetorical brilliance about La Rochefoucauld's musings, as we may call them, upon the "secret reasons" for things (164), the effect of the subdivision of life into different stages in our experience (404), the practical uses of folly (310), the harm we do without knowing it (269), the "rotation," so to speak, of the passions (526), our latent virtues (344), and our eternally surprising ignorance of ourselves (295).

Nor, again, in the essays—for so we must term them—upon the complexity, extent, and magical power of Self-Love (2, 534), upon Courage (216), Hypocrisy in Affliction (234), the Fear of Death (412), and one or two others, where the author seems to be vainly struggling to find a maxim capable of including all he wants to say. And even if some topics seem dismissed with a cynical petulance, it is no such temper that dwells emphatically upon the intrinsic goodness of mere existence (698), that believes every thing, even

the meanest, to have a perfection (126) which the "discerning palate" can appreciate! And is there not even poetry in some of these suggestive and far-reaching apophthegms, such as the comparison of our actions to the last syllables in words which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit (381), or in the remark that "virtues are lost in interest as rivers in the sea" (172), half-formed interjections, as it were, unfinished sketches, yet giving, in the familiar French metaphor, tremendous food for thought? Some of the more obvious human weaknesses may be roughly outlined, even here and there crudely caricatured—mistakes easy to correct as to condemn. But if we trace out all the delicate shades, the *nuances* of instinct, conduct, manner, motive, here so perseveringly exposed, we may agree that life would indeed be a fine, gracious, and beautiful thing if we could take every hint, follow out every negative principle emphasised, in the moral Maxims of La Rochefoucauld.

IV.—Bibliography

The Bibliography of the work has an interest involved in the nature and minuteness of its contents. Like a casket of jewels or a case of

"specimens," handled alternatively by the inquisitive public and the thoughtful curator, the maxims subjected to different editorial hands, multiplied, reduced, expanded, and rearranged, present kaleidoscopic variations, of which, however, only those effected by the author need seriously concern us.

First published, as has been said, in 1665,* it is not too much to say that the book has been incessantly reprinted, in one form or another, in response to a demand steadily maintained through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

Of the five authentic editions published in the lifetime of La Rochefoucauld the original of 1665 comprised only 317 maxims. In that of 1666 they were reduced to 302. In 1671 he increased them to 341, and in 1675 to 413, while in the latest text revised by the author (1678) they amount to 504.

In this and the subsequent bibliography of the

* The Hague "edition," if it can be called so, of 1664 (induced by the success of the "Memoirs" published, as has been said, in 1662), is chiefly interesting as a bibliographical rarity. Discovered by Willems, the historian of the Elzevir Press, in 1879, it contained only 188 maxims, of which, apparently, not a third represented any genuine text. See the reprint, by M. Pauly of the Bibl. Nationale, 1883. The British Museum possesses the editions of 1664-65-71-75-78-92-93, and some twenty-five of later date.

Maxims we may trace a struggle between public curiosity and orthodox censure; between the author's known wishes and the taste or principle of his editors. Thus the important maxim (or essay) on self-love, which stood at the head of the original edition, and might seem the key-stone of the whole work, was withdrawn by the author together with some sixty more, and either replaced by others, or restored in variously modified forms, which the reader may examine and compare in any of the modern critical editions.

Thus it will be seen that the first five recensions of the Maxims (1665-66-71-75 and 78) differ materially, from one another: and subsequent editors were left to choose whether they would reprint (*a*) the "original" text of 1665, (*b*) the "latest revised" edition of 1678, or (*c*) a complete collection of all the maxims extant in any.

Amelot de la Houssaye, the historian of Venice, was one of the first to collect and reinstate, in 1714, the maxims rejected by the author. Gabriel Brotier, the celebrated editor of Tacitus, produced a critical, but unsatisfactory, edition in 1789, and M. Aimé-Martin, some thirty years later, gave us the first arrangement adapted to modern standards of completeness and authenticity—viz. (1) the text of 1678, embodying the author's latest corrections, with (2) the variants rejected

by him (printed at the foot of the page) and supplements comprising (3) all the maxims finally expunged by him, and (4) such other of his epigrammatic sayings and *bons mots* as could be collected from the correspondence of Madame de Sévigné and other contemporary sources.

The first English version of the work would seem to be that of Mrs Aphra Behn, bearing the curious title of "Seneca unmasked," or "Moral Reflections, etc.," 1685; a loose and partial paraphrase of some of the earlier maxims, for further notice of which the reader may be referred to the remarks of Dean Stanhope on p. 4.

The translation here reprinted bears no name, as the reader will have observed, and the Catalogue of the British Museum, that clue to so many an anonymous or pseudonymous personality, adds nothing to what we are told upon the title-page.

From the fact that the translator appends to the book as a sort of antidote certain "Christian Maxims" of his own (which it has not been thought worth while to include in the present edition), we might infer him to be not only a French scholar but a divine. A reference to the contemporary advertisements of the publisher, Richard Sare, reveals two clients of his answering this description, Jeremy Collier, then occupied upon his "Ecclesiastical History," and—Dean

Stanhope. Internal evidence inclined one to the latter, a conclusion confirmed by the Dictionary of National Biography,* which refers to the book as a work that might be considered "alien to his mind." It was certainly a book of ill repute among the orthodox, which explains the anonymity of a version given to the world by one of the most

* On the authority of Todd's "Deans of Canterbury" and Chalmer's "Dict. of Biography." Both these authors, and the Rev. Weedon Butler ("Life and Writings of Dean Stanhope," 1797) describe the translation briefly, and not quite accurately, perhaps, as if from tradition, not observation.

In my copy of "L'Estrange's edition of Æsop's Fables" (Sare & Co., 1708) the present work is duly advertised, with its full title, size, and price, "Twelves Price 1s. 6d," but among anonymous works. The same list of Sare's publications includes "L'Estrange's Fables, moralized" (a sequel to the "Æsop"); Collier's Marcus Aurelius, and his "Maxims from the French of Bossuet"; Locke's works on "Humane Understanding" and "Education" (5th editions); also Epictetus's "Morals," and Charron's "Wisdom done into English from the newest French edition." "The two last by the Rev. Dr Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury." Given so much material for conjecture, the claims of Charron and Epictetus combined seemed to outweigh that of Marcus Aurelius and Bossuet. One may, perhaps, infer also that the manual of "Humane Prudence or the Art by which a man may raise himself and his Fortune to grandeur," included in the above, and specially advertised opposite the first page of the Maxims, was also by the Dean (?). At least this note may remind collectors and librarians of the interest and importance attaching to early publishers' catalogues, often unique sources of information.

eminent preachers and divines of the reign of Queen Anne.

George Stanhope (1660-1728) was the son of the Rev. Thomas Stanhope, Rector of Hartshorn in Derbyshire. Born in the year of the Restoration, he was educated at Uppingham and Eton, and became a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1677. Appointed Rector of Tewin in Herts (1688), and subsequently of Deptford in Kent, he became chaplain to King William and Queen Mary in 1697, and Boyle Lecturer in 1707. Till 1708 he was Tuesday Lecturer at St Lawrence Jewry, where he succeeded such famous preachers as Tillotson and Sharp. Entering the Lower House of Convocation, of which he became Prolocutor, he was involved in that bitter conflict with the Upper Chamber, under Atterbury, concerning the question of the Archbishop's authority and Right of Prorogation, in consequence of which the Lower Chamber was finally dissolved, in 1717, never to be summoned again till 1852.

Dean Stanhope married (1) a daughter of Charles Cotton of Beresford, and (2) a half-sister of Sir Charles Wager. His daughter by the first wife was married to a son of Bishop Burnet. He was buried in Lewisham Church, where his

memorial is to be seen within the rails of the communion table.

Stanhope's leisure would seem to have been largely occupied in translation. Besides his numerous theological works, he published (1694 and 1700) an English version, already referred to, of the "Morals of Epictetus," "Charron, of Wisdom — done into English from the newest French Edition" (3 vols., 1697), "The Christian Pattern" (the "*Imitatio Christi*"), and a translation of the "Confessions of Marcus Aurelius" (1697 and 1699), from which Jeremy Collier borrowed, with due acknowledgment, the "Collection of Authorities" used for his own.

In the preface to the "Maxims of Rochefoucauld" it will be noticed that the translator claims for his edition that it is more complete than any yet published in the original French. Taking all the maxims comprised in the two editions of Lyons and Paris, published in 1691, and the Preface and Discourse included in the one and omitted or abridged in the other, he gives us La Rochefoucauld's work in a much fuller form than we should expect.

M. Aimé-Martin, collating all the editions and adding maxims drawn from the Letters, etc. (which are, of course, no true part of the original work), only makes up a total of 628. Dean

Stanhope prints 772, including a good many, as will be seen by a reference to the index, in what engravers would call "two states."

He has, perhaps, included a few maxims which, if they were printed in certain French editions (*e.g.* that of 1693) may be regarded as of doubtful authenticity; and he has omitted one which, though suppressed along with several other reflections by La Rochefoucauld himself, is, probably at this moment, the most famous of all—No. 99 in the original edition of 1685: "In the misfortune of our best friends there is always something not unpleasing to us." This I have accordingly ventured to add in the place where it should be found before the maxim (No. 236 in this book), which mollifies and explains it.

With the above exception, the translator's claim to have presented us with a complete and idiomatic version of La Rochefoucauld's work seems amply justified. The reader familiar with the original will find here, in a characteristic and contemporary English dress, the whole point and purport of these many hundred French epigrams, and it might easily be argued that most of them, especially the best and the briefest, have lost little or nothing by their change of nationality.

A word in conclusion may be said of the arrangement of the maxims. Briefly, there is none, or

very little. They go alone, the most desperate ones (which the boldest editor might shrink from trying to catch and classify!), or in small groups —modifying or correcting one another—but the author would be the last person, as he tells us, to stand out for any methodical order in their going.

In its usual form the book bears traces of its genesis and history, as described above. The earliest, and perhaps most spontaneous, maxims are, as a rule—with some important exceptions—to be found near the beginning, while those subsequently added occupy the later "parts"; and towards the end will usually be found a good many for which the industry (see p. 23), or piety, or laxity of the editor is mainly responsible. Thus the bibliography of any particular essay or maxim—which may be separated by several hundreds from its antidote, corrective, or revised form—has little to say to its subject-matter. And though, for mere pleasure of perusal, the author's "agreeable variety" is not to be bettered, for the purpose of comparing all his sentiments on any given topic, an index is indispensable. The discovery of a particular quotation, parallel or duplicate (*Cf.* maxims 189 and 489), in La Rochefoucauld, is too often like looking for a needle, not in a bottle of hay, but in a box full of other needles, much alike in size and shape, but differently pointed.

By way of clue to this maze the present editor has attempted to enumerate every distinct "subject" or significant idea comprised in the 772 maxims which, for this purpose, have been numbered consecutively throughout, though without disturbing the original division of the text into four parts and a supplement.

G. H. P.

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Temple

MORAL MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

In IV PARTS.

Written in *French*, by the

DUKE of *Rochefoucault*

Now made English.

The Second Edition, Revised and Corrected, with the Addition of CXXXV MAXIMS, not Translated before.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Sare*, at *Grays-Inn-Gate*, in *Holborn*, MDCCVI.

1706

THE *TRANSLATOR's* PREFACE

AS soon as this little Book fell into my Hands, I could not forbear making Enquiry, whether any of our Country-Men had done the good Service of communicating it to the *English Readers*. The Entertainment it gave me, the exceeding Characters I had heard of it, (which indeed I thought extravagant, till my own Perusal convinc'd me, they were its just due) and the Desire of making these wise Observations, and the Advantages of them more diffusive, as well at that of impressing them more strongly upon my self, moved me to resolve upon spending some leisure Hours in naturalizing this great Foreigner. But the Undertaking soon appeared more difficult, than the proportion of the Book tempted me to expect. For the Translating every where literally and concisely, would have left some Passages dark, and scarce intelligible. And a loose Paraphrase (besides that it is a Liberty not to be indulged, except in Cases of great Necessity) would take off from the Beauty and Strength of such REFLECTIONS; the

very Design of which requires a short close Style. With what Success I have endeavoured to decline both these Extreams, the judicious Reader will discern better, because more impartially than I can; and the Failings he discovers, will, I promise my self, be easily forgiven, for the sake of so good a Design, as the giving him this ingenious Book in our own Language. For it is to be hoped, he will think it more pardonable, that this is done now by a very indifferent and unknown Hand, than that it hath not had this Right done it, by some of the Best and most Eminent, before.

Mrs *Behn* indeed has attempted part of it, but she seems not to have intended a perfect Work, so much as Entertaining her Self and her *Lysander*, with such Passages as were most applicable to her darling Passion of Love. Upon which occasion, and some others, she takes the Freedom of Paraphrasing, and Accommodating as she saw fit, more perhaps to her own Diversion, than the doing Justice to the Author. And besides, Hers is only a Collection of some scattered Reflections, out of the First and Second, without any Notice taken of the Third and Fourth Parts.

This Translation follows the Edition of *Lyons*, 1691. But because there is another of the same Year, at *Paris*, without any distinction of Parts, in which there are several Additions, to what my Original hath in the Two First Books, I have taken Care to subjoin those Additions at the End of the Second Part here; and believe, that in com-

paring the Two Books together, none will be found to have escaped me, nor any other Difference between them now remaining, except in the Order of the REFLECTIONS. The Passages added are likewise numbred according to the *Paris* Edition, from whence they are taken. The *French* Preface to the Reader Translated from thence, because something larger; and referring particularly to a Discourse upon these REFLECTIONS, wholly wanting in the Impression at *Lyons*. That Discourse, (*Englished* by another Hand) is likewise inserted here, the Design whereof is to remove some Objections, to which this Book hath been thought liable. So that all due Care hath been taken, that this Translation might have it's utmost Perfection, and the Author now appears in *English*, more full, and with much greater Advantage, than any Edition of his, that ever I yet saw in the Original Language.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER

THE General Approbation which the Publick has been pleased to give these Moral Reflections, *is infinitely above what I am able to say in their Favour; and if they are really of that intrinsic Value, as I take them to be, and have very good Reasons to believe, 'tis almost impossible to do them a greater Injury, than to imagine they stand in need of an Apology.*

I shall at present content my self to remark Two Things; First, That by the Word Interest, *our Author does not always understand what we commonly call* Worldly Interest, *which has the Pursuit of Wealth for its only Object, but an* Interest *of Honour and Glory. My Second Remark is,* (*and 'tis in a manner the Foundation of all these Reflections*) *That the judicious Person who made them, only considers Mankind in the present deplorable State of Nature, as 'tis overrun with Ignorance, and corrupted by Sin; and therefore whatever he says of that infinite Number*

of Defects that are to be found in their apparent Vertues, does not in the least concern those happy but few Favourites whom Heaven is pleased to preserve from them by a particular Grace.

To remove the Prejudices which some well meaning People have entertained against these Maxims, I thought it convenient to insert the following Letter, which lately fell into my Hands, and was written since the First Edition of this Manuscript; and now at this Juncture, when every Reader takes the freedom to pass his own Judgment upon them; it comes out very seasonably to clear the principal Difficulties that may be urged against these Reflections, as also to explain the true Sentiments of our Author. This, at least, it has performed, it has abundantly demonstrated them to contain nothing but a pure Abridgment of Morality, conformable to several Fathers of the Church, and that the Person who writ them, had a great deal of reason to believe, that he could not well miss his Way, in following such experienced and disinterested Guides. And lastly, that he had full Liberty to speak of Man, *after the very same manner as the Fathers had done before him.*

Now, after all, if the Veneration which is due to these illustrious Lights of the Church, be not sufficient to stop the Mouths of the Criticks, but they are resolved, in opposition to good Manners and Sense, to condemn the Opinion of these Great Men in condemning this Book; I would advise the Reader not to be influenced by such partial Judges, nor suffer himself to be determined by the first Motions he finds arise in his Heart; but to take all imaginable Care, that Self-Love *shall have no share in the Judgment which he*

passes upon them. For if he suffers himself to be directed by so corrupt a Counsellor, it is not to be supposed that he will shew any great Favour to these Maxims. *As they particularly charge* Self-Love *with debauching the Reason, that powerful Seducer, will be sure, by Way of Requital, to prepossess the Mind against them. Upon this Score the Reader ought to take care, that this Prevention or Prejudice shall not justifie the Truth of them, and to perswade himself that nothing can so effectually establish the Truth of these* Reflections, *as that* Heat *or* Subtilty he expresses in combating them. But as it will be a difficult Matter to perswade every sensible Man, that he cannot condemn them out of any other Motive than that *of* Interest *disguised, of* Pride, *and* Self-Love; *the best Way the Reader can take, in my Opinion, is to satisfie himself, that none of these* Maxims *concern Him in particular, and that He alone is excepted from them, although they seem to be general. After he has done this, I dare answer for him, that he will be the first Man that shall subscribe to the Truth of them,* and, what is more, believe that they are of mighty Benefit to the World, in discovering all the Follies and *Foibles* of Mankind.

As for what regards the Order of these Reflections, the Reader will at first view discover, that as they are all upon different Matters, it was in a manner impossible to place them in an exact Method: And tho' there are several upon the same Subject, it was not judged proper to place them always one after another, for fear of disgusting the Reader, who is generally best entertained with an agreeable Variety.

A Discourse upon the *Reflections*, or *Sentences*, and *Moral Maxims*, in a Letter to a Friend.

SIR,

I *Am not able positively to tell you*, Whether all these *Moral Reflections* were writ by Monsieur *De*—— altho' the Stile and Manner of them seem to resemble his. But give me leave, Sir, to tell you, that upon these Occasions, I generally disengage my self from popular Reports, and 'tis enough to make me believe, that they do not belong to him, because the publick Opinion has father'd them upon him. Thus I have fairly and ingenuously answer'd your First Question. And as for the rest, if you had not an absolute Authority over me, which I must never dispute, I should wave a farther Examination of them. For a Man so highly prepossess'd, as I am, in his Esteem for this Work, has not that Liberty to judge truly of it, as is requisite. Nevertheless, since you have been pleased to order it so, *I will frankly give you my Opinion, without any Design to set up for a Maker of Dissertations, or concerning my self with the Person who is supposed to have writ this Book. 'Tis easie to discover, at first Sight, that it was never designed to* visit the World, but only writ for the Satisfaction of a Person, who, in my Opinion, does not aspire to the Glory of being an Author. *And if it should happen to belong to Monsieur* De——, *I can assure you, that his Reputation is established in the World by so many better Titles*, that he wou'd *be no less disturb'd to hear that these* Reflections *are made publick*,

than he was when the Memoirs *that were attributed to him were printed. But, Sir, you need not be informed, what a Propensity there is, in this Age, to publish all manner of Novelties, and especially those that go under any celebrated Name, which, of it self, is sufficient to recommend them to the World. This you know is an undoubted Truth, Names alone set a Price upon Things with those People, that are not in a Capacity of finding out their Intrinsic Value. The true Merit of these* Reflections *is understood but by a very few People, tho' 'tis certain that abundance of presuming* Wou'd be Wits *pretend to give you their Opinions of them. As for my self, I don't pretend to have Delicacy and Penetration enough to form a true Judgment of them. I say Delicacy and Penetration, because, to qualifie a Man for such a Province, he must be Master both of one and the other. And tho' it were possible for me to flatter my self, that I possessed both these Qualities, I am inclined to believe, that I should find but very few Passages in these* Reflections *to amend. I can there discover nothing but a happy Force and Spirit, Thoughts truly elevated and Bold, a noble Turn of Expression, accompanied with a certain Air of Quality,* that does not belong to all *that have Vanity enough to set up for Authors. I own indeed there is not that Order and Art in them which one would desire, and that a learned Man, who enjoyed a greater share of Leisure than our Author's Affairs seem to allow him, wou'd have thrown him into a better Method. But a Man who purely writes for himself, and to divert his Mind after the Fatigue of other Business, who sets down his Thoughts just as they come into his Head, does not*

so religiously observe the Niceties of Rules, as They who make a Profession and Business of Writing, and hope to get Reputation by their Pens. Nevertheless, this Irregularity has its peculiar Graces, and such Graces too as Art can never imitate. I don't know whether you will agree with me in this Point; but tho' I am sure of incurring the Indignation of the Criticks by what I am going to say, yet I cannot forbear to affirm to you, that as long as I live, I shall make no scruple to prefer the easie negligent Stile of Persons of Condition, which has Wit and Spirit in it, to the slavish Regularity of a Doctor, that never conversed with any thing but his Books. * The more easie and negligent he appeared in whatever he said or did, the more agreeably was it received for its natural and simple Air. *I borrow this Passage out of* Tacitus, *and have set down the* Latin *in the Margin, that if you are so minded, you may read it; and tho' I am sensible how great a Master you are of that Language, yet since this Discourse may possibly reach other Hands, that are utterly unacquainted with it, I shall follow the same Conduct, whenever I have any Occasion to make Citations. Now, Sir, is it not an unquestionable Truth, that this Justness and Affectation, which is sought after with so much Study, always carries a certain Stiffness and Constraint that displeases us? And that the Gentlemen who are such Slaves to Rules, have none of those Beauties, where Art disguises it self under the Appearances of Nature;*

* Dictaque factaque ejus quanto solutiora, & quandam sui negligentium præferentia, tanto gratius in speciem simplicitatis accipiebantur. *Tac. Ann.* l. 16.

that happy Talent of writing easily and nobly; or, in fine, that which * Tasso *says of the Palace of* Armida,

Stimi (si misto il culto è col negletto,)
Sol naturali gli ornamenti e i siti,
Di natura arte par che per diletto
L'imitatrice sua scherzando imiti.

In English it runs thus.

Art in this beauteous Pile can claim no praise
Nature alone did the fair Fabrick raise.
But so well has she copy'd her Design,
That cheated by an Object so Divine,
We think that Art has followed Nature's Line.

Thus I have briefly acquainted you with my Sentiments of this Work in general, but at the same time am sensible, that this is not enough to satisfie you; since you request me to answer all those Objections, more particularly, which you tell me have been urged against it. As I remember, the first is as follows, viz. *That these* Reflections *destroy all the Vertues. To which it may be answered, That our Author was far from entertaining the least Inclination to destroy them; he only pretends to shew, that they are seldom to be seen in a perfect State of purity, and that the greatest part of our Actions are never without a Mixture of Error and Truth, Perfection and Imperfection, Vice and Vertue. He considers the Hearts*

* Cant. 17.

of Men corrupted, invaded by Pride and Self-Love, and incompass'd about with ill Examples, as the Governor of a Town beseiged, who for want of Silver, makes Money of Leather and Past-board. This Money, in Shape and Figure, resembles the Good, 'tis put off at the same Price, but nothing but downright Misery and Necessity makes it go current among the Besieged. After the same manner, the generality of humane Actions, which pass with the World for so many Vertues, oftentimes have only the bare Image and Resemblance of them; nevertheless, they don't cease to carry some Merit with them, and to challenge our Esteem in some Measure. It being very difficult, humanely speaking, to have any better. But admitting our Author believed, that there was no truly perfect Vertue in Man, yet, considering him in the pure State of Nature, he is not the first that advanced this Opinion. If I were not afraid to lie under the Scandal of a mighty Man in Quotation with you, I could cite you several Authors, nay Fathers of the Church, and celebrated Saints, who were of Opinion, that Self-Love, and Pride, were the very Soul of the most Heroical Actions the Pagons can boast of. I could make it appear, that some of them have not even pardoned the Chastity of Lucretia, *whom all the World believed to be vertuous, till they discover'd the Falsity of that Vertue, which produced the Liberty of* Rome, *and has drawn the Admiration of so many Ages after it. Can you imagine, Sir, that* Seneca *himself, who makes his* wise Man *stand upon the same Level with the Gods, was truly Wise; or that he was really perswaded of what he endeavours to inculcate to other People, with so much Insolence*

and Ostentation? * *Nevertheless his Pride cou'd not hinder him from owning in other* (a) *Places, that he had never beheld in the World an Example of that Idea which he proposed; that it was impossible to find so consummate a Virtue among Men; and that the most perfect among them, was he who had the fewest Defects.* (b) *He frankly confesses, that one may reproach* Socrates *with maintaining some suspected Correspondences,* Plato *and* Aristotle *with being Covetous, and* Epicurus *with Prodigality and Pleasure: And yet he cries out in a most wonderful Passion, at the same Time,* That we should be but too happy, cou'd we arrive to copy and imitate their very Vices. *This worshipful Philosopher had been much in the right on't, if he had said as much of his own Vices; for, to say the Truth, a Man wou'd not have been over unhappy, cou'd he have been able to enjoy, as this poor Stoick did, all manner of Riches, Honour and Pleasure, at the same Time when he made a Shew of despising them; to see himself absolute* † *Master of the Empire, and Em-*

* Jovem plus non posse quam bonum virum. *Sen. Epist.* 83.—Deus non vincit sapientem fœlicitate, etiamsi vincit ætate. *Sen. ibid.*

(a) Ubi enim illum invenies quem tot sæculis quærimus sapientem? pro optimo est minimè malus. *Sen. de Tranq.*

(b) Objicite Platoni quod petierit pecuniam, Aristoteli quod acceperit, Epicuro quod consumpserit, Socrati Alcibiadem & Phædram objectate, O vos usu Maximé fœlices, cum primum vobis imitari vitia nostra contigerit. *Sen. de Vit. Beat.*

† Senecam adoriuntur, tanquam ingentes & supra privatum modum evectas opes adhuc augeret, quódque studia civium in se verteret, hortorum quoque amœni-

*perour; nay, and a Gallant of the Empress at the same Time; to possess magnificent Palaces, delicious Gardens, and thus, fall stretch'd at his Ease, as he was, to preach up Moderation and Constancy, and the Lord knows what in the Midst of a prodigious Plenty and Wealth. Do you believe, Sir, that this mortified Hypocrite, who so well counterfeited the Master of his Passions, cou'd, in Conscience, pretend to any Vertue, but that single one of concealing his Vices, and that when he ordered his Veins to be opened, he did not repent him a thousand times, that he left his Imperial Pupil the Power to make him die? Do but view this mighty Pretender at a nearer distance, and you'll see that in making all these fine Reasonings upon the Immortality of the Soul, he endeavours to Hood-wink himself against the Fears of Death; he summons up all his Forces to make a solemn Grimace at parting; he bites his Tongue, lest he should confess that Pain is an Evil; he pretends that Reason is able to * divest a Man of all Passion, and instead of humbling his Pride, he raises himself above the Divinity. Now in my Opinion, he had acted much more like an honest Man, if he had fairly own'd the Weakness and Corruption of Human Nature, and not taken so much Pains to banter the World with his impracticable Notions. On the other Hand, the Author of these Reflections uses a different Conduct. He lays open all the Miseries of Man, but then we must understand him*

tate, & villarum magnificentiâ quasi principem supergrederetur. *Tac. Ann.* l. 14.

* Sapientem si in Phalaridis tauro peruratur, exclamaturum dulce est, & ad me nihil attinet. *Epic. apud Sen.*

of Man, as he is abandon'd to his own Caprice, and not of a Christian: He makes it evidently appear, that in spite of all the Efforts of his Reason, Pride and Self-Love will still take sanctuary in some of the most private Recesses of his Heart; Where they meet, from Time to Time, with sufficient Nourishment, to spread their Venom imperceptibly, upon the greatest Part of its Movements.

The Second Objection you told me of, and which has a great deal of affinity with the former, is, That these Reflections pass in the World, rather from the Subtilties of an austere Censor, who puts an ill Construction upon the most indifferent Actions, than for solid Truths. *You tell me,* That some of your Friends have assured you, with all the imaginable Appearances of Sincerity, that they knew by their own Experience, that a Man does sometimes do Good, without having any other View or Prospect, than that of Good; nay, sometimes without any View at all, either for Good or Evil, but by a natural Integrity of Mind, which inclined him to what is Good, without his own thinking of it. *I wish it were in my Power to believe these Gentlemen upon their Word, and that it were true that Humane Nature has none but reasonable Motions, and that all our Actions were naturally vertuous. But, Sir, how shall we reconcile the Testimony of your Friends, to the Sentiments of the greatest Fathers of the Church, who have assured us,* That all our Vertues, without the Assistance of Faith, are only Imperfections; that our Will was born blind; that its Desires were blind, its Conduct still more blind, and that it was no wonder if a Man under so much blind-

ness, was in a perpetual State of wandring. *Nor is this all, for they proceed to talk in a higher Strain, and tell us, that in such a Condition,* the Prudence of Man does not penetrate into future Things, and appoints nothing, but as it has a relation to Pride; that his Temperance moderates no Excesses, but those that his Pride condemned before; that his Constancy no farther supports its self under the Pressure of Calamities, than as it is encouraged by his Pride; and lastly, that all his Vertues, with that exterior Pomp of Merit, which makes them be admired, had no other End but this Admiration, the Love of vain Glory, and the Interest of Pride. *One might find almost an infinite number of Authorities upon this Opinion, but if I should once begin to cite them regularly to you, the effect wou'd be,* that I should give my self a little more trouble, and that you wou'd not receive more Pleasure by it. *For this Consideration, I think, the best way both for you and me, will be to give you an Abridgment of all this Controversie, done by an excellent Poet of our Time, in the Compass of Six Verses.*

*Si le Jour de la Foy.**

Reason wou'd blindly wander in the Night,
If active Faith withdrew the cheerful Light.
Aspiring Pride deludes the darken'd Mind,
And turns to Poison what was good design'd.
Self-Love invades each Corner of the Soul,
Turns Vice to Vertue, and corrupts the Whole.

After all, if we must believe that your Friends

* Brebeuf, *Entretiens Solitaires* (Paris, 1660).

have the Gift of this lively Faith, that suppresses all the ill Inclinations of Self-Love, if God has bestowed such extraordinary Favours upon them, and sanctifies them from the common Impurities of the World, I will, with all my Heart, give my Vote for their Canonization, and here freely declare to them, that the Moral Reflections *don't in the least concern them. There is no reason to imagine, that the Person who writ them, ever designed to meddle with the Saints; for as I told you before, his Business is only with Man as he is corrupted: He maintains, that he generally commits Evil, when his Self-Love flatters him that he's doing Good, and that he often deceives himself, when he wou'd judge of himself, because Nature does not sincerely explain to him the real Motives that make him act. In this wretched State, where Pride is the original of all his Actions, the Saints are the first that declare War against him, and treat him infinitely worse than the Author of the* Reflections *does. If you should have a Desire at any Time to consult those Passages, which I have observed in their Writings upon this Article, you will soon be perswaded that I have told you nothing but the Truth; but I request you, to satisfie your self for the present with these Verses, which will in part explain to you what others thought about this Matter.*

Le Desir des Honneurs.*

The Lust of Honour, Riches and Delight,
Produces Vice, and leads us to the Right.
Blind Interest the wavering Heart o'ersways,
And to fresh Errors the vain Slave betrays.

* Brebeuf, *Ent. Sol.*

Nay, Remedies produce a sharper Pain,
One ill suppress'd, another strait does reign.
While here this Tyrant does triumphant ride,
One Sin is by a second Sin destroy'd.

Montagne, *whom I cannot without some remorse of Conscience quote to you, after the Fathers of the Church, says happily enough, upon the same Subject,* That his Soul has two different Faces; that in vain she endeavoured to look back upon her self, for she only perceives that which Self-Love has disguised, while the other is perceived by those who are not concerned in the Masquerade. *If I durst build upon so bold a Metaphor, I wou'd say, that the Soul of a Man, corrupted, is made like those Medals, which represent the Figure of a Saint, and that of a Devil, in one Face, and by the same Stroaks. 'Tis nothing but the different situation of those that look upon it, that changes the Object. One Man sees a Saint, and the other sees a Devil. These Comparisons may serve to instruct us, that when Self-Love has once got possession of the Heart, Pride does so effectually blind the Reason, and spread so vast an Obscurity over all its Faculties, that it cannot form a true Judgment of the least of our Motions, nor of it self give us any certain Rules for our Conduct.* Men, *says* * Horace, Here upon the stage of this World, are like a Company of Travellers,

* *Velut silvis ubi passim*
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit.
Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abit, unus utrique
Error, sed varijs illudit partibus.
Hor. *Sat.* Lib. ii. 3.

whom Night has surprized, as they are passing through a Forest; they march on, relying upon the Honesty of the Guide, who immediately puts them out of their Way, either through Malice or Ignorance, all of them use what Care they can to find the beaten Path again, every One takes a different Way, and is in good Hopes his is the best; the more they fill themselves with these vain Imaginations, the farther they wander; but tho' they all wander a different Way, yet it proceeds from one and the same Cause; 'tis the Guide that deceived them, and the Obscurity of the Night hinders them from recovering the right Road. *Is it possible for any one to paint out in livelier Colours, the Blindness and perpetual Inquietudes of Man abandon'd to his own foolish Conduct, who listens to nothing but the whisperings of his Pride, who thinks he goes naturally right to what is good, and who always believes, that the last he finds is the best? Is it not certain, that at the very moment when he flatters himself that he's doing some good Action, 'tis then that the wandering of his Heart is most dangerous and fatal to him? There is such a prodigious Number of Wheels that compose the Movement of this Clock, and the first Spring of it so hard to be discovered, that, tho' we plainly see what Hour of the Day it is by the Dial, yet we cannot tell which is the prime Motion that conducts the Hand upon all the Spaces in the Plate.*

The Third Objection which lies upon me to answer, is, That abundance of People complain of the great Obscurity in the Sense, as also in the Expression of the Reflections. You need not be informed, Sir, that

Obscurity is not always the Author's Fault. Reflections, or if you please, Maxims and Sentences, as the World has been pleased to call these, ought to be writ in a succinct close Stile, such as hinders a Man from giving that Perspicuity in his Writings, which is to be desired. They are like the first Sketches of a Picture, where an ingenious Eye will easily remark all the Perfection of Art, and the Beauty of the Painter's Design. But then this Beauty is not understood by all the World, and altho' the lineaments are not set out in their proper Colours, yet for all that, they discover a masterly Hand. For this Reason the Reader ought to penetrate into the Sense and Force of the Words, the Mind ought to run over the whole Extent of their Signification, before it sits down and proceeds to Judgment.

The Fourth Objection, unless I am mistaken, was this, That the Maxims, for the most part, are too general. *You have been told,* That 'tis a Piece of Injustice to fix the Defects of particular Men upon the whole Race. *Besides the Account I have received from you of the different Opinions you have heard upon this Subject, I know what uses to be generally objected to those Persons, who discover and condemn Vices. Their censure is called the Portraiture of the Painter; 'tis urged against them, that they resemble People troubled with the Yellow-Jaundice, who see every Thing yellow, because they are so themselves. Now if it were true, that a Man cannot censure the Corruption of the Heart in general, without finding more of it in himself than another does; we ought then to take it for granted, that those Philosophers, whose Apophthegms have*

been delivered down to us by Diogenes Laertius, *were the greatest Debauchees of their Times. We ought to attack the Memory of* Cato, *and believe he was the most profligate wretch in* Rome, *because he censured the Vices of the Republick. If this be the Case, I dare swear for the Author of the Reflections, whoever he is, that he will not be much troubled at the ill Nature of his Adversaries, since, the Business of Religion excepted, he will scarce be taken either for a better or a wiser Man than* Cato. *As for what regards his Expression, which some Persons pretend is too general, I can only say this, that it is a difficult Matter to avoid it in Sentences, without robbing them of all their Salt, their Force and Spirit. Nor is this all; for common Conversation teaches us, that even where general Expressions are used, we take them in a limited Sense, with such and such Restrictions, and this without any body's interposing to instruct us. As for Example, when we hear a Man say,* All *Paris* went to meet the King, *or,* All the Court was at the Play, *every one knows, that it only signifies the greatest Part. If you are of Opinion, that these Reasons are not sufficient to stop the Mouths of the Criticks, you need only tell them, that, when Gentlemen are so easily scandalized at the Terms of a general Censure, 'tis because it touches them after too lively a manner, in the most sensible Part of their Hearts.*

'Tis indeed very certain, that You and I are acquainted with several Persons of great Worth and Honour, who are not in the least offended at the Freedom of these Reflections. *I mean those, that have a mortal Aversion to Hypocrisie, and who make*

no Scruple at all to confess both what they feel in themselves, and what they observe in others. But few People are capable of thinking of them aright, or that will put themselves to the severe Expence of doing it. And if by meer Accident they do, Self-Flattery still attends them, and so hinders the Operation of the Physick. Let me intreat you to call to mind after what manner our Friend Guarini *treats these empty Pretenders.*

Huomo sono,* e mi preggio d'esser humano,
E teco, che sei huomo,
E ch' altro esser non puos,
Come huomo parlo di cosa humana.
E se di cotal nome forse ti sdegni,
Guarda Garzon Superbo;
Che nel dishumanarti,
Non divenghi una fiera, anzi chun Dio

Observe, Sir, in what terms we ought to speak of the Pride of Humane Nature. Instead of being angry with the Mirrour that shews us our Faults, instead of bearing an ill Will to the Person who is so charitable to discover them to us, ought we not rather to make use of the charitable Lights they give us, to find out our Self-Love and Pride, and to preserve our selves from the continual Attempts they make upon our Reason? Can a Man ever express Hatred enough to those Two Vices, that were the lamentable Occasions of the Revolt of our first Parent, or too much decry those unfortunate Sources, from whence all our Miseries proceed?

* *Guarini Pastor Fido.* Act. 1. Sc. 1. *Homo sum humani nihil à me alienum.* Terence. Heautontim. l. 1.

Others are at their Liberty to take the Reflections *after what manner they please. As for my self, I look upon them to be a true and handsom Representation of all the Infirmities of your impudent Pretender to Wisdom. I fancy that in every Stroke the Love of Truth pulls off his Mask, and shews him as he is in his proper Colours. I consider them as the Instructions of an able Master, who was perfectly versed in the Art of knowing Men, who dexterously lays open all the several Parts they play upon the Theatre of the World, and who not only bids us mind the several Characters of the Persons upon the Stage, but lifts up a Corner of the Curtain, and satisfies us, that this Lover and that King in a Tragedy, are the very numerical Actors, that play the Mountebank and the Merry-Andrew in a Farce. I freely own to you, that I have read nothing in this Age, that gives me a greater Contempt for Man, or makes me more sensible of my own Vanity. I fancy, that as often as I open the Book, I find something that resembles the secret Movements of my Heart, I inquire into myself, to examine whether he speaks the Truth, and I find that generally he tells both me and others more than they saw. At first I am somewhat displeased with him, I sometimes blush to see how exactly he has divined, but after I have with some Violence to my Nature read Him, I perceive that if I don't from thence learn to become more wise, I learn this at least, that I have no Pretence to aspire to that Title. And last'ly, I learn from the true Representation he gives me of my self, not sottishly to fall into an Admiration of those Vertues, the very Splendor of which offends our Eye-sight. Hypocrites indeed pass their Time but*

very ill in reading a Book of this Character, and those are the only Persons in the World that will raise a Noise and Clamour about it. Let me therefore conjure you, dear Sir, to give no heed to those that vent their Malice against it, and to rest assured, that the true reason of their Indignation is to see those Mysteries revealed, which, if it lay in their Power, they wou'd carefully conceal both from others and themselves.

And now, Sir, whereas it was my Intention to send you a Letter, I find my self insensibly engaged to write a tedious Discourse. Call it as you please, either a Discourse or a Letter, it signifies not much, provided 'tis so happy as to give you some Satisfaction, and that you will do me the Honour to believe, that I am, with all imaginable Respect,

SIR,

Your Most Humble, &c.

Moral Reflections

Our Vertues are, oftentimes, in Reality, no better than Vices disguised.

I

WHAT we take for Vertue, is, frequently, nothing else but the Concurrence of several Actions, and several Aims, which either our own Industry, or Fortune for us, contrives to bring together: And we are much mistaken, if we think that Men are always stout, from a Principle of Valour, or Women chast, from a Principle of Modesty.

II

Self-Love is the *Love* of a man's own Self, and of every thing else, for his own Sake. It makes People *Idolaters* to themselves, and *Tyrants* to all the World besides. As would plainly appear, if *Fortune* did but furnish them with Power and Opportunities of shewing it. It never rests, or fixes any where from Home, and, if for a little while it dwell upon some other thing, 'tis only as *Bees* do, when they light upon *Flowers*, with a

design to draw all the *Vertue* there to their own Advantage. Nothing is so raging and violent as its Desires, Nothing so close as its Designs, Nothing so ingenious as its Management of them. It hath more Fetches and Doubles than can ever be describ'd; it transforms it self into more different Shapes, than are in all *Ovid's* Metamorphoses, and its Extractions are more subtle and refined, than any *Chymistry* can parallel: It is an *Abyss*, too deep ever to be sounded, and too dark ever to be seen through; there it sits undiscovered, even from the nicest, and most penetrating *Eye*, and runs a thousand wild *Mazes* undiscerned: Nay, it is sometimes concealed from its own self, and conceives and cherishes, and brings up a World of *Inclinations* and *Affections*, without so much as being sensible when they are *born*, or how they are *bred*. And some of these *Conceptions* are so monstrous, that when they come to the *Birth*, it either does not know them, or cannot be prevailed upon to own them. From this gross Darkness proceed all its extravagant and ridiculous Opinions of its self, all its Errors and Ignorances, and sottish Stupidities in its own Case. This is the Reason, why it often thinks those *Passions* killed and dead, which are only laid to sleep. Hence it seems content to sit down quietly, when it is only taking Breath for a fresh *Chase*; and thinks those *Appetites* quite lost, which are only satisfied a little for the present. And yet this thick *Mist*, which hinders it from seeing it self, is no Obstruction to its sight of any thing else; for in this it is like the Eyes of our Body, which perceive all other *Objects*, and are

blind only with regard to themselves. And thus, where its own *Interest* is concerned, and the matter is of *Consequence* so great, as to move the Desires vigorously, and by them to call up all its Attention, it sees, and feels, and hears, and imagines, and suspects, and penetrates and presages perfectly well, so that nothing escapes it; and a man would be apt to suspect, that each of these *Passions*, under its Conduct, have some strange *magical Power* peculiar to it. No *Cement* is so strong, none so close as its Engagements; Which it attempts to break or dissolve, but to little or no purpose, even when driven to it by the greatest and most impending *Mischiefs*. And yet it happens sometimes, that what the continued Endeavours of many Years were not able to accomplish, a very little Time and Pains effect; Which gives us just Ground to conclude, that its Desires are all kindled by its own Hand, and owing more to it self, than to the *Beauty*, or the Worth of its *Object*; and that its own *Palate* gives them all their *Value*, and *Fancy* is the false Gloss that sets them off: That it self is the only Game it pursues, and its own Inclination the thing it follows, rather than the *Objects* that suit its Inclination. It is all Extremes, and acts in the greatest contradiction to it self: It is Imperious and Submissive, Sincere and Hypocritical, Frank and Formal, Compassionate and Cruel, Cowardly and Couragious: It puts on different Inclinations, according to the different Tempers, that dispose, and devote it, sometimes to Honour, sometimes to Riches, sometimes to Pleasure; it shifts these, as our Age, or our Fortunes, or our Experience

change; But as to it self, it is the same thing, whether it have one or more such Inclinations. For it divides it self to several, or collects and determines it self intirely to one, at pleasure, and as Occasions offer themselves. It is fickle, not only because the Things without us are unstable, but from a thousand inward *Causes*, intirely owing to it self; Inconstancy, Levity, Love of Novelty, Nauseatings, and Disgusts; and the being tired with what it hath already, makes it changeable every Moment. It is Whimsical and Humoursome, and you may sometimes observe it taking infinite Pains, and using the utmost Application and Zeal, for Things that cannot be any Advantage, nay, which are sure to prove prejudicial. And yet pursue them it will, meerly because it will have them. It is unaccountable and childish, and often busies it self about Trifles and Impertinencies; finds the greatest Relish and Delight in the flattest and most insipid Things, and reserves all its Eagerness and Warmth for the meanest, and most contemptible. It enters into all *Qualities*, and all Conditions of *Life*; it lives in every Place; it lives upon every Thing, nay it lives upon Nothing; It serves it self both of the Enjoyment of Things, and of the want of them; it takes Part with the very Men that make *War* upon it, and *engages* in their Designs against it self. And, which is most surprizing, it joins with them in the Hating of it self, plots to its own disadvantage, and conspires and endeavours its own Destruction. In a Word, all its Care is to subsist, and rather than not be at all, it is content to be its own *Enemy*. We ought

not therefore to think it strange, if we meet it sometimes in *Conjunction* with the most rigorous Mortification, and find it entering boldly into *League* with this *Adversary*, to work its own *Ruin*; for at the same time, that it pulls it self down in one Place, it builds it self up in another. When we think it renounces and forsakes its Pleasure, it only suspends or changes it; and when we fancy it *conquered*, and totally *routed*, we find it rise victorious, and its very Defeat contributes to its *Triumph*. This is the true Picture of *Self-Love*, which is so predominant, that a Man's whole Life is but one continued Exercise, and strong Agitation of it. The *Sea* indeed is a very sensible Resemblance of this *Passion*, and the perpetual *Ebbings* and *Flowings* of the *Waves* there are a lively and faithful *Emblem* of that restless Succession of *Thoughts*, and those boisterous Roulings of the *Mind*, which are eternally caused and kept up by it.

III

Self-Love is the greatest Flatterer in the World.

IV

When a Man hath travelled never so far, and discovered never so much in the *World of Self-Love*, yet still the *Terra Incognita* will take up a considerable Part of the *Map*.

V

Self-Love is more ingenious, than the most ingenious Man in the World.

VI

The Continuance of our Passions is no more in our own Power, than the Term of our Life.

VII

Passion very often makes the wisest Men Fools, and very often too inspires the greatest Fools with Wit.

VIII

Those great and glorious Actions, that even dazle our Eyes with their Lustre, are represented by Politicians, as the result of great Wisdom, and excellent Design; whereas, in truth, they are commonly the Effects of Passion and Humour. Thus the War between *Augustus* and *Antony*, which is usually thought to proceed from Greatness of Soul, and an Ambition that each of them had to become Master of the World, was, very probably, no more than Envy and Emulation.

IX

The Passions are the only Orators that are always successful in perswading. They are a kind of Art in Nature, that proceeds upon infallible Rules; and the plainest Man, with the help of Passion, shall prevail more, than the most eloquent Man without it.

X

There is in the Passions such a constant Ten-

dency to private Interest and Injustice, that it is dangerous to be guided by them. And indeed, we should not dare to trust them, even then when they appear most fair and reasonable.

XI

The Heart of Man ever finds a constant Succession of Passions; insomuch, that the destroying and pulling down of One, proves generally to be nothing else, but the production and the setting up of Another.

XII

The Passions, (so odd a Way of breeding they have) do very often give Birth to others of a Nature most contrary and distant from their own. Thus Avarice sometimes brings forth Prodigality, and Prodigality Avarice: A Man's Resolution is very often the effect of Levity; and his daring Boldness, that of Cowardice and Fear.

XIII

After all the Care Men can take to conceal their Passions, and put them off under the Dress of Piety and Honour; the Disguise is too thin, and will be sure to discover all, at one Time or other.

XIV

The Love of our selves can less bear to have our Inclinations condemned, than our Opinions.

XV

Men are not only apt to forget the Kindnesses and Injuries that have been done them, but which is a great deal more, they hate the Persons that have obliged them, and lay aside their Resentments against those that have used them ill. The Trouble of returning Favours, and revenging of Wrongs, is a Slavery, it seems, which they can very hardly submit to.

XVI

The Clemency of Princes is, very often, only a State-Trick, to gain upon the Affections of their Subjects.

XVII

That Clemency, which the World cries up for such a mighty Vertue, proceeds sometimes from Ostentation; sometimes from Laziness and Neglect; very often from Fear, and almost always from a Mixture of all these together.

XVIII

The Moderation of People in Prosperity, is the effect of a smooth and composed Temper, owing to the Calm of their good Fortune.

XIX

Moderation is a Fear of falling into that Envy and Contempt, which those who grow giddy with their good Fortune, most justly draw upon them-

selves. It is a kind of boasting the Greatness of our Mind; and, in short, the Moderation of Men, in the most exalted Fortunes, is a Desire to be thought above those Things that have raised them so high.

XX

No body is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the Misfortunes that he does not feel.

XXI

The Constancy of the Wise is nothing else, but the Knack of concealing their Passion and Trouble.

XXII

We often see Malefactors, when they are led to Execution, put on Resolution and a Contempt of Death, which, in Truth, is nothing else, but fearing to look it in the Face: So that this pretended Bravery may very truly be said, to do the same good Office to their Mind, that the Handkerchief, or Night-Cap does to their Eyes.

XXIII

Philosophy finds it an easie matter to vanquish past and future Evils, but the present are commonly too hard for it.

XXIV

Very few People are acquainted with Death; they undergo it, commonly, not so much out of

Resolution, as Custom and Insensibility; and the greatest Part of the World pretend, thay are content to die, only because they know they cannot help it.

XXV

When Great Men sink under the Length of their Misfortunes, this discovers, that it was not the Greatness of their Soul, but of their Ambition, that kept up their Spirits so long; and that, setting aside abundance of Vanity, Heroes are just like common Men.

XXVI

It requires more Vertue to bear good Fortune than ill.

XXVII

Death and the Sun are two Things not to be looked upon with a steady Eye.

XXVIII

Men are often so foolish, as to boast and value themselves upon their Passions, even those that are most vicious. But Envy is a Passion so full of Cowardice and Shame, that no body ever had the Confidence to own it.

XXIX

There is something to be said for Jealousie, because this only designs the Preservation of some Good, which we either have, or think we have a

Right to; but Envy is a raging Madness, that cannot be satisfied with the Good of others.

XXX

Our good Qualities expose us more to Hatred and Persecution, than all the ill we do.

XXXI

We do not want Strength, so much as Will to use it; and very often the fancying Things impossible to be done, is nothing else, but an Excuse of our own contriving, to reconcile ourselves to our own Idleness.

XXXII

If we had no Defects of our own, we should not take half so much Satisfaction in observing those of other People.

XXXIII

Jealousie is bred in Doubts. When those Doubts change into Certainties, then the Passion either ceases, or turns absolute Madness.

XXXIV

A proud Man can never be a Loafer, no not even then when he renounces his Pride.

XXXV

The being proud our selves makes us complain of others, and uneasie at their being so.

XXXVI

All Men are proud alike. The only difference is, that all do not take the same Methods of shewing it.

XXXVII

It looks like an Indulgence of Nature to give us Pride, that, after she had taken such wise Care to fit the Organs of the Body for our Happiness and Convenience, we might be delivered from the Trouble of knowing our own Imperfections.

XXXVIII

Pride hath a greater share than Goodness in the Reproofs we give other People for their Faults; and we chide them, not so much with a Design to mend them, as to make them believe that we our selves are not guilty of them.

XXXIX

We promise in proportion to our Hopes, and we keep our Word in proportion to our Fears.

XL

Interest speaks all manner of Languages, and

acts all sorts of Parts; nay, even that of a Man that hath no regard at all to Interest.

XLI

Interest makes some People blind, and others quick-sighted.

XLII

They that use to employ their Minds too much upon Trifles, commonly make themselves incapable of any Thing that is Serious or Great.

XLIII

We have not Strength enough to follow our Reason so far as it would carry us.

XLIV

A Man often thinks he governs himself, when all the while he is governed and managed; and while his Understanding directs to one Design, his Affections insensibly draw him into another.

XLV

The Strength and Weakness of a Man's Mind are mistaken and improper Terms; for these are really no other than the Organs of our Bodies being well or ill disposed.

XLVI

The Whimsicalness of our own Humour is a thousand times more fickle and unaccountable, than what we blame so much in Fortune.

XLVII

The Fondness or Indifference that the Philosophers express'd for Life, was purely a Tang of the Love of themselves, which will no more bear reasoning upon, than the Relish of the Palate, or the Choice of Colours.

XLVIII

All the Gifts of Fortune are just as our own Humour is pleased to rate them.

XLIX

Happiness does not consist in the Things themselves, but in the Relish we have of them; and a Man hath attained to it when he enjoys what he loves and desires himself, and not what other People think lovely and desirable.

L

Every man's good and ill Fortune is constantly more or less than he esteems it.

LI

People that are conceited of their own Merit, take a Pride in being unfortunate, that so themselves and others may think them considerable enough to be the Envy and the Mark of Fortune.

LII

Nothing ought in reason to mortifie our Self-Satisfaction more, than the considering that we condemn at one Time, what we highly approve and commend at another.

LIII

How different soever Men's Fortunes may be, there is always something or other, that balances the Ill and the Good, and makes all even at last.

LIV

Though Nature be never so *liberal*, yet can she not make a *Hero* alone. Fortune must contribute her Part too; and till both concur, the Work cannot be perfected.

LV

When the Philosophers despised *Riches*, it was because they had a mind to vindicate their own *Merit*, and take a *Revenge* upon the Injustice of *Fortune*, by vilifying those Enjoyments which she had not given them: This was a Secret to ward

off the *Contempt* that *Poverty* brings, a kind of winding By-Path to get into the Esteem of the *World*, and when *Riches* had not made them considerable, to make themselves so some other Way.

LVI

We hate *Favourites*, because we are fond of Favour our selves: The Indignation we profess against others who are in possession, sooths and softens a little the Concern for our own being excluded. And we deny to pay them our Respects, because we would fain, but cannot, take away that which makes them respected by all the *World* besides.

LVII

The common Way to do one's Business and rise in the World, is to use all possible Means of perswading People, that one's Business is done already.

LVIII

Though Men are apt to flatter and exalt themselves with their *Great Atchievements*, yet these are, in Truth, very often owing, not so much to Design, as Chance.

LIX

Our *Actions* seem to have their lucky and unlucky *Stars*, to which a great Part of that *Blame*

and that *Commendation* is due, which is given to the *Actions* themselves.

LX

There is no Accident so exquisitely unfortunate, but wise Men will make some advantage of it; nor any so intirely fortunate, but *Fools* may turn it to their own Prejudice.

LXI

Fortune converts every Thing to the Advantage of her *Favourites*.

LXII

Men's *Happiness* and *Misery* depends altogether as much upon their own *Humour*, as it does upon *Fortune*.

LXIII

Sincerity is a certain Openness of Heart. It is to be found but in very few, and what we commonly look upon to be so, is only a more cunning sort of *Dissimulation*, to insinuate our selves into the Confidence of others.

LXIV

Our Aversion to a *Lie*, is commonly a secret Ambition, to make what we say considerable, and have every Word received with a religious Respect.

LXV

Truth has scarce done so much good in the *World*, as the false Appearances of it have done hurt.

LXVI

No Praises are thought too great for *Wisdom*, and yet the highest Pitch of it cannot insure a Man the most considerable Event. The reason of which is, that Man is the subject of its *Operation*, and he is the most fickle and changeable Creature in the World.

LXVII

A wise Man should order his Designs, and set all his interests in their proper Places: This Order is often confounded by a *foolish Greediness*, which, while it puts us upon pursuing so many several Things at once, that in Eagerness for Matters of less consideration, we grasp at Trifles, and let go Things of greater value.

LXVIII

A good Mein is to the *Body*, what good Sense is to the *Mind*.

LXIX

It is very hard to give a just Definition of *Love*; the most we are able to say of it is this, That in the *Soul*, it is a Desire to *Govern*; in *Spirits* it is a *Sympathy*; and in the *Body*, it is only a secret

Desire, and a Curiosity to enjoy the Thing *Beloved*, after a great deal of Bustle and Formality.

LXX

Love pure, and untainted with any other *Passion*, (if such a Thing there be) lies hidden in the Bottom of our *Heart*, so exceeding close, that we scarce know it our selves.

LXXI

It is not in the *Power* of any the most crafty *Dissimulation*, to conceal *Love* long, where it really is, nor to *counterfeit* it long where it is not.

LXXII

Considering how little the beginning, or the ceasing to Love is in our own Power, it is foolish and unreasonable for the Lover, or his Mistress, to complain of one anothers Inconstancy.

LXXIII

If one were to judge of Love, according to the greatest Part of the Effects it produces, it might very justly pass for Hatred, rather than Kindness.

LXXIV

Some Ladies may be met with, who never had any Intrigue at all; but it will be exceeding hard to find any, who have had One, and no more.

LXXV

Love is one and the same in the Original; but there are a Thousand Copies of it, and it may be all differing from one another.

LXXVI

Love can no more continue without a constant Motion, than Fire can; and when once you take Hope and Fear away, you take from it, its very Life and Being.

LXXVII

It is with True Love, as with Ghosts and Apparitions, a Thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

LXXVIII

Love hath its Name borrowed by a World of Dealings and Affairs that are father'd upon it; when, alas! Love hath no more concern in them, than the Doge hath in what is done at *Venice*.

LXXIX

What the Generality of People call the Love of Justice, is only the Fear of suffering by Injustice.

LXXX

Silence is the best Security to that man who distrusts himself.

LXXXI

The Thing that makes our Friendships so short and changeable, is, that the Qualities and Dispositions of the Soul are very hard, and those of the Understanding and Wit, very easie to be known.

LXXXII

The most disinterested Love is, after all, but a kind of Bargain, in which the dear Love of our own selves always proposes to be the Gainer some Way or other.

LXXXIII

The Reconciliation of Enemies is commonly a Desire to better our own Condition; a being harassed and tired out with a State of War; and a Fear of some ill Accident, which we are willing to prevent.

LXXXIV

When we have loved our selves weary, the kindest and most welcome Thing that can be, is some Act of Infidelity, which may fairly disengage our Affection.

LXXXV

It is much less for a Man's Honour to distrust his Friends, than to be deceived by them.

LXXXVI

We oftentimes fancy, that we love Persons above us, when it is nothing but Interest that makes us fond of them; and all our Applications and Attendances, are not so much upon the account of any Good we desire to do them, as for what we expect and hope they may do us.

LXXXVII

Our own Jealousie gives a fair Pretence for the Knavery of other People.

LXXXVIII

With what Face can we expect, another should keep our Secrets, when we could not keep them our selves?

LXXXIX

The Love of our selves makes our Friends appear more or less deserving in Proportion to the Delight we take in them, and the Measures by which we judge of their Worth, depend upon the Manner of their conversing with us.

XC

Every body complains for want of Memory; but you never find any body complain of the Weakness of his Judgment.

XCI

When idle Men have indulged themselves as much as they think fit, no body is then so full of Haste and Activity as they, because they hope this quickning of others, will give them the Reputation of Diligence.

XCII

The greatest Ambition does not appear at all so, when it finds what it would fain aspire to, absolutely impossible to be attained.

XCIII

The disabusing a Man strongly possess'd with an Opinion of his own Worth, is the very same ill Office that was done the Fool at *Athens*, who fancied all the Ships that came into Harbour were his own.

XCIV

Old Folks love mightily to give good Advice, because this makes them some sort of amends, for being incapable now of setting ill Examples.

XCV

Great Characters do rather lessen, than exalt, those that know not how to maintain, and make them good.

XCVI

That Man, we may be sure, is a Person of true Worth, whom we find those who envy him most, are yet forced to commend.

XCVII

It is an Argument, our own Affection is but small, when our Friends grow cold to us, and we are not sensible of it.

XCVIII

The making a Difference between *Wit* and *Judgment*, is a *Vulgar Error*. *Judgment* is nothing else but the *exceeding Brightness* of *Wit*, which, like *Light*, pierces into the very *Bottom of Things*, observes all that ought to be observed there, and discovers what seemed to be past any bodies finding out: From whence we must conclude, that the *Energy* and *Extension* of this *Light* of the *Wit*, is the very Thing that produces all those Effects, usually ascribed to the *Judgment*.

XCIX

Every body takes upon him to give a good

Character of his own Honesty, but no body to speak well of his own Ability.

C

The polite Wit consists in nice, curious, and commendable Thoughts.

CI

The *Gallantry* of the *Wit* is exprest in *Flattery* well couched.

CII

It often happens, that some Things offer themselves finer in the very first Thought, than it were possible for a Man to have made them by Art and Study.

CIII

The Understanding is constantly the *Cully* of the Affections.

CIV

Many People are acquainted with their own Abilities, that are not acquainted with their own Hearts.

CV

Men and *Actions* are like *Objects* of *Sight*, that have their nice Points of being distinctly discerned. Some you must come very near to, to

judge of them exactly, and others are better seen at a greater distance.

CVI

He is not to pass for a Man of *Reason*, who stumbles upon *Reason* by chance; but he that knows, and can judge, and hath a true Relish of it.

CVII

It is necessary, in order to know Things throughly well, to know the Particulars of them; and these being infinite, make our Knowledge ever superficial and imperfect.

CVIII

It is one kind of Affectation, to put People upon observing, that we are not at all affected.

CIX

It is not in the Power of the *Wit* to dissemble the Inclinations very long.

CX

Heat of *Blood* makes young People change their *Inclinations* often, and *Custom* makes old Ones keep to theirs a great while.

CXI

There is nothing that Men are so free of, as their Advice.

CXII

The more *passionately* a Man loves his *Mistress*, the readier he is to hate *Her*.

CXIII

The Defects of the *Understanding* are like those of the *Face*; the older People are, the worse they grow.

CXIV

Matrimony is sometimes convenient, but never delightful.

CXV

Men are never to be comforted for the *Treachery* of their *Friends*, or the over-reaching of their *Enemies*; and yet they are often very highly satisfied, to be both cheated and betrayed by their own selves.

CXVI

It is as easie a matter to deceive a Man's self, and not be sensible of it, as it is hard to impose upon others, and yet for them not to be sensible of it.

CXVII

Nothing betrays more want of *Sincerity*, than the Methods commonly used in asking and receiving *Advice*: He that asks it, pretends to a respectful Deference for the Opinion of his *Friend*, and all the while only designs to have his own approved, and shelter his *Actions* under the *Authority* of another; and he that gives it, returns these *Professions* with a pretended *Kindness* and impartial *Zeal*, and yet hath generally no other End in the advising him, but his own *Interest* and *Honour*.

CXVIII

The cunningest *Dissimulation* is when a Man pretends to be caught, and a Man is never so easily over-reached, as when he is contriving to over-reach others.

CXIX

An honest *Intention* of imposing upon no body, lays us open to be frequently imposed upon our selves.

CXX

We are so used to dissemble with other *People*, that in Time we come to deceive and dissemble with our selves.

CXXI

Treachery is oftner the Effect of *Weakness* than of a form'd *Design*.

CXXII

Men frequently do Good, only to give themselves Opportunity of doing Ill with greater Security.

CXXIII

The resistance we make to our *Passions*, is owing to their *Weakness*, more than our *Strength*.

CXXIV

Men never would enjoy any *Pleasure*, if they never flattered themselves.

CXXV

The most ingenious Men continually pretend to condemn Tricking; but this is often done, that they may use it more conveniently themselves, when some great Occasion or Interest offers it self to them.

CXXVI

To use crafty *Dealing*, is a Sign of a little *Soul*; and it generally falls out, that he who conceals himself by it in one *Instance*, betrays himself as much by it in another.

CXXVII

Tricks and *Treachery* are the Practice of *Fools* that have not *Wit* enough to be *Honest*.

CXXVIII

The most effectual Way to be *bubbled*, is to fansie ones self wiser than one's *Neighbours*.

CXXIX

Too great a Degree of *Subtilty* is counterfeit Exactness, and true Exactness is the best and most substantial *Subtilty*.

CXXX

The being a *Blockhead*, is sometimes the best Security against being imposed upon by a Man of *Wit*.

CXXXI

A weak Mind is the only Defect out of our Power to mend.

CXXXII

When once *Women* have given themselves over to make *Love*, the doing it on is the least Fault they can be guilty of.

CXXXIII

It is much easier to be wise in another Man's Concern, than in one's own.

CXXXIV

There are no good *Copies*, except such as expose the Folly of *bad Originals*.

CXXXV

Men become ridiculous, not so much for the *Qualities* they have, as those they would be thought to have, when they really have them not.

CXXXVI

A Man at sometimes, differs as much from himself, as he does from other People.

CXXXVII

Abundance of Men would never have been in *Love*, if they had never been entertained with any Discourse of *Love*.

CXXXVIII

They that speak without *Ostentation*, content themselves with saying but little.

CXXXIX

Rather than say nothing of themselves, Men are content to speak ill of themselves.

CXL

One Reason, why we find so very few Men of *Sense* and agreeable *Conversation*, is, That almost every body's Mind is more intent upon what he himself hath a mind to say, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the rest of the Company say to him. The most *Ingenious* and *Complaisant* Sort go no farther than pretending to hearken attentively; when at the same Time, a Man may plainly see, that both their Eyes and their Mind are roving from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they long to be at themselves. Whereas it ought to be considered, that to seek ones own Pleasure so very *Passionately*, can never be the way either to please or perswade others; and that diligent *Attention*, and proper *Repartees*, are the very Things that accomplish a Man for Company.

CXLI

A Man of *Wit* would find himself sometimes miserably at a loss, if there were no *Fools* to divert him with their Company

CXLII

We often brag of never being out of Humour, and are so vain as never to think our selves bad Company.

CXLIII

As great *Wits* have a peculiar Faculty of saying

a great deal in a little; so half witted *Fellows* have a Talent of talking much, and yet saying nothing.

CXLIV

The Excellencies of other People are extolled and valued more from a good Opinion of our own Judgment, than a just Esteem of their Worth; and when we pretend to commend other Men, 'tis by a Side-Wind, to put other Men upon commending us.

CXLV

No body loves to be upon the commending Strain; and indeed we seldom touch upon it without some little By-End. Praise is a more ingenious, concealed, and nicer kind of Flattery, that consults the Satisfaction both of the *Giver* and *Receiver*, tho' by very different Ways. The one accepts it, as a Reward due to his Desert; the other gives it, that he may be lookt upon as a Just and a Discreet Person.

CXLVI

We often chuse to make use of Commendations that carry a Sting in the Tail; and by taking Men at the Rebound, (as it were) lay open some Defects in the Persons so commended, which we dare not venture to expose any other Way.

CXLVII

The Design of commending others, is usually to be commended ones self.

CXLVIII

Few People have the *Wisdom* to like Reproofs that would do them good, better than Praises that do them hurt.

CXLIX

Some Censures are a *Commendation*, and some *Commendations* are no better than *Scandal*.

CL

He that refuses *Praise* the first Time it is offered, does it, because he would hear it a second.

CLI

The Desire of being worthy the Commendations of the World, is a great Assistance and strengthning to our Virtues; and to extol Mens *Wit*, or *Courage*, or *Beauty*, is to contribute to the increase of them.

CLII

It is an easier matter to manage others, than to keep from being managed ones self.

CLIII

If we did not flatter our selves, the Flatteries of other People could never hurt us.

CLIV

We are beholden to *Nature* for *Worth* and *Parts*, but it is to *Fortune* that we owe the Opportunities of exerting them.

CLV

Fortune mends more *Faults* in us, than ever *Reason* would be able to do.

CLVI

Some Men displease with *Merit*, and other Peoples very Faults and Defects are taking.

CLVII

All that some People are good for, is the saying and doing foolish Things *seasonably* and *usefully*; and when they are once taken out of this *Road*, you quite spoil them, and they are worth nothing.

CLVIII

Great Mens *Honour* ought always to be measured by the *Methods* they made use of for the attaining it.

CLIX

Kings put a value upon *Men*, as well as *Money*, and we are forced to take them both, not by Weight, but according as they are pleased to stamp them, and at the current Rate of the Coin.

CLX

It is not enough for *Men* to have great *Accomplishments*, except they have the Art of managing them.

CLXI

Though an *Action* be never so *Glorious* in it self, it ought not to pass for *Great*, if it be not the *Effect* of *Wisdom*, and good *Design*.

CLXII

Whoever expects to have what he does, turn to good Account, must take care to proportion his *Actions*, and the Ends he proposes from them.

CLXIII

If a *Man* hath the Address of using moderate *Abilities* to the best *Advantage*, this Dexterity shall steal upon the *World*, and bring him oftentimes into greater *Reputation* than real *Merit*.

CLXIV

There are a *World* of Proceedings, that appear odd and ridiculous, which yet are grounded upon secret *Reasons*, that are very solid and substantial.

CLXV

It is easier for a *Man* to be thought fit for an *Employment* that he hath not, than for one that he stands already possest of, and is his proper Post.

CLXVI

The Esteem of *Good Men* is the Reward of our *Worth*, but the *Reputation* of the World in general, is the Gift of our *Fate*.

CLXVII

The Appearances of Goodness and Desert often meet with a greater Reward from the World, than real Goodness and Desert it self.

CLXVIII

Covetousness is more opposite to Prudence and good Management, than Liberality is.

CLXIX

Though *Hope* be exceeding deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through this Life, it conducts us an easier and more pleasant Way to our Journey's End.

CLXX

Many People are kept within their Duty, because they have not the Courage, or will not be at the Pains of being wicked; and in such Cases oftentimes our Vertue runs away with all the Praise.

CLXXI

It is hard to determine, whether a clear, open

and honourable Proceeding, be the Result of good Principles, or good Management.

CLXXII

Vertues are lost in *Interest*, as Rivers are in the *Sea*.

CLXXIII

We are so strongly possest with a good Opinion of our selves, that we take those Things for *Vertues*, which are no other than *Vices* that look like them, and such as the *Love* of our selves imposes upon us with.

CLXXIV

There are several Sorts of *Curiosities*, one that proceeds from *Interest*, which puts us upon learning Things that can be any way useful and beneficial to us; and another, from Pride, that comes from an *Itch* of knowing more than other People.

CLXXV

A Mans *Wits* are employed to better purposes in bearing up under the Misfortunes that lie upon them at present, than in foreseeing those that may come upon him hereafter.

CLXXVI

Constancy in *Love* is a perpetual Inconstancy, which fixes our Hearts fast to all the Accom-

plishments of the Party beloved successively; sometimes admiring one, and sometimes another above all the rest, so that this *Constancy* roves as far as it can, and is no better than *Inconstancy*, confined within the compass of one Person.

CLXXVII

Constancy in *Love* is of two Sorts, one is the Effect of new Excellencies that are always presenting themselves afresh, and attract our Affections continually; the other is only from a point of *Honour*, and a taking a *Pride* not to change.

CLXXVIII

Perseverance is in Strictness, neither Praise nor Blame-worthy; for it seems to be only the lasting of certain Inclinations and Opinions, which Men neither give nor take away from themselves.

CLXXIX

The Love of new Acquaintance, is not so much from being weary of what we had before, or any Satisfaction there is in change, as it is the Concern for being too little admired by those that know us well, and the Hope of being admired more by them that know us but little.

CLXXX

We complain sometimes that our *Friends* are

fickle, only to be before-hand with them and justifie our own *Inconstancy*.

CLXXXI

Our *Repentances* are generally not so much a Concern and Remorse for the Ills we have done, as a Dread of those we were in danger of suffering.

CLXXXII

There is an *Inconstancy* that proceeds from an unsettled *Judgment*, a natural Levity and Weakness, that espouses all Opinions as they come, and thinks as other People think; and there is another much more excusable, that arises from a Dislike and Disapproving of the Things themselves.

CLXXXIII

Vices are mingled with *Vertues*, just as poisonous *Ingredients* are put into *Medicines*. A wise and skilful Hand tempers them together, and makes excellent use of them against the Misfortunes that attend *Humane Life*.

CLXXXIV

Some *Crimes* get *Honour* and *Renown* by being committed with more *Pomp*, by a greater Number; and in a higher Degree of Wickedness than others: And hence it is, that publick *Robberies*, *Plunderings* and *Sackings*, have been look'd upon as Excellencies

and noble Atchievements, and the seizing whole *Countries*, though never so unjustly and barbarously, is dignified with the Glorious Name of gaining *Conquests*.

CLXXXV

We confess our Faults, by that Sincerity to make amends for the Injury they have done us in the Esteem of others.

CLXXXVI

Some *Heroes* have been accounted so for being greatly *Wicked*, no less than others for being greatly *Good*.

CLXXXVII

We do not always despise Men that have some Vices, but it is impossible not to despise those that have no *Vertue*.

CLXXXVIII

The Name and Pretence of *Vertue* is as serviceable to ones *Interest*, as real *Vices*.

CLXXXIX

The Health of the *Soul* is what we can be no more secure of, than that of our *Body*: And though a Man may seem far from *Vice* and *Passion*, yet he is in as much Danger of falling into them, as one

in a perfect State of Health is of having a Fit of Sickness.

CXC

Nature seems at each Man's Birth to have markt out the Bounds of every ones *Vertues* and *Vices*, and to have determined how Good or how Wicked that Man shall be capable of being.

CXCI

None but Great Men are capable of being greatly Ill.

CXCII

Vices may be said to take us from one to another in the Course of our Lives, just as *Inn-keepers* where we lodge upon a Journey do; and I question, whether if we could travel the same Road twice over, the Experience of having been once ill used, would prevail with us to change our House next Time.

CXCIII

When our *Vices* forsake us, we please our selves with an Opinion, that we parted first, and left them.

CXCIV

The Distempers of the *Soul* have their Relapses, as many and as dangerous as those of the *Body*; and what we take for a perfect Cure, is generally

either an abatement of the same Disease, or the changing of that for another.

CXCV

The *Defects* and *Faults* of the Mind, are like Wounds in the *Body*; after all imaginable Care hath been taken to heal them up, still there will be a *Scar* left behind, and they are in continual Danger of breaking the Skin, and bursting out again.

CXCVI

The only Reason why we do not give our selves intirely to one *Vice*, is oftentimes because our *Affections* are divided, and we are fond of several.

CXCVII

We easily forget our *Faults*, when no body knows them but our selves.

CXCVIII

Some Men are so good, that one cannot fairly believe any thing ill of them, without the Demonstration of seeing it our selves, but never any were so good, that we should be astonished when we do see it.

CXCIX

We set up one Man's *Reputation* to pull down anothers; and sometimes Men would not be so copious in the Praise of the *Prince*, and Monsieur

Turenne, if it were not out of a Design to lessen them both.

CC

The Desire to be thought a wise Man, oftentimes hinders ones coming to be really such.

CCI

Vertue would not make such Advances, if there were not a little *Vanity* to bear it Company.

CCII

He that fansies such a sufficiency in himself, that he can live without all the World, is mightily mistaken; but he that imagines himself so necessary, that other People cannot live without him, is a great deal more mistaken.

CCIII

Those Men have but a counterfeit *Vertue*, who dissemble their Faults, and hide them from others and themselves. The Men of true unaffected Goodness know their own Failings perfectly, and confess them freely.

CCIV

He that would be a truly honest Man, must be immoderately desirous of nothing.

CCV

Niceness of Behaviour in *Women*, is only a Dress or Paint, which they use, the better to set off their *Beauty*.

CCVI

Womens Vertue is frequently nothing, but a Regard to their own Quiet, and a Tenderness for their *Reputation*.

CCVII

There is no better Proof of a Man's being truly *Good*, than his desiring to be constantly under the Observation of good Men.

CCVIII

Folly dogs us every where, and at all Times. If one Man seem wiser than his *Neighbours*, it is only, because his *Follies* are better suited to his Age and his *Fortune*.

CCIX

There are a great many *Cullies* that know it, and make very good Use of the Weakness and Easiness of their own *Temper*.

CCX

He that lives without *Folly*, is not so wise as he imagines.

CCXI

Both *Folly* and *Wisdom* come upon us with *Years*.

CCXII

Some Men are like *Ballads*, that are in every Bodies Mouth a little while.

CCXIII

The generality of the *World* know no other Way of judging Peoples Worth, but by the *Vogue* they are in, or the Fortunes they have met with.

CCXIV

The Love of *Reputation*, the Fear of *Shame*, the Design of promoting an *Interest*, the Desire of making Life easie and convenient, and a longing to pull down some above us, are frequently the Causes of that Valour so much cried up in the *World*.

CCXV

Valour in private *Soldiers* is a hazardous Trade, which they have bound themselves to, to get their Livelihood.

CCXVI

Compleat *Courage*, and absolute *Cowardice*, are Extremes that very few Men fall into. The vast

middle Space contains all the intermediate Kinds, and Degrees of *Courage*; and these differ as much from one another, as Mens Faces, or their Humours do. Some Men venture at all upon the first *Charge* or two, but if the *Action* continue, they cool, and are easily dejected. Some satisfie themselves with having done what in strict Honour was necessary, and will not be prevailed upon to advance one Step farther. It is observable, that some have not the command of their Fears, at all Times alike. Others are sometimes carried away with a general *Consternation*; some throw themselves into the *Action*, because they dare not stay at their own *Post*. Now and then the being used to smaller Dangers hardens the *Courage*, and fits it for venturing upon greater. Some *Fellows* value not a *Sword* at all, but fear a *Musket-Shot*; and others are as unconcerned at the Discharge of a *Musket*, and ready to run at the sight of a *naked Sword*. All these *couragious Men* of so many Sorts and Sizes, agree in this, that Night, as it adds to their Fear, so it conceals what they do well or ill, and gives them opportunity of sparing themselves. And there is, besides this, another more general Tenderness of a Man's self, for you meet with no body, even those that do most, but they would be capable of doing a great deal more still, if they could but be sure of coming off safe. Which makes it very plain, that let a Man be never so *Stout*, yet the Fear of *Death* does certainly give some damp to his *Courage*.

CCXVII

True *Valour* would do all that, when alone, that it could do, if all the *World* were by.

CCXVIII

Fearlessness is a more than ordinary Strength of *Mind*, that raises it above the Troubles, Disorders, and Emotions which the Prospect of great Dangers are used to produce. And by this inward Strength it is, that *Heroes* preserve themselves in a *Calm* and quiet *State*, enjoy a Presence of *Mind*, and the free use of their Reason in the midst of those terrible Accidents, that amaze and confound other People.

CCXIX

Hypocrisie is a Sort of *Homage* which *Vice* pays to *Vertue*.

CCXX

Most Men are willing to expose their Persons in an *Engagement*, for the love of *Honour*; but very few are content to expose themselves so far, as the design they go upon requires, to render it successful.

CCXXI

The *Courage* of a great many Men, and the *Vertue* of a great many Women, are the effect of *Vanity*, *Shame*, and especially a suitable *Constitution*.

CCXXII

Men are loth to lose their *Lives*, and yet they are desirous of getting *Honour* too, which is the reason why Men of *Gallantry* use more Dexterity and Wit to decline *Death*, than *Knaves* do to secure their *Estates*.

CCXXIII

There are very few Persons, but discover as soon as they come to decline in Years, where the chief Failings lie, both of their *Body* and their *Mind*.

CCXXIV

Gratitude among *Friends*, is like *Credit* among *Tradesmen*, it keeps Business up, and maintains the *Correspondence*. And we frequently pay not so much out of a Principle that we ought to discharge our *Debts*, as to secure our selves a Place to be trusted in another Time.

CCXXV

Some there are who have done all that can be expected by Way of *Gratitude*, and are not able for all that, to please themselves upon their being grateful, not satisfied with what they have done.

CCXXVI

That which occasions so many Mistakes in the

Computations of Men, when they expect Returns for Favours, is, that both the *Giver* and the *Receiver* are proud, and so these Two can never agree upon the value of the Kindnesses that have been done. The *Giver* over-reckons, and the *Receiver* undervalues them.

CCXXVII

To make too much haste to return an *Obligation*, is one sort of *Ingratitude*.

CCXXVIII

Men find it more easie to set Bounds to their Acknowledgments, than to their Hopes and their Desires.

CCXXIX

Pride never can indure to be in *Debt*, and *Self-Love* never cares to *pay*.

CCXXX

The Good that we have received, should qualifie for the Ill that hath been done us.

CCXXXI

Nothing is of so pestilent spreading a *Nature*, as Example; and no Man does any exceeding Good,

or very wicked Thing; but it produces others of the same kind. The Good we are carried to the imitation of by our *Emulation*, and the bad by *Corruption* and *Malignity* of our *Nature*: which Shame indeed confines and keeps up close, but Example unlocks its Chains, and lets it loose.

CCXXXII

To think to be Wise alone, is a very great Folly.

CCXXXIII

Whatever other pretended Cause we may father our *Afflictions* upon, it is very often nothing but *Interest*, and *Vanity*, that are the true Causes of them.

CCXXXIV

There are *Hypocrisies* of several kinds in our *Afflictions*. In one sort, we pretend to lament the Loss of some *Friend* exceeding dear to us, and all the while this *Lamentation* is only for our selves. We are troubled to think our selves less happy, less easie, less considerable, and less valued, than we were before. Thus the *Dead* carry the Name and the Honour of those Tears, that are shed only upon the Account of the Living. And this I call *Hypocrisie* of one kind, because in these *Afflictions*, People impose upon themselves. There is another kind, not so harmless as this, because that imposes upon all the World. And

this is the *Affliction* of a sort of Persons, that pretend to a *Decency*, and a never dying Concern in their Grief. When *Time*, the *Waster* of all Things, hath worn off the Concern they really had, then they will needs be obstinate in their *Sorrows*, and still carry on their *Complaints* and their *Sighs*. They put on all the Characters of *Mourning* and *Sadness*, and take a great deal of Pains by all their *Actions*, to make the World believe, their *Melancholy* can never have any *rest*, any *cessation*, but in the *Grave*. This dismal, tiresome, and solemn Vanity is most usual among ambitious *Women*: Their Sex hath shut them out from all the common Ways that lead to Honour, and that makes them attempt to signalize themselves, by all this Pageantry of an *Affliction*, too deep to admit of any Comfort. There are yet another sort of *Tears*, that have but shallow Springs, quickly and easily flow, and are as easily dried up again; these are such as weep to gain the Reputation of *Tenderness* and good *Nature*; such as cry because they would be pitied; such as cry because they would make other People cry; and, in a Word, such as cry, only because they are ashamed not to cry.

CCXXXV

Our Concern for the loss of our *Friends*, is not always from a Sense of their *Worth*, but rather of our own occasions for them; and that we have lost some, who had a good Opinion of us.

CCXXXVI

We are easily *comforted* for the Disgraces of our Friends, when they give us an occasion of expressing our Tenderness for them.

CCXXXVII

One would think, that Self-Love were Overreached by Good-Nature and Vertue, and that a Man wholly forgets and neglects himself, when he is employ'd in promoting the Advantage of Others. But, when all is done, this is the most effectual Way of compassing a Man's own Ends; it is putting out to Interest, when we pretend to give freely; in a Word, it is winning over the Affections of all that know us, and gaining upon them by a more nice and dexterous Way.

CCXXXVIII

No Man deserves to be commended for his Vertue, who hath it not in his Power to be wicked; all other Goodness is generally no better than Sloth, or an Impotence in the Will.

CCXXXIX

It is safer to do most Men Hurt, than to do them too much Good.

CCXL

Nothing imposes more upon our Pride, than

the Intimacy and particular *Confidences* of Great Persons; for we look upon our selves as admitted to these by virtue of our own Desert; and never consider, that it happens much oftner, from a particular Vanity in their Humour, or the not being able to keep a Secret. For indeed, a Man may observe, that the unbosoming ones self to another, is a kind of release to the Soul, which strives to lighten its Burden, and find Ease, by throwing off the Weight that lay heavy upon it.

CCXLI

If we look upon Agreeableness distinct from Beauty, we may call it a sort of Proportion, the Rules of which no body can positively define; a secret relation of the Lines to one another, and of all these together, to the *Complexion* and *Air* of the Person.

CCXLII

A *Cocquet Humour* is the very Nature of Women, but all of them do not practise it, because some are restrained, either by Fear, or by better Sense.

CCXLIII

We frequently are troublesome to others, when we think it impossible for us ever to be so.

CCXLIV

There are but very few Things impossible in

their own *Nature*; and we do not want Means to *conquer Difficulties*, so much as *Application* and *Resolution* in the use of Means.

CCXLV

The principal Point of *Wisdom*, is to know how to *value Things* just as they deserve.

CCXLVI

It is a great Act of *Wisdom* to be able to *conceal* ones being *Wise*.

CCXLVII

What we take for Generosity, is very often no other than *Ambition* well *dissembled*, that scorns mean Interests, only to pursue greater.

CCXLVIII

That which most Men would put upon us for *Fidelity*, is only a *Contrivance* of *Self-Love*, to make our selves trusted; it is a Trick to set our selves above other People, and get the *most important Matters* deposited with us, upon a *Confidence* that they are then in safe Hands.

CCXLIX

Magnanimity despises all, that it may grasp all.

CCL

Eloquence is as much seen in the *Tone* and *Cadence* of the Eyes, and Air of the Face, as in the *Choice* of *proper Expressions*.

CCLI

True *Eloquence* consists in saying all that is fit to be said, and leaving out all that is not fit.

CCLII

There are some Persons, upon whom their very *Faults* and *Failings* sit gracefully; and there are others, whose very *Excellencies* and *Accomplishments* do not become them.

CCLIII

It is as common for Men to change their Palates, as it is unusual to see them change their Inclinations.

CCLIV

Interest is the Thing that puts Men upon exercising their *Vertues* and *Vices* of all Kinds.

CCLV

Humility is very often only the putting on of a *Submission*, by which Men hope to bring other People to submit to them: It is a more artificial

sort of *Pride*, which debases it self with a Design of being exalted; and though this *Vice* transform it self into a Thousand several Shapes, yet the Disguise is never more effectual, nor more capable of deceiving the World, than when concealed under a Form of *Humility*.

CCLVI

The *Resentments* of the *Soul* have each of them their Tone and Cadence of the *Voice*, their *Gestures* of the Body, and their *Forms* and *Air* peculiar to them; and, as this Propriety is well or ill observed in the same Proportion the Persons please or displease us.

CCLVII

Men of all *Professions* affect an Air, and Outside, that may make appear what they are thought to be; so that a Man may say, That the whole World is made up of nothing but Appearances.

CCLVIII

Gravity is a kind of mystical Behaviour in the Body, found out to conceal, and set off the Defects of the Mind.

CCLIX

The Pleasure of Love is Loving; and a Man is more happy in his own Passion for another, than in that another hath for him.

CCLX

Civility is a Desire to be civilly used, and to be thought an accomplish'd well bred Man.

CCLXI

The breeding we give *young People*, is but an additional Self-Love, by which we make them have a better Conceit of Themselves.

CCLXII

Self-Love hath no where a greater share, nor is more predominant in any Passion, than in that of Love, and Men are always more disposed to sacrifice all the Ease of them they love, than to part with any Degree of their own.

CCLXIII

What we call Liberality, is for the most part only the Vanity of Giving; and we exercise it, because we are more fond of that Vanity, than of the Thing we give.

CCLXIV

Pity and Compassion is frequently a Sense of our own Misfortunes, in those of other Men: It is an *ingenious Foresight* of the *Disasters* that may fall upon us hereafter. We relieve others, that they may return the like, when our own Occasions call

for it; and the good Offices we do them, are, in strict speaking, so many Kindnesses done to our selves before-hand.

CCXLV

It is from a Weakness and Littleness of Soul, that Men are stiff and positive in their Opinions; and we are very loth to believe what we are not able to apprehend.

CCLXVI

It is a mighty Error, to suppose, that none but violent and strong Passions, such as *Love* and *Ambition*, are able to vanquish the rest: Even *Idleness*, as feeble and languishing as it is, sometimes reigns over them; this usurps the Throne, and sits paramount over all the Designs and Actions of our Lives, and insensibly wastes and destroys all our *Passions* and all our *Vertues*.

CCLXVII

A Readiness to believe Ill, before we have duly examined it, is the Effect of *Laziness* and *Pride*. Men are pleased to find others to blame, and loth to give themselves the trouble of inquiring how far, and whether they are so or not.

CCLXVIII

We refuse some Judges in Matters of less con-

cern, and yet are content to have our Honour and Reputation depend upon the Judgment of People that are sure to be against us, for either their Jealousie, or their Prejudices, or their Ignorance will incline them to be so. And we should never expose our Ease, and our Lives, so many Ways as we do, if it were not to bribe Men to give Sentence in our Favour.

CCLXIX

There are but few Men wise enough to know all the Mischief they do.

CCLXX

The Honour we have already gotten, is an Engagement for that which we mean to get.

CCLXXI

Youth is a continual Drunkenness, the very Fever of Reason.

CCLXXII

We love to spend our Judgments upon other Peoples Destiny, but never care that they should spend theirs upon us.

CCLXXIII

There are a great many Men valued in the World, who have nothing to recommend them, but serviceable Vices.

CCLXXIV

The living strictly by Rule, for the preservation of *Health*, is one of the most troublesome Diseases that can be.

CCLXXV

That good Disposition which boasts of being most tender, is often stifled by the least Interest.

CCLXXVI

Absence cools moderate Passions, and inflames violent ones; just as the Wind blows out Candles, but kindles Fires.

CCLXXVII

Women often fancy themselves in Love, when there is no such matter. The Diversion of an *Amour*, the little Commotions that an *Intrigue* raises in their Breasts; the natural Inclination to be *Courted*, and the Trouble of denying, makes them fancy that what they feel is Passion; when, in Truth, it is nothing but a *coquet Humour*.

CCLXXVIII

The truly honest Man is, who is vertuous without Affectation.

CCLXXIX

What makes us often dissatisfy'd with those who undertake an Accommodation, is, that they very often sacrifice the Interest of their Friends, to the

Interest of the Success of their Negotiation, which becomes their own by the Honour of having succeeded in the Enterprize.

CCLXXX

When we inlarge upon the Tenderness our Friends have for us, this is very often, not so much out of a Sense of Gratitude, as from a Desire to perswade People of our own great Worth, that can deserve so much Kindness.

CCLXXXI

The Applause we give to Men, that are just setting up for Reputation in the World, is often from a Spirit of Envy; and a secret way of detracting from others, that have established a good Reputation to themselves already.

CCLXXXII

Pride that inspires us with so much Envy, is sometimes of use toward the moderating it too.

CCLXXXIII

There are some Counterfeits so very like Truths, that we should injure our Judgments, not to submit to the Cheat.

CCLXXXIV

It is sometimes as great a Point of Wisdom, to

know how to make use of good Advice from others, as to be able to advise ones self.

CCLXXXV

There are some wicked Men in the World, that would not be able to do half so much hurt, if they had no good Qualities to recommend them.

CCLXXXVI

Magnanimity is sufficiently understood, and defined, by its very Name. But yet one may say, That it is the Wisdom of Pride, the best and most noble Method for getting the *Commendations* of others.

CCLXXXVII

No Man can truly love, a second Time, the Person whom he hath once truly ceased to love.

CCLXXXVIII

The different Methods for compassing the same Design, come not so much from the fruitfulness of our Inventions, as from the weakness of our Understandings; which makes us pitch upon every fresh Matter that presents it self to our Fancy, and does not furnish us with Judgment sufficient to discern, at first sight, which of them is best, and most for our purpose.

CCLXXXIX

Affected Plainness is but a nicer and more laboured *Cheat*.

CCXC

The Humour occasions more Defects than the Understanding.

CCXI

Mens Deserts are like Fruits, for they have both of them their particular Seasons.

CCXCII

One may say of Mens Humours, that they resemble the generality of Buildings, they have several Prospects, some of them agreeable, and some much otherwise.

CCXCIII

Moderation can never have the honour of *contending* with Ambition, and *subduing* it; for they cannot possibly meet in the same Breast. Moderation is the Feebleness and Sloth of the Soul, whereas Ambition is the Warmth, and the Activity of it.

CCXCIV

We always love those that admire us, but we do not always love those that we admire.

CCXCV

We are very far from always knowing our own Minds.

CCXCVI

It is a hard matter to love those, for whom we have not a real Esteem; and it is every whit as hard to love those, that we think a great deal better than our selves.

CCXCVII

The Humours of the Body have a *constant Course*, and *regular Motion*, that insensibly draws our Will after it; they take their Rounds together, and govern us by turns: So that our *Constitution* hath, in Truth, a very considerable Share in all we do, though we cannot always perceive it.

CCXCVIII

A great many Mens *Gratitude* is nothing else, but a secret Desire to hook in more valuable Kindnesses hereafter.

CCXCIX

Almost every body takes a delight to return small *Favours*; a great many pay their Acknowledgments for moderate ones, but there is scarce any body, but is unthankful for such as are extraordinary.

CCC

Some *Follies*, like *Diseases*, are caught by *Infection*.

CCCI

Abundance of Men despise *Riches*, but few know how to dispose of them.

CCCII

It is in Matters of no great moment commonly, where we venture, not to believe Probabilities.

CCCIII

Whatever Men say in our *Commendation*, they tell us nothing but what we knew before.

CCCIV

We often forgive those that have *injured* us, but we can never pardon those that we have *injured*.

CCCV

Interest, upon which we commonly lay the blame of all our ill Actions, oftentimes deserves the commendation due to our good ones.

CCCVI

A Man seldom finds People unthankful, till he ceases to be in a *Condition* of obliging them any farther.

CCCVII

It is as commendable, for a Man to think well of himself when he is alone, as it is ridiculous to publish his doing it in all Companies.

CCCVIII

Moderation is represented as a *Vertue*, with a Design to restrain the *Ambition* of *Great Men*; and to perswade those of a meaner *Condition*, to be contented with a less Proportion of *Merit*, and of *Fortune*.

CCCIX

There are some Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their choice, but are forced into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

CCCX

Such odd Accidents there are sometimes, attending *Humane Life*, that a little Folly is necessary to help us well out of them.

CCCXI

If there be Men whose Folly never appeared, it is only for want of being nicely lookt into.

CCCXII

The Reason why *Ladies*, and their *Lovers* are

easie in one another's Company, is because they never talk of any thing but themselves.

CCCXIII

What an odd Thing it is, that our *Memories* should serve us to recollect all the little *Circumstances* that have happened to us, and yet that we should not remember, how often we have told them over and over again, to one and the same Person?

CCCXIV

The exceeding Delight we take in discoursing about our selves, may well make us suspect, that we allow but very little Pleasure to them that converse with us.

CCCXV

The Reason why we do not let our *Friends* see the very bottom of our *Hearts*, is, not so much, from any distrust we have of them, as that we have of our selves.

CCCXVI

Half-witted People can never be sincere.

CCCXVII

The Misfortune of obliging unthankful People is no very great Misfortune, but to be obliged to a Brute, is one not to be endured.

CCCXVIII

Some Remedies may be found to cure *Folly*, but none that can reform a perverse Spirit.

CCCXIX

No body can continue long to think respectfully of their *Friends* and *Benefactors*, if they allow themselves the liberty to talk often of their Faults.

CCCXX

To commend *Princes* for *Vertues* which they have not, is only to take a safe Way of abusing them.

CCCXXI

We may sooner be brought to *love* them that *hate* us, than them that *love* us more than we desire they should do.

CCCXXII

No body fears being despised, but those that deserve it.

CCCXXIII

Our *Wisdom* lies as much at the Mercy of *Fortune*, as our Possessions do.

CCCXXIV

Jealousie is not so much from the *love* of another, as the *love* of our selves.

CCCXXV

We oftentimes are comforted for Misfortunes by the want of *Reason* and *Judgment*, which the Strength of *Reason* could not comfort us under.

CCCXXVI

The exposing of a Man, dishonours him more than a real Dishonour.

CCCXXVII

When we own small *Faults*, it is with a Design to make People believe, we have no great ones.

CCCXXVIII

Envy is more incapable of *Reconcilation* than *Hatred.*

CCCXXIX

Men fancy sometimes, they have an Aversion to *Flattery*, when, alas! it is only to the manner of expressing it.

CCCXXX

As long as we love, we can forgive.

CCCXXXI

It is harder to continue faithful, after good Success, than after ill Usage.

CCCXXXII

Women are not sensible how exceeding *Coquet they are.*

CCCXXXIII

Women are never absolutely reserved, except where they have an Aversion.

CCCXXXIV

Women can more easily conquer their *Passion* than their *Affectation.*

CCCXXXV

Deceit goes generally farther in *Love*, than *Distrust.*

CCCXXXVI

There is one kind of *Love*, where Excess prevents Jealousie.

CCCXXXVII

Some good *Qualities* are like our *Senses*, those that have no use of them, can have no Notion of them.

CCCXXXVIII

When our *Hatred* is too fierce, it subjects us to the Persons we hate.

CCCXXXIX

Our good and our ill Fortune are both resented, in proportion to the *Love* we have for our selves.

CCCXL

Most Womens Wit tends more to the improving their *Folly*, than their *Reason*.

CCCXLI

The *Passions* of *Youth* are not more dangerous, than the Lukewarmness of Old Age.

CCCXLII

The Tang of a Man's native *Country* sticks by him, as much in his Mind and Disposition, as it does in his Tone of Speaking.

CCCXLIII

He that would make a Great Man, must learn to turn every Accident to some *Advantage*.

CCCXLIV

The generality of Men are like *Plants*, that have secret *Vertues*, which are found out by *Chance*.

CCCXLV

Occasions make us known to others, and much more so to our selves.

CCCXLVI

Women never can have any such thing as strict

Rules in their *Mind* and *Disposition*, if their *Constitution* be but consenting.

CCCXLVII

We seldom meet with any *wise Men*, except such as are of our own *Opinion*.

CCCXLVIII

When a Man is in *Love*, he doubts, very often, what he most firmly believes.

CCCXLIX

The greatest *Miracle Love* can work, is to cure People of their *Coquet* Humour.

CCCL

The Reason why we have so little Patience with those that have tricked us, is because they fancy themselves to have more Wit than we.

CCCLI

When a Man is out of *Love* with himself, he finds it the hardest Thing in the World to break.

CCCLII

We are generally soonest weary of those Men, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

CCCLIII

An accomplish'd Man may love indiscreetly, but not sottishly.

CCCLIV

There are some *Faults*, which when dexterously managed, make a brighter Shew than *Vertue* it self.

CCCLV

Some Men are more miss'd than lamented when we lose them; and others very much lamented, and very little miss'd.

CCCLVI

We very seldom commend any body in good earnest, except such as admire us.

CCCLVII

Mean *Souls* are exceedingly struck with little Things, but great *Souls* see all, and are discomposed by none.

CCCLVIII

Humility is the sure Evidence of *Christian Vertues*. Without this we retain all our Faults still, and they are only covered over with Pride, which hides them from other Men's *Observation*, and sometimes from our own too.

CCCLIX

Unfaithfulness ought to quench our *Love* quite,

and we do ill to be jealouse when there is Reason. No body is worth the Jealousie of another, who will give any just occasion for it.

CCCLX

Small Faults, whereby our selves were sufferers, lessen the *Committers* of them in our Esteem, more than great ones committed against other People.

CCCLXI

Jealousie is always born with *Love*, but it does not always die with it.

CCCLXII

The Violences that other People use toward us, are oftentimes less painful, than those we commit upon our selves.

CCCLXIII

It is a Rule generally known, not to talk much of ones *Wife*, but Men do not consider as they should, that they ought much less to talk of themselves.

CCCLXIV

Some good Qualities, if they be *natural*, usually degenerate into Faults, and others again, are never compleat, if they be acquired: For instance, a Man should learn good *Husbandry* in his *Estate*,

and his *Confidences*, from Reason and Experience only, if he would keep this Quality from being *vicious*; and on the other side, *Courage* and good *Nature* must be born with us, or we can never have them in any good Degree.

CCCLXV

Though we pretend never so much to distrust the Sincerity of those we converse with, yet still we think they tell more Truth to us, than to any body else.

CCCLXVI

There is many an honest *Woman* weary of her Trade.

CCCLXVII

The generality of honest *Women* are like hid *Treasures*, which are safe, only because no body hath sought after them.

CCCLXVIII

The Force Men use to themselves, to hinder *Love*, is oftentimes more cruel, than the severest Usage from the Party beloved.

CCCLXIX

Very few *Cowards* know the utmost of their own Fears.

CCCLXX

It is commonly the Fault of People in *Love*, that they are not sensible when they cease to be beloved.

CCCLXXI

Nothing is so unwelcome a Sight, as the Person we *love*, when we have been *coquetting* it with some body else.

CCCLXXII

There are some *Tears*, that after they have cheated other People, carry on the Deceit, and impose upon our very selves at last.

CCCLXXIII

The Man that thinks he loves his *Mistress* for her own sake, is mightily mistaken.

CCCLXXIV

A Man may bear his Faults pretty patiently, when he is hardned so far as to own them.

CCCLXXV

True *Friendship* destroys *Envy*, and true *Love* breaks a *Coquet* Humour.

CCCLXXVI

The greatest Fault of *Penetration*, is not coming short of the Mark, but overshooting it.

CCCLXXVII

Men give us *Advice*, not the *good Sense* to make a wise use of it.

CCCLXXVIII

When our *Merit* lowers, our *Taste* lowers with it.

CCCLXXIX

Fortune makes our *Vertues* and *Vices* visible, just as Light does the Objects of Sight.

CCCLXXX

When a Man forces himself to be constant in his *Love*, this is no better than *Inconstancy*.

CCCLXXXI

Our Actions are like the last Syllables in *Words*, which every Man makes *Rhime* to what he thinks fit.

CCCLXXXII

The Desire of talking of our selves, and shewing our Failings on that side we are content they should be seen on, makes up a great Part of our *Sincerity*.

CCCLXXXIII

There is nothing deserves so much to be wondered at, as that Men should live so long, and wonder at any Thing.

CCCLXXXIV

Men are as far from being satisfied with a great deal of *Love*, as with a little.

CCCLXXXV

No Men are oftner wrong, than those that can least bear to be so.

CCCLXXXVI

A *Block-head* hath not Stuff enough to make a good Man of.

CCCLXXXVII

If *Vanity* do not quite over-turn our *Vertues*, yet at least it makes them all totter.

CCCLXXXVIII

We have no Patience with other Peoples *Vanity*, because it is offensive to our own.

CCCLXXXIX

Interest is more easily forgone than *Inclination*.

CCCXC

No body thinks *Fortune* so blind, as those she hath been least kind to.

CCCXCI

We should manage our selves with regard to our *Fortune*, as we do with regard to our *Health*. When good, enjoy and make the best of it; when ill, bear it patiently, and never take strong *Physick*, without an absolute necessity.

CCCXCII

The Air of a *Citizen* is sometimes lost in an *Army*, but never in a *Court*.

CCCXCIII

One Man may be too cunning for another, but no body can be too cunning for all the World.

CCCXCIV

'Tis better for a Man sometimes to be deceived in what he *loves*, than to be undeceived.

CCCXCV

The first Lover is kept a long while, when no Offer is made of a second.

CCCXCVI

We have not the Confidence to say in general Terms, that our selves have no ill *Qualities*, and that our Enemies have no good ones; but when

we talk of Particulars, we are pretty near thinking so.

CCCXCVII

Of all our Faults, we are most easily reconciled to *Idleness*; we perswade our selves, that it is allied to all the Peaceable *Vertues*, and as for the rest, that it does not destroy any of them utterly, but only suspends the Exercise of them.

CCCXCVIII

There is a Sublimity of Mind, that hath no dependance upon *Fortune*. 'Tis a certain Air of Authority, that seems to lay us out for Great Things. 'Tis a value which we insensibly set upon our selves, and by this Quality it is, that we usurp the Respects of other People, as if they were our due; and this it is commonly, that raises us more above them, than either *Birth*, or *Honours*, or even *Desert* it self.

CCCXCIX

There is Worth sometimes, without a Greatness of *Soul*, but there is never a great Soul without some Degree of Worth.

CCCC

Greatness of Mind sets off *Merit*, as good dressing does handsome Persons.

CCCCI

Love is the least Part of a modish Courtship.

CCCCII

Fortune sometimes makes our very *Failings* the Means of raising us. And there are some troublesome Fellows, who deserve to be rewarded so far, as to have their Absence purchased by Preferments at a distance.

CCCCIII

Nature seems to have treasured up in every one of our Minds some secret *Talents*, and some one particular Faculty, which we are not sensible of; it is the Privilege of the *Passions* alone, to bring these to Light, and to direct us sometimes to surer and more excellent Aims than it is possible for Art to do.

CCCCIV

We come altogether fresh and raw into the several Stages of *Life*, and notwithstanding we have lived so long, are as much to seek sometimes, as if we had never had any Experience at all.

CCCCV

Coquets pretend to be jealous of their *Lovers*, to conceal their *Envy* of other *Women*.

CCCCVI

Those that are overtaken by any Subtilties of ours, do not seem near so foolish and ridiculous to us, as we our selves are in our own Opinion, when we have been outwitted by theirs.

CCCCVII

Nothing is more *ridiculous* in old People, that have been *handsome* formerly, than to forget, that they are not so still.

CCCCVIII

We should often blush for our very best *Actions*, if the World did but see all the Motives upon which they were done.

CCCCIX

The boldest Stroke, and best Act of Friendship, is not to discover our Failings to a *Friend*, but to shew him his own.

CCCCX

The greatest Part of our Faults are more excusable, than the Methods that are commonly taken to conceal them.

CCCCXI

Though we have deserved Shame never so much, yet it is almost always in our own Power, to recover our Reputation.

CCCCXII

After having exposed the Falsity of so many seeming *Vertues*, it is but reasonable I should add somewhat of that Deceit there is in the *Contempt* of Death; that *Contempt* of it I mean, which the Heathens pretended to derive from the Strength of *Nature* and *Reason*, without any Hope of a better Life to animate them. There is a great deal of Difference between suffering Death with Bravery and Resolution, and slighting it. The former is very usual, but I very much suspect, that the other is never real and sincere. There hath been a great deal *written*, 'tis confess'd, and as much as the *Subject* will bear, to prove, that *Death* is no Evil; and men of very inferior *Characters*, as well as *Heroes*, have furnish'd us with a great many eminent Examples in confirmation of this Opinion. But still I am very much perswaded, that no wise Man ever believed so; and the trouble they are at to perswade others and themselves, shews plainly, that this was no such easie Undertaking. There may be a great many Reasons, why Men should be out of Conceit with Life; but there can be none, why we should despise Death: Even those who run voluntarily upon it, do not reckon it so inconsiderable a Matter, but are confounded, and decline it as much as others, if it approach them in any other Shape, but that of their own chusing. The great Disparity observable between the *Courage* of a World of brave Men, hath no other Foundation than this, That they have different *Ideas* of Death, and that it appears more present to their Fancy

upon some Occasions, and at some Times, than it does at others. Hence it is, that after having slighted what they did not know, they are afraid when they come to be better acquainted with it. If a Man would perswade himself, that it is not the very greatest of Evils, he must decline looking it in the Face, and considering all its gastly *Circumstances*. The wisest and the bravest Men, are they that take the fairest and most honourable Pretences, to avoid the Consideration of it. But every body that knows it as it really is, finds it to be a Thing full of *Horror*. The necessity of dying, was what the *Philosophers* owed their *Constancy* of Mind to; they thought when there was no Remedy, but a Man must go, it was best to go with a good *Grace*. And, since there was no Possibility of making their Lives *Eternal*, they would stick at nothing to make their Names so, and secure all that from the Wreck, which was capable of being secured. Let us put the best Face upon the Matter we can, satisfie our selves with not speaking all we think; and hope more from a happy *Constitution*, than all the feeble Reasonings, that gull us with a Fancy of our being able to meet Death unconcerned. The Honour of dying gallantly; the Hope of being lamented when we are gone; the Desire of leaving a good Name behind us; the Certainty of a Deliverance from the Miseries of the present Life, and of depending no longer upon a fickle and humoursome Fortune, are Remedies that we shall do well to make our best of.

But though these be no contemptible Remedies,

yet we must not suppose they are infallible ones. They may help to put us in Heart, just as a poor *Hedge* in an *Engagement*, contributes to encourage the *Soldiers* that are to march near, where the Enemy are firing behind it. While they are at a distance, they imagine it may be a good Shelter, but when they come up to the Place, Experience convinces them, it is but a thin Defence. 'Tis a vain Imagination, and too fatal a Flattery, to think that Death hath the same Pace near at Hand, which we fancy him to have, while we view him at a distance; and that our Reasonings, which in Truth are Weakness it self, will prove of so hardned a Temper as to hold out proof, and not yield to the severest of all *Tryals*. Besides, it shews we are but little acquainted with the Power of *Self-Love*, when we imagine, that will do us any service toward the looking upon that very Thing as a Trifle, which must of necessity be its utter Ruin; and Reason, in which we so often take Sanctuary, hath not the Power upon this occasion to make us believe, what we wish to find true. So far from that, that this betrays us oftener than any other thing; and instead of animating us with a *Contempt* of Death, gives us a more lively Representation of all its *Terror* and *Gastliness*. All it is able to do in our behalf, is only to advise, that we would turn our Heads another Way, and divert the Thought by fixing our Eyes upon some other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* chose Noble ones indeed. A Page not long ago satisfied himself with dancing upon the *Scaffold*, whither he was brought to be broke upon

the Wheel. And thus, though in the Motives there was a vast difference, yet still the Effects were exactly the same. So true it is, that after all the Disproportion between Great and Vulgar Minds, People of both Sorts have given a World of Instances, of meeting Death with the same Unconcernedness. But still there is this Difference observable betwixt them, that in the *Contempt* of Death, which Great Men express, the Desire and Love of Honour is the Thing that blinds them; and in People of a meaner Capacity and Disposition, their Ignorance and Stupidity is the Thing, that keeps them from seeing the Greatness of the Evil they are to suffer, and leaves them at Liberty to take their Thoughts off from this Subject, and place them upon something else.

New Moral Reflections.

PART II.

CCCCXIII

A MAN can never please long, that hath but one Sort of *Wit*.

CCCCXIV

Fools and *Coxcombs* see all by their own Humour.

CCCCXV

Wit serves sometimes to make us play the *Fool* with greater *Confidence*.

CCCCXVI

Briskness, that increases with *Old Age*, is but one Degree removed from *Folly*.

CCCCXVII

The first Cure in *Love* is always the best.

CCCCXVIII

Young *Women* that would not be thought *Coquet*,

and Old *Men* that would not be *Ridiculous*, should never talk of *Love*, as if they had any concern in it.

CCCCXIX

We may seem Great in an *Employment* below our *Desert*, but we very often look little in one that is too big for us.

CCCCXX

We often in our Misfortunes take that for *Constancy* and *Patience*, which is only Dejection of Mind; we suffer without daring to hold up our *Heads*, just as *Cowards* let themselves be knockt o' th' *Head*, because they have not *Courage* to strike again.

CCCCXXI

Confidence goes farther in *Company*, than *Wit*.

CCCCXXII

All our *Passions* engage us in Faults; but those are the most ridiculous ones, that Love makes us commit.

CCCCXXIII

Few Men know how to be old.

CCCCXXIV

We value our selves upon Failings most distant

from our own; when we are fickle and irresolute, we brag of being Obstinate and Peremptory.

CCCCXXV

A *penetrating Wit* hath an Air of Divination, which swells our *Vanity* more than any other Accomplishment of the Mind.

CCCCXXVI

The Beauty of *Novelty*, and the Length of *Custom*, though so very opposite to one another, yet agree in this, that they both alike keep us from discovering the Faults of our Friends.

CCCCXXVII

Most Friends give us a Dislike to *Friendship*, and most Devotees to Vows.

CCCCXXVIII

We easily forgive our Friends those Faults, by which our selves are not offended.

CCCCXXIX

Women in *Love* can sooner forgive great Indiscretions, than small Infidelities.

CCCCXXX

It is with an old *Love*, as it is with old *Age*,

a Man lives to all the Miseries, but is dead to all the Pleasures of Life.

CCCCXXXI

Nothing hinders a Thing from appearing *Natural*, so much as the straining our selves to make it seem so.

CCCCXXXII

When we commend good *Actions* heartily, we make them in some measure our own.

CCCCXXXIII

The surest Sign of a Noble *Disposition*, is to have no Envy in ones *Nature*.

CCCCXXXIV

When our *Friends* have deceived us, there is nothing but Indifference due to the Expressions of their Kindness; but still we owe them a tender Sense of their Misfortunes.

CCCCXXXV

Fortune and Humour govern the World.

CCCCXXXVI

It is easier to know Mankind in general, than any one Man in particular.

CCCCXXXVII

A Man's Worth is not to be esteemed so much according to his good *Qualities*, as according to the use he makes of them.

CCCCXXXVIII

There is a kind of Acknowledgment, that does not only discharge us of all past *Obligations*, but makes our *Friends* our *Debtors* for new Kindnesses, while we pay what we are indebted for old ones.

CCCCXXXIX

We should desire very few Things *Passionately*, if we did but perfectly know the Nature of the Things we desire.

CCCCXL

The Reason why most *Women* have so little *Sense* of *Friendship*, is because this is but a cold and flat *Passion*, to those that have felt that of *Love*.

CCCCXLI

In *Friendship* as well as *Love*, Ignorance very often contributes more to our *Happiness*, than *Knowledge*.

CCCCXLII

We attempt to vindicate, and value our selves upon those Faults we have no design to mend.

CCCCXLIII

The strongest *Passions* allow us some rest, but *Vanity* keeps us perpetually in motion.

CCCCXLIV

The older a *Fool* is, the worse he is.

CCCCXLV

Irresolution is more opposite to *Vertue*, than *Vice*.

CCCCXLVI

The Pains we feel from *Shame* and *Jealousie* are therefore so cutting, because *Vanity* can give us no Assistance in the bearing them.

CCCCXLVII

Decency is the least of all *Laws*, and yet the most followed.

CCCCXLVIII

A good Disposition finds it easier to submit to perverse ones, than to direct and manage them.

CCCCXLIX

When Fortune surprizes a Man with a great Preferment, to which he is neither advanced by Degrees, nor raised before by his own Hopes;

it is scarce possible for him to behave himself well, and make the World think he deserves his *Character*.

CCCCL

What we cut off from our other Faults, is very often but so much added to our Pride.

CCCCLI

There are no *Coxcombs* so troublesome, as those that have some *Wit*.

CCCCLII

Every Man thinks himself in some one good Quality or other, equal to the Person he hath the highest Esteem for.

CCCCLIII

In Affairs of *Consequence*, it is not a Man's Business so much to seek Occasions, as to make the best of those that offer themselves.

CCCCLIV

Generally speaking, it were a good saving Bargain, to renounce all the good Men said of us, upon *Condition* they would say no ill.

CCCCLV

As much as the World is inclined to think ill of one another, we see them oftener favourable to false Merit, than injurious to true.

CCCCLVI

A Man of *Wit* may sometimes be a *Coxcomb*, but a Man of *Judgment* never can.

CCCCLVII

We shall get more by letting the *World* see us as we really are, than by striving to appear what we are not.

CCCCLVIII

The Judgments our *Enemies* make concerning us, come nearer to the Truth, than those we pass concerning our selves.

CCCCLIX

Several Remedies are good to cure *Love*, but there is never a one of them infallible.

CCCCLX

We none of us know the utmost that our *Passions* have the Power to make us do.

CCCCLXI

Old Age is a *Tyrant*, that forbids us all the Pleasures of Youth, upon Pain of Death.

CCCCLXII

The same Pride that disposes us to condemn the

Faults we think our selves free from, inclines us to undervalue the good Qualities we want.

CCCCLXIII

The bewailing our Enemies Misfortunes, is sometimes more the Effect of *Pride* than of *Good Nature*; we express our Pity and Compassion, to make them know that we are above them.

CCCCLXIV

It is impossible for us to love any Thing without some respect to our selves; and we only consult our own *Inclination*, and our own Pleasure, when we prefer our Friends before our own Interest, and yet this Preference is the only Thing, that can render *Friendship* perfect and sincere.

CCCCLXV

What Men call *Friendship*, is no more than *Society*[1]; 'tis only a mutual care of *Interests*, an exchange of good *Offices*: In a Word, it is only a sort of *Traffick*, in which *Self-Love* ever proposes to be the Gainer.

CCCCLXVI

There is an Excess both in *Happiness* and *Misery* above our Power of Sensation.

CCCCLXVII

Innocence does not find near so much Protection as Guilt.

[1] Partnership.

CCCCLXVIII

Of all violent *Passions*, that which misbecomes a *Woman* least, is *Love*.

CCCCLXIX

Vanity prevails with us to deny our selves, more than Reason can do.

CCCCLXX

There are some bad *Qualities*, that make great Accomplishments.

CCCCLXXI

Men never desire any Thing very eagerly, which they desire only by the Dictates of Reason.

CCCCLXXII

All our Qualities are doubtful and uncertain both in Good and Evil; and they are almost all at the disposal of Time and Opportunity.

CCCCLXXIII

At first Women love their *Lover*, but afterwards they love the *Passion* it self.

CCCCLXXIV

Pride, as well as other *Passions*, hath its unaccountable *Whimsies*; we are ashamed to own our

selves *Jealous*, when we are so; and yet afterwards we value our selves upon having been so, and for being capable of being so.

CCCCLXXV

As uncommon a Thing as true *Love* is, it is yet easier to find than true Friendship.

CCCCLXXVI

Few Womens *Worth* lasts longer than their *Beauty*.

CCCCLXXVII

The greatest Part of our intimate *Confidences*, proceed from a Desire either to be pitied or admired.

CCCCLXXVIII

Our *Envy* always lasts longer than the good Fortune of those we *envy*.

CCCCLXXIX

The same *Resolution* which helps to resist *Love*, helps to make it more violent and lasting too. People of unsettled Minds are always driven about with *Passions*, but never absolutely filled with any.

CCCCLXXX

It is not in the Power of *Imagination* it self, to

invent so many odd and distant Contrarieties, as there are naturally in the Heart of every Man.

CCCCLXXXI

No Man can have a true Sweetness of *Temper* without *Constancy* and *Resolution*; they that seem to have it, have commonly only an Easiness that quickly turns peevish and sower.

CCCCLXXXII

Cowardice is a dangerous Fault to tell those of that we would have mend it.

CCCCLXXXIII

It ought to be agreed on all Hands for the Honour of *Vertue*, that Mens greatest Miseries, are such as their own *Vices* bring upon them.

CCCCLXXXIV

True good Nature is a mighty *Rarity*; those that fancy they have it, are commonly no better than either weak or complaisant.

CCCCLXXXV

Idleness and Constancy fix the Mind to what it finds easie and agreeable: This Habit always confines and cramps up our Knowledge, and no body was ever at the Pains to stretch and carry his Understanding as far as it could go.

CCCCLXXXVI

We speak ill of other People, commonly not so much out of *Malice*, as *Pride*.

CCCCLXXXVII

When the Soul is ruffled by the remains of one *Passion*, it is more disposed to entertain a new one, than when it is intirely cured, and at rest from all.

CCCCLXXXVIII

Those that have had great *Passions*, esteem themselves perpetually happy, and unhappy in being cured of them.

CCCCLXXXIX

There are fewer Men free from *Envy*, than *Interest*.

CCCCXC

Our Minds are as much given to *Laziness*, as our *Bodies*.

CCCCXCI

The Composedness, or the Disorder of our *Humour*, does not depend so much upon the great and most considerable Accidents of our Lives, as upon a suitable, or unsuitable Management of little Things, that befall us every Day.

CCCCXCII

Though Men are extremely *Wicked*, yet they

never had the *Confidence* to profess themselves Enemies to *Vertue*, and even when they take delight in persecuting it, they either pretend not to think it real, or forge some Faults, and lay to its charge.

CCCCXCIII

Men often go from *Love* to *Ambition*, but they seldom come back again from *Ambition* to *Love*.

CCCCXCIV

Extreme *Covetousness* is generally mistaken: No *Passion* in the World so often misses of its Aim, nor is so much prevailed upon by the present, in prejudice to a future Interest.

CCCCXCV

Covetousness sometimes is the Cause of quite contrary Effects. There are a World of People, that sacrifice all their present Possessions to doubtful and distant Hopes; and others again slight great Advantages that are future, for the sake of some mean and pitiful Gain in present.

CCCCXCVI

One would think, Men could never suppose they had Faults enough, they are so perpetually adding to the number of them, by some particular Qualities which they affect to set themselves off with, and

these they cherish and cultivate so carefully, that they come at last to the *Natural*, and past their Power to mend, though they would.

CCCCXCVII

Men are more sensible of their own *Failings*, than we are apt to imagine; for they are seldom in the Wrong, when we hear them talk of their Conduct. The same Principle of *Self-Love* that blinds them at other Times, makes them quick sighted upon these *Occasions*, and shews them Things in so true a Light, that it forces them to suppress or disguise the least Matters that are liable to be condemned.

CCCCXCVIII

When *young Men* come first into the *World*, it is fit they should be either very *Modest*, or very *Tenacious*; for brisk Parts, and a composed Temper, commonly turn to *Impertinence*.

CCCCXCIX

Quarrels would never last long, if there were not Faults on both Sides.

D

It signifies little for *Women* to be young, except they be Handsom, nor Handsom, except they be young.

DI

Some Persons are so extreamly whiffling and inconsiderable, that they are as far from any real *Faults*, as they are from substantial *Vertues*.

DII

A Ladies first *Intrigue* goes for nothing, till she admits of a second.

DIII

Some Men are so exceeding full of themselves, that when they fall in *Love*, they entertain themselves with their own *Passion*, instead of the Person they make *Love* to.

DIV

Love, though a very agreeable *Passion*, pleases more by the Ways it takes to shew it self, than it does upon its own Account.

DV

The Man of Temper and good Sense, finds less Difficulty in submitting to perverse Dispositions, than in bringing them to Reason.

DVI

A little Wit, with good Management, is less troublesome at long-run, than a great deal of Wit with a perverse *Temper*.

DVII

Jealousie is the greatest of *Evils*, and meets with least Pity from the Persons that occasion it.

DVIII

Men of *indifferent* Parts are apt to condemn every Thing above their own *Capacity*.

DIX

Most *young Men* think they follow *Nature*, when they are rough and ill bred.

DX

The Grace of being New, is to *Love*; as the Gloss is to the Fruit, it gives it a *Lustre*, which is easily defaced, and when once gone, never returns any more.

DXI

If we look nicely into the several Effects of *Envy*, it will be found to carry a Man more from his *Duty*, than *Interest* does.

DXII

Most Men are ashamed of having loved themselves, when they leave off doing it.

DXIII

A good Taste of Things is more the Effect of Judgment than Wit.

DXIV

Men are obstinate in contradicting Opinions generally received, not so much because they are ignorant, as because they are proud; those that are on the right Side have got the upper Hand, and they scorn to take up with the lower.

DXV

Prosperous Persons seldom mend much; they always think themselves in the right, so long as *Fortune* approves their ill Conduct.

DXVI

Nothing should be a greater Humiliation to Persons that have deserved great Praises, than the Trouble they are eternally at, to make themselves valued by poor and little Things.

DXVII

Flattery is like false Money, and if it were not for our own *Vanity* could never pass in payment.

DXVIII

Some ungrateful Men are less to blame for *Ingratitude*, than the Persons that laid the *Obligations* upon them.

DXIX

Our bad Qualities commonly take better in *Conversation*, than our good ones.

DXX

Men would never live so long together in *Society*, and good *Correspondence*, if they did not mutually make Fools of one another.

DXXI

What we call *Passions*, are in Truth nothing else, but so many different Degrees of Heat, and Cold in the Blood.

DXXII

Moderation in Prosperity is generally nothing else, but Apprehension of the Shame that attends an indecent Transport, or the Fear of losing what one hath.

DXXIII

Moderation is like Temperance; a Man would be well enough pleased to eat more, but only he is afraid it will not agree with his Health.

DXXIV

All the World thinks That a Fault in another, which they think so in themselves.

DXXV

When Pride hath used all its Artifices, and appeared in all its Shapes, and played all the Parts of *Humane Life*, as if it were grown weary

of Disguises, it pulls off the Mask, and shews its own true Face at last, and is known by its *Insolence*. So that properly speaking, *Insolence* is the breaking out, the very Complexion, and true Discovery of *Pride*.

DXXVI

We are sensible only of strong Transports, and extraordinary Emotions in our Humour and Constitution, as of Anger, when it is violent. And very few discern that these Humours have a regular and stated Course, which move our Wills to different Actions, by gentle and insensible Impressions. They go their Rounds as it were, and command us by turns, so that a considerable Part of what we do is theirs, though we are not able to see how it is so.

DXXVII

One considerable Part of Happiness is to know how far a Man must be unhappy.

DXXVIII

If a Man cannot find Ease within himself, it is to very little purpose to seek it any where else.

DXXIX

No Man should engage for what he will do, except he could answer for his Success.

DXXX

How should we be able to say what will please us hereafter, when we scarce know exactly what we would have at present?

DXXXI

Justice with many Men, is only the Fear of having what is our own taken from us. This makes them tender of their Neighbours Property, and careful not to invade it. This fear holds Men in, within the Compass of that Estate, which *Birth* or *Fortune* hath given them, and were it not for this, they would continually be making Incursions upon one another.

DXXXII

Justice in well behaved *Judges*, is often only the Love of their Preferment.

DXXXIII

The first Motion of Joy for the Happiness of our Friends, is not always the Effect either of *Good Nature*, or *Friendship*, but of *Self-Love*, which flatters us with the Hope, that our turn of being happy is coming, or that we shall reap some benefit from their *Good Fortune*.

DXXXIV

As if the Power of transforming it self were small, *Self-Love* does frequently transform its

Objects too; and that after a very strange manner. It not only disguises them so artificially, as to deceive its self, but it perfectly alters the Nature and Condition of the Things themselves. Thus when any Person acts in opposition to us, *Self-Love* passes Sentence upon every Action, with the utmost Rigour of Justice; it aggravates every Defect of his, and makes it look *monstrous* and *horrible*; and it sets all his Excellencies in so ill a Light, that they look more disagreeable than his Defects. And yet when any of our Affairs brings this Person back again to Reconciliation and Favour, the Satisfaction we receive, presently restores his Merit, and allows him all that our Aversion so lately took from him. His ill *Qualities* are utterly forgot, and his good ones appear with greater *Lustre* than before; nay, we summon all our Indulgence and Partiality to excuse and justifie the Quarrel he formerly had against us. This is a Truth attested by every *Passion*, but none gives such clear Evidence of it as *Love*. For we find the *Lover*, when full of *Rage* and *Revenge*, at the Neglect or the Unfaithfulness of his Mistress, yet lay by all the Violence of his Resentments, and one view of her, calms his *Passions* again. His Transport and Joy pronounces this *Beauty* innocent, accuses himself alone, and condemns nothing but his own condemning her before. By this strange *magical Power* of *Self-Love*, the blackest and basest Actions of his Mistress are made white and innocent, and he takes the Fault off from her to lay it upon himself.

DXXXV

The most pernicious Effect of *Pride*, is, That it blinds Mens Eyes; for this cherishes and increases the *Vice*, and will not let us see any of those Remedies, that might either soften our Misfortunes, or correct our Extravagancies.

DXXXVI

When once Men are past all Hopes of finding Reason from others, they grow past all Reason themselves.

DXXXVII

The Philosophers, and especially *Seneca*, did not remove Mens Faults by their Instructions, but only directed them to contribute the more to the setting up their Pride.

DXXXVIII

The wisest Men commonly shew themselves so in less Matters, and generally fail in those of the greatest Consequence.

DXXXIX

The nicest Folly proceeds from the nicest Wisdom.

DXL

Sobriety is very often only a Fondness of Health, and the Effect of a weak Constitution, which will not bear Intemperance.

DXLI

A Man never forgets Things so effectually, as when he hath talked himself weary of them.

DXLII

That Modesty that would seem to decline Praise, is, at the bottom, only a Desire of having it better express'd.

DXLIII

There is this good at least in Commendation, that it helps to confirm Men in the Practice of *Vertue*.

DXLIV

We are to blame, not to distinguish between the several Sorts of Anger, for there is one kind of it light and harmless, and the result of a warm Complexion; and another kind exceeding vicious, which, if we would call it by its right Name, is the very *Rage* and *Madness* of *Pride*.

DXLV

Great *Souls* are not distinguish'd by having less *Passion*, and more *Vertue*; but by having Nobler and Greater Designs than the *Vulgar*.

DXLVI

Self-Love makes more Men cruel, than natural Sternness, and a rough Temper.

DXLVII

Every Man that hath some *Vices* is not despised, but every Man that hath no *Vertue*, is, and ought to be, despised.

DXLVIII

Those that find no Disposition in themselves to be guilty of great Faults, are not apt, upon slight Grounds, to suspect others of them.

DXLIX

Pompous *Funerals* are made more out of a Design to gratifie the Vanity of the Living, than to do Honour to the *Dead.*

DL

In the midst of all the uncertain and various Accidents in the World, we may discern a secret Connexion, a certain Method, and regular Order, constantly observed by *Providence*, which brings every Thing in, in its due Place, and makes all contribute to the fulfilling the Ends appointed for it.

DLI

Fearlessness is requisite to buoy up the Mind in *Wickedness*, and *Conspiracies*, but Valour is sufficient to give a Man Constancy of Mind in Honourable Actions, and the Hazards of War.

DLII

No Man can engage for his own Courage, who was never in any Danger that might put it upon the Tryal.

DLIII

Imitation always succeeds ill; and even those Things which when *Natural* are most graceful and charming, when put on, and affected, we nauseate and despise.

DLIV

Goodness, when universal, and shewed to all the *World*, without distinction, is very hardly known from great Cunning and Address.

DLV

The Way to be alway safe, is to possess other People with an Opinion, That they can never do an ill Thing to us, without suffering for it.

DLVI

A Man's own Confidence in himself makes up a great Part of that Trust which he hath in others.

DLVII

There is a kind of general Revolution, not more visible in the Turn it gives to the Fortunes of the *World*, than it is in the change of Mens Understandings, and the different Relish of *Wit*.

DLVIII

Magnanimity is a bold Stroke of *Pride*, by which a Man gets above himself, in order to get above every Thing else.

DLIX

Luxury, and too great Delicacy in a State, is a sure Sign that their Affairs are in a declining Condition; for when Men are so nice and curious in their own Concerns, they mind nothing but private Interest, and take off all their Care from the Publick.

DLX

Of all the *Passions* we are exposed to, none is more concealed from our Knowledge than Idleness. It is the most violent, and the most mischievous of any, and yet at the same Time its Violence we are never sensible of, and the Damage we sustain by it is very seldom seen. If we consider its Power carefully, it will be found, upon all Occasions, to reign absolute over all our Sentiments, our Interests, and our Pleasures. This is a *Remora* that can stop the largest Ships, and a *Calm* of worse Consequence to our Affairs, than any *Rocks*, and *Storms*. The Ease and Quiet of Sloth, is a secret Charm upon the *Soul*, to suspend its most eager Pursuits, and shakes its most peremptory Resolutions. In a Word, to give a true Image of this *Passion*, we must say, that it is a supposed Felicity of the *Soul*, that makes her easie under all her Losses, and supplies the Place of all her Enjoyments and Advantages.

DLXI

There are several Vertues made up of many different Actions, cast into such a convenient Order, by *Fortune*, as she thought fit.

DLXII

Most Women yield more through Weakness than *Passion*; and this is the *Reason*, that bold daring Men commonly succeed better than others, who have as much or more Merit to recommend them.

DLXIII

The Sincerity, which *Lovers* and their *Ladies* bargain for, in agreeing to tell one another, when they can *love* no longer, is not asked so much out of a Desire to be satisfied, when their *Love* is at an End; as to be the better assured, that *Love* does really continue, so long as they are told nothing to the contrary.

DLXIV

Love cannot be compared to any Thing more properly, than to a *Fever*; for in both Cases, both the Degree, and the Continuance of the Disease is out of a Man's own Power.

DLXV

Most young People impute that Behaviour to a *natural* and *easie* Fashion, which, in Truth, proceeds from no other Cause, than the want of good Breeding, and good Sense.

Maxims and Mixed Thoughts.

PART III.

Maxims.

DLXVI

As nothing betrays greater Weakness and want of *Reason*, than to submit ones Judgment to another Man's without any Examination, or Consideration of our own; so nothing argues a great *Spirit*, and true *Wisdom*, more than the submitting to Almighty God with an absolute and implicit Faith, and believing whatever he says upon the single Authority of his own Word.

DLXVII

True Worth does not depend upon Times nor Fashions. They that have only the Advantage of a *Court Air*, any where else are no better than their Neighbours. But good *Sense*, *Learning*, and *Wisdom*, are Qualifications that recommend a Man, and make him *Valued* every where, and at all times.

DLXVIII

Instead of applying our selves to know others, we mind nothing else, but the making our selves known. It would turn to much better Account, to hear and so get more Knowledge; than to talk all, that we may publish what we have got already.

DLXIX

It is sometimes of great *Use* for a Man to pretend he is Deceived: For when we let a Subtile Fellow see that we are sensible of his Tricks, it gives him *Occasion* to play more.

DLXX

Men Judge of things so very Slightly and Superficially, that the most Ordinary *Words* and *Actions* set off with a good Grace and some little Knowledge how matters go in the World, very often take more, than the most Profound *Wisdom*.

DLXXI

To be very much dissatisfied with a Man's self is a Weakness. But to be highly pleased with ones Self, is downright *Folly*.

DLXXII

Men of mean *Capacities*, and ill *Breeding*, but especially your half-witted Fellows, and dablers in Books, are most apt to be Stiff and Peremptory.

None but manly *Souls* can unsay what they have said, and forsake an Errour when they find themselves on the wrong side.

DLXXIII

A Man's greatest *Wisdom* consists in being acquainted with his own *Follies*.

DLXXIV

Honesty and *Sincerity* in our Dealings puts ill Men out of their Byass; it breaks all their Measures by which they hoped to compass their Ends; for Knaves commonly think, that nothing can be done, but by Knavery.

DLXXV

It is a hard Task upon Knaves to be perpetually employed in concealing their own Want of *Sincerity*, and making amends for the Breaches of their *Promise*.

DLXXVI

They that do all by Tricking, ought however to consult their own *Reason* so far, as to convince themselves, that such a Behaviour cannot go long undetected where Men are ingenious, and always upon the Watch to discover them; tho' they may see fit to pretend they are imposed upon for a while, only to dissemble their being sensible of the Cheat.

DLXXVII

Our Kindnesses sometimes create us *Enemies*, and the ungrateful Man is seldom so by halves; for he is not satisfied with not paying the Acknowledgment that is due; but is uneasy, that his *Benefactor* lives a Witness of his *Ingratitude*.

DLXXVIII

Nothing can give us so just a Notion of the Depravity of Mankind in general, as an exact Knowledge of our own Corruptions in particular. If we reflect upon our Thoughts, we shall find the Seeds of all those *Vices* within our own Breasts, which we condemn in others. And if we do not act it all, yet 'tis plain we are moved to it all. For there is no kind of ill, but *Self-Love* offers to us to make Use of as *Occasion* shall serve. And few are so *Vertuous* as to be above Temptation.

DLXXIX

Riches do by no means teach us to be less fond of Riches. The possessing of Abundance is very far from giving us the Quiet, that there is in not desiring them.

DLXXX

None but little Souls are disturbed at having their *Ignorance* reproved, and the Reason is, That being generally very *blind* and *foolish*, they never trouble themselves with *Doubts*, and are fully

satisfied, they see those things clearly, which they have but a very dark and imperfect Sense of, and see only through the thick Mist of a clouded Understanding.

DLXXXI

It is every whit as unreasonable, for a Man to accuse himself for his Faults extravagantly, as it is to excuse himself so. Those that blame themselves so very much, do it very often, because they cannot endure to be blamed by any body else; or else out of a vain Humour, to perswade People that they are duly sensible of their own Failings.

DLXXXII

It argues great Wisdom to own our own Faults and our Perfections sincerely. And is a Weakness not to allow both the good and the bad Qualities that we really have.

DLXXXIII

The World is so fond of every thing, that is fresh and uncommon, that Men take secret Pleasure, and find Entertainment, even in the Sight of the *dismalest* and most tragical *Accidents*; and that, partly because they are new, and partly from a Principle of ill Nature that is in us.

DLXXXIV

Men might come to a tolerable good Knowledge of themselves, but they seldom take the Pains of enquiring into themselves, so much as is necessary

for the attaining it; and they are more solicitous to be thought why they should be, than really to be what they should be.

DLXXXV

If People were but as careful to be what they ought, as to seem so, and impose upon others, by concealing what in Truth they are, they might shew themselves boldly, and save a world of Trouble which *Dissimulation* puts them to.

DLXXXVI

There is no Man but may find great Advantage from *Learning*; but then it is as true, that there are few who do not find great Prejudice too, from the Notions they acquire by Studies, except they use them, as if they were natural to them.

DLXXXVII

There is a certain Temper very nice to hit, in our Carriage to Persons above us, so as to allow our selves all the Freedom that is necessary to divert and entertain them; and yet to take none that may be any way offensive, or break in upon the Honour and Respect due to their Quality.

DLXXXVIII

Men are often more desirous to seem forward and busy to serve others, than to be successful

in it, and had rather have it in their Power to upbraid their Friends with an Obligation, than really to oblige them.

DLXXXIX

Men are sometimes beholding to want of Judgment for good Success, for a judicious Person would not venture upon several Attempts, which Men who want Consideration, frequently are fortunate in.

DXC

Former times are sometimes cryed up, only to run down the present, and we value what is now no more, that we may slight that which is.

DXCI

There is a kind of commanding *Power* in Mens manner of speaking, and in their Actions. Something that makes its own way wherever it comes, and engages Respect and Attention before Hand. It is of use upon all Occasions, and so great, as even to carry whatever one hath a Mind to.

DXCII

This commanding Faculty, so useful upon all Occasions, is no other than a graceful Authority, proceeding from a *Greatness* and *Elevation* of *Soul.*

DXCIII

Self-Love is often cheated by its own self; for when it considers its own *Interests*, it so wholly overlooks the *Interest* of others, as thereby to lose all the Advantage that might be made, by the Exchange of Kindnesses between *Man* and *Man*.

DXCIV

All the world are so entirely taken up with their own *Passions*, and their own *Interests*, that they are eternally full of them in all their Discourse, without ever concerning themselves with the *Passion* or *Interest* of the Persons they speak to, though they too have the same Occasion for *Audience* and *Assistance*.

DXCV

The Ties of *Virtue* ought to be more Sacred and Close, than those of *Blood*. For one good Man is nearer of Kin to another, by the Resemblance of their Manners, than *Father* and *Son* are by the Resemblance of *Faces*.

DXCVI

One great Reason, why we meet with so few agreeable Persons, and that converse like Men of *Sense*, is, That almost every Body is more intent upon what himself hath a mind to say, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the rest of the *Company* say to him. Those that are most *Com-*

plaisant, get no farther than pretending to hearken attentively, when at the same time a Man may plainly see, that both their Eyes and their Minds are roving from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they long to be at themselves. Whereas we ought to know, that to seek ones own Pleasure so very *Passionately*, can never be the way to please the *Company*. And that diligent Attention and proper Repartees are a much greater Accomplishment, than discoursing never so well, when this is done without ever attending, or answering to the matter then in Hand.

DXCVII

Good Fortune almost always alters the Proceedings and the Air of a Man, and makes him quite another thing in all his Behaviour and Conversation. This is a great Weakness to trick and set ones self off with what is not our own. If *Virtue* were esteemed above all other things, no Favour, no Advancement would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or their *Countenance*.

DXCVIII

We should use our selves to other Peoples Follies, and not take Offence at every *Impertinence*, that passes in our Company.

DXCIX

A great Soul takes whatever happens, and

there is as much Wisdom in bearing with other Peoples *Defects*, as in being sensible of their good *Qualities*.

DC

It is a great Argument of an extraordinary Judgment, when a Man is able to discover what is in anothers Breast, and to conceal what is in its own.

DCI

Talking all is so great a Fault, that in *Business* and *Conversation*, if what is good be short, it is for that Reason doubly good; and a Man gains that by Brevity, which would often be lost by being tedious.

DCII

We generally gain an Ascendant, and are Masters over those we are very well acquainted with; because the Man that is perfectly known, is in some Measure subjected to the Person that knows him.

DCIII

Study, and the Enquiry after Truth, hath very often only this Effect, That it makes us know experimentally how ignorant we are by Nature.

DCIV

Men are most esteemed when the *World* does not know the utmost of their Abilities. For things

that are understood but by halves, are always presumed greater than really they are.

DCV

The Desire of being thought a Wise Man very often hinders one from being so, for such a one is more solicitous to let the *World* see what Knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

DCVI

Littleness of *Soul*, and *Ignorance*, and *Presumption*, makes People obstinate in their *Opinions*; for Opinionative Men will not believe what they cannot comprehend; and that there are but very few things that they are able to comprehend.

DCVII

To disown our *Faults*, when we are told of them, is but to make them more and greater.

DCVIII

We should not regard how much good a *Friend* hath done us, so much as how much he desired and endeavoured to do us.

DCIX

Though we ought not to love our *Friends*, only for the Good they do us, yet it is a plain Case,

they love not Us, if they do not do us Good, when they have it in their Power.

DCX

It is neither any great Reflection nor Commendation to say a Man's Wit is, or is not in the Fashion. For if it be what it ought to be at any Time, it continues to be so at all Times.

DCXI

The *Love* of a Man's self is generally the Rule and Measure of all our *Friendship* to others. It supersedes all Duties and Obligations, where *Interest* is concerned; and lays down all Resentments against our *Enemies*, how just soever the Causes of them were, when they are considerable enough to promote our *Honour*, or our *Fortunes*.

DCXII

It is but an idle and useless Trouble, to make great Enquiries what is done in the *World*, except all this tend to the reforming of ones Self.

DCXIII

Circumstances and outward Appearances procure a Man frequently more Respect, than real Worth, and a good Bottom. An ungraceful Fashion spoils all, even *Justice* and *Reason* it self. The best part of things depends upon the *How*, and the Air we

give them, gilds, accommodates, and sweetens the most ungrateful Matters. All this is owing to the Weakness, and the Prepossession of Mens Judgments.

DCXIV

We should make the *Follies* of Others, rather a Warning and Instruction to our selves, than a Subject of *Mirth*, and Mockery of those that commit them.

DCXV

The Conversation of Men that are of a dogmatical and governing *Spirit* is the troublesomest thing that can be. We should be always ready to submit to the Truth, and receive it readily, let it come from what Hand it will.

DCXVI

A Man may learn as much by other Peoples *Faults*, as by their *Instructions*. The Examples of Imperfection are in a manner as useful towards the making a Man perfect, as those of *Wisdom* and *Perfection*.

DCXVII

We are better pleased with those that strive to imitate us, than with those that endeavour to equal us; for Imitation argues Esteem, but a Desire of Equality argues *Envy*.

DCXVIII

'Tis a very commendable Piece of Address to make a Denial go down well with soft and civil Expressions, and by Courtesie to make amends for the Kindness we cannot grant.

DCXIX

There are a Sort of Persons that say *No* so very naturally, that their *No* always ushers in whatever they are about to say. This makes them so disagreeable, that tho' they be prevailed upon with much Importunity to grant any Request, yet all the Grace and the Commendation of such Grants are utterly lost by so very untoward a Beginning.

DCXX

All Things ought not to be granted, nor all Men to be gratified. It is altogether as commendable, to deny upon a just *Occasion*, as to give in due *Season*. This makes some Peoples *No* better received, than other Peoples *Yes*. A Denial, when managed with good *Nature*, and softened with *Civility*, gives more Satisfaction to a Man of Understanding, than a Favour coldly and rudely granted.

DCXXI

There is a great deal of *Wisdom* required in the Choice of good Counsel, as well as in the being able to advise ones own self. Men of the best

Judgment are always most ready to consult the Opinions of others, and it is one Eminent Instance of *Wisdom* to submit ones self to the good Conduct of a *Friend.*

DCXXII

The *Doctrines* of *Christianity*, which ought to be derived only from the Truths contained in the *Gospel*, are generally represented to us, according to the Temper and Complexion of our *Teachers*. Some out of an exceeding Tenderness and good *Nature*, and others from a sour and rugged Disposition, form and imploy the Justice and Mercy of God, just according to their own Apprehensions of Things.

DCXXIII

In the Study of Humane Learning, our *Soul* ought always to preserve its own Freedom, and not inslave it self to other Peoples Fancies. The Liberty of the Judgment should have its full Scope, and not take any Thing upon Trust, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different *Opinions* are proposed to us, we should consider and chuse, if there are such Odds between them, as to admit of a Choice, and if there be not, then we should continue in suspence still.

DCXXIV

Contradiction should awaken our Attention and Care, but not our *Passion*. Those that oppose us, ought rather to be heard than avoided; for we

must be of no *Interest* but that of Truth, after what manner so ever she happen to discover her self to us.

DCXXV

Ostentation and *Pride*, upon the account of Honours and Preferments, is much more offensive, than upon any personal Qualifications. It argues, Men do not deserve Great Places, when they can value themselves upon them. If a Man would be truly valued, the Way to it is by being illustriously Good. For even the greatest Men are more respected for the Eminence of their Parts and Vertue, than for that of their *Fortune*.

DCXXVI

There is nothing so mean, but hath some Perfection. It is the peculiar Happiness of a discerning Palate, to find out each Thing's particular Excellence. But the Malice of our corrupt *Nature* puts us oftentimes upon discovering one *Vice* among many *Vertues*, that so we may aggravate and proclaim that to their Disparagement. Now this is not so much an Argument of a nice Judgment, as of a base Disposition; and that Man hath but an ill Life on't, who feeds himself with the Faults and Frailties of other People.

DCXXVII

There is a particular Way of hearkening to ones Self, that is ever displeasing; for it is as great a

Folly to hear ones self in Company, as to talk all, and hear no body but ones Self.

DCXXVIII

A Man is but little the better for liking himself, when no body else likes him. For an immoderate *Love* of ones Self, is very often chastised by Contempt from others.

DCXXIX

There is always, under the greatest Devotion, a Proportion of *Self-Love* concealed, great enough to set Bounds to our Charity.

DCXXX

Some People are so blind, and flatter themselves to so great a Degree, that they always believe what they wish, and think to make every body believe what they have a mind to. Tho' the Arguments they would perswade with are never so poor and weak, their Prepossessions are so strong, that they think they need only talk loud and big, and be very positive, to make all the World of their Opinion.

DCXXXI

Ignorance creates Irresolution and Fear, Learning makes Men bold and assured, but nothing disturbs a Mind that is truly wise, and knows how to distinguish Things rightly.

DCXXXII

It is a general Failing, that Men never think their own Fortunes too great, nor their own Wit too little.

DCXXXIII

There cannot be a meaner Thing, than to take advantage of ones Quality and Greatness, to ridicule and insult over those of an inferiour Condition.

DCXXXIV

When a positive Man hath once begun to dispute any thing, his Mind is barred up against all Light and better Information. Opposition provokes him, though there be never so good Ground for it, and he seems to be afraid of nothing more, than lest he should be convinced of the Truth.

DCXXXV

The Shame of being commended without any Desert, sometimes puts Men upon doing what otherwise they would never have once attempted to do.

DCXXXVI

It is much better that great Persons should thirst after Honour; nay, that they should even be vain upon the account of doing well, than that they should be wholly clear of this *Passion*. For tho' the Good they do, proceeds not from a Principle of *Vertue*, yet the World however hath this Ad-

vantage, that their Vanity makes them do, what, if they were not vain, they would not have done.

DCXXXVII

They that are so foolish, as to value themselves meerly for their Quality, do in a great measure slight that very Thing that gave them their Quality. For, tho' they receive it by Descent now, yet it was the Virtue of their Ancestors that first ennobled their Blood.

DCXXXVIII

Self-Love makes us impose upon our selves in almost every kind of Thing: We hear Faults condemned by other People; nay, we often condemn them with our own Mouths, and yet take no care to amend them. And that, either because we are not sensible of the Ill that we carry about us, or else that we look upon our own Ills through false Glasses, and mistake them for something that is Good.

DCXXXIX

It is no Consequence, that a Man is vertuous, because we see him do vertuous *Actions*. We are grateful for a Kindness sometimes, only to serve our selves; for the Reputation of Gratitude, and to gain an Advantage of being more boldly ungrateful for some other Favours, which we are not inclined to acknowledge.

DCXL

When great Men hope to make the World believe, they have some Excellence which really they have not; it is a Thing of ill *Consequence* to shew that we suspect them. For when you destroy their Hopes of passing upon the World, you at the same Time destroy all their Desires to do those good Actions, that are agreeable to the *Vertues* they would be thought to have.

DCXLI

The best Disposition, when untaught is always blind and unsettled. A Man ought to take all imaginable Care to inform himself, that his Ignorance may make him neither *childishly* fearful, nor *ridiculously* confident.

DCXLII

The mutual *Society*, and indeed the Friendship of most Men, is no better than a mere trading Correspondence, kept up just as long as their own Occasions make it necessary.

DCXLIII

Though the generality of Friendships contracted in the World, do by no means deserve the Honourable Name of *Friendship*, yet a Man may very well make his best of them, as he sees occasion, as of a Trade that is not fixed upon any sure Fund, and

where nothing is more usual, than to find our selves cheated.

DCXLIV

Wheresoever Love is real, it is the governing *Passion*. It perfectly forms the *Soul*, the *Affections*, and the *Understanding* after its own *Model*. Its being greater or less, does not depend upon the Capacity of the Person, of whom it hath taken Possession, but upon its own Strength and Proportion; and in truth, *Love* seems to bear the same relation to the Person in *love*, that the Soul bears to the Body animated by it.

DCXLV

Love hath such peculiar distinguishing *Qualities*, that it can neither be concealed, where it really is, nor counterfeited, where it really is not.

DCXLVI

All Diversions that are very entertaining, are of dangerous Consequence to *Christianity*; but of all that the World hath found out, none should be more cautiously used than *Plays*. They give so nice, so natural a Representation of the *Passions*, they really beget and inspire them, and especially that of *Love*, when it is described, as a modest and a vertuous *Passion*. For the more innocent it appears to innocent Persons, the more still they find themselves disposed to receive and submit to it. They fancy to themselves a Sense of Honour, and

at the same Time, that this is no way injured by so discreet an Affection. Thus People rise from *Play* with their Hearts so full of the Softnesse *Love*, and their Judgments so satisfied of its Inn cence, that they are in a perfect Disposition to tak in its first Impressions readily, or rather indeed t seek and court Occasions of infecting somebody else with it, that so they may receive the same Pleasures, and the same Devotions which they have seen so movingly represented upon the Stage.

Mixed Thoughts.

PART IV.

DCXLVII

Self-Love, according as it is rightly or otherwise, understood and applyed, is the Cause of all the Moral *Vertues*, and *Vices* in the World.

DCXLVIII

That *Prudence*, which is made use of in the good Management of Men's Affairs, when taken in its true Sense, is only a wise and more judicious *Love* of our selves; and the opposite to this, is perfect Blindness and Inconsideration.

DCXLIX

Though it may be said, with great Truth, upon this Principle, that Men never act without a regard to their own *Interest*, yet will it be no Consequence from thence, that all they do is corrupt, and no such Thing as *Justice* nor *Honesty* left in the World. Men may govern themselves by Noble Ends, and propose *Interests* full of Commendation and Honour. And indeed, the very Thing, that denominates any

Person a Man of *Justice* and *Honour* is this just Distinction of *Self-Love*, regulated as it ought to be; when though all Things are done with respect to his own Advantage at last, yet still this is with a due Allowance and Reservation to the Laws of Civil *Society*.

DCL

The *Love* of our Neighbour is the wisest and most useful good Quality in the *World*; it is every whit as necessary in Civil *Societies* for our Happiness in the present Life, as Christianity hath made it in order to that of the next Life.

DCLI

Honour and Disgrace, are but empty and imaginary Things, if we take them apart from those real Advantages and Misfortunes that attend them.

DCLII

Those that give themselves a World of trouble, and that tempt a World of Dangers, meerly for the sake of transmitting a great Name to after Ages, are, in my Opinion, very whimsical People. All this Honour and Reputation which they look upon as boundless, is yet confined within a little room in their own Imagination. For this crowds all Posterity into one Age, by setting those Honours before their Eyes, as if they were all present together, which they shall never live to see nor enjoy.

DCLIII

This Maxim, *That the most secret Things are discovered at one Time or other*, is (to say the least of it) very uncertain; for we can only judge of what we do not know, by what we know already; and consequently, what we do not yet know can give us no further Light into it.

DCLIV

Nothing conduces more to the making our Life happy, than to know Things as they really are; and this *Wisdom* must be acquired by frequent Reflections upon Men, and the Affairs of the *World*; for otherwise Books will contribute but little to it.

DCLV

Almost all the Miseries of Life are owing to the false Notions Men have of the *World*, and all that is done in it.

DCLVI

True Eloquence is good Sense, delivered in a *Natural*, and unaffected Way. That which must be set off with Tropes and Ornaments, is acceptable, only because the Generality of Men are easily imposed upon, and see Things but by halves.

DCLVII

Maxims are to the Mind, just what a Staff is to the Body, when a Man cannot support himself by

his own Strength. Men of sound Sense, that see Things in their full and just Proportions, have no need of general Observations to help them out.

DCLVIII

The great Characters of being Men of Honour and Justice, are very often grounded more upon Forms, and a Knack of appearing to be such, than any true and solid Worth.

DCLIX

Those that have the Accomplishments Essential to the making a good Man, supposing they need no Art, neglect Formalities; act more according to *Nature*, and consequently more in the Dark. For those that judge of them, have something else to do, than to examine them; and so they pronounce Sentence only according to outward Appearances.

DCLX

No man can be perfectly Just and Good, without a great Measure of Sense, and right *Reason*, which will always carry him to chuse the juster Side in every Action of his Life. And it is a *foolish* Thing to extol wicked Men, and Knaves, as the *World* commonly do, for Persons of Wit and Understanding. Such People have only one Part of that sound Sense, which makes them successful upon some Occasions, but imperfect, and at a loss upon a Thousand others.

DCLXI

Courage in Men, and *Chastity* in Women, are esteemed the principal Vertues of each *Sex*, because they are the hardest to practise: When these Vertues want either that Constitution, or that Grace that should sustain and keep them up, they soon grow weak, and are presently sacrificed to the *Love* of Life and Pleasure.

DCLXII

You shall scarce meet with a Master, but cries out, upon all Servants, that they are *Rogues* and the *Plagues* of a Family; and if Servants ever come to be Masters, they will say just the same thing. The *Reason* is, because generally, it is not the Qualities, but the Fortunes of Men, that makes the difference between them.

DCLXIII

People do not make it their Business to be in the right, so much as to be thought so; this makes them stickle so stifly for their own Opinions, even then when they know and are satisfied they are false.

DCLXIV

Errors sometimes have as long a run, as the greatest Truths; because, when these Errors are once received for Truths, Men admit whatever makes for them with an implicit Consent; and

reject or overlook all that is capable of undeceiving them.

DCLXV

Tricking and *Lying* are as sure Marks of a low and poor *Spirit*, as false Money is of a poor and low Purse.

DCLXVI

When Men, that are under a *Vow* of Devotion, engage themselves in the Business of the *World*, without absolute necessity for so doing, they give us great Cause to suspect the Reality of their Devotion.

DCLXVII

All Devotion, which is not grounded upon *Christian Humility*, and the *Love* of our Neighbour, is no better than Form and Pretence: 'Tis only the *Pride* and Peevishness of *Philosophy*, which thinks by despising the *World*, to revenge it self upon all the Contempt and Dissatisfactions, Men have met with from it.

DCLXVIII

The Devotion of *Ladies* growing into Years, is frequently no better, than a little kind of Decency taken up to shelter themselves from the shame and the Jest of a fading *Beauty*; and to secure, in every Change, something that may still recommend them to the *World*.

DCLXIX

Devotion is a Temper of the Mind purely Spiritual, and derives it self from God. Consequently, it is a very nice Thing, and ought to be observed very narrowly, and with exceeding Caution, by those that would keep themselves from being deceived in it.

DCLXX

The highest Pitch of Perfection, that Men are capable of, is to be throughly acquainted with their own Weakness, their Vanity, and Misery; and the less good Sense any one hath, the less he knows of these Matters.

DCLXXI

There is a sort of *Ignorance*, that knows nothing at all, and yet is not near so despicable, as that kind of *Ignorance*, which is full of Error and Impertinence, and passes upon a great many for Learning and Knowledge.

DCLXXII

Too servile a Submission to the Books and Opinions of the Ancients, as if these were Eternal Truths, revealed by God himself, hath spoiled many an ingenious Man, and plagued the *World* with abundance of *Pedants*.

DCLXXIII

If we set aside those Cases, in which *Religion* is

concerned, a Man ought to measure his Studies and his Books by the Standard of his own *Reason*, and not inslave his *Reason* to his Books.

DCLXXIV

Studious Men propose to themselves the filling their Heads with Notions, that they may talk fluently and nicely, and be taken notice of in the *World*; more than their own real Improvement, and better Information, that they might be qualified to make a right Judgment of Things.

DCLXXV

Such Words as *sympathize*, *Je ne scay quoy's*, *Occult Qualities*, and a Thousand more of the same kind, have no Sense nor Signification at all. A Man is wonderfully deceived, if he fansies himself one jot the wiser for them. They were only found out to supply the want of Reason, and to be used, when we would fain say something, but indeed have nothing to say.

DCLXXVI

We attribute more to Reason, than is her due. She frequently usurps what of right belongs to our Constitution; and would have but few Advantages, if she had no more than are strictly her own.

DCLXXVII

It is but very seldom, that *Reason* cures our

Passions, but one *Passion* is commonly cured by another. *Reason* indeed often strikes in with the strongest Side; and there is no *Passion* so extravagant, but hath its *Reason* ready to keep it in Countenance.

DCLXXVIII

Good and right *Reason* is a Light in the Mind, by which it discerns Things as they are in themselves; but in this *World* this Light is incompassed, and darkened by a Thousand Mists and Clouds.

DCLXXIX

Reputation would not be so highly valued, if we did but duly consider, how very unjust Men are, both in the giving and the taking of it away again. We should be sure to deserve it by doing well, and when that Care is once taken, not be over-anxious about the Success.

DCLXXX

Too tender a Sense of what other People say ill of us, does but entertain the Malice of the *World*, which desires nothing more than that it may disturb us.

DCLXXXI

The absolute want of such a Sense, so as to be moved at nothing they say, is a contrary Extream, that produces the same Effect. This is such a

sort of Contempt, as the *World* is concerned to revenge its self upon.

DCLXXXII

There is a middle State, and a Temper to be found between these two Extreams, which inclines the *World* to make Allowances for some Actions in one Man, which yet they condemn without any Mercy in others. This makes the mighty difference between Ladies, that yet have taken the same Liberties. So that some are run down, and it is scandalous to be seen in their Company, and others are esteemed as chast as *Nuns*, and no Reflections cast upon them.

DCLXXXIII

That pure Platonick *Love* which some Persons fansie to themselves, is all Imagination and Delusion. The Body hath a greater share in this *Passion*, than the Mind.

DCLXXXIV

It is no strange Thing, that some Nations who wanted the Light of the *Gospel*, should worship *Love* for a God; for, indeed, the Effects and the Resentments of it, are very odd, very extraordinary, and such as seem to exceed the Power of *Nature*.

DCLXXXV

The Conversation of fine Women puts a Man's

Salvation upon greater hazard, than the softest and most moving Plays. Those are the Original, these only the Image and Copy; those kindle and inspire the *Passions*, these only awake and entertain them.

DCLXXXVI

Plays and Musick would have but few Admirers, if one had never felt *Love*, nor any other *Passions*.

DCLXXXVII

It is a common Thing to imagine we love a Man of great *Interest* and *Fortune*, with a very sincere *Passion*; but this is what we cannot be sure of till he be stripped of all the Advantages of Power and Greatness, then one quickly discerns what it was that engaged our Affections. If *Interest* were at the bottom of it, tho' Honour may keep it up for some Time, yet it quickly grows weary, and lets it fall to the Ground.

DCLXXXVIII

Gratitude is the Vertue of wise and generous Minds.

DCLXXXIX

Ingratitude is the Fault of *Fools* and *Clowns*.

DCXC

There are some sort of People, that never look

into a Book, and yet with their own Stock of *Natural* Parts, have a better Sense of Things that depend upon clear and true *Reason*, than some great and bookish *Professors*.

DCXCI

Good *Sense* and *Reason* ought to be the Umpire of all Rules, both Ancient and Modern; whatever does not agree with this Standard cannot be *Sterling*.

DCXCII

Nature was given to exercise the *Philosophers*, like some dark Riddle; every one makes his own Sense the Key, and out of that contrives his own System. He that by these Principles explains most Difficulties, may be allowed thus far to value himself, that he hath hit upon the most probable Opinion.

DCXCIII

Bodily Pain is the only Evil attending humane Life, that is past the Power of *Reason*, either to cure or to asswage.

DCXCIV

Fortune gives out the Parts Men are to play upon this Stage of the *World*, blindly, and just according to her own unaccountable Humour: This is the *Reason* why there is so much ill acting; because Men very seldom hit upon those Char-

acters that are fit for them; or to speak in a more *Christian* Style, what we call *Fortune*, is no other than the Providence of *God*, which permits those Disorders, for *Reasons* which we are not able to comprehend.

DCXCV

Reason and *Experience* ought always to go Hand in Hand in the Discovery of *Nature*.

DCXCVI

If frequent Meditations upon Death, do not make us better Men, yet methinks they should moderate our *Passions* however, and put some restraint upon our *Avarice* and *Ambition*.

DCXCVII

Every thing in this Life is accidental, even our Birth that brings us into it. Death is the only thing we can be sure of. And yet we behave our selves, just as if all the rest were certain, and Death alone uncertain.

DCXCVIII

Life is good in its own *Nature*. The greatest good in the *World*, but the most unthriftily squander'd away. And it is not of this, but of our own Extravagance that we have reason to complain.

DCXCIX

Nothing is so hard to perswade Men to, as the

Contempt of Riches, except ones arguments be drawn from the Stores of *Christian* Religion.

DCC

The Wise-Men among the Ancients were in Truth very Foolish, who without any Light of Faith, or Expectation of a better State, despised Riches and Pleasures. They endeavoured to distinguish themselves, by uncommon and unnatural Notions; and so to triumph over the rest of Mankind, by an imaginary Elevation of *Soul*. Those that were the Wisest among them were satisfied with talking of these things in Publick, but behaved themselves after another kind of Rate in Private.

DCCI

There is a grave, contrived sort of Folly, highly satisfied with it self, that carries an Air of *Wisdom* a thousand times more troublesome and impertinent, than that Humoursome and diverting Folly, which never thinks at all.

DCCII

The Contempt of certain Death, where there is no *Christianity* to support and justify it, does by no Means deserve that Admiration or Honour, that have been thought its due: In good earnest, when one comes to take a closer and stricter View of it, it is rather an Extravagance, than any Greatness or Constancy of Mind.

DCCIII

The Art of pleasing in Company is, not to explain things too particularly; to express only one half, and leave your Hearers to make out the rest. This argues you have a good Opinion of the Persons you converse with; and nothing is more agreeable to Mens Love of themselves.

DCCIV

The Ground of almost all our false Reasonings is, that we seldom look any farther, than one side of the *Question*: Whereas, if a Man would do his Argument right, he ought to consider it in its utmost Latitude.

DCCV

There are so many Excellencies, so many Beauties in *Nature*, that if any be superfluous, it is not because there are too many, but because we choose, and use them ill.

DCCVI

The Circumstances of those, who are intrusted with the Treasures and the Councils of Princes, are much less fickle, than theirs that are to provide for their Diversions. Men are not always in the *Humour* to take their Pleasure, but they are always disposed to Honour and Riches.

DCCVII

The highest *Wisdom*, is for a Man to be sensible, that he wants it.

DCCVIII

There is no such thing as true *Wisdom* in this *World*, except that which instructs us in *Christian Morality*. For this, if we abstract from it all the Supports of Faith, and Advantages of *Religion*, is of it self the most pure and perfect Rule of Life in the *World*.

DCCIX

The Vulgar value and cry up Actions and other Things, not only for their Excellence, but more generally for the Uncommonness of them; and this gives Occasion to all the false Methods Men take to gain the Approbation of the *World*.

DCCX

The Court is the *Peculiar*, where *Ambition* is supream. All other *Passions*, even *Love* it self, and all Laws truckle under her; and there are no sorts of Unions but she can both knit together, and break asunder.

DCCXI

Ambitious Men cheat themselves, when they fix upon any Ends for their *Ambition*. Those Ends, when they are attained to, are converted into Means, subordinate to something farther.

DCCXII

A good Character, in which all the *World*

agrees, and which continues a great while, is seldom false.

DCCXIII

The Opinion of those *Philosophers*, that will have Beasts to be in no Degree more than *Machines*, which move themselves, is exceeding hard to conceive. But that of some other *Philosophers*, who assign them a *Soul* that is corporeal, and yet not a body neither, is altogether incomprehensible.

DCCXIV

A great Reputation is a great Charge very hard for a Man to acquit himself well of: An obscure Life is more Natural, and more Easie.

DCCXV

Diogenes, that made choice of a Tub for his dwelling, was a *Fool*, so much the more exquisite, and refined, as he thought himself, and expected the *World* should Esteem him, much wiser than the rest of Mankind.

DCCXVI

Great Offices, and great Honours, are most truly said to be great Burdens: The Slavery of them is but so much the greater, because it concerns the Service of the Publick; for the People are a Master scarce ever to be satisfied.

DCCXVII

They that are eternally canting upon *Vertue* in all Companies, are commonly great Boasters, and great Knaves. The mighty Pains which the Men of the Age take to commend *Vertue*, is sometimes a shrewd Sign, that they take but very little to practise it.

DCCXVIII

Truth discovers it self to young Princes, no longer than while they are young, and under Age; it flies a Crown, and vanishes out of sight, as soon as they come to be invested with Power: If these first years be not made use of to give them good Advice and Instruction, there will be no retrieving it in the following Part of their Lives. For all then goes off in meer Juggle and Disguise.

DCCXIX

The perfect Knowledge a Man hath of his Misery and Imperfections, gives a great and just occasion for Humility towards *God*; but so it does also for the despising of others, who are not so wise as our selves.

DCCXX

Railery is harder to be born than Injuries, because it is an allowable Thing to be concerned at Injuries, but a ridiculous one to be angry at a Jest.

DCCXXI

Railery is an Injury disguised, full of Malice and Ill-Nature, which is endured with so much less Patience, as it shews, that they who use it, would be thought above us.

DCCXXII

Princes and Persons in Eminent Stations, will do well to be exceedingly reserved, as to this Part of Conversation. The Resentments of their Railery are the more dangerous, because kept more concealed, and that Men are ever contriving some private Ways of Revenge for it.

DCCXXIII

Railery very often betrays want of *Understanding*. Men call it in to their Relief, when they have nothing of Sense and Argument left, to say for themselves.

DCCXXIV

A great many People are fond of Books, as they are of Furniture; to dress and set off their Rooms, more than to adorn and inrich their Minds.

DCCXXV

'Tis the Infatuation of *Misers*, to take Gold and Silver for Things really Good, whereas they are

only some of the Means by which good Things are procur'd.

DCCXXVI

Some People are so fond of being Subtle and Abstruse upon all Occasions, that they really overshoot the Mark. These refined Persons are as far from Truth, as the Vulgar, whose gross Ignorance makes them fall short of it.

DCCXXVII

Truth is *plain* and *natural*, the great Secret is how to find it.

DCCXXVIII

The great Mistake of most Noblemen, is, that they look upon their Nobility, as a Character given them by *Nature*.

DCCXXIX

True Quality, and that which comes by *Nature*, is only the Noble Advantages and Endowments of the Body and the Mind.

DCCXXX

The more ancient that Nobility is, which we derive only from our Ancestors, the less valuable it is, and the more suspicious and uncertain. The Son of a Marshal of *France*, who by his own Worth hath raised himself to this Office, should in

all reason be more Noble, than the Posterity that descend from him. This Spring of Honour is yet fresh in the Son's Veins, and kept up by the Example of the Father; but the further it runs from the Fountain-Head, the weaker and the dryer it grows.

DCCXXXI

We are surprized every Day, to see some Men that are come from the very Dregs of the People, raise themselves to great Fortunes and Honours; and we commonly mention this with Scorn and Reproach, as if all the Great Families in the *World* had not as mean a Beginning, if we would but take Pains to trace them back to their first Originals.

DCCXXXII

The greatest Part of those Complaints we make against our Neighbours, are owing to the want of Reflection upon our selves.

DCCXXXIII

The *Love* of our selves inclines us to look upon all the Pleasures, and Happiness of Life, as Things that we have a Right to call ours; and upon all the *Evils* and *Calamities*, as Things Foreign and Unnatural, and such as are Wrongs and Hardships upon us. This gives occasion to all the Complaints we hear against Humane Life.

DCCXXXIV

Most Heroes are like some kind of Pictures, which if you would admire, you must look upon them at a distance.

DCCXXXV

True and essential Merit, is that of the good Accomplishments of the Mind; but the *Art* of making these valuable, and exerting those good Faculties, is a second Merit, and much more necessary than the first, in all Business of the *World*, both in order to the raising our Reputation, and our Fortunes.

DCCXXXVI

Many Things are valued, meerly because they are uncommon, or hard to be come by, though in Truth, and in their own *Nature*, they are neither amiable, nor useful.

DCCXXXVII

Every one erects a Court of Judicature for himself; there he sits supreme Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as Arbitrary and Authoritative a manner, as if he had some particular Prerogative over him. But methinks, we should be more modest and sparing in passing Sentence thus upon others, if we did but consider, that they too will take the same Freedoms, and use us with the same Severity.

MAXIMS,

BY

Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault*.

DCCXXXVIII

A GREAT many People give themselves up to Devotion, but no body gives himself up to Humility.

DCCXXXIX

Bodily Labour keeps off Pain of Mind; and by so doing makes the Poor happy.

DCCXL

The Mortifications which no body knows of, are Mortifications indeed, the rest are made easie by our Vanity.

DCCXLI

The Altar on which God would have all our Sacrifices offered, is Humility.

DCCXLII

A few Things suffice to make a wise Man

happy, but it is not in the Power of any to content a Fool; and this is the true Reason why much the greatest Part of Mankind are miserable.

DCCXLIII

We give our selves more Pain, to make Men think us happy, than to make our selves really so.

DCCXLIV

It is much easier to quench a first Desire, than to satisfie all those that are sure to follow after.

DCCXLV

Wisdom to the Mind, is as Health to the Body.

DCCXLVI

In regard neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, can be conferr'd by the Greatest Men upon Earth; the utmost Favours they can do us are bought too dear.

DCCXLVII

Before we set our Hearts too much upon any Thing, let us examine how happy those are, who already possess it.

DCCXLVIII

The greatest Treasure in this World, is a true

Friend, and yet it is a Treasure which Men least trouble themselves to look after.

DCCXLIX

Lovers are blind to the Failings of their Mistresses, till the ending of the Charm open their Eyes.

DCCL

Prudence and Love were never made for one another; as much as you add to the one, you certainly take from the other.

DCCLI

A jealous Wife gives her Husband this satisfaction at least, that he is sure, from her, continually to hear of what he loves.

DCCLII

How sad a Case is that poor Woman in, who is at the same Time violently in Love, and inflexibly vertuous?

DCCLIII

A wise Man finds it more for his Advantage, to decline the Combat, than to gain the Conquest.

DCCLIV

There is more need of reading Men than Books.

DCCLV

Good and ill Fortune commonly go to them, who had most of each before.

DCCLVI

A good Wife is a hid Treasure, which he that hath found, does well not to brag of.

DCCLVII

Most Women mourn the Loss of a Lover, not so much to shew how they loved before, as to gain the Reputation of deserving to be loved again.

DCCLVIII

Faithfulness, when the Effect of Constraint, is very little better than Unfaithfulness.

DCCLIX

No Women are worth our Jealousie, but such as decline giving occasion for it.

DCCLX

Men that are too fond, do not easily discern, when their Passion ceases to be return'd.

DCCLXI

We seldom allow any Men to have good Sense, who are not of our own Opinion.

DCCLXII

Men find fault with themselves, purely to put others upon commending them.

DCCLXIII

Little Souls take offence at the least Things.

DCCLXIV

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DCCLXV

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DCCLXVI

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DCCLXVII

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DCCLXVIII

Nothing is more natural to us, or imposes more upon us, than the Perswasion that we are beloved.

DCCLXIX

We take more delight in seeing the Persons that have been beholden to us, than them to whom we are beholden.

DCCLXX

There is more difficulty in concealing our real Sentiments, than in counterfeiting the Sentiments we have not.

DCCLXXI

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DCCLXXII

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