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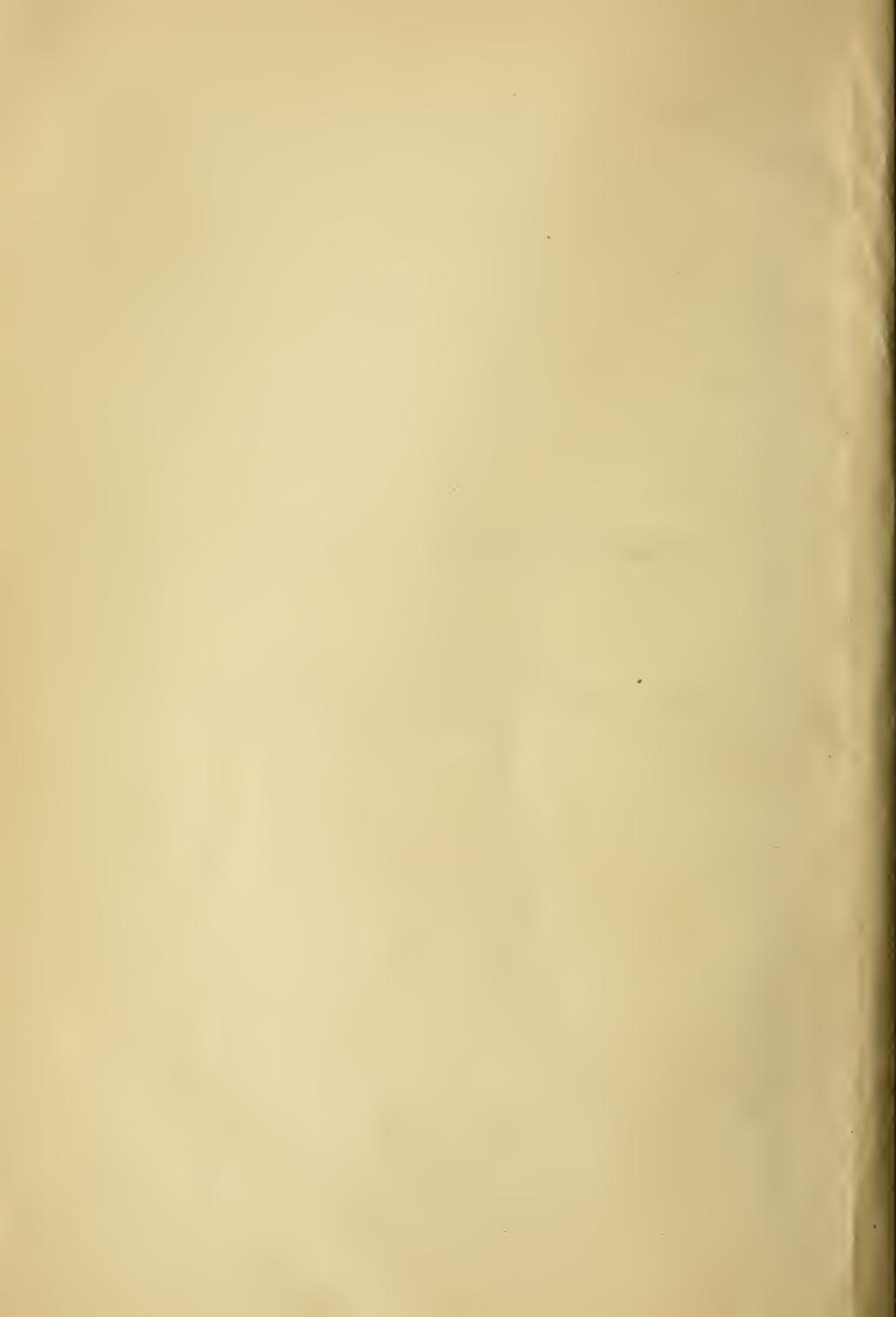






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International Encyclopedia  
of  
Prose and Poetical Quotations



# THE INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

—OF—

## PROSE AND POETICAL — QUOTATIONS —

—FROM—

### THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

Including the following languages: English, Latin,  
Greek, French, Spanish, Persian, Italian, German,  
Chinese, Hebrew and Others . . . . .

—UNDER—

### ONE ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT

—WITH—

A Complete Concordance to the Quotations, Indexes of the Authors  
Quoted and Topical Indexes to Subjects, with Cross References

BY

WILLIAM S. WALSH

Author of "A Handbook of Literary Curiosities," Etc.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY  
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## HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

The "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF QUOTATIONS" is divided into four parts:

1. **A Topical Index of the Subjects** of the quotations with cross references to other subjects which are of allied interest.

2. **A List of the Authors Quoted**, with dates of their birth and death, and the pages on which the quotations from them are to be found.

3. **Dictionary of Quotations in the English and Foreign Languages**, arranged alphabetically under words which denote the subject or principal sentiment of the quotation, each quotation being identified by the name of the author, the work from which it is taken and the location as closely as practicable. A valuable feature of the arrangement used in this work is the fact that Latin and all quotations from other foreign languages are classified under the same alphabetical arrangement with the English quotations, an arrangement which makes it unnecessary for the user to refer to more than one list to find either the original quotation in a foreign language or its translation in English.

4. **A Complete Concordance to the Dictionary of Quotations**. Every prominent word in every quotation is indexed with sufficient context to locate every passage in which the word occurs. In this concordance it is noteworthy that the index words, for instantaneous distinction, are printed in bold-face type, the quotation or portion of quotation which they index being printed, when derived from English literature, in the ordinary Roman letter. Quotations from foreign languages are printed in italic letters. To preserve the desirable conciseness the index word in each quotation of the concordance is represented only by its initial, as the reader will perceive that it is unnecessary to print the word in full. Furthermore, quotations from the eight authors most frequently quoted are followed by a classifying mark which instantly accredits them to their author. Thus the quotations from the following authors, as being those most frequently quoted, are distinguished by the signs which follow their names: Shakespeare\*, Milton\*\*, Pope‡, Byron||, Wordsworth¶, Longfellow§, Lowell††. Tennyson‡.

There are four uses to which an Encyclopedia of Quotations is most frequently put, and this work has been arranged with special consideration for quickest and most satisfactory answer to any desired question.

1. **To find a quotation on a given subject:** Turn to the subject word in the **Dictionary of Quotations** and look for a suitable quotation among those listed under such subject word. If the quotation be not found in the first place sought for, a reference to the **topical index** of cross references will give another subject under which it will likely be found.

2. **To find a quotation by any given author:** Turn to the list of authors quoted, where the pages are listed on which quotations by the author appear.

3. **To find a particular quotation of which only a portion or possibly one word is remembered and of which the author is unknown:** A reference to the **concordance** will reveal sufficient of its context for identification, with a reference to the page in the dictionary on which the quotation in full will be found.

4. **For those who desire to cite a quotation showing the use of any particular word,** a similar reference to the **concordance** will yield an example of the context and meaning in which the word is used.

Fullness, accuracy and facility of search have been the principal aims of the compiler of this encyclopedia. It is not to be expected that every saying of celebrated writers, nor every worthy phrase of obscure authors, can be comprised in a volume of this size, but this work received a very cordial welcome at its first appearance and we believe it will be found satisfactory for the needs of the scholar, teacher, minister, speaker, writer and reader of every kind.

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101, 108, 118, 120, 122, 141, 144, 152, 153, 160, 165, 167, 170, 172, 173, 174, 175, 177, 178, 193, 196, 204, 220, 228, 252, 260, 261, 279, 284, 287, 295, 297, 298, 308, 312, 315, 319, 332, 339, 345, 347, 350, 367, 372, 378, 381, 386, 387, 388, 395, 414, 421, 422, 428, 431, 433, 442, 446, 453, 463, 465, 468, 476, 477, 480, 486, 489, 494, 503, 519, 520, 523, 530, 533, 555, 557, 566, 572, 575, 576, 581, 587, 588, 591, 593, 596, 600, 604, 607, 600, 611, 616, 626, 633, 651, 653, 658, 661, 665, 671, 675, 682, 683, 688, 692, 694, 699, 701, 707, 714, 733, 734, 740, 754, 756.
- Z
- Zincke, Rev. F. B., 100.
- Zwinger, 23.



Dictionary  
of  
English and Foreign Quotations



# POETICAL AND PROSE QUOTATIONS.

## ABDICATION.

*K. Rich.* What must the King do now?  
Must he submit?  
The King shall do it. Must he be de-  
pos'd?  
The King shall be contented. Must  
he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name,  
let it go.  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;  
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;  
And my large kingdom for a little  
grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 143.

## ABILITY.

*Hamlet.* Sure, he that made us with  
such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unused.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

And sure th' Eternal Master found  
His single talent well employ'd.  
SAM'L JOHNSON. *Verses on the Death of*  
*Mr. Robert Levett.* St. 7.

C'est une grande habileté que de  
savoir cacher son habileté.

There is great ability in knowing  
how to conceal one's ability.  
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 245.

*Viola.* Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act iii.  
Sc. 4. l. 328.

I give thee all,—I can no more,  
Though poor the off'ring be:  
My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee.  
MOORE. *My Heart and Lute.*

Let every man be occupied, and oc-  
cupied in the highest employment of  
which his nature is capable, and die  
with the consciousness that he has done  
his best.

SIDNEY SMITH. *Memoir by Lady Holland.*  
Vol. i. p. 130.

Do not think that what is hard for  
thee to master is impossible for man;  
but if a thing is possible and proper  
to man, deem it attainable by thee.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* vi. 19.

And all may do what has by men been  
done.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* vi. l. 611.

*Kent.* That which ordinary men are fit  
for, I am qualified in; and the best of me  
is diligence.

SHAKESPEARE. *Lea.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 35.

Every one excels in something in which  
another fails.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 17.

The world but feels the present's spell,  
The poet feels the past as well,  
Whatever men have done, might do,  
Whatever thought, might think it too.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Bacchanalia, II.*, last  
lines.

He (Hampden) had a head to con-  
trive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand  
to execute any mischief.

CLARENDON. *History of the Rebellion.*  
Vol. iii. Bk. vii. Sec. 84.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart  
to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand  
to execute.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman*  
*Empire.* Ch. xlviii.

Heart to conceive, the understanding to  
direct, or the hand to execute.

JUNIUS. *Letter xxxvii.* Feb. 14, 1770.

On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non pas plus fin que tous les autres.

We can be more clever than one, but not more clever than all.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 394.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies; and there is no man who believes only lies.

JOHN STERLING. *Essays and Tales*.

The world means something to the capable.

GOETHE. *Faust*. Bayard Taylor's trans.

This world's no blot for us  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:

To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

BROWNING. *Fra Lippo Lippi*. l. 347.

Possunt quia posse videntur.

They can because they think they can.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. v. 231. (Trans. CONINGTON.)

Themistocles said that he certainly could not make use of any stringed instrument; could only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Themistocles*.

They who plough the sea do not carry the winds in their hands.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 759.

The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds.

*Ibid.* *Of the Tranquillity of the Mind*.

You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. l. iii.

A traveller at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedæmonian, "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," said he, "but every goose can."

PLUTARCH. *Remarkable Speeches*.

## ABSENCE.

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.

HOMER. *The Iliad*. Bk. xxii. l. 415.  
Pope's trans.

*Portia*. There is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 98.

*Bianca*. What! keep a week away! Seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 174.

*K. Henry*. As 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.

*Ibid.* *Henry V*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 271.

In the hope to meet  
Shortly again and make our absence sweet.

BEN JONSON. *Underwoods*.  
*Miscellaneous Poems*. lix.

Our hours in Love have wings; in absence, crutches.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Xerxes*. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;

Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;

Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,

Say, is not absence death to those who love?

POPE. *Autumn*. l. 24.

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,

And image charms he must behold no more.

*Ibid.* *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 360.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,

My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

GOLDSMITH. *Traveller*. l. 7.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 81.

Ever absent, ever near;  
Still I see thee, still I hear;  
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear!

FRANCIS KAZINCZY. *Separation*.

What shall I do with all the days and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy face?

How shall I charm the interval that lowers

Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. *Absence*.

Absence!—is not the soul torn by it  
Far more than light, or life, or breath?  
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—  
The pain without the peace of death!

CAMPBELL. *Absence*.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,  
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.

GEORGE LINLEY. *Ever of Thee*.

When stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea.

BULWER LYTTON. *When Stars are in the Quiet Skies*.

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove

We are sure to find something blissful and dear;

And that when we're far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

MOORE. *'Tis Sweet to Think*.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';

There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAM. *Mariner's Wife*.

[This poem, which first appeared on the streets about the middle of the eighteenth century, is sometimes, but probably wrongly, attributed to William J. Mickle. See note in Coates's *Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry*, p. 975.]

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"

TENNYSON. *Mariana*.

Absent in body, but present in spirit.  
*New Testament*. 1 Corinthians v. 3. 31.

Friends, though absent, are still present.  
CICERO. *Friendship*. Ch. vii.

For with G. D., to be absent from the body is sometimes (not to speak profanely) to be present with the Lord.

CHARLES LAMB. *Essays of Elia*. Oxford in the Vacation.

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.

*Ibid*. *Amicus Redivivus*.

L'Absence diminue les médiocres passions et augmente les grandes, comme le vent éteint les bougies et allume le feu.

Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and fans a fire.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 276.

L'absence est à l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent:

Il éteint le petit, il allume le grand.

BUSSY-RABUTIN.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder:  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *Isle of Beauty*.

Semper in absentes felicior aestus amantes. When those who love are severed, love's tide stronger flows.

PROPERTIUS. *Elegies*. iii. 31, 43 (i. 33, 43).

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.

HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*. Bk. i. sec. i. No. 6.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;  
But oh believe it not!

I've tried, alas! its power to prove,  
But thou art not forgot.

FREDERICK W. THOMAS (1808—). *Absence Conquers Love*.

I do perceive that the old proverbis be not awlaies trew, for I do finde that the absence of my Nath. doth breede in me the more continuall remembrance of him.

ANNE LADY BACON. *Letter to Jane Lady Cornwallis*, 1613.

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear  
Thou ever wilt remain;  
One only hope my heart can cheer,—  
The hope to meet again.

GEORGE LINLEY. *Song*.

[This song was composed for and sung by Augustus Braham about 1840, and was set to music and published in London in 1848. But the words "Though lost to sight, to memory dear" are much older than the poem. Linley incorporated an already familiar quotation of unknown authorship into his poem.]

Though absent, present in desires they be;  
Our soul much further than our eyes can see.

M. DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars*. Bk. iii. 20.

And when he is out of sight, quickly  
also is he out of mind.

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ*. Ch. xxiii.

Quantum oculis, animo tam procul ibit  
amor.

Far as I journey from thy sight, so far  
Shall love too journey from my mind.

PROPERTIUS. *Elegies*. iv. (iii.) 21, 10.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

LORD BROOKE. *Sonnet* lvi.

Fer from eze, fer from herte,  
Quoth Hendyng.

HENDYNG. *Proverbs*, MSS. Circa 1320.

That out of sight is out of mind  
Is true of most we leave behind.

CLOUGH. *Songs of Absence*.

Wives in their husbands' absences grow  
subtler,  
And daughters sometimes run off with  
the butler.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 22.

Absento nemo ne nocuisse velit.

Let no one be willing to speak ill of  
the absent.

PROPERTIUS. *Elegix*. ii. 19, 32.

Absentes tinnitu aurium presentire ser-  
mones de se receptum est.

It is generally admitted that the absent  
are warned by a ringing in the ears, when  
they are being talked about.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*.  
xxviii. 5.

### ABSTINENCE.

Call'd to the temple of impure delight  
He that abstains, and he alone, does  
right.

If a wish wander that way, call it home;  
He cannot long be safe whose wishes  
roam.

COWPER. *The Progress of Error*. l. 578.

Against diseases here the strongest  
fence

Is the defensive vertue, abstinence.

HERRICK. *Abstinence*.

Abstinence is as easy to me as tem-  
perance would be difficult.

SAM'L JOHNSON. HANNAH MORE'S *John-  
siana*. 467.

Abstain from beans; that is, keep out  
of public offices, for anciently the choice  
of the offices of state was made by beans.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children*.

L'abstenir pour jouir, c'est l'épicu-  
risme de la raison.

To abstain that we may enjoy is the  
epicurianism of reason.

ROUSSEAU.

### ACCIDENTS.

Chapter of accidents.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*, Feb. 16, 1753.

[The phrase is also used by Burke, *Notes  
for Speeches* (edition 1852, vol. ii., 426.  
Southey, in *The Doctor*, chapter cxviii., at-  
tributes to John Wilkes the saying, "The  
chapter of accidents is the longest chapter  
in the book."]

Accidents will occur in the best regu-  
lated families.

DICKENS. *David Copperfield* (*Mr.  
Micawber*). Ch. xxviii.

Our wanton accidents take root, and  
grow

To vault themselves God's laws.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Saint's Tragedy*.  
Act ii. Sc. 4.

At first laying down, as a fact funda-  
mental,

That nothing with God can be acci-  
dental.

LONGFELLOW. *Christus*. *The Golden  
Legend*. Pt. vi.

What the reason of the ant laboriously  
drags into a heap, the wind of accident  
will collect in one breath.

SCHILLER. *Fiesco*. Act ii. Sc. 4.

By many a happy accident.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *No Wit, No Help,  
like a Woman's*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

I think it a very happy accident.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. lvii.

To what happy accident is it that we owe  
so unexpected a visit?

GOLDSMITH. *Vicar of Wakefield*. Ch. xix.

*Othello.* Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

The moving accident is not my trade.  
WORDSWORTH. *Hart-Leap Well.* Pt. ii.

*Hamlet.* Sir, in this audience,  
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
As that I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 232.

*Florizel.* As the unthought-on accident is guilty  
Of what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 530.

The accident of an accident.  
LORD THURLOW. *Speech in reply to Lord Grafton.*

[During a debate on Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital, the Duke of Grafton taunted Thurlow, then Lord Chancellor, on his humble origin. Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and, advancing toward the duke, declared he was amazed at his grace's speech. "The noble duke," he cried, in a burst of oratorical scorn, "cannot look before him, behind him, and on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being the *accident of an accident?*" ]

The fortuitous or casual concurrence of atoms.  
BENTLEY. *Sermons.* vii. *Works.* Vol. iii. p. 147 (1692).

That fortuitous concurrence of atoms.  
REVIEW OF SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ADDRESS. *Quarterly Review.* Vol. liii. p. 270 (1835).

To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives.  
GOLDSMITH. *Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. xxxi.

The happy combination of fortuitous circumstances.  
SCOTT. *Answer to the Author of Waverley to the Letter of Captain Clutterbuck.* *The Monastery.*

Fearful concatenation of circumstances.  
DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument on the Murder of Captain White,* 1830.

Fortuitous combination of circumstances.  
DICKENS. *Our Mutual Friend.* Vol. ii. Ch. vii. (American edition.)

## ACCUSATION.

*Macbeth.* Thou can'st not say I did it;  
never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 50.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof.  
Without more certain and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.  
*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 107.

*Angelo.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny.  
*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 154.

The breath  
Of accusation kills an innocent name,  
And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life,  
Which is a mask without it.  
SHELLEY. *The Cenci.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.  
BURKE. *Speech on Conciliation with America.* *Works.* Vol. ii. p. 136.

Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has

turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.

BURKE. *Conclusion of Speech at the Trial of Warren Hastings.*

[This is the Macaulayized version of Burke's peroration—conciser, swifter, more dazzling than the original—which has gained popularity through Macaulay's essay on *Warren Hastings*.]

### ACTION.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of oratory, he answered, "Action"; and which was the second, he replied, "Action"; and which was the third, he still answered, "Action."

PLUTARCH. *Lives of the Ten Orators.*

[The saying has frequently been imitated. Thus when Louis XI. asked what he needed to make war the Marshal Trivulce replied: "Three things, money, more money, always money." ("Trois choses: de l'argent, encore de l'argent et toujours de l'argent." Fifty years later General von Schussendi repeated the phrase in German: "Sind dreierlei Dinge nötig: Geld, Geld, Geld.")]

"Boldness, more boldness, and always boldness, and France is saved" ("De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace, et la France est sauvée").

DANTON. *Speech before the National Assembly, August, 1792.*

And as she lookt about she did behold

How over that same dore was likewise writ

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere Be bold.  
That much she mused, but could not construe it

By any ridling skill or commune wit,  
At last she spyde at that roome's upper end  
Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
Be not too bold; whereto, though she did bend

Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intende.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* iii. 2, 54.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,

"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere, "Be bold;

Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess  
Than the defect; better the more than less;  
Better like Hector in the field to die,  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

LONGFELLOW. *Moriturus Salutamus.*

"Work, more work, and always work!"  
("Du travail, encore du travail, et toujours du travail!")

GAMBETTA. *Speech at banquet to General Hoche, June 24, 1872.*

Agitate, agitate, agitate!

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[O'Connell was known as "the Irish agitator" from this his constant exhortation to his fellow-countrymen. The advice, however, originated with the Marquis of Anglesea when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Duke of Wellington. Parnell substituted as a watchword, "Organize, organize, organize!"]

He is at no end of his actions blest  
Whose ends will make him greatest and  
not best.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron.* Act v. Sc. 1.

*Lady Macduff.* I am in this earthly  
world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 74.

*King.* From lowest place when virtuous  
things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's  
deed:

Where great additions swell's and virtue  
none,

It is a dropsied honor. Good alone  
Is good without a name.

*Ibid.* *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act ii.  
Sc. 3. 1. 123.

*Portia.* How far that little candle throws  
his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty  
world.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 90.

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and love triumphing.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. 1. 337.

Count that day lost whose low descend-  
ing Sun

Views from thy hand no worthy action  
done.

ANON.

[A reminiscence of the exclamation of the Emperor Titus, "Friends, I have lost a day" ("Amici diem peridi") made one night at supper, on reflecting that he had assisted no one that day. The story is told by Suetonius.]

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly  
cried  
Had been an emperor without his crown.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, ii. l. 99.

[The anonymous verses have been found  
(in MS. and enclosed in quotation marks  
with Jacob Bobart's autograph) on the fly-  
leaf of an album in the British Museum.  
The entry runs thus:

*Virtus sua gloria.*

"Think that day lost whose descending sun  
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

Apparently Bobart trusted to memory and  
was misled by a defective ear. The more  
metrical and more familiar version given  
above is first found (in print) in Staniford's  
*Art of Reading*, p. 27 (third edition, Boston,  
1893).]

Queen. Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud and thunders in the  
index?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 54.

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 330.

I myself must mix with action lest I  
wither by despair.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. l. 98.

Nor doubt that golden chords  
Of good works, mingling with the visions,  
raise

The soul to purer worlds.  
WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Pt. i.  
xviii. Apology.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!  
LONGFELLOW. *Psalms of Life*.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.  
*Ibid.* *Santa Filomena*.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.  
*Ibid.* *A Psalm of Life*.

Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.  
*Ibid.* *The Village Blacksmith*.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.  
BISHOP CUMBERLAND. See Horne's *Ser-  
mon—On the Duty of Contending for the  
Truth*.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is  
worth doing well.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. *Letter*, March 10,  
1746.

The great end of life is not knowl-  
edge, but action.

HUXLEY. *Technical Education*.

The all of things is an infinite conjugation  
of the verb—"To Do."

CARLYLE. *French Revolution*. Bk. iii.  
Ch. i.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

We cannot all do all things.

VIRGIL. *Eclogæ*. viii. 63.

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever  
reaping something new,

That which they have done but earnest  
of the things that they shall do.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*.

Actum, aiunt, ne agas.

What is done let us leave alone.

TERENCE. *Phormio*, Act ii. Sc. 3. 72.  
(*Demipho*.)

Acta ne agamus; reliqua paremus.

Let us not go over the old ground but  
rather prepare for what is to come.

CICERO. *Ad Atticum*. ix. 6, 7.

Action is transitory, a step, a blow,  
The motion of a muscle—this way or  
that.

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers*. Act iii.

Du musst (herrschen und gewinnen  
Oder dienen und verlieren  
Leiden oder triumphiren)  
Amboss oder Hammer sein.

Thou must (in commanding and win-  
ning, or serving and losing, suffering or  
triumphing) be either anvil or hammer.  
GOETHE. *Grosscophta*. ii.

Thy Will for Deed I do accept.

DÜ BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*.  
Second Week. Third Day. Pt. ii.

Actions speak louder than words.

ENGLISH PROVERB.

In one form or another the sentiment re-  
appears in the proverbial and written lit-  
erature of all languages. A few examples  
follow:

For as action follows speeches and votes  
in the order of time, so does it precede and  
rank before them in force.

DEMOSTHENES. *Olynthiaca*. iii. 15.

*King Henry.* 'Tis well said again,  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds.  
• SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 153.

*Hotspur.* I profess not talking: only this,  
Let each man do his best.  
*Ibid.* 1 *Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

1st *Murderer.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not  
stand to prate,  
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd  
We come to use our hands and not our  
tongues.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Great talkers are never great doers.  
MIDDLETON. *Blurt, Master-Constable.* Act i.  
Sc. 1.

I on the other side  
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke  
loud the doer.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes.* l. 246.

You do the deeds,  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.  
*Ibid.* Trans. of Sophocles. *Electra.*  
l. 624.

For now the field is not far off  
Where we must give the world a proof  
Of deeds, not words.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 867.

Such distance is between high words and  
deeds!  
In proof, the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.  
SOUTHWELL. *St. Peter's Complaint.*

Say well is good, but do well is better;  
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the  
letter;  
Say well is godly and helps to please,  
But do well is godly and gives the world  
ease;

Say well to silence is sometimes bound,  
But do well is free on every ground;  
Say well has friends, some here, some there,  
But do well is welcome everywhere.  
By say well man to God's word cleaves,  
But for lack of do well it often leaves.  
If say well and do well were bound in one  
frame,  
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten  
were gain.

ANON.

Big words do not smite like war clubs,  
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings.  
LONGFELLOW. *Hiawatha.* ix.

A slender acquaintance with the world  
must convince every man that actions, not  
words, are the true criterion of the attach-  
ment of friends; and that the most liberal  
professions of good-will are very far from  
being the surest marks of it.

WASHINGTON. *Social Maxims.*  
Friendship.

'Ανθρώποισιν οὐκ ἐχρήν ποτε  
τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλώσσαν ἰσχύειν πλέον.

Never should this thing have been,  
That words with men should more avail  
than deeds.

EURIPIDES. *Hecuba.* 1187. (TRANS. A. S.  
WAY.)

Every man feels instinctively that all  
the beautiful sentiments in the world  
weigh less than a singly lovely action.  
LOWELL. *Among my Books.* *Rousseau*  
*and the Sentimentalists.*

An acre of performance is worth a whole  
land of promise.

HOWELL. *Familiar Letters.* Bk. iv.  
Letter xxxiii. To Mr. R. Lee.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a  
principality in Utopia.

MACAULAY. *Essay on Lord Bacon.*

The smallest actual good is better than  
the most magnificent promises of impos-  
sibilities.

*Ibid.*

Men's words are ever bolder than  
their deeds.

COLERIDGE. *Piccolomini.* Act. i. Sc. 4.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds.  
SHELLEY. *The Cenci.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

Thought is the soul of act.

R. BROWNING. *Sordello.* Bk. v.

*Action is but coarsened thought—*  
thought become concrete, obscure, and  
unconscious.

AMIEL. *Journal.* Dec. 30, 1850. (MRS.  
HUMPHREY WARD, trans.)

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them, all  
day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast  
for ever

One grand, sweet song.

C. KINGSLEY. *A Farewell.*

The soul o' the purpose, ere 'tis shaped  
as act,

Takes flesh i' the world, and clothes it-  
self a king,

But when the act comes, stands for what  
'tis worth.

R. BROWNING. *Luria.* Act iii.

*Luciana.* Shame hath a bastard bed  
well managed.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors.*  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Words are women, deeds are men.  
HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

They say in Italy, that deeds are men,  
and words are but women.

J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*. Bk. i.  
Sec. 5. Letter xxi. (To Dr. H. W.)

Words are men's daughters, but God's  
sons are things.

DR. MADDEN. *Boulter's Monument*.  
(Supposed to have been inserted by Dr.  
Johnson, 1745.)

*Manfred*. Think'st thou existence doth  
depend on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs.  
BYRON. *Manfred*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 54.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,  
That life is long, which answers life's great  
end.

The time that bears no fruit, deserves no  
name;

The man of wisdom is the man of years.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 772.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,  
not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He  
most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the  
best.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—  
God.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. A Country Town.

Life is not dated merely by years. Events  
are sometimes the best calendars.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Venetia*.  
Bk. ii. Ch. 1.

But what minutes! Count them by sen-  
sation, and not by calendars, and each mo-  
ment is a day, and the race a life.

*Ibid.* *Sybil*. Bk. i. Ch. ii.

## ACTORS.

*Hamlet*. Good, my lord, will you see  
the players well bestowed? Do you  
hear, let them be well used; for they  
are the abstract and brief chronicles of  
the time: after your death you were  
better have a bad epitaph than their ill  
report while you live.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 545.

*York*. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more contempt,  
men's eyes

Did scowl on gentle Richard.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 23.

*Ulysses*. And, like a strutting player,  
whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think  
it rich

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twix his stretch'd footing and the  
scaffoldage.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
Act i. Sc. 3.

*Hamlet*. O, what a rogue and peasant  
slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player  
here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his whole  
conceit,

That from her working, all his visage  
wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's  
aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function  
suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all  
for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What  
would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for  
passion

That I have? He would drown the  
stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid  
speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the  
free,

Confound the ignorant; and amaze,  
indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

*Hamlet*. Speak the speech, I pray  
you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly  
on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as  
many of our players do, I had as lief  
the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do  
not saw the air too much with your  
hand, thus; but use all gently. For in  
the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may  
say, whirlwind of your passion, you  
must acquire and beget a temperance  
that may give it smoothness. Oh! it  
offends me to the soul, to see a robusti-  
ous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion

to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexpressible dumb shews, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. 'Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your Honour.

*Ham*. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the Time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players—that I have seen play and heard others praise, and that highly not to speak it profanely—that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.

*Ham*. Oh! reform it altogether.—And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

*Coriolanus*. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace.

*Ibid*. *Coriolanus*. Act v. Sc. 3. 1. 40.

*Buckingham*. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian; Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, Intending deep suspicion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act iii. Sc. 5.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,

To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;

To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,

Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold—

For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.

POPE. *Prologue to Addison's Cato*. 1. 1.

The strolling tribe; a despicable race.

CHURCHILL. *Apology*. 1. 206.

Or if one tolerable page appears In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf, Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,

And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

HORACE SMITH. *Rejected Addresses—Cui Bono?*

## ADAPTATION.

To every *thing there is* a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up *that which is* planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes iii. 1-4.

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

*Ibid*. Ecclesiastes iii. 7.

Magna res est vocis et silentii tempora nosse.

It is a great thing to know the season for speech and the season for silence.

SENECA. *De Moribus*. 74.

There is a time for some things and a time for all things, a time for great things and a time for small things.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. xxxiv.

When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. liv.

Perhaps the earliest appearance in general literature of a popular proverb which arose in the following manner. St. Augustine was in the habit of dining on Saturday as on Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), he consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now, at Milan they did not fast on Saturday; and the answer of the Milan saint was: "When I am here I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome I do fast on Saturday" ("Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato").

See ST. AUGUSTINE. *Letters*. xxxvi. Sec. 32 to *Casulanus*.

He that fasted on Saturday in *Ionia* or *Smyrna* was a schismatick; and so was he that did not fast at *Milan* or *Rome* upon the same day, both upon the same reason:

Cum fueris Romæ, Romano vivito more,  
Cum fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi:

When you're in Rome, then live in Roman fashion;  
When you're elsewhere, then live as there they live.

Because he was to conform to the custom of *Smyrna* as well as that of *Milan*, in the respective dioceses.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Ductor Dubitantium*.  
Bk. i. Ch. i. 5. 5.

Apollo said that every one's true worship was that which he found in use in the place where he chanced to be.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. ii. Ch. xii.  
*Apology for Raimond Sebond*.

Isocrates adviseth Demonicus, when he came to a strange city, to worship by all means the gods of the place.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 4. Subsec. 5.

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

EMERSON. *Essays*. *Self-Reliance*.

I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

*New Testament*. *Corinthians* ix. 22

Suit thyself to the estate in which thy lot is cast.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. vi. 39.

Remember this,—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.

*Ibid*. *Meditations*. iv. 32.

Ne e quovis ligno Mercurius fiat.

Not every wood is fit for a statue of Mercury.

ERASMUS. *Adagiorum Chiliades*, *Munus aptum*.

*Por*. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise, and true perfection!

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 102.

Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan.

EPICETUS. *Discourses*. Ch. xvi.

*Biron*. At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labor Lost*. Act i  
Sc. 1.

*Helena*. I know him a notorious liar;

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind.

*Ibid*. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 95.

*Fr. Laurence*. O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 15.

*Enobarbus*. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born  
in 't.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

*King*. Youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it  
wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his  
weeds,

Importing health and graveness.  
*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 78.

They are happy men whose natures  
sort with their vocations.

LORD BACON.

Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,  
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land ;  
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts  
A genius fit for some peculiar arts.

SOAMES JENYNS. *The Art of Dancing*.  
Canto ii. l. 55.

Crows are fair with crows.  
Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dye ;  
Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

MIDDLETON AND DEKKER. *The Honest Whore*. Pt. ii. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Mahomet made the people believe  
that he would call a hill to him, and  
from the top of it offer up his prayers  
for the observers of his law. The peo-  
ple assembled ; Mahomet called the hill  
to come to him, again and again, and  
when the hill stood still, he was never  
a whit abashed, but said, if the hill will  
not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go  
to the hill.

BACON. *Of Boldness*.

Our torments also may in length of  
time

Become our elements, these piercing  
fires

As soft as now severe, our temper  
changed

Into their temper, which must needs  
remove

The sensible of pain.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 274.

The remnant of his days he safely past,  
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor  
flew too fast ;

He made his wish with his estate  
comply,  
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

PRIOR.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede  
verum est.

For still when all is said the rule stands  
fast,

That each man's shoe be made on his  
own last.

HORACE. *Epistolæ*. 7. i. l. 98. (Trans.  
CONINGTON.)

Let not the shoe be too large for the foot.  
LUCIAN. *Pro Imaginibus*. 10.

Wer sich nicht nach der Decke streckt,  
Dem bleiben die Füße unbedeckt.

He who does not stretch himself accord-  
ing to the coverlet, finds his feet un-  
covered.

GOETHE. *Sprüche in Reimen*. iii.

Temporibus mores sapiens sine crim-  
ine mutat.

The wise man does no wrong in chang-  
ing his habits with the times.

DIONYSIUS CATO. *Disticha de Moribus*. i. 7.

You must cut your coat according to  
your cloth.

*Old Proverb*.

According to her cloth she cut her coat.  
DRYDEN. *The Cock and the Fox*. l. 20

I shall

Cut my cote after my cloth.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. viii.

Cut thy coat according to thy cloth.  
LYLY. *Euphues and his England*.

'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy !  
Keep yourself right, and even cut your  
cloth, sir,

According to your calling.

FLETCHER. *The Beggar's Bush*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Cut your coat to match your cloth.  
PITT. *Epistle to Mr. Spence*.

Meae (contendere noli)  
Stultitiam patiuntur opes ; tibi parvula res  
est ;  
Arta decet sanum comitem toga.

Don't vie with me, he says, and he says  
true ;  
My wealth will bear the silly things I do ;

Yours is a slender pittance at the best :  
A wise man cuts his coat—you know the  
rest.

HORACE. *Epistolæ*. i. 18, 28. (Trans.,  
CONINGTON.)

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded  
floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind  
the door ;  
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to  
pay,—

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by  
day.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. i. 227.

In the last couplet Goldsmith was plagiar-  
izing from himself :

A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of  
bay,—

A cap by night, a stocking all the day.

*Description of an Author's Bed-chamber.*

Each natural agent works but to this  
end,—

To render that it works on like itself.

CHAPMAN. *Bussy d'Ambois*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

My nature is subdu'd

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet* cxi.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art  
mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have  
weight to drag thee down.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. i. 47.

But any man that walks the mead,  
In bud or blade, or bloom may find,  
According as his humours lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.

*Ibid.* *The Day Dream*. Moral 2.

### ADDISON, JOSEPH.

Peace to all such ! but were there one  
whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame in-  
spires ;

Bless'd with each talent and each art to  
please,

And born to write, converse, and live  
with ease ;

Should such a man, too fond to rule  
alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near  
the throne ;

View him with scornful, yet with jeal-  
ous eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to  
rise ;

Damn with faint praise, assent with  
civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to  
sneer ;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to  
strike,

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,

A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers be-

sieged,  
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause ;

While wits and Templars every sentence  
raise,

And wonder with a foolish face of  
praise—

Who but must laugh, if such a man  
there be ?

Who would not weep, if Atticus were  
he ?

POPE. *Satires and Epistles*. Prologue to  
*Dr. Arbuthnot*. i. 193.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss con-  
veyed

A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

THOMAS TICKELL. *On the Death of Mr.*  
*Addison*. i. 45.

There taught us how to live ; and (oh,  
too high

The price for knowledge) taught us how  
to die.

*Ibid.* *On the Death of Mr. Addison*. i. 81.  
(See under EXAMPLE.)

Whoever wishes to attain an English  
style, familiar but not coarse, and ele-  
gant but not ostentatious, must give his  
days and nights to the volumes of Ad-  
dison.

JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets*. *Addison*.

### ADMIRATION.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel ;  
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a

belle.

LORD LITTLETON. *Soliloquy on a Beauty*  
*in the Country*.

We always like those who admire us :  
we do not always like those whom we  
admire.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 294.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

A fool always finds one still more foolish to admire him.

BOILEAU. *Le Art Poétique*. i. 232.

If Nature wishes to make a man estimable, she gives virtues; if she wishes to make him esteemed, she gives success. JOUBERT. *Pensées*. No. 149. (ATTWELL, trans.)

### ADVERSITY.

(See MISFORTUNE, SORROW.)

If thou faint in the day of thy adversity thy strength is small.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxiv. 10.

Εὐτυχῶν μὲν μέτριος ἴσθι, ἀτυχῶν δὲ φρόνιμος.

Be modest in good fortune, prudent in misfortune.

PERIANDER. (*Stobæus, Florilegium*, iii. 79, η.)

Remember that there is nothing stable in human affairs; therefore avoid undue elation in prosperity, or undue depression in adversity.

ISOCRATES. *Ad Demonicum*. iv. 42. (*Stevens*, p. 11, E.)

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics) that "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

BACON. *Essays: Of Adversity*.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship. The Hero as Man of Letters*.

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 25.

"It seems to me, Cyrus, to be more difficult to find a man unspoilt by prosperity than one unspoilt by adversity."

XENOPHON. *Cyropaëdia*. viii. 4, 14.

Melius in malis sapimus, secunda rectum auferunt.

We become wiser by adversity; prosperity destroys our appreciation of the right.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucillum*. xciv.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene; Prosperity conceals his brightest ray; As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 9. l. 406.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater.

HAZLITT. *Sketches and Essays. On the Conversation of Lords*.

In adversity it is easy to despise life; the truly brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.

MARTIAL. Bk. xi. Ep. 56.

Secunda felices, adversa magnos probrant.

Prosperity proves the fortunate, adversity the great.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Panegyric*. 31.

Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.

Gold is tried by fire, brave men by affliction.

SENECA. *De Providentia*. v. 9.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New.

BACON. *Of Adversity*.

Friar Lawrence. Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 55.

Duke. Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 12.

Griffith. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

And found the blessedness of being little.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 64.

Nothing is a misery, Unless our weakness apprehend it so: We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,

In anything that's manly, than to make  
Ill fortune as contemptible to us  
As it makes us to others.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Honest  
Man's Fortune*. Act i. Sc 1.

*Artevelde*. What time to tardy consum-  
mation brings

Calamity, like to a frosty night  
That ripeneth the grain, completes at  
once.

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip von Artevelde*.  
Pt. i. Act iv. Sc. 2.

When pain can't bless, heaven quits us  
in despair.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 9. l. 500.

Virtue is like precious odors,—most  
fragrant when they are incensed or  
crushed.

BACON. *Of Adversity*.

As aromatic plants bestow  
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;  
But crushed or trodden to the ground,  
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH. *The Captivity*. Act i.

The good are better made by ill,  
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

ROGERS. *Jacqueline*. St. 3.

Let us be patient! These severe afflic-  
tions

Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation*.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*Ibid.* *The Light of Stars*. St. 9.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best.

GRAY. *Hymn to Adversity*.

A man I am, cross'd with adversity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1.

*Romeo*. One writ with me in sour mis-  
fortune's book.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v. Sc. 3.

*2d Murderer*. I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the  
world

Have so incensed that I am reckless  
what

I do to spite the world.

*1st Murderer*. And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with for-  
tune,

That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

O suffering, sad humanity!

O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, yet afraid to die,

Patient, though sorely tried!

LONGFELLOW. *The Goblet of Life*.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

ARMSTRONG. *Art of Preserving Health*.  
Bk. iv. l. 260.

Adversity is the first path to truth:

He who hath proved war, storm, or  
woman's rage,

Whether his winters be eighteen or  
eighty,

Has won the experience which is deemed  
so weighty.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xii. St. 50.

## ADVICE.

(See also COMFORT.)

Who cannot give good counsel? 'Tis  
cheap, it costs them nothing.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*.  
Pt. ii. Sec. 2. Memb. 3.

Nothing is given so profusely as ad-  
vice.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 110.

Many receive advice, only the wise  
profit by it.

PUBLIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 152.

We give advice, but we cannot give the  
wisdom to profit by it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 97.

Let no man value at a little price

A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd  
spirit

Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly  
words.

CHAPMAN. *The Gentleman Usher*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises.  
BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*. l. 33.

*K. Henry*. Friendly counsel cuts off  
many foes.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 185.

*Adriana*. A wretched soul, bruis'd with  
adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;  
But were we burthen'd with like weight  
of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves  
complain.

*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

We all, when we are well, give good advice  
to the sick.

TERENCE. *Andria*. ii. l. 9.

*Leonato*. I pray thee cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act v. Sc. i. l. 68.

*Polonius*. Give every man thine ear,  
but few thy voice ;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 68.

Know when to speak—for many times  
it brings

Danger, to give the best advice to kings.  
HERRICK. *Aph. Caution in Council*.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be  
true ;

Blunt truths more mischief than nice  
falsehoods do.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. l. 13.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,  
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. l. 19.

Advice is seldom welcome ; and those  
who want it the most, always like it the  
least.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letters to his Son*,  
29th Jan., 1748.

We ask advice, but we mean appro-  
bation.

COLTON. *Lacon*.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

'Twas good advice, and meant, My son,  
be good.

CRABBE. *The Learned Boy*.

Good advice is one of those injuries  
which a good man ought, if possible, to  
forgive, but at all events to forget at  
once.

HORACE SMITH. *The Tin Trumpet*. *Advice*.

The worst men often give the best advice.  
Our deeds are sometimes better than our  
thoughts.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *A Village Feast*.

Consult the dead upon the things that  
were,

But the living only on things that are.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. i.

She had a good opinion of advice,  
Like all who give and eke receive it  
gratis,  
For which small thanks are still the  
market price.

BYRON. *Don Juan*.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,  
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight  
blast,

Is that portentous phrase, "I told you  
so,"

Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the  
past,

Who, 'stead of saying what you now  
should do,

Own they foresaw that you would fall at  
last,

And solace your slight lapse 'gainst  
"bonos mores,"

With a long memorandum of old stories.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 50.

## AFFECTATION.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head  
aside ;

Faints into airs, and languishes with  
pride ;

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming  
woe,

Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for  
show.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto iv. l. 31.

In man or woman, but far most in man,  
And most of all in man that ministers,  
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
All affection. 'Tis my perfect scorn:  
Object of my implacable disgust.

COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. l. 414.

### AFFECTION.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on  
fire,

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire  
hath none.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*. l. 387.

For the affection of young ladies is of  
as rapid growth as Jack's beanstalk, and  
reaches up to the sky in a night.

THACKERAY. *Vanity Fair*. Ch. iv.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine spun  
threads our affections are drawn together.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey*.

Deep is a wounded heart, and strong  
A voice that cries against a mighty  
wring;

And full of death as a hot wind's blight,  
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.

F. HEMANS. *The Indian City*. iii.

There are some feelings Time cannot  
benumb,

Nor Torture shake, or mine would now  
be cold and dumb.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 19.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection  
never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its  
waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall  
fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth re-  
turns again to the fountain.

LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline*. Pt. ii. l. 1.

### AGE (Middle).

*Falstaff*. Your lordship, though not  
clean past your youth, hath yet some  
smack of age in you, some relish of the  
saltness of time; and I most humbly  
beseech your lordship to have a reverend  
care of your health.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 91.

We that are in the vaward of our  
youth.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. l. 166.

Fat, fair, and forty.

SCOTT. *St. Ronan's Well*. Ch. vii.

I am resolved to grow fat, and look young  
till forty.

DRYDEN. *The Maiden Queen*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1.

Mrs. Trench, in a letter, February 18, 1816,  
writes: "Lord ——— is going to marry  
Lady ———, a fat, fair, and fifty card-play-  
ing resident of the Crescent."

A man of forty is either a fool or a  
physician.

OLD PROVERB.

*Mrs. Quickly*. Will you cast away your child  
on a fool, and physician?

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Wind-  
sor*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

Be wise with speed;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire ii. l. 282.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the  
same.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 1. l. 417.

He who at fifty is a fool,  
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse: Slander*.

*Hamlet*. At your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's  
humble,

And waits upon the judgment.

\* \* \* \* \*

O shame! where is thy blush? Re-  
bellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no  
shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the  
charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
And reason panders will.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 69.

She, though in full-blown flower of  
glorious beauty,  
Grows cold even in the summer of her  
age.

DRYDEN. *Ædipus*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,

And sweet the old man's rest—  
But middle age by no fond wile,  
No soothing calm is blest.

KEBLE. *The Christian Year. St. Philip  
and St. James. St. 3.*

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin  
That never has known the barber's  
shear,

All your wish is woman to win,  
This is the way that boys begin,—

Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,—  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to Forty Year.

THACKERAY. *The Age of Wisdom.*

Of all the barb'rous middle ages, that  
Which is most barbarous is the middle  
age

Of man; it is—I really scarce know  
what;

But when we hover between fool and  
sage,

And don't know justly what we would  
be at—

A period something like a printed page,  
Black letter upon fool's-cap, while our  
hair

Grows grizzled, and we are not what we  
were;—

Too old for youth—too young, at thirty-  
five,

To herd with boys, or hoard with good  
three-score,—

I wonder people should be left alive;  
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:  
Love lingers still, although 'twere late  
to wive;

And as for other love, the illusions' o'er;  
And money, that most pure imagination,  
Gleams only through the dawn of its  
creation.

BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto xii. St. 1  
and 2.*

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth:  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake. Canto i. St. 21.*

## AGE (OLD).

In a good old age.

*Old Testament. Genesis xv. 15.*

Old and well stricken in age.

*Ibid. Genesis xviii. 11.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory.

*Ibid. Proverbs xvi. 31.*

Bring down my gray hairs with sor-  
row to the grave.

*Ibid. Genesis xlii. 38.*

Men of age object too much, consult  
too long, adventure too little, repent too  
soon, and seldom drive business home to  
the full period, but content themselves  
with a mediocrity of success.

BACON. *Essay xlii. Of Youth and Age.*

Man in no one respect resembles wine;  
For man by age is made intolerable;  
But age improves all wine.

ALEXIS.

*Regan.* O, sir! you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear. Act. ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 145.*

*Falstaff.* You, that are old, consider  
not the capacities of us that are young;  
you do measure the heat of our livers  
with the bitterness of your galls; and  
we that are in the vaward of our youth,  
I must confess, are wags too.

*Chief Justice.* Do you set down your  
name in the scroll of youth, that are  
written down old with all the charac-  
ters of age? Have you not a moist eye,  
a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white  
beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing  
belly? Is not your voice broken, your  
wind short, your chin double, your wit  
single, and every part about you blasted  
with antiquity? and will you yet call  
yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Falstaff.* My lord, I was born about  
three of the clock in the afternoon, with  
a white head and something a round  
belly. For my voice, I have lost it  
with halloing and singing of anthems.  
To approve my youth further, I will not:  
the truth is, I am only old in judgement  
and understanding; and he that will  
caper with me for a thousand marks, let  
him lend me the money, and have at him.

*Ibid. II. Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 164.*

*Falstaff.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart.

*King Henry V.* I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers; How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act. v. Sc. 4. l. 47.

*King.* Let me not live, After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire before their fashions.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act. i. Sc. 2. l. 58.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

HOLMES. *The Last Leaf.*

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things,—old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.

BACON. *Apothegms.* 97.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read! —Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things.

MELCHIOR. *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o Sentencias.* ii. l. 20.

'Tis not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweet-heart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.

JOHN WEBSTER. *Westward Ho.* Act. ii. Sc. 2.

Old friends are best, King James us'd to call for his Old Shoes, they were easiest for his Feet.

SELDEN. *Table Talk.* *Friends.*

What find you better or more honorable than age? \* \* \* Take the preheminenence of it in everything;—in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *Antiquary.* Act. ii. Sc. 1.

*Hardcastle.* I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act. i. Sc. 1.

It's an overcome sooth fo' age an' youth,  
And it brooks wi' nae denial,  
That the dearest friends are the auldest  
friends,  
And the young are just on trial.  
ROBT. LOUIS STEVENSON. *Underwoods.*  
*It's an Overcome Sooth.*

For out of old fieldes, as men saithe,  
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere;  
And out of old bookes, in good faith,  
Cometh al this new science that men lere,  
CHAUCER. *Assembly of Fowles.* St. 4.

What a sense of security in an old book which Time has criticised for us!  
LAMB. *Library of Old Authors.*

*K. Richard.* I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 73.

*Othello.* For I am declined  
Into the vale of years.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 269.

*Adam.* And He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age!

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 43.

*Adam.* Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead  
woo

The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 47.

*Orlando.* O good old man! how well  
in thee appears

The constant service of the antique  
world,

When service sweat for duty, not for  
meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these  
times,

Where none will sweat, but for pro-  
motion.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 56.

*Ægeon.* Though now this grained face  
of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled  
snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze  
up

Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer  
left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 310.

*Leonato*. Time hath not yet so dried  
this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my  
means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of  
friends,

But they shall find, awaked in such a  
kind,

Both strength of limb and policy of  
mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado about Nothing*. Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 193.

*Metellus*. O, let us have him, for his  
silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our  
deeds:

It shall be said his judgment ruled our  
hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit  
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 144.

*Lear*. O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet  
sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 188.

*Young Clifford*. The silver livery of  
advised age.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 47.

Green old age.

VIRGIL.

[There is no other locution that has been so persistently twisted from its legitimate meaning. It is a literal translation of Virgil's description of Charon, the ferryman of the nether regions. The poet speaks of him as "*Jam senior; sed cruda deo viridisque senectus* (somewhat aged; but his

godship's old age was still fresh and green). This we might say of a hale sexagenarian; but to talk, as we do, of the green old age of a nonogenarian, however hale, is sheer nonsense. In describing the preparations made by Galgacus, the leader of the Britons, to give battle to the Roman legions at the foot of the Grampians, the historian uses the very words applied by Virgil to Charon. "Already," he says, "there were upwards of thirty thousand armed warriors to be seen; while all the youth kept pouring in, and those whose old age was still fresh and green (*quibus cruda ac viridis senectus*)."]

His hair just grizzled

As in a green old age.

DRYDEN. *Edipus*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

A green old age, unconscious of decays,  
That proves the hero born in better days.  
HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xxiii. l. 925. (POPE, trans.)

An age that melts with unperceived  
decay,

And glides in modest innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day Benevolence en-  
dears,

Whose night congratulating Conscience  
cheers;

The general favorite as the general  
friend:

Such age there is, and who shall wish  
its end?

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.  
l. 293.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 5. l. 775.

Remote from cities liv'd a Swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage.

GAY. *Fables. The Shepherd and the Philosopher*.

*Jacques*. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on  
side,

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world  
too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big  
manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes

And whistles in his sound.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 157.

What though she be toothless and  
bald as a coote?

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. v.

*Macbeth.* I have lived long enough : my way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,

Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny,  
and dare not.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 22.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

*Ibid.* Sonnet lxxiii.

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys

Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,  
At every little breath misfortune blows,

'Till left quite naked of their happiness,  
In the chill blasts of winter they expire ;

This is the common lot.

YOUNG.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;

The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief

Are mine alone !

BYRON. *On this day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year.*

When he's forsaken,

Wither'd and shaken,

What can an old man do but die ?

HOOD. *Spring it is Cheery.*

Old men are testy, and will have their way.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 34.

*Dogberry.* A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing.* Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 32.

Chiefs, who no more in bloody fight engage,

But wise through time, and narrative with age,

In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,

A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

HOMER. *Iliad.* Bk. iii. l. 199. (POPE, trans.)

Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts

The feats of youth.

THOMSON. *The Seasons (Autumn).* l. 1231.

As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate

Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state

With the old men, too old and weak to fight,

Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight

To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,

Of Trojans and Achaians in the field ;

So from the snowy summits of our years

We see you in the plain, as each appears,

And question of you ; asking, "Who is he

That towers above the others ? Which may be

Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,

Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus ?"

LONGFELLOW. *Moriturus Salutamus.*

Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him

In soul and aspect as in age : years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 8.

Years following years, steal something every day ;

At last they steal us from ourselves away.

POPE. *Epistle ii.* Bk. ii.

What though youth gave love and roses,

Age still leaves us friends and wine.

MOORE. *Spring and Autumn.*

Age is a tyrant who forbids at the penalty of life all the pleasures of youth.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 461.

Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,

Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?

With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?

Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?

Man wants but little ; nor that little long ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See under CONTENTMENT.

How soon must he resign his very dust,  
Which frugal nature lent him for an  
hour!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 4. l. 114.

Hides from himself his state, and shuns  
to know

That life protracted is protracted woe.  
JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*. l. 257.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.  
*Ibid.* *Vanity of Human Wishes*. l. 308.

Few people know how to be old.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Mazim* 448.

To know how to grow old is the master-  
work of wisdom, and one of the most diffi-  
cult chapters in the great art of living.

AMIEL. *Journal*. Sept. 14, 1874 (MRS.  
HUMPHREY WARD, trans.)

The monumental pomp of age  
Was with this goodly personage;  
A stature undepressed in size,  
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
In open victory o'er the weight  
Of seventy years, to loftier height.

WORDSWORTH. *The White Doe of Rylstone*.  
Canto iii. l. 146.

"You are old, Father William," the  
young man cried;

"The few locks which are left you are  
gray;

You are hale, Father William,—a hearty  
old man:

Now tell me the reason I pray."

SOUTHEY. *The Old Man's Comforts, and how  
he Gained Them*.

Venerable men! you have come down  
to us from a former generation. Heaven  
has bounteously lengthened out your  
lives, that you might behold this joyous  
day.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Address at Laying the  
Corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monu-  
ment*, June 17, 1825.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,  
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's  
conquering foe!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 12.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Must lie as low as ours.

WATTS. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*.  
Bk. ii. Hymn 63.

O good gray head which all men knew.  
TENNYSON. *On the Death of the Duke of  
Wellington*. St. 4.

Plenus annis abiit, plenus honoribus.

He is gone from us, full of years and  
full of honours.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Epistole*. ii. 1.

To be seventy years young is some-  
times far more cheerful and hopeful than  
to be forty years old.

O. W. HOLMES. *Letter to Julia Ward Howe  
on her seventieth birthday*. May 27, 1889.

We do not count a man's years, until  
he has nothing else to count.

EMERSON. *Society and Solitude*. *Old Age*.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with  
the boys?

If there has, take him out, without mak-  
ing a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cata-  
logue's spite!

Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-  
night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who  
says we are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show  
him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes!  
*white* if you please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest  
there's nothing can freeze.

HOLMES. *The Boys*.

The proverb says that old men grow into  
second childhood.

LUCIAN. *Saturnalia*.

An old man's twice a child.

MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Old men are twice boys.

ARISTOPHANES. *Nubes*. 1417.

Old men are twice children.

RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers*. Act iii. Sc. 6.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst,  
With more and greater evils than the first:  
Weak, sickly, full of pains, in every breath;  
Railing at life and yet afraid of death.

CHURCHILL. *Gotham*. Bk. i. l. 215.

Old age is an incurable disease.

SENECA. *Works*. *Epistles*. No. 108.

(Thomas Lodge, Editor.)

When a man fell into his anecdotage  
it was a sign for him to retire.

DISRAELI. *Lothair*. Ch. xxviii.

The fears of old age disturb us, yet  
how few attain it?

LA BRUYÈRE. *Characters. Of Man.*  
(ROWE, trans.)

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear  
old age; that is, we are willing to live,  
and afraid to die.

*Ibid.*

Every man desires to live long; but  
no man would be old.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*  
*Moral and Diverting.*

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,  
And count their youthful follies o'er,  
Till Memory lends her light no more.

SCOTT. *Rokeby. Canto v. St. 1.*

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in  
the prospect. Age looks back on the  
happiness of youth, and, instead of hopes,  
seeks its enjoyment in the recollections  
of hope.

COLRIDGE. *Table Talk. Additional Table*  
*Talk. Youth and Age.*

What makes old age so sad is, not that  
our joys, but that our hopes then cease.

RICHTER. *Titan. Cycle 34.* (BROOKS,  
trans.)

Old men's prayers for death are lying  
prayers, in which they abuse old age  
and long extent of life. But when death  
draws near, not one is willing to die,  
and age no longer is a burden to them.

EURIPIDES. *Alcestis. 669.*

The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground:

'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,

When pain grows sharp, and sickness  
rages,

The greatest love of life appears.

HESTER L. THRALE. *Three Warnings.*

Mater ait natæ, dic natæ, natam

Ut moneat natæ, plangere filiolum.

The mother to her daughter spake:

"Daughter," said she, "arise!

Thy daughter to her daughter take,

Whose daughter's daughter cries."

*A Distich, according to Zwinger, on a Lady  
of the Dalburg Family who saw her de-  
scendants to the sixth generation.*

The mothers said to her daughter, "Daugh-  
ter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that  
her daughter's daughter hath a daughter:

GEORGE HAKEWILL. *Apologie. Bk. iii.*  
Ch. v. Sec. 9.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all  
the clime.

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel. Bk. i. St. 25.*

Drawing near her death, she sent most  
pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven;  
and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness  
through the chinks of her sickness-  
broken body.

FULLER. *Life of Monica.*

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and de-  
cay'd,

Lets in new light through chinks that time  
has made.

\*Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER. *On his Divine Poems.*

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,

Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,

And en-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN. *Abalom and Achitophel. Pt.*  
i. l. 156.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has  
made.

ROGERS. *Pæstum. l. 59.*

As that the walls worn thin, permit the  
mind

To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *History of the Civil War.*  
Bk. iv. St. 84.

When men grow virtuous in their old  
age they are merely making a sacrifice  
to God of the devil's leavings.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Occasions.*

Thus fares it still in our decay:

And yet the wiser mind

Mourns less for what age takes away

Than what it leaves behind.

WORDSWORTH. *The Fountain. St. 9.*

*Ternissa.* O what a thing is age!

*Leontion.* Death without death's quiet.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Epi-  
curus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

Whatever poet, orator, or sage

May say of it, old age is still old age.

LONGFELLOW. *Morituri Salutamus.*

## AGNOSTICISM.

He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.

*New Testament.* 1 Timothy v. 8.

I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of "agnostic." It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the "Gnostic" of Church history who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant, and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened was, of course, completely lulled.

HUXLEY. *Christianity and Agnosticism: a Controversy.*

The world, and whatever that be which we call the heavens, by the vault of which all things are enclosed, we must conceive to be a deity, to be eternal, without bounds, neither created nor subject at any time to destruction. To inquire what is beyond it is no concern of man; nor can the human mind form any conjecture concerning it.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History.* Bk. ii. Sec. 1.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the great head of things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs.

*Ibid.*

I am going to take a frightful leap in the dark.

THOMAS HOBBES.

[Lord Derby used to characterize his Reform Bill of 1867 sometimes as a "dishing of the Whigs," sometimes as "a leap in the dark." But he did not coin the latter phrase. It is to be found (quoted) in Lord Byron's diary, under date December 5, 1813: "The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded." The originator is probably Hobbes, who, on his death-bed (1679), is reported to have said: "I am going to take a frightful leap in the dark." Somewhat analogous is Rabelais's death-bed expression in 1553: "I am going in search of a great Perhaps." ("*Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-estre*"); and, indeed, we find this Englished by Motteux in his *Life* as "I am just going to leap into the dark."] ]

His religion at best is an anxious wish,—like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.

CARLYLE. *Essays.* Burns.

Ah, well a day, for we are souls bereaved!

Of all the creatures under heaven's wide scope

We are most hopeless who had once most hope

And most beliefless who had once believed.

CLOUGH. *Dysichus.*

So runs my dream: but what am I?

An infant crying in the night;

An infant crying for the light:

And with no language but a cry.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* St. liv.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here, as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle

and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Dover Beach.* l. 29.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd

Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn

Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* xxvi.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore

Came out by the same door where in I went.

*Ibid.* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* xxvii.

## AGRICULTURE.

Let us never forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech,* Boston, Jan. 13, 1840. *The Agriculture of England.*

When tillage begins, other arts follow.  
The farmers therefore are the founders  
of human civilization.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*, Boston, Jan.  
13, 1840. *The Agriculture of England*.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a  
prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men  
decay :

Princes and lords may flourish or may  
fade ;

A breath can make them, as a breath  
has made ;

But a bold peasantry, their country's  
pride,

When once destroyed, can never be sup-  
plied.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. 1. 51.

Trade increases the wealth and glory  
of a country ; but its real strength and  
stamina are to be looked for among the  
cultivators of the land.

LORD CHATHAM.

The life of the husbandman,—a life  
fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened  
by the airs of heaven.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *The Husbandman's  
Life*.

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble  
strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to  
stray ;

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their  
way.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.  
St. 19. 1. 73.

In sober state,

Through the sequestered vale of rural life,  
The venerable patriarch guileless held  
The tenor of his way.

BELBY PORTEUS. *Death*. 1. 108.

The little smiling cottage ! where at eve  
He meets his rosy children at the door,  
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest  
wife,

With good brown cake and bacon slice,  
intent

To cheer his hunger after labor hard.

DYER. *The Fleecce*. i. 120.

For them no more the blazing hearth  
shall burn

Or busy housewife ply her evening  
care ;

No children run to lisp their sire's  
return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
share.

GRAY. *Elegy*. St. 8.

At length his lonely cot appears in  
view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,

stacher through  
To meet their dad, w' flichterin noise  
and glee.

His wee-bit ingle, blinking bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty

wifie's smile  
The lispin infant prattling on his  
knee,

Does a' his weary kiaugh and care  
beguile,

And makes him quite forget his labour  
an' his toil.

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. 1. 19.

Then gathering round his bed, they  
climb to share

His kisses, and with gentle violence  
there,

Break in upon a dream not half so fair.

ROGERS. *Human Life*.

### AIM.

*Macbeth*. Time, thou anticipatest my  
dread exploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it : from this  
moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act. iv. Sc. 1.  
1. 144.

*Desdemona*. Men's natures wrangle with  
inferior things,

Though great ones are their object.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act. iii. Sc. 4. 1. 151.

When men are arrived at the goal,  
they should not turn back.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children*.

Do not turn back when you are just at the  
goal.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 580.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

HERBERT. *The Elixir*.

The man who consecrates his hours  
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life and death.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 2. l. 185.

Of every noble action, the intent  
Is to give worth reward—vice punish-  
ment.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Captain*.  
Act v. Sc. 5.

In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they  
intend.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 55.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart  
is to take aim kneeling.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. (*In Conversation*.)

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim  
At objects in an airy height:  
The little pleasure of the game  
Is from afar to view the flight.

PRIOR. *To the Hon. Charles Montague*.

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though  
he be sure he shall never hit the mark:  
yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher  
than he who aims at a bush.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. ii.

Who aimeth at the skie  
Shoots higher much than he that means a  
tree.

HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church  
Porch*. St. 56.

They build too low, who build beneath  
the stars.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 8. l. 215.

A noble aim,  
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;  
In whose pure sight all virtue doth suc-  
ceed.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems dedicated to Na-  
tional Independence and Liberty*. Pt.  
ii. xix.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed  
As, God be thanked! I do not.

BROWNING. *The Inn Album*. iv. l. 450.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great  
the life:

Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to  
fate!

*Ibid.* *Bishop Blougram's Apology*. l. 494.

*Pembroke*. When workmen strive to do  
better than well

They do confound their skill in covetous-  
ness.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 2.  
l. 28.

*Albany*. How far your eyes may pierce I can-  
not tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 346.

Slight not what's near through aim-  
ing at what's far.

EURIPIDES. *Rhesus*. 482.

I hear you reproach, "But delay was  
best,

For their end was a crime."—Oh, a  
crime will do

As well, I reply, to serve for a test,  
As a virtue golden through and through,  
Sufficient to vindicate itself

And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it  
will!

The counter our lovers staked was lost  
As surely as if it were lawful coin:

And the sin I impute to each frustrate  
ghost

Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a vice, I  
say.

BROWNING. *The Statue and the Bust*.  
l. 288.

*Ogni*. Ever judge of men by their  
professions! For though the bright  
moment of promising is but a moment  
and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere  
in its moment's extravagant goodness,  
why, trust it, and know the man by it,  
I say,—not by his performance; which  
is half the world's work, interfere as the  
world needs must, with its accidents  
and circumstances: the profession was  
purely the man's own. I judge people  
by what they might be,—not are, nor  
will be.

*Ibid.* *A Soul's Tragedy*.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to  
pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit :

This high man, aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—should he  
need the next,

Let the world mind him !

This throws himself on God, and unper-  
plexed

Seeking shall find him.

BROWNING. *A Grammarian's Funeral*.  
l. 113.

Lofty designs must close in like effects.

*Ibid.* *A Grammarian's Funeral*. l. 146.

Whosoe'er would reach the rose,

Treads the crocus under foot.

MRS. BROWNING. *Bertha in the Lane*.

### ALLITERATION.

Who often, but without success, have  
pray'd

For apt Alliteration's artful aid.

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine*.  
l. 85.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,

Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.

Cossack commanders cannonading come,

Dealing destruction's devastating doom.

Every endeavor engineers essay,

For fame, for fortune fighting,—furious  
fray !

Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gra-  
cious God !

How honors Heaven heroic hardihood !

Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,

Just Jesus, instant innocence instill !

Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred  
kill.

Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines ;

Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid motes,  
'mid murderous mines.

Now noxious, noisy numbers, nothing,  
naught,

Of outward obstacles opposing ought ;

Poor patriots partly purchased, partly  
pressed,

Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter,  
quarter!" quest ;

Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
Suzarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.

Truce to thee, Turkey ! Triumph to  
thy train,

Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine !

Vanish vain victory ! vanish victory  
vain !

Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore wel-  
come were

Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier ?

Yield, ye youths ! ye yeomen, yield  
your yell !

Zeno's, Zayater's, Zoroaster's zeal,

Attracting all, arms against acts appeal !  
Et cæterâ, et cæterâ, et cæterâ.

ANON. *Alliteration, or the Siege of Bel-  
grade*.

### ALONE.

And the Lord God said, *It is not good  
that the man should be alone ; I will  
make him a help meet for him.*

*Old Testament. Genesis ii. 18.*

In solitude

What happiness who can enjoy alone ?

Or all enjoying what contentment find ?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 364.

No man is born unto himself alone ;

Who lives unto himself, he lives to none.

QUARLES. *History of Queen Esther*. Sc.  
l. Med. l.

The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman  
smiled.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii. l. 37.

Man was not formed to live alone :

I'll be that light, unmeaning thing

That smiles with all, and weeps with  
none.

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces : One Struggle  
More*.

*Alone!*—that worn-out word,

So idly spoken, and so coldly heard ;

Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath  
known,

Of hope laid waste, knells in that word—

ALONE !

BULWER-LYTON. *The New Timon*. Pt. ii.

When you have shut your doors, and  
darkened your room, remember never  
to say that you are alone, for you are  
not alone ; but God is within, and your  
genius is within,—and what need have  
they of light to see what you are doing ?

EPICETUS. *Discourses*. Ch. xiv.

He is never less at leisure than when at  
leisure, nor less alone than when he is  
alone.

CICERO. *De Officiis*. Bk. iii. Ch. i.

I was never less alone than when by myself.

GIBBON. *Life of Edward Gibbon*, by Milman. Ch. v.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *The Arcadia*. Bk. i.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!  
Who think it solitude, to be alone.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 3. l. 6.

Then never less alone than when alone.

SAM'L ROGERS. *Human Life*. l. 759.

In solitude, when we are *least* alone.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 90.

When is man strong until he feels alone?

Colombe's *Birth-day*. Act iii.

'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;

It hath no flatterers; vanity can give  
No hollow aid; alone—man with his  
God must strive.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 33.

When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto ii. *Introduction*. l. 134.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one

Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.

MOORE. *Oft in the Stilly Night*.

Alone, alone—all, all alone,

Alone on a wide, wide sea.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. iv.

And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:

But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 13.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise

And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems founded on the Affections*. viii.

All we ask is to be let alone.

JEFFERSON DAVIS. *First Message to the Confederate Congress*, March, 1861.

Why should we faint and fear to live  
alone,

Since all alone, so Heaven has willed,  
we die,

Nor e'en the tenderest heart, and next  
our own

Knows half the reasons why we smile  
and sigh?

KEBLE. *The Christian Year*. *Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity*.

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,

With echoing straits between us  
thrown,

Dotting the shoreless watery wild,

We mortal millions live alone.

The islands feel the encircling flow,  
And then their endless bounds they  
know.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Switzerland*.

How lonely we are in the world! how  
selfish and secret of everybody!

Ah, sir, a distinct universe walks about  
under your hat and under mine,—all  
things in nature are different to each,—  
the woman we look at has not the same  
features, the dish we eat from has not  
the same taste to one and the other,—  
you and I are but a pair of infinite iso-  
lations, with some fellow-islands a little  
more or less near to us.

THACKERAY. *Pendennis*.

## ALTRUISM.

And as ye would that men should do  
to you, do ye also to them likewise.

*New Testament*. Luke vi. 31.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would  
that men should do to you, do ye even so to  
them: for this is the law and the prophets.

*Ibid.* Matthew vii. 12.

What I do not wish men to do to me, I  
also wish not to do to them.

CONFUCIUS. *Analecfs*. Bk. v. Ch. xi.  
(LEGGE, translator.)

'Α πάσχοντες ἰφ' ἑτέρων ὀργίζεσθε, ταῦτα τοὺς ἄλλους μὴ ποιεῖτε.

Do not do to others what angers you if done to you by others.

ISOCRATES. *Nicocles*. xiii. 61. (*Stephens*. p. 39, c.)

And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 2.

Men are used as they use others.

PILPAY. *The King who became Just*. Fable ix.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.

Look to be treated by others as you have treated others.

PUBLIUS SYRUS. 1.

The question was once put to him, how we ought to behave to our friends; and the answer he gave was, "As we should wish our friends to behave to us."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Aristotle*. xi.

We ought to do our neighbour all the good we can. If you do good, good will be done to you; but if you do evil, the same will be measured back to you again.

*Dabschelim and Pilpay*. Ch. i.

Conduct thyself towards thy parents as thou wouldst wish thy children to conduct themselves towards thee.

ISOCRATES. *Ad Demonicum*. iv. 14. (*Stephens*, p. 4, E.)

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy self.

*Old Testament*. Leviticus xix. 18.

For this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbor for God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Pt. ii. Sec. 14.

*Wolsey*. Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 443.

He husbands best his life, that freely gives

It for the publick good; he rightly lives,

That nobly dies: 'tis greatest mastery, Not to be fond to live, nor feare to die On just occasion; he that (in case) despises

Life, earns it best; but he that over-prizes

His dearest blood, when honour bids him die,

Steals but a life, and lives by robbery.

QUARLES. *History of Esther*. Sec. 15. Med. 15.

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;

But common interest always will prevail:

And pity never ceases to be shown

To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i. l. 723.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

LEIGH HUNT. *About ben Adhem*.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

*Ibid*. *About ben Adhem*.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

*Ibid*. *About ben Adhem*.

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence:

. . . . .

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.

So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT. *O May I Join the Choir Invisible*.

Still glides the stream, and shall forever  
glide;

The Form remains, the Function never  
dies;

While we, the brave, the mighty, and  
the wise,

We Men, who in our morn of youth  
defied

The elements, must vanish;—be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands  
have power

To live, and act, and serve the future  
hour;

And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's  
transcendent dower,

We feel that we are greater than we  
know.

WORDSWORTH. *After-Thought*.

Were a star quenched on high,

For ages would its light,

Still travelling downward from the sky,

Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,

For years beyond our ken,

The light he leaves behind him lies

Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW. *Charles Sumner*.

When good men die their goodness does  
not perish,

But lives though they are gone. As for  
the bad,

All that was theirs dies and is buried  
with them.

EURIPIDES. *Temenidæ*. Frag. 734.

To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die.

CAMPBELL. *Hallowed Ground*.

But whether on the scaffold high

Or in the battle's van,

The fittest place where man can die

Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL J. BARRY: *The Dublin  
Nation*, September 28, 1844. vol.  
ii. p. 809.

Everything that lives,  
Lives not alone nor for itself.

BLAKE. *The Book of Thel*. ii.

To rest the weary and to soothe the  
sad,

Doth lessen happier men, and shames  
at least the bad.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 68.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;  
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the  
bliss!

BURNS. *A Winter Night*. l. 87.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote  
on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,  
passed in music out of sight.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. l. 33.

### AMBER.

E'en such small critics some regard may  
claim

Preserved in Milton's or in Shakes-  
peare's name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or  
worms.

The things, we know, are neither rich  
nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got  
there.

POPE. *Prologue to Satires*. l. 169.

The last line seems to be a reminiscence  
of Dryden:

And wonders how the devil they durst come  
there.

*Prologue to The Husband his own Cuckold*.

If Pope plagiarized, he has been plagia-  
rized from in turn. Thus Sidney Smith  
wrote of Canning:

He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about  
the fly. The only question is, "How the  
devil did it get there?"

*Peter Plymley's Letters*.

A less obvious resemblance is the follow-  
ing:

"No!" cried the staring Monarch with a  
grin;

"How, how the devil got the Apple in?"

JOHN WOLCOTT (Peter Pindar). *The  
Apple Dumplings and a King*.

The bee enclosed and through the amber  
shown,

Seems buried in the juice which was his  
own.

MARTIAL. Bk. iv. 32. vi. 15. (HAY,  
trans.)

While an ant was wandering under  
the shade of the tree of Phæton, a drop  
of amber enveloped the tiny insect;  
thus she, who in life was disregarded,  
became precious by death.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. Bk. vi. Ep. 15.

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants  
entombed and preserved forever in  
amber, a more than royal tomb.

BACON. *Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva  
Sylvarum.* Cent. i. Exper. 100.

I saw a flie within a beade  
Of amber cleanly buried.

HERRICK. *The Amber Bead.*

### AMBITION.

For my part, I had rather be the  
first man among these fellows than the  
second man in Rome.

PLUTARCH. *Cæsar.*

Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐβουλόμην παρὰ τοῦτοις εἶναι  
μᾶλλον πρῶτος ἢ παρὰ Ἑωμαίοις δεύτερος.

I would rather be the first man among  
these fellows, than the second man in  
Rome.

*Ibid.* PLUTARCH. *Lives. Cæsar.*

I would rather sleep in the southern  
corner of a little country churchyard  
than in the tomb of the Capulets.

BURKE. *Letter to Matthew Smith.*

Family vault of "all the Capulets."

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France.* Vol. ii. p. 349.

Alexander wept when he heard from  
Anaxarchus that there was an infinite  
number of worlds; and his friends asking  
him if any accident had befallen  
him, he returns this answer: "Do you  
not think it a matter worthy of lamentation  
that when there is such a vast  
multitude of them, we have not yet con-  
quered one?"

PLUTARCH. *On the Tranquillity of the Mind.*

Whenever Alexander heard Philip  
had taken any town of importance, or  
won any signal victory, instead of re-  
joicing at it altogether, he would tell his  
companions that his father would antic-  
ipate everything, and leave him and  
them no opportunities of performing  
great and illustrious actions.

*Ibid.* *Life of Alexander.*

While Alexander was a boy, Philip  
had great success in his affairs, at which  
he did not rejoice, but told the children  
that were brought up with him, "My  
father will leave me nothing to do."

*Ibid.* *Apophthegms of Kings and Great  
Commanders. Alexander.*

*Antony.* The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the  
rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men,—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to  
me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to  
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers  
fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar  
hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner  
stuff.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. 1. 75.

*Cymbeline.* Cæsar's ambition,

Which swell'd so much that it did  
almost stretch

The sides o' the world.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 47.

*Macbeth.* I have no spur,

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition; which o'erleaps  
itself,

And falls on the other.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7. 1. 25.

*Prince Henry.* Ill-weaved ambition,  
how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a  
spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough.

*Ibid.* *Henry IV.* Pt. i. Act v. Sc. 4. 1. 88.

*Antony.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar  
might

Have stood against the world; now lies he  
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 118.

*Ventidius.* Who does i' the wars more  
than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain: and  
ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice  
of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 21.

*Wolsey*. Mark but my fall and that that  
ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away  
ambition :

By that sin fell the angels ; how can  
man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win  
by it ?

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 437.

Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. i. 1. 125.

The desire of power in excess caused the  
angels to fall ; the desire of knowledge in  
excess caused man to fall ; but in charity  
there is no excess, neither can angel or man  
come in danger by it.

BACON. *Essay. On Goodness*.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks  
back ;

And is a swelling, and the last affection  
A high mind can put off ; being both a  
rebel

Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth  
All laws, all conscience, treads upon  
religion,

And offereth violence to nature's self.

BEN JONSON. *Cataline*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

To reign is worth ambition though in  
Hell :

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in  
Heaven.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. 1. 262.

O, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to  
rise,

By mountains pil'd on mountains to the  
skies ?

Heaven still with laughter the vain toil  
surveys,

And buries madmen in the heaps they  
raise.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iv. 1. 74.

*Duke of Guise*. Oft have I levelled, and  
at last have learned

That peril is the chiefest way to happi-  
ness,

And resolution honor's fairest aim.

What glory is there in a common good,  
That hangs for every peasant to achieve ?  
That like I best, that flies beyond my  
reach.

Set me to scale the high pyramides,  
And thereon set the diadem of France ;  
I'll either rend it with my nails to  
nought,  
Or mount the top with my aspiring  
wings,  
Although my downfall be the deepest  
hell.

MARLOWE. *Massacre at Paris*.

Licet ipsa vitium sit ambitio, fre-  
quenter tamen causa virtutum est.

Though ambition itself be a vice, yet  
it is oftentimes the cause of virtues.

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria*. i.  
2, 22.

*Ventidius*. Ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice  
of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 23.

To take a soldier without ambition is to  
pull off his spurs.

BACON. *Essays. Of Ambition*.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner  
things

To low ambition and the pride of kings.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. i. 1. 1.

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. 1. 591.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honors lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 84.

Ambition is our idol, on whose wings  
Great minds are carry'd only to extreme ;  
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.

THOS. SOUTHERNE. *The Loyal Brother*.  
Act i. Sc. 1.

There's no game

So desperate, that the wisest of the wise  
Will not take freely up for love of power,  
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip von Artevelde*.  
Pt. i. (Ackerman.) Act i. Sc. 3.

Mad Ambition ever doth caress  
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness.

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya*. Pt. ii. Act iv.

Mad Ambition's gory hand.

BURNS. *A Winter Night*.

*Gloster.* Virtue is choked with foul ambition.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 144.

*Antony.* The spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 34.

*Rosse.* Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up Thine own life's means.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 35.

*Guildestern.* The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

O fading honours of the dead!  
O high ambition, lowly laid!

SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto ii. St. 10.

*Brutus.* 'Tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 21.

*King Henry.* But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 30.

The true ambition there alone resides,  
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;

Where inward dignity joins outward state,

Our purpose good, as our achievement great;

Where public blessings public praise attend;

Where glory is our motive, not our end.  
Wouldst thou be famed? have those

high acts in view,  
Brave men would act, though scandal should ensue.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire vii. l. 175.

Brutes find out where their talents lie:

A bear will not attempt to fly;

A founder'd horse will oft debate,

Before he tries a five-bar'd gate;

A dog by instinct turns aside,

Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;

But man we find the only creature

Who, led by folly, combats nature;

Who, when she loudly cries—*forbear,*

With obstinacy fixes there;

And, where his genius least inclines,

Absurdly bends his whole designs.

SWIFT. *On Poetry.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. l. 198.

It has never, we believe, been remarked that two of the most striking lines in the description of Achitophel are borrowed, and from a most obscure quarter. In Knolles' *History of the Turks*, printed more than sixty years before the appearance of Absalom and Achitophel, are the following verses, under a portrait of Sultana Mustapha 1:

Greatness on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,

And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land.

The circumstance is the more remarkable, because Dryden has really no couplet more intensely Drydenian, both in thought and expression than this, of which the whole thought, and almost the whole expression are stolen.

MACAULAY. *Essays, Sir William Temple.* Note.

Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as soar.

BURKE. *Letters on the Regicide Peace.* iii. 1797.

He who would climb and soar aloft

Must needs keep ever at his side

The tonic of a wholesome pride.

CLOUGH. *The Higher Courage.*

Let proud Ambition pause  
And sicken at the vanity that prompts  
His little deeds.

MALLETT. *The Excursion.* Canto ii. l. 221.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night 8. l. 225.

I had a soul above buttons.

GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger). *Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market*. Sc. 1.

Ambition is the growth of every clime.

BLAKE. *King Edward the Third*.

Ambition is the only power that combats love.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Cæsar in Egypt*. Act. 1.

When some sad swain shall teach the grove,

Ambition is no cure for love!

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto i. xxvii.

### AMERICA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. *Hail Columbia!*

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,

Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain;

Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,

Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

JOSEPH STORY (1779-1845): *Motto of the "Salem Register."* (*Life of Story*, vol. i. p. 127.)

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1772-1811).  
*Adams and Liberty*.

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing:

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the Pilgrim's pride,

From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

SAM'L F. SMITH. *National Hymn*.

O beautiful and grand,  
My own, my Native Land!

Of thee I boast:

Great Empire of the West,

The dearest and the best,

Made up of all the rest,

I love thee most.

ABRAHAM COLES. *My Native Land*.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child  
of the skies!

Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,

While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. *Columbia*.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, never! never! never!

WILLIAM PITT (Earl of Chatham).

*Speech*. Nov. 18, 1777.

I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*. July 17, 1850.  
p. 437.

Let us then stand by the constitution as it is, and by our country as it is, one, united, and entire; let it be a truth engraven on our hearts; let it be borne on the flag under which we rally in every exigency, that we have one country, one constitution, one destiny.

*Ibid. Speech*. New York, March 15, 1837.

Reception at New York.

. . . When honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, "Thank God, I—I also—AM AN AMERICAN!"

*Ibid. Address*. Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1843. Completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, p. 107.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, **OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.** And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech.* Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825. The Bunker Hill Monument.

Our country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less;—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, and to be defended by all our hands.

ROBT. C. WINTHROP. *Toast at Faneuil Hall.* July 4, 1845.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.

*Ibid.* *Letter to Boston Commercial Club.* June 12, 1879.

I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.

*Ibid.* *Speech.* 1848.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

*Ibid.* *Address on Boston Common in 1862.*

Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.  
*Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.* St. last.

The "Verses" have an interesting history. They were written under the inspiration of a project formed in Berkeley's youth,

of establishing in the Bermuda Islands a college for the training of young natives as missionaries to their fellow-Indians in America. "Religion is failing in the Old World," he cries in a pamphlet published in 1825: "in Europe the Protestant religion hath of late years considerably lost ground, and America seems the likeliest place wherein to make up what has been lost in Europe." Full of these visions, he, for the first and last time in his life, burst into song. The project was finally abandoned for lack of funds. But the verses will survive as one more example of a prophecy fulfilled in a manner very different from the expectations of its author.

George Bancroft, or his binders, in an epigraph stamped on the back of the cover of the early editions of Bancroft's *History*, misquoted the first line of the above stanza in a form which has been frequently followed:

Westward the star of empire takes its way.

Long before Berkeley, Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) and George Herbert had dreamed similar dreams of future glory in the unknown West:

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent

The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores

This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?

What worlds in the yet unformed Occident  
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

DANIEL. *Musophilus.* St. 57.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand.

HERBERT. *The Church Militant.* l. 235.

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world.

BURKE. *Speech on the Conciliation of America.* Works. Vol. ii. p. 115.

Into a world unknown—the cornerstone of a nation!

LONGFELLOW. *Courtship of Miles Standish.* iv.

Poor lost America, high honors missing,  
Knows nought of Smile and Nod, and sweet Hand-kissing;

Knows nought of golden promises of kings;

Kuows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings.

PETER PINDAR. *The Rights of Kings.* Ode ix.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy, and sell, and torture?

SYDNEY SMITH. *Edinburgh Review*. January, 1820.

America, half brother of the world!  
With something good and bad of every land;

Greater than thee have lost their seat—  
Greater scarce none can stand.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *The Surface*.

Sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

LONGFELLOW. *Building of the Ship*.

Earth's biggest country's gut her soul,  
An' risen up Earth's greatest nation.

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers*. Second Series. No. vii.

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!

Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair

O'er such sweet brows as never others wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,

The rosy edges of thy smile lay bare,

What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,

Among the nations bright beyond compare?

*Ibid.* *Commemoration Ode*.

The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Addresses*. Garfield.

## ANARCHY.

Where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four  
champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 894.

"Whatever is, is not," is the maxim of the anarchist, as often as anything comes across him in the shape of a law which he happens not to like.

RICHARD BENTLEY. *Declaration of Rights*.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

BURKE. *On the Army Estimates*. Vol. iii. p. 221.

## ANCESTRY.

(See ARISTOCRACY; HEREDITY.)

"I take but small account of noble birth;

For me the virtuous is the noble man;  
The vicious, though his father ranked above

Great Zeus himself, I still would base-born call."

EURIPIDES. *Dictys*. Fragment 10.

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest,  
Pontice, longo  
Sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere vultus  
Majorum?"

"Your ancient house!" No more.—I cannot see

The wondrous merits of a pedigree:  
No, Ponticus; nor of a proud display  
Of smoky ancestors in wax or clay.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. viii. l. (GIFFORD, trans.)

*Lycus*. Qui genus jactat suum

Aliena laudat.

Who of his lineage boasts but praises others' merits.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens*. 344.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children.*

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato,—the only good belonging to him is underground.

SIR T. OVERBURY. *Characters.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire i. l. 147.

Superior worth your rank requires;  
For that mankind reveres your sires:  
If you degenerate from your race,  
Their merits brighten your disgrace.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. ii. fable 11.

Men should press forward, in fame's  
glorious chase;  
Nobles look backward, and so lose the  
race.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire i. l. 129.

Narcissus is the glory of his race;  
For who does nothing with a better  
grace?

*Ibid.* *Love of Fame.* Satire iv. l. 85.

Almost in every kingdom the most ancient families have been at first princes' bastards; their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals, have been base [born].

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. ii. Sc. 2. member 3.

Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat  
heureux;  
Qui soert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin  
d'aïeux.

The first king was a successful soldier;  
He who serves well his country has no need  
of ancestors.

VOLTAIRE. *Méropé.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Yet what can they see in the longest  
kingly line in Europe, save that it runs  
back to a successful soldier?

SCOTT. *Woodstock.* Ch. xxxvii.

The sap which at the root is bred  
In trees, through all the boughs is  
spread;

But virtues which in parents shine  
Make not like progress through the line.

WALLER. *To Zelinda.*

Nobler is a limited command  
Given by the love of all your native  
land,

Than a successive title, long and dark,  
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's  
ark.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. l. 299.

Who'er amidst the sons  
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue  
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
Of Nature's own creating.

JAMES THOMSON. *Coriolanus.* iii. 3.

Great families of yesterday we show,  
And lords, whose parents were the Lord  
knows who.

DEFOE. *True-Born Englishman.* Pt. 1. l. 1.

And ever since the Conquest have  
been fools.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *Artemesia in the  
Town to Chloe in the Country.*

Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,  
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!

BLAIR. *The Grave.* l. 154.

*David.* Our ancestors are very good  
kind of folks; but they are the last  
people I should choose to have a visit-  
ing acquaintance with.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Bishop Warburton is reported to have  
said that high birth was a thing which  
he never knew any one disparage except  
those who had it not, and he never knew  
any one make a boast of it who had any-  
thing else to be proud of.

WHATELY. *Annotation on Bacon's Essay.*

*First Clown.* There is no ancient gen-  
tlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and  
grave-makers: they hold up Adam's  
profession.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 29.

From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

[In the first draft of this poem the second  
line of the foregoing quotation appeared  
thus:

"The grand old gardener and his wife."]

As he said in Machiavel, *omnes eodem  
patre nati*, Adam's sons, conceived all  
and born in sin, etc. "We are by nature  
all as one, all alike, if you see us naked;  
let us wear theirs and they our clothes,  
and what is the difference?"

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. ii. Sc. 2. Member 3.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew  
Prior;

The son of Adam and of Eve;  
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?  
PRIOR. *Epitaph. Extempore.*

[Prior borrowed these lines from an inscription on a very ancient tombstone in Scotland:

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,  
Descendit of Adam and Eve.  
Gif ony con gang hieher,  
Ise willing give him leve.]

For all that faire is, is by nature good;  
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.  
SPENSER. *An Hymne in Honor of Beautie.*  
l. 139.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair  
hath made you good.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 179.

How'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.  
TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

I am my own ancestor.  
ANDOCHE JUNOT, DUKE OF ABRANTES.

[When the Emperor Napoleon created Junot, a soldier who had risen from the ranks, Duke of Abrantes, a French nobleman of the old régime sneeringly asked what was his ancestry. "Ah, ma foi," was his reply, "je n'en sais rien; moi je suis mon ancêtre." ("Faith, I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor.") The blunt soldier had certainly never heard of the Emperor Tiberius's description of Curtius Rufus:

He seems to be a man sprung from himself.

Napoleon made a kindred reply to his prospective father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, when the latter would fain trace the Bonaparte lineage to some petty prince:

Sire, I am my own Rudolph of Hapsburg.  
(Rudolph was the founder of the Hapsburg family). Again, he silenced a genealogist by saying:

Friend, my patent of nobility comes from Montenotte,

his first great victory. Roscoe Conkling, in nominating Grant at the Republican Presidential Convention, June, 1860, quoted this verse from Miles O'Reilly:

When asked what state he hails from,  
Our sole reply shall be,  
He comes from Appomattox  
And its famous apple tree.]

To Harmodius, descended from the ancient Harmodius, when he reviled Iphicrates [a shoemaker's son] for his mean birth, "My nobility," said he, "begins in me, but yours ends in you."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms.*  
[Almost the same words were used by Alexander Dumas when asked if he were not descended from an ape (a covert sneer at his negro grandmother): "Very likely: my ancestry began where yours ends."]

He lives to build, not boast, a generous  
race;

No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.  
RICHARD SAVAGE. *The Bastard.* l. 7.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.  
LADY NAIRNE. *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

When Adam dalfe and Eve spane  
So spire if thou may spede,

Whare was then the pride of man,  
That now merres his meed?

RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE. *Early English Text Society Reprints.* No. 26.  
p. 79.

[This is the first appearance in English literature of this phrase. But it had long before been extant as a proverb. During Watt Tyler's rebellion against Richard II. John Ball used it as his text for an address to the mob in this more familiar form:

When Adam delved and Eve span  
Who was then the gentleman?

Ray, in his Proverbs, adds a second couplet which provides an answer to the first, but is probably of much later birth:

Up start a churl, and gathered good,  
And thence did spring our gentle blood.]

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Vol. iii. p. 274.

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. *Address at Washington Centennial Service in St. Paul's Chapel, New York,* April 30, 1889.

Norfolk. Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to  
these ends:

For, being not propp'd by ancestry,  
whose grace

Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd  
upon

For high feats done to the crown ;  
neither allied

To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us  
note,

The force of his own merit makes his  
way ;

A gift that heaven gives him, which  
buys

A place next to the king.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 58.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,

Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,

And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,

To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope

The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* St. 54.

### ANGELS.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,  
for thereby some have entertained angels  
unawares.

*New Testament.* Hebrews xiii. 2.

Unbless'd thy hand, if in this low disguise  
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.

HOMER. *Odyssey.* Bk. xvii. l. 576.

(POPE, trans.)

Angels are bright still, though the  
brightest fell :

Though all things foul would wear the  
brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

*Laertes.* A ministering angel shall my  
sister be.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want !

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. ii. Canto  
viii. St. 2.

Every man hath a good and a bad angel  
attending on him in particular all his life  
long.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
Sc. 2. Member 1. Subsec. 2.

[Burton also quotes Anthony Rusca in  
this connection, v. xviii.]

*Gratiano.* This sight would make him do  
a desperate turn ;

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 211.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,  
Virtues, Powers.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 600.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of  
light,

Angels, for ye behold him, and with  
songs

And choral symphonies, day without  
night,

Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in  
Heaven.

On earth join all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and  
without end.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 160.

How sweetly did they float upon the  
wings

Of silence through the empty-vaulted  
night,

At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled !

*Ibid.* *Comus.* l. 249.

At last, divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame ;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred  
store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown ;

He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;

She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast.* Last stanza.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race ;

And trees uprooted left their place,

Sequacious of the lyre :

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher :

When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd  
Mistaking earth for heav'n.  
DRYDEN. *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. St. 7.

I thank God, that if I am gifted with little  
of the spirit which is able to raise mortals  
to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of  
that other spirit which would drag angels  
down.

DANIEL WEBSTER. p. 316.

And the angel said, Let me go, for  
the day breaketh. And Jacob said, I  
will not let thee go, except thou bless  
me.

*Old Testament*. Genesis xxxii. 26.

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.  
NATHANIEL COTTON. *To-morrow*. 1. 36.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing;  
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.  
WHITTIER. *My Soul and I*. St. 34.

Could we forbear dispute and practise  
love,

We should agree as angels do above.  
WALLER. *Divine Love*. Canto iii.

When Nature's happiest touch could  
add no more,  
Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her  
face.

MICKLE. *Mary, Queen of Scots*.

Though an angel should write, still 't  
is devils must print.

MOORE. *The Fudges in England*. Letter iii.

Who does the best his circumstance  
allows,

Does well, acts nobly; angels could no  
more.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 2. 1. 90.

When one that holds communion with  
the skies

Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters  
rise,

And once more mingles with us meaner  
things,

'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

COWPER. *Charity*. 1. 435.

Angels from friendship gather half  
their joy.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 2. 1. 575.

We are ne'er like angels till our pas-  
sion dies.

DEKKER. *The Honest Whore*. Pt. ii.  
Act i. Sc. 2.

"A-well-a-day! do what we can for  
him," said Trim, maintaining his  
point, "the poor soul will die." "*He  
shall not die, by —!*" cried my Uncle  
Toby. The accusing spirit which flew  
up to heaven's chancery with the oath,  
blushed as he gave it in, and the record-  
ing angel, as he wrote it down, dropped  
a tear upon the word, and blotted it out  
forever.

STERNE. *Tristram Shandy*. Ch. xlix.

The Recording Angel has been freely  
imitated and plagiarized. Thus Campbell:  
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii.  
1. 357.

Thackeray, in "Pendennis," has a passage  
less obviously patterned after Sterne. Old  
Major Pendennis has just heard that his  
nephew is dangerously sick, and Lord  
Steyne hustles him into a carriage:

"You've twenty minutes to catch the  
mail-train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive  
like h—, sir! do you hear?"

The carriage drove off swiftly with Pen-  
dennis and his companions, and let us trust  
that the oath will be pardoned to the  
Marquis of Steyne.

This world has angels all too few,  
And Heaven is overflowing.

COLERIDGE. *To a Young Lady*.

What though my winged hours of bliss  
have been

Like angels' visits, few and far between.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii.  
1. 378.

The good he scorned  
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,  
Not to return; or if it did, in visits  
Like those of angels, short and far between.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. Pt. ii. 1. 586.

[Hazlitt, in his *Lectures on the English Poets*,  
first pointed out Campbell's indebtedness  
to Blair. He added: "Mr. Campbell, in  
altering the expression, has spoilt it. 'Few'  
and 'far between' are the same thing."  
Elsewhere he notes that Campbell never  
forgave him this bit of detective work. But  
Blair himself was not original. He bor-  
rowed from John Norris, of Bemerton (1656-  
1711), who twice used the image:

How fading are the joys we date upon!  
Like apparitions seen and gone;  
But those which soonest take their flight  
Are the most exquisite and strong:  
Like angels' visits, short and bright,  
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

NORRIS. *The Parting*.

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,  
So neither do they make long stay;  
They do but visit and away.

NORRIS. *To the Memory of His Niece.*

Once at the Angelus  
(Ere I was dead),  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my bed;  
Angels in blue and white,  
Crowned on the head.  
One was the friend I left  
Stark in the snow;  
One was the wife that died  
Long, long ago;  
One was the love I lost,  
Now could she know?  
One had my mother's eyes  
Wistful and mild;  
One had my father's face;  
One was a child;  
All of them bent to me,—  
Bent down and smiled.

AUSTIN DOBSON. *Good Night, Babette.*

How did he git thar? Angels.  
He could never have walked in that  
storm.

They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm,  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And bringing him to his own,  
Is a darned sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY. *Pike County Ballads. Little  
Breeches.*

Was there no star that could be sent,  
No watcher in the firmament,  
No angel from the countless host  
That loiters round the crystal coast,  
Could stoop to heal that only child?

EMERSON. *Threnody.*

## ANGER.

(See HATRED.)

Let not the sun go down upon your  
wrath.

*New Testament. Ephesians. Ch. iv.  
26.*

Anger may repent with thee for an hour,  
but not repose for a night; the continuance  
of anger is hatred, the continuance of  
hatred turns malice. That anger is not  
warrantable which hath seen two suns.

QUARLES. *Enchiridion. Cent. ii. No. 60.*

Reckon the days in which you have  
not been angry. I used to be angry  
every day; now every other day; then  
every third and fourth day; and if you  
miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sac-  
rifice of thanksgiving to God.

EPICETUS. *How the Semblances of Things  
are to be Combated. Ch. xviii.*

As Athenodorus was taking his leave  
of Cæsar, "Remember," said he, "Cæsar,  
whenever you are angry, to say or do  
nothing before you have repeated the  
four-and-twenty letters to yourself."

PLUTARCH. *Cæsar Augustus.*

*Ira furor brevis est: animus reges:  
qui nisi paret imperat.*

Anger is momentary madness, so con-  
trol your passion or it will control you.

HORACE. *Epistolæ. l. 2. 62.*

*Norfolk.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler  
question  
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep  
hills

Requires slow pace at first: anger is  
like  
A full hot horse, who being allowed his  
way,  
Self mettle tires him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 129.*

He that strives not to stem his anger's tide,  
Does a wild horse without a bridle ride.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. Last lines.*

*Mæcenæ.* Never anger made good  
guard for itself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 9.*

*King R.* High stomached are they  
both and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.  
*Ibid. Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 18.*

*Hostess.* I beseech you now, aggravate  
your choler.

*Ibid. II. Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 183.*

*Hamlet.* Though I am not splenitive  
and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous.  
*Ibid. Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 255.*

Beware of him that is slow to anger; anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept.

QUARLES. *Enchiridion*. Cent. ii. No. 67.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. 1. 1. 1005.

*Brutus*. O Cassius! You are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 109.

*Horatio*. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 231.

*Norfolk*. Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it?

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 140.

*Wolsey*. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 204.

*Olivia*. Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 142.

*Volumnia*. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding.

*Ibid.* *Coriolanus*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 50.

*Constance*. O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 38.

*Romeo*. Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 120.

*Kath*. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 136.

And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye;

The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 110.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,

Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

(See under ESTRANGEMENT.)

We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman,—scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang.

CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift*. Act iv.

The anger of a woman is the greatest evil with which one can threaten his enemies.

CHILLON.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus ire?

Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. i. 11.

*Colax*. Valour's whetstone, anger, Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it

Cut with a spirit,

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking-Glass*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

SWIFT. *Letter to Bolingbroke*. March 21, 1729.

Senseless and deformed,  
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale

And silent, settles into fell revenge.

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. Spring. l. 281.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:  
but a grievous word stirreth up anger.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xv. 1.

The elephant is never won with Anger,  
Nor must that man who would reclaim a lion

Take him by the teeth.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *Valentinian*. Act i. Sc. 1.

[This play was only corrected by the Earl of Rochester; the whole authorship is unknown, though some of the scenes were by J. Fletcher.]

What signifies a few foolish angry words?  
they don't break bones, nor give black eyes.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *The Militant Couple* (Bellair).

Nursing her wrath, to keep it warm.

BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*. l. 12.

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe,  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

BLAKE. *Christian Forbearance*.

He chew'd

The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. i.

ANGLING.

*Ursula*. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 26.

*Cleopatra*. Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny finned fishes; my bended hooks shall pierce

Their slimy jaws.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 10.

*Charmian*. 'Twas merry when You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 15.

*Polonius*. Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 63.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?

*Old Testament*. Job xli. 1.

For angling-rod he took a sturdy oak;  
For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke;  
His hook was such as heads the end of pole  
To pluck down house ere fire consumes it whole;

This hook was baited with a dragon's tail,—  
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. *Britannia Triumphans*. p. 15.

For angling rod he took a sturdy oak;  
For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke:

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,—  
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;  
His line, a cable which in storms ne'er broke;

His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,—  
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

WILLIAM GILPIN. *Upon a Giant's Angling*.

To fish in troubled waters.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Psalm lx.

I am, sir, a brother of the angle.

IZAAC WALTON. *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. i.

O! the gallant fisher's life,

It is the best of any:

'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,

And 'tis beloved of many.

Other joys  
Are but toys ;  
Only this,  
Lawful is ;  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,

But content and pleasure.

IZAAK WALTON. *The Complete Angler*.  
Pt. i. Ch. xvi.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish \* \* \* that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. The Author's Preface.

It [angling] deserves commendations ;  
\* \* \* it is an art worthy the knowl-  
edge and practice of a wise man.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. i.

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. Author's Preface.

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. i.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. viii.

Thus use your frog: \* \* \* put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

*Ibid.* *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. viii.

And angling, too, that solitary vice,

Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :  
The quaint, old cruel cox-comb, in his gullet

Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 106.

But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots

Of pendent trees, the Monarch of the brook,

Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. *Spring*. 1. 420.

## ANIMALS.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xii. 10.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,

I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition ;

They do not lie awake in the dark and sweat for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

WALT WHITMAN. *Leaves of Grass*. *Song of Myself*. 32.

Animals are such agreeable friends— they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life*: *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*.

I envy not the beast that takes

His license in the field of time,

Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,

To whom a conscience never wakes.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. St. 27.

God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,

To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.

BROWNING. *Saul*. vi.

As when in Cymbrian plaine  
An herd of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,

Do for the milky mothers want com-  
plaine,

And fill the fieldes with troublous hel-  
lowing.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto viii. St. 11.

I am she, O most bucolical juvenal, under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the herd.

SCOTT. *The Betrothed*. Ch. xxviii.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 6.

The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are forty feeding like one !  
WORDSWORTH. *Written in March*.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee !  
KINGSLEY. *The Sands of Dee*.

ANTICIPATION.

Many count their chickens before they are hatched ; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Bk. ii. Ch. lv.

To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,  
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto 3.

[The proverb "Never count your chickens before they are hatched," is probably a reminiscence of Æsop's fable of *The Milkmaid*, verified by Lafontaine under the title of *Pierrette*. The milkmaid loses herself in a dream of what she will do with the proceeds of her milk, deciding to invest them in eggs, which, when hatched, will lead by slow gradations to fortune. A sudden jar topples the milk-pail off her head, and away go all her dreams. A similar story with Alnaschar for its hero forms one of the *Arabian Nights*.]

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear ;  
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

SUCKLING. *Against Fruition*.

Experience finds  
Few of the scenes that lively hope designs.  
CRABBE. *The Widow's Tale*.

*Second Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 44.

*Isabella.* The sense of death is most in apprehension ;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

As when a giant dies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 79.

*Genl.* He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : He hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act i. Sc. 1.

*Helena.* Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 141.

*Macbeth.* This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good : if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature ? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings :  
My thought, where murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 294.

*Bolingbroke.* The absent Danger greater still appears.

Less fears he who is near the thing he fears.  
S. DANIEL. *Tragedy of Cleopatra*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 359.

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament  
them;

For those to come, seek wisely to prevent  
them.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let's fear no storm, before we feel a  
show'r.

DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars*. Bk. iii.  
l. 55.

All things are less dreadful than they  
seem.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*.  
Pt. i. vii.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.  
GEORGE ELIOT. *Silas Marner*. Ch. xviii.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men,  
Gang aft a-gley,

And leave us naught but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

BURNS. *To a Mouse*.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play!

No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day.

GRAY. *Ode on the Distant Prospect of  
Eton College*.

Why should we shrink from what we  
cannot shun?

Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers  
groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their  
own.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 7.

Tranquillity of mind depends much  
on ourselves, and greatly on due reflection  
"how much pain have cost us the  
evils which have never happened."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering  
that the misfortunes hardest to bear  
are those which never come.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Addresses*.

I have had many troubles in my life, but  
the worst of them never came.

GARFIELD (*in conversation*).

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
And while we breathe beneath the  
sun,

The world, which credits what is  
done,

Is cold to all that might have been.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. lxxv. St. 4.

## ANTIPATHY.

*Shylock*. Some men there are love not a  
gaping pig;

Some, that are mad, if they behold a  
cat;

And others, when the bag-pipe sings  
i'the nose,

Cannot contain their urine; for Affec-  
tion,

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what she likes, or loaths. Now, for  
your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be ren-  
der'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he a harmless necessary cat;

Why he a swollen bag-pipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

As to offend himself, being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate, and a certain  
loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
i. Sc. iv. l. 48.

*Bertram*. At first

I struck my choice upon her, ere my  
heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my  
tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye in-  
fixing,

Contempt his scornful perspective did  
lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other  
favour;

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it  
stolen;

Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object; thence it  
came,

That she, whom all men prais'd, and  
whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in  
mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

*Ibid*. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act v.  
Sc. 3. l. 54.

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this I know, and know full well—

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

TOM BROWN.

A free translation from the Latin of Martial:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te, Sabidi.

I love thee not, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this, however I can say, I love thee not, Sabidius.

*Epigrams. i. 33.*

In changing the name from Sabidius to Dr. Fell, the facetious Thomas is said to have had in mind no less a personage than his contemporary, Dr. John Fell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Bishop of Oxford. The story runs that Brown in his student days was dismissed from Christ Church College by Dean Fell, but was recalled and promised restitution if he would translate extempore the thirty-third epigram from the first book of Martial. Thereupon he produced the famous impromptu. It is a little singular that Brown was subsequently chosen to write the inscription for Dr. Fell's monument in Christ Church. It was probably before Brown's English version that Roger de Bussy, Comte de Rabutin (1618-93), produced this French translation of Martial's epigram:

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas ;  
Je n'en saurais dire la cause,  
Je sais seulement une chose :  
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Commonly, we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk. Judgments.*

There is one species of terror which those who are unwilling to suffer the reproach of cowardice have wisely dignified with the name of *antipathy*.

DR. JOHNSON. *Rambler. No. 126.*

## ANTIQUITY.

"Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi."

These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.

BACON. *Advancement of Learning. Bk. i. 1605.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1564: I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier.

WHEWELL. *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Vol. ii. p. 198. London, 1847.*

As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end,—the times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation.

GEORGE HAKEWILL. *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World. London, 1627.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it?

PASCAL. *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

All this cant about our ancestors is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas of living men the oldest has, *ceteris paribus*, the most experience, of generations the oldest has, *ceteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors up to the Conquest were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward I.; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and we are the only white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience human life can supply.

SIDNEY SMITH. *Peter Plymley's Letters. v.*

We are Ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times.

TENNYSON. *The Day Dream. L'Envoi.*

With a perfect distrust of my own abilities, a total renunciation of every speculation of my own, and with a profound reverence for the wisdom of our ancestors.

BURKE. *Speech on Conciliation with America, March 22, 1775.*

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways  
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

T. WARREN. *Written on a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon,

BYRON. *Childe Harold. Canto ii. St. 88.*

To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

POE. *To Helen.*

## APOTHECARY.

Romeo. I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late  
I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming  
brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his  
looks;  
Sharp misery had worn him to the  
bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his  
shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty  
seeds,

Remnants of packthread and old cakes  
of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a  
show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
An' if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it  
him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v.  
Sc. 1. 1. 37.

*Lear*. Give me an ounce of civet, good  
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 6. 1. 130.

When taken,  
To be well shaken.

GEORGE COLMAN. *The Newcastle Apothe-  
cary*.

### APPARITION.

(See GHOST; SPIRIT.)

*Macbeth*. Is this a dagger which I see  
before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come,  
let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed  
brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was  
going;

And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools of the  
other senses,

Or else worth all the rest.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
1. 33.

*Banquo*. The earth hath bubbles, as the  
water has

And these are of them. Whither are  
they vanished?

*Macbeth*. Into the air: and what seemed  
corporal melted

As breath into the wind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 79.

The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd, that shape  
had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or  
limb.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. 1. 666.

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows  
dire,

And airy tongues, that syllable men's  
names.

*Ibid.* *Comus*. 1. 207.

### APPEARANCE.

(See also DRESS; HYPOCRISY.)

Appearances to the mind are of four  
kinds. Things either are what they  
appear to be; or they neither are, nor  
appear to be; or they are, and do not  
appear to be; or they are not, and yet  
appear to be. Rightly to aim in all  
these cases is the wise man's task.

EPICTETUS. Ch. xxvii.

Judge not according to the appear-  
ance.

*New Testament*. St. John vii. 24.

You can't judge a horse by the harness.

OLD PROVERB.

There is no trusting to appearances.

SHERIDAN. *The School for Scandal*. Act  
v. Sc. 2.

Fronti nulla fides.

Trust not to outward show.

JUVENAL. *Satires* ii. 8.

For what is form, or what is face,

But the soul's index, or its case?

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse, Pleasure*.

Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur; decipit  
Frons prima multos.

Things are not always what they seem;  
first appearances deceive many.

PHÆDRUS. *Fables*. iv. 2. 5.

Garde-toi, tant que tu vivras,  
De juger des gens sur la mine.

Beware so long as you live, of judging  
people by appearances.

LA FONTAINE. *Fables*. vi. 5.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;

For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

SPENSER. *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie.* l. 132.

Worcester. Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,

Interpretation will misquote our looks.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.* Pt. i. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 13.

Duncan. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 12.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being season'd with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;

And these assume but valour's excrement,

To render them redoubted!

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 73.

Iago. Men should be what they seem; Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 126.

Man should be ever better than he seems. SIR AUBREY DE VERE. *A Song of Faith.*

Esse quam videri bonus malebat.

He preferred to be good, rather than to seem so.

SALLUST. *Catalina.* liv.

No one is wicked enough to wish to appear wicked.

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria.* iii. 8, 44.

Appearances to save, his only care; So things seem right, no matter what they are.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad.* l. 299.

It matters not what men assume to be Or good or bad, they are but what they are. P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Lucifer).* iii.

All is not false which seems at first a lie.

SOUTHEY. *St. Gualberto.* l. 28.

O purblind race of miserable men, How many among us at this very hour Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves, By taking true for false, or false for true!

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid.*

Antonio. O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act 1. Sc. 3. l. 103.

Bassanio. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 97.

Hamlet. One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 109.

Gloster. And thus I clothe my naked villainy

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 336.

And was the first That practised falsehood under saintly show,

Deep malice to conceal, conch'd with revenge.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 121.

He seemed

For dignity compos'd and high exploit: But all was false and hollow.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 110.

He was the mildest mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 41.

*Miranda*. There's nothing ill can  
dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 457.

It is not alle golde that glareth.  
CHAUCER. *The House of Fame*. Bk. i.  
l. 272.

All thing which that shineth as the gold  
Ne is no gold, so have I heard it told.  
*Ibid.* *Canterbury Tales*. *Chanones Yeoman-  
nnes Tale*. l. 962.

The allusion is to the old proverb, "All  
that glisters is not gold," now usually quoted  
"All that glitters," etc.—the form in which  
Dryden put it:—

All, they say, that glitters is not gold.  
DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*.

It is familiar to many other languages.  
An early appearance in French literature is  
this:

Que tout n'est pas or c'on voit luire.  
(Everything is not gold that one sees shin-  
ing.)

*Li Diz de Freire Denise, Cordelier*. Circa  
1300.

All is not gold that glisters.  
BEN JONSON. *A Tale of a Tub*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1.

Alle is not golde that shewyth goldishe  
hewe.

LYDGATE. *Chorle and Byrde*.

*Hills*. All is not gold that glisters.  
JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. x.

Not everything that gives  
A gleame and glittering showe,  
Is to be counted gold, indeede  
This prouerbe well you knowe.  
TUBERVILLE. *The Aunswere of a Woman  
to hir Louer*.

All that glisters is not gold—  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold;  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been enseroll'd:  
Fare you well: your suit is cold.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
ii. Sc. 7. (*Inscription in golden casket.*)

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by  
glare,

And manmon wins his way where  
seraphs might despair.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. 9.

The world is an old woman, and mis-  
takes any gilt farthing for a gold coin;  
whereby, being often cheated, she will  
thenceforth trust nothing but the com-  
mon copper.  
CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. ii. Ch. iv.

*Morocco*. Mislike me not for my com-  
plexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd  
sun.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 1.

*Constable*. Covering discretion with a  
coat of folly.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act ii. Sc. 4.  
l. 38.

*Touch*. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you  
of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst  
the rest of the country copulatives, to  
swear, and to forswear; according as  
marriage binds and blood breaks. A  
poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing,  
sir, but mine own; a poor humour of  
mine, sir, to take that that no man else  
will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser,  
sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in  
your foul oyster.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 56.

Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen  
pot.  
The worst speak something good.  
HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church Porch*.  
St. 72.

Mellow nuts have hardest rind.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles*. Canto  
iii. St. 21.

O pang all pangs above,  
Is kindness counterfeiting absent Love.  
COLERIDGE. *The Pang more Sharp than All*.

*Gaunt*. Things sweet to taste prove in  
digestion sour.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 236.

All our geese are swans.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i  
Sec. 2. Subsec. 14.

By outward show let's not be cheated;  
An ass should like an ass be treated.  
GAY. *Fables*. Pt. ii. Fable 2.

Hood an ass with rev'rend purple,  
So you can hide his too ambitious ears,  
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.  
BEN JONSON. *Volpone*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Blush, folly, blush ; here's none that fears  
The wagging of an ass's ears,  
Although a wolfish case he wears.  
Detraction is but baseness' varlet ;  
And apes are apes though clothed in scarlet.  
BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster*. Act v. Sc. 1.

L'habit ne fait le moine.  
The dress does not make the monk.  
RABELAIS. *Prologue*. i.

Constance. Thou wear a lion's hide! doff  
it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant  
limbs.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 128.

It follows not, because  
The hair is rough, the dog's a savage one.  
SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Daughter*  
(Norris). Act i. Sc. 1.

Rosalind. Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common  
tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my  
heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear  
there will)

We'll have a swashing and a martial  
outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.  
SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act i.  
Sc. 3. l. 116.

Not always actions show the man ; we  
find

Who does a kindness, is not therefore  
kind :

Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the  
east :

Not therefore humble he who seeks  
retreat,

Pride guides his steps, and bids him  
shun the great :

Who combats bravely is not therefore  
brave,

He dreads a death-bed like the meanest  
slave :

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
His pride in reasoning, nor in acting,  
lies.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. Pt. ii. l. 11.

Boobies have looked as wise and bright  
As Plato or the Stagyrte ;  
And many a sage and learnèd skull  
Has peeped through windows dark and  
dull !

T. MOORE. *Nature's Labels*.

La gravité est un mystère du corps inventé  
pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit.

Gravity is a mystery of the body invented  
to conceal the defects of the mind.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 257.

Lear. Through tatter'd clothes small  
vices do appear ;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate  
sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtling  
breaks ;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth  
pierce it.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 6.  
l. 168.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,  
And know the mortal through a crown's  
disguise.

AKENSIDE. *Epistle to Curio*. l. 198.

Though men can cover crimes with bold  
stern looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults'  
books.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. l. 1252.

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,  
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any  
grace.

G. CHAPMAN. *Hero and Leander*. Sestiad v.

APPETITE.

Put a knife to thy throat if thou be a  
man given to appetite.

Old Testament. Proverbs xxiii. 2.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer !—  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 37.

Keen appetites  
And quick digestion wait on you and yours.  
DRYDEN. *Cleomenes*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

King Henry. And then to breakfast  
with

What appetite you have.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry VIII*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 203.

*Pompey.* Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.*  
Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 24.

*Hamlet.* Why, she would hang on  
him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 144.

My appetite comes to me while eating.  
MONTAIGNE. *Essays.* Bk. iii. Ch. ix.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.  
RABELAIS. *Works.* Bk. i. Ch. v.

*Benedick.* Doth not the appetite alter ?  
A man loves the meat in his youth, that  
he cannot endure in his age.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 250.

Hunger is the best sauce.  
CICERO. *De Finibus.* ii. 28, 90.

His thirst he slakes at some pure neigh-  
boring brook,  
Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands  
cook.

CHURCHILL. *Gotham.* iii. 1. 133.

Nothing more shameless is than Appe-  
tite,

Who still, whatever anguish load our  
breast,

Makes us remember in our own despite  
Both food and drink.

WORSLEY. *Homer's Odyssey.* vii. 216.

### APPLAUSE.

*Macbeth.* I would applaud thee to the  
very echo,  
That should applaud again.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3. 1. 53.

*Third Gent.* Such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff  
tempest,  
As loud and to as many tunes,—hats,  
cloaks,  
Doublets, I think flew up ; and had their  
faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost.  
*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 71.

*Marcus.* They threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns  
o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Ibid.* *Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 216.

*Messenger.* I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and  
the blind

To hear him speak : the matrons flung  
their gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and hand-  
kerchiefs,

Upon him as he passed ; the nobles  
bended

As to Jove's statue ; and the commons  
made

A shower and thunder with their caps  
and shouts.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus.* Act ii. Sc. 1.  
1. 278.

*Ulysses.* And give to dust that is a  
little gilt

More laud than gilt-o'er-dusted.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iii.  
Sc. 3. 1. 178.

*Bassanio.* And there is such confusion  
in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude :

Where every something being blent  
together,

Turns to a wild of nothing.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
1. 180.

*Duke.* I love the people  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes ;  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause, and Aves vehe-  
ment ;

Nor do I think the man of safe discre-  
tion,

That does affect it.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
1. 68.

Applause is the spur of noble minds,  
the end and aim of weak ones.

COLTON. *Lacon.* cccxxiv.

At the conclusion of one of Mr.  
Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger,  
finding nothing to add, or perhaps as he  
thought to add with effect, exclaimed  
earnestly, in the language of the count-  
ing-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke !  
I say ditto to Mr. Burke !"

PRIOR. *Life of Burke.* p. 152.

Your deeds are known  
In words that kindle glory from the  
stone.

SCHILLER. *The Walk.*

Oh popular applause! what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?

COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. l. 481.

ARABIA.

*Lady Macbeth*. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. i. l. 57.

Sabean odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 162.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto i. l. 134.

A goodly place, a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

TENNYSON. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.

ARCHER—ARCHERY.

*Bassanio*. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight  
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,

To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,  
I oft found both.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. i. l. 140.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant!  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles*. Canto v. St. 18.

The bow too tensely strung is easily broken.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 388.

Arcus . . .  
Si nunquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.

The bow . . .  
If it be ne'er unbent, will lose its power.

OVID. *Heroides*. iv. 91.

The bow soon breaks if it be always strung;  
Unbend it, and 'twill serve you at your need.

PHÆDRUS. *Fables*. iii. 14, 10.

ARCHITECTURE.

Die Baukunst ist eine estarrte Musik.

Architecture is frozen music.

GOETHE. *Conversation with Eckermann*, March 23, 1829.

Architecture is in frozen music.  
SCHELLING. *Philosophie der Kunst*. p. 576.

It is music in space, as it were a frozen music.

*Ibid.* *Philosophie der Kunst*. p. 576.

Simonides calls painting silent poetry, and poetry speaking painting.

PLUTARCH. *Whether the Athenians were more Warlike or Learned*. iii.

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée.

The sight of such a monument is like a continuous and stable music.

MADAME DE STAEL. *Corinne*. iv. 3.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 710.

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Majestic silence!

BISHOP HEBER. *Palestine*. l. 163.

[This is the final form which the poet adopted. In the earlier editions the lines ran:

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

Majestic silence!

The poem describes the erection of the Temple, which "was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there were neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." (1 Kings vi. 7.) Heber might have had in mind Cowper's description of the ice palace reared by the Empress Catherine of Russia:

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v. l. 144.]

*Lord Bardolph*. When we mean to build

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 41.

Which of you, intending to build a tower,  
sitteth not down first and counteth the cost,  
whether he have sufficient to finish it?

*New Testament*. Luke xiv. 28.

Old houses mended,  
Cost little less than new before they're  
ended.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Double Gallant*. Prologue.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith  
to pay,

Provides a home from which to run away.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire i. l. 171.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Builders*.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
And groined the aisles of Christian  
Rome

Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone.

EMERSON. *The Problem*. l. 19.

Every one is the architect of his own  
fortunes.

[Attributed by Sallust (?) to Appius Claudius Cæcus.]

There are extant two letters addressed to Cæsar, "*Dux Epistolæ de Republica ordinanda*," which contain political counsel and advice, and are attributed, on doubtful authority, to the historian Sallust. In the first of these letters occurs the following sentence: "But these things teach us the truth of what Appius says in his verses, that everyone is the architect of his own fortune" (*Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*). The reference is to Appius Claudius Cæcus, who held the office of censor in B.C. 312. His poems have not survived him.

Bacon refers approvingly to the saying of Appius: "It cannot be denied, but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue; but chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands: *Faber quisque fortunæ suæ*."

ESSAYS. xl. *On Fortune*.

The wise man is the maker of his own fortune, and, unless he be a bungling workman, little can befall him which he would desire to change.

PLAUTUS. *Trinummus*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 84. (*Philtro*)

His own character is the arbiter of every-one's fortune.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 283.

Every man's fortune is moulded by his character.

CORNELIUS NEPOS. *Atticus*. xi.

Every one is the son of his own works.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. iv. Ch. xx.

*Cassius*. Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 139.

The brave man carves out his fortune,  
and every man is the son of his own works.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. i. Ch. iv.

Each person is the founder  
Of his own fortune, good or bad.  
FLETCHER AND MASSINGER. *Love's Pilgrimage*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Every man is the maker of his own fortune.  
STEELE. *The Tatler*. No. 52.

We all do stamp our value on ourselves.  
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.

There does not live on earth the man so station-  
ed,

That I despise myself compared with him.  
Man is made great or little by his own will.  
SCHILLER. *The Death of Wallenstein*. Act iii. Sc. 8. (Translated by COLERIDGE.)

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Builders*.

## ARGUMENT.

In discourse more sweet,  
For eloquence the soul, song charms the  
sense,

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned  
high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will and  
fate,

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge ab-  
solute;

And found no end, in wand'ring mazes  
lost.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 556.

Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons

may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own.

SIR THOS. BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Pt. i. vi.

*Curan*. For they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 7.

*Touch*. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome; and so to the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq*. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch*. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq*. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch*. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 66.

*Falstaff*. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 231.

*Bassanio*. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 114.

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,

He'll bray you in a mortar.

BEN JONSON. *The Alchemist*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue

Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash Maturest counsels.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 112.

Τὸν ἤττω δὲ λόγον κρείττω ποιεῖν.

To make the worse appear the better reason.

ARISTOTLE. *Rhetorica*. ii. 24.

For comic writers charge Socrates with making the worse appear the better reason.

(Nam et Socrati objiciunt comici, docere eum quomodo pejorem causam meliorem faciat.)

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria*. ii. 17. 1.

There is a demand in these days for men who can make wrong conduct appear right. (Hinc nunc præmium est, qui recta prava faciunt.)

TERENCE. *Phormio*. viii. 2. 6.

Candida de nigris, et de candentibus atra.

He makes black white, and white he turns to black.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. xi. 315.

And finds with keen, discriminating sight, Black's not so black,—nor white so very white.

CANNING. *New Morality*.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.

In a heated argument we are apt to lose sight of the truth.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. 326.

Every why hath a wherefore.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 43.

*Fluellen*. There is occasions and causes  
why and wherefore in all things.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 3.

Whatever Sceptic could inquire for,  
For every why he had a wherefore.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto 1. l. 131.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice;  
As if Divinity had catch'd

The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto 1. l. 163.

He'd undertake to prove, by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse.

He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,

And that a Lord may be an owl,

A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,

And rooks, Committee-men or Trustees.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto 1. l. 171.

I've heard old cunning staggers

Say, fools for arguments use wagers.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto 1. l. 297.

Revenons à nos moutons.

ANON. *L'Avocat Patelin*.

[The earliest French play extant is "L'Avocat Patelin," in one act. Guillaume, a cloth dealer, prosecutes his shepherd Agnelet for stealing some of his sheep, and employs the advocate Patelin. But lo! in the thick of his evidence against the shepherd he spies the advocate arrayed in cloth he can swear to as of his own make. He must have stolen it. The thought so troubles his poor brain that he keeps wandering from the stolen sheep to the stolen cloth, while the judge keeps striving to make him stick to his story by adjuring him "Revenons à nos moutons"—i. e., "Let us return to our sheep." As *mouton* is French alike for sheep and for mutton, English waggery or ignorance has translated the phrase "Let us return to our muttons."]

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes  
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

HERBERT. *Temple*. *Church Porch*. St. 52.

A knock-down argument; 'tis but a  
word and a blow.

DRYDEN. *Amphitryon*. Act 1. Sc. 1.

'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,  
For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto 8. St. 77.

I have found you an argument; I am  
not obliged to find you an understand-  
ing.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. Vol. viii. Ch.  
ix. 1784.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his  
skill,

For e'en though vanquish'd, he could  
argue still;

While words of learned length and  
thundering sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd  
around;

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder  
grew

That one small head could carry all he  
knew.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 211.

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,  
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of  
debate.

BULWER LYTTON. *The New Timon*. Pt. i.  
1846.

The noble lord is the Rupert of debate.

BENJ. DISRAELI. *Speech*. April, 1844.

There is no good in arguing with the  
inevitable. The only argument avail-  
able with an east wind is to put on your  
overcoat.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Other Addresses*.  
*Democracy*.

Not to put too fine a point upon it.

C. DICKENS. *Bleak House* (*Mr. Snagsby*).  
Ch. xi.

Much might be said on both sides.

ADDISON. *Spectator*. No. 122.

Much may be said on both sides.

FIELDING. *The Covent Garden Tragedy*.  
Act i. Sc. 8.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by  
a grin.

JOHN BROWN. *An Essay on Satire*.

## ARISTOCRACY.

(See ANCESTRY; RANK.)

Nobility of birth commonly abateth  
industry; and he that is not industrious  
envieth him that is. Besides, noble per-  
sons cannot go much higher; and he  
that standeth at a stay when others rise  
can hardly avoid motions of envy.

BACON. *Essays*. *Of Nobility*.

Idleness is an appendix to nobility.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Subsec.  
vi.

But he never would believe that  
Providence had sent a few men into the  
world, ready booted and spurred to ride,

and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

RICHARD RUMBOLD. *On the Scaffold*. 1685. See MACAULAY'S *History of England*. Vol. i. Ch. v.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;  
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;  
A gown-man learn'd: a bishop what you will:

Wise if a minister; but if a king,  
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. Pt. ii. l. 37.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?

But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 218.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Sheil, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all upper-crust here.

HALIBURTON. *Sam Slick in England*. Ch. xxiv.

Those families, you know, are our upper crust, not upper ten thousand.

COOPER. *The Ways of the Hour*. Ch. vi.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.

N. P. WILLIS. *Necessity for a Promenade Drive*.

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law  
To a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw.

GEORGE COLMAN (The Younger). *Blue Beard*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

No, by the names inscribed in History's page,

Names that are England's noblest heritage,

Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years

Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers,

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,

But leave us still our old nobility.

LORD JOHN MANNERS. *England's Trust and other Poems*. Pt. iii. l. 227.

[These lines, published in 1841, created a great sensation in England, where they were hailed as voicing the sentiments of the "Young England" Party, an essentially conservative and aristocratic group. In answer to assailants, some of Lord Manners' friends sought to explain that nobility of character and not of caste was meant. The explanation was not accepted. The noble poet, who afterward became Duke of Rutland, lived to express regret for the sentiment, characterizing it as the foolish ebullition of youth. Curiously enough, the lines had been anticipated, but in a sarcastic sense, by an anonymous satirical poet of a quarter century previous:

Be aristocracy the only joy:  
Let commerce perish, let the world expire.  
*Modern Gulliver's Travels* (1796). p. 192.]

## ARMY.

Terrible as an army with banners.

*Old Testament*. The Song of Solomon vi. 4, 10.

*Chatillion*. And all the unsettled humours of the land—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 66.

*Vernon*. All furnished, all in arms,  
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind,

Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;

As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 98.

*Falstaff*. Now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient.

. . . A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all

the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 26.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

BYRON. *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;

Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn hath blown,  
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown!

*Ibid.* *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,

Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,

Revenge or death—the watchword and reply,

Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,

And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. i. l. 367.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life

of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

NAPLÉ. *Peninsular War* (1810). Vol. ii. Bk. xi. Ch. iiii.

## ART.

Art is Long, and Time is fleeting.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life.* St. 4.

A rendering of the Latin proverb, *Ars longa, vita brevis est* ("Art is long, life brief," which in its turn is based upon the Greek of HIPPOCRATES (*Aphorism 1*): "Life is short and the art long and occasion swift, and experience fallacious and judgment difficult." Hippocrates complains that the longest life is insufficient to acquire more than the rudiments of any art or science. Seneca in rebuttal declares that although that greatest of the sayings of the doctors, "Vita brevem esse, longam artem," was indorsed by Aristotle, nevertheless this is an unjust railing against Nature or Providence. Chaucer closely follows Hippocrates:

The lyfe so short, the crafte so long to lerne,  
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.  
*Assembly of Fowls.* l. 1.

Art indeed is long, but Life is short.

MARVELL. *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings.* Last line.

Art is long, life short; judgment difficult, opportunity transient.

GOETHE. *Wilhelm Meister.* Bk. vii. Ch. ix.

All passes; Art alone  
Enduring stays to us:  
The Bust outlasts the throne.  
The Coin, Tiberius.

AUSTIN DOBSON. *Ars Victrix.*

Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

LONGFELLOW. *Nuremberg.* St. 13.

Ἡ τέχνη τέλειος, ἡνίκ' ἀν φύσις εἶναι δοκῆ.

Art is consummate when it seems to be nature.

LONGINUS. *De Sublimitate.* xxii. 2.

Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.* Sec. xvi.

Hobbes quotes the last sentence in the above extract, without acknowledgment, at the beginning of his introduction to *Leviathan*. But before Browne Sir Thomas Overbury had said:

Nature is God's, Art is man's instrument.  
A *Wife*. St. 8.

Overbury in his turn was indebted to Plato:  
Those things which are said to be done by Nature are indeed done by Divine Art.

Young borrowed the phrase and spoilt it:  
The course of Nature is the Art of God.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 9. l. 1269.

Shakespeare anticipated Browne in pointing out that nature and art are not at variance, that the difference between them is ultimately arbitrary. In the *Winter's Tale* Perdita explains to the disguised visitors, Polixenes and Camillo, that she cares not to plant in her garden "streaked gillyvors" (*i. e.*, gilly flowers) which "some call Nature's bastards":

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?  
*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an art which, in their piedness,  
shares

With great creating nature.  
*Pol.* Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that  
art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,  
we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather:  
but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.  
*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in  
gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

It is the fashion to talk as if art were something to nature, with power to finish what nature has begun or correct her when going aside. . . . In truth man has no power over nature except that of motion,—the power, I say, of putting natural bodies together or separating them,—the rest is done by nature within.

BACON. *Descriptive Globis Intellectualis*.

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which thou canst not  
see.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. i. l. 289.

Lovely, indeed, the mimic works of art,  
But nature's works far lovelier. I ad-  
mire,

None more admires, the painter's magic  
skill,  
Who shows me that which I shall never  
see:

But imitative strokes can do no more  
Than please the eye—sweet Nature  
every sense.

Beneath the open sky she spreads the  
feast;  
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;  
Who scorns it starves deservedly at  
home.  
COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. i. *The Sofa*.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid,  
art,  
Makes mighty things from small begin-  
nings grow;  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,  
Their tail the rudder, and their head  
the prow.  
DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis*. St. 155.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature  
spake—  
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions  
take;  
Learn from the birds what food the thickets  
yield;  
Learn from the beasts the physie of the  
field;  
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;  
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to  
weave;  
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving  
gale.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iii. l. 169.

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.  
DRYDEN. *The Cock and Fox*. l. 452.

Art quickens nature; care will make a  
face;  
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 234.

Art may make a suit of clothes: but  
Nature must produce a man.  
HUME. *Essay xv. The Epicurean*.

Ars est celare artem ("Art lies in  
concealing art").

*Latin Proverb*.

A popular rendering of Ovid's line in the  
"Art of Love," ii., 313: "Si latet ars prodest"  
("If the art is concealed, it succeeds").  
The meaning, of course, is that true art  
must always appear natural and spontane-  
ous, and give no evidence of the labor which

perfected it. As Burke says, "Art can never give the rules that make an art" (*The Sublime and Beautiful*, pt. i. sec. 9).

The contrary fault is indicated in Collins' lines,—

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;  
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

*On Sir Thomas Hamner's Edition of Shakespeare.*

Ars adeo latet arte sua.

So art lies hid by its own artifice.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. x. 252.

Ubicunque ars ostentatur, veritas abesse videatur.

Wherever art displays itself, there would seem to be an absence of truth.

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria*. ix. 3, 102.

Pythias, once scoffing at Demosthenes, said that his arguments smelt of the lamp.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Demosthenes*.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)

Some lucky licence answer to the full  
The intent proposed, that licence is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,  
May boldly deviate from the common track.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. l. 144.

A prudent chief not always must display

His powers in equal ranks and fair array,

But with the occasion and the place comply,

Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. l. 171.

His noble negligences teach  
What others' toils despair to reach.

PRIOR. *Alma*. Canto ii. l. 7.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart  
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 253.

Infantine Art, divinely artless.

R. BROWNING. *Red Cotton Nightcap*. Country. ii.

No work of art can be great but as it deceives; to be otherwise, is the prerogative of nature only.

BURKE. *The Sublime and Beautiful*. Pt. ii. Sec. xi.

The highest problem of every art is, by means of appearances, to produce the illusion of a loftier reality.

GOETHE. *Truth and Poetry*. Bk. xi. (GODWIN, trans.)

It is the glory and good of Art  
That Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth,—to mouths like mine,  
at least.

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*. l. 842.

Ὅστις τέχνην κατέδειξε πρῶτος τῶν θεῶν,  
οὗτος μέγιστον εἶπεν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

Who of the gods first taught the artist's craft

Laid on the human race their greatest curse.

ANTIPHANES. *Knapheus*. Fragment. l. 1.

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

RUSKIN. *Modern Painters*. Pt. i. Sec. i. Ch. ii.

## ASHES.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

GRAY. *Elegy*. St. 23.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

CHAUCER. *The Reeves Prologue*. l. 3880.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was  
nourish'd by.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet 73.*

*Cleopatra.* Pry'thee go hence ;  
Or shall I show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act v.  
Sc. 2. l. 171.

The temple of fame stands upon the  
grave; the flame that burns upon its  
altars is kindled from the ashes of dead  
men.

HAZLITT. *Lectures on the English Poets.*  
Lecture viii.

As thou these ashes, little Brook I wilt  
hear

Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
Into main Ocean they, this Deed accurst  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified

By Truth, shall spread, throughout the  
world dispersed.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*  
Pt. ii. xvii. *To Wickliffe.*

In obedience to the order of the Council  
of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe  
were exhumed and burned to ashes, and  
these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring  
brook running hard by; and "thus this  
brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon,  
Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow  
seas, they into the main ocean. And thus  
the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his  
doctrine, which now is dispersed all the  
world over."

FULLER. *Church History.* Sec. ii. Bk.  
iv. Paragraph 53.

What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what  
Democritus would not weep? . . . For  
though they digged up his body, burned his  
bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word  
of God and truth of his doctrine, with the  
fruit and success thereof, they could not  
burn.

FOX. *Book of Martyrs.* Vol. i. p. 606.  
(Edition, 1641.)

Some prophet of that day said,—

"The Avon to the Severn runs,

The Severn to the sea;

And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad  
Wide as the waters be."

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Address before the  
Sons of New Hampshire,* 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the  
Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the  
Dead.*

## ASPIRATION.

As the hart panteth after the water-  
brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee,  
O God.

*Old Testament.* Psalms xlii. 1.

*Ulysses.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of  
his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.*  
Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 14.

*Helena.* T'were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular  
star,  
And think to wed it.

*Ibid.* *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 79.

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.

SHELLEY. *One Word is too often Profaned.*

'Tis immortality to die aspiring,  
As if a man were taken quick to heaven.

CHAPMAN. *Conspiracy of Charles, Duke  
of Byron.* Act i. Sc. 1.

What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come my own?

COWLEY. *The Motto.*

Inflamed with the study of learning,  
and the admiration of virtue; stirred  
up with high hopes of living to be brave  
men, and worthy patriots, dear to God,  
and famous to all ages.

MILTON. *Tractate on Education.*

Some for the Glories of this World; and  
some

Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit  
go,

Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!  
FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khay-  
yam.* xiii.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* lxxiii. St. 1.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattain'd, and dim  
While the beautiful all round thee lying  
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

HARRIET W. SEWALL (1819-89). *Why thus  
Longing?*

It may be we shall touch the Happy  
Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we  
knew.

TENNYSON. *Ulysses*.

The sea  
Waits ages in its bed, 'till some one  
wave  
Out of the multitude aspires, extends  
The empire of the whole.

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus*. Sc. 3.

*Faust*. Two souls, alas! reside within  
my breast,  
And each withdraws from, and repels,  
its brother.  
One with tenacious organs holds in love  
And clinging lust the world in its  
embraces;  
The other strongly sweeps this world  
above,  
Into the high ancestral spaces.

GOETHE. *Faust*. (TAYLOR, trans.) Pt. i.  
Sc. 2.

A good man, through obscurest aspira-  
tion,  
Has still an instinct of the one true way.  
*Ibid.* *Prologue in Heaven*.

Was there nought better than to enjoy?  
No feat which done, would make time  
break,  
And let us pent-up creatures through  
Into eternity, our due—  
No forcing earth teach heaven's em-  
ploy?

No wise beginning, here and now,  
What cannot grow complete (earth's  
feat),  
And heaven must finish there and  
then?

No tasting earth's sweet fruit for men  
Its sweet in sad, its sad in sweet.  
R. BROWNING. *Dis Aliter Visain*. St. 24  
and 25.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is  
a fire  
And motion of the soul which will not  
dwell

In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 42.

## ASS.

He shall be buried with the burial of  
an ass.

*Old Testament*. Jeremiah xxii. 19.

My thoughts ran a wool-gathering;  
and I did like the countryman who  
looked for his ass while he was mounted  
on his back.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. lvii.

The ass will carry his load but not a  
double load; ride not a free horse to  
death.

*Ibid.* *Don Quixote*. Ch. lxxi.

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are  
an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place?  
Dost thou not suspect my years? O  
that he were here to write me down, an  
ass! But, masters, remember, that I am  
an ass; though it be not written down,  
yet forget not that I am an ass. No,  
thou villain, thou art full of piety, as  
shall be proved upon thee by good wit-  
ness. I am a wise fellow; and, which  
is more, an officer; and, which is more,  
a house-holder; and, which is more, as  
pretty a piece of flesh as any in Mes-  
sina; and one that knows the law, go  
to; and a rich fellow enough, go to;  
and a fellow that hath had losses; and  
one that hath two gowns, and everything  
handsome about him. Bring him  
away. O, that I had been writ down,  
an ass!

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing*.  
Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 68.

*Clown.* Marry, sir, they praise me and  
make an ass of me; now my foes tell me  
plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes,  
sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 20.

*Iago.* Egregiously an ass.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 318.

## ASTROLOGY.

When princes meet, astrologers may  
mark it

An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Quentin Durward*. Ch.  
xxxii.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of  
 Heaven,  
 If in your bright leaves we would read  
 the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-  
 given,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 88.

ASTRONOMY.

Biron. Small have continual plodders  
 ever won  
 Save base authority from others'  
 books,  
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's  
 lights  
 That give a name to every fixed star  
 Have no more profit of their shining  
 nights  
 Than those that walk and wot not  
 what they are.  
 Too much to know is to know naught  
 but fame;  
 And every godfather can give a name.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labor's Lost*. Act  
 I. Sc. I. l. 86.

Hereafter, when they come to model  
 heaven  
 And calculate the stars, how they will  
 wield  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild,  
 contrive,  
 To save appearances, how gird the  
 sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled  
 o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 78.

But who can count the stars of  
 Heaven?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower  
 world?

THOMSON. *Seasons—Winter*. l. 528.

It may well wait a century for a  
 reader, as God has waited six thousand  
 years for an observer.

JOHN KEPLER (1571-1630). *Martyrs of  
 Science (Brewster)*. p. 197.

O how loud  
 It calls devotion! genuine growth of  
 night!

Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!  
 An undevout Astronomer is mad.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 9. l. 768.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout!  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,  
 Like a great astronomer.

WORDSWORTH. *To the Small Celandine*.

ATHEISM; ATHEIST.

The fool hath said in his heart, there  
 is no God.  
*Old Testament*. Psalm xiv. l.

He who does not believe that God is  
 above all is either a fool or has no ex-  
 perience of life.  
 CÆCILIUS STATIUS. *Incert. Fragment*. xv.

"There is no God," the foolish saith,—  
 But none, "There is no sorrow":  
 And Nature oft the cry of Faith  
 In bitter need will borrow.  
 Eyes which the preacher could not  
 school,  
 By wayside graves are raised;  
 And lips say, "God be pitiful,"  
 Who ne'er said "God be praised."  
 MRS. BROWNING. *Cry of the Human*.

"There is no God," the wicked saith,  
 "And truly it's a blessing,  
 For what He might have done with us  
 It's better only guessing."

Some others, also, to themselves  
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,  
 Think there is none, when they are well  
 And do not think about it.

And almost every one, when age,  
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,  
 Inclines to think there is a God,  
 Or something very like Him.  
 CLOUGH. *Dipsychus*. Pt. i. Sc. 5.

Sir, he [Bolingbroke] was a scoundrel  
 and a coward: a scoundrel for charging  
 a blunderbuss against religion and  
 morality; a coward, because he had not  
 resolution to fire it off himself, but left

half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. Vol. ii. Ch. i. 1754.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.

BACON. *Essays. Of Atheism*.

I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. Vol. iii. Ch. iii. 1769.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

BURKE. *A Vindication of Natural Society*. Preface. Vol. i. p. 7.

Every philosopher is cousin to an atheist.

A. DE MUSSET.

But if man loses all, when life is lost,  
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.  
A daring infidel (and such there are,  
From pride, example, lucre, rage, re-  
venge,

Or pure heroical defect of thought),  
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a  
chain.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 7. l. 199.

Who tells me he denies his soul's im-  
mortal,  
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a  
knave.

His duty, 'tis to love himself alone;  
Nor care though mankind perish, if he  
smiles,

Who thinks ere long the man shall  
wholly die,  
Is dead already; nought but brute sur-  
vives.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night 7. l. 1168.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is  
it?

'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.  
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.  
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,

And looks, like other objects, black by  
night;

By night an atheist half-believes a God.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 5. l. 171.

An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-  
place

(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the  
noon,

Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds  
them close,

And hooting at the glorious sun in  
heaven

Cries out, "Where is it?"

COLERIDGE. *Fears in Solitude*.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly-tree?

The eye that contemplates it well per-  
ceives

Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-  
tries.

SOUTHEY. *The Holly-Tree*. St. 1.

This dull product of a scoffer's pen,  
WORDSWORTH. *Excursion*. Bk. ii.

We must repeat the often repeated  
saying, that it is unworthy a religious  
man to view an irreligious one either  
with alarm or aversion, or with any  
other feeling than regret and hope and  
brotherly commiseration.

CARLYLE. *Essays. Voltaire*.

## AUDIENCE.

Still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though  
few.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 36.

Plus apud me ratio valebit quam vulgi  
opinio.

Reason weighs more with me than the  
opinion of the vulgar.

[This anonymous phrase is quoted on the  
title of "Poems" by Anthony Pasquin  
(1789).]

The applause of the crowd makes the  
head giddy, but the attestation of a reason-  
able man makes the heart glad.

STEELE. *Spectator*. No. 188.

And for the few that only lend their ear,  
That few is all the world.

DANIEL. *Musophilis*. St. 97.

### AUTHORITY.

For he taught them as one having  
authority and not as the scribes.

*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 29.

I would have nobody to control me;  
I would be absolute: and who but I?  
Now, he that is absolute can do what  
he likes; he that can do what he likes  
can take his pleasure; he that can take  
his pleasure can be content; and he that  
can be content has no more to desire.  
So the matter's over; and come what  
will come, I am satisfied.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. iv.  
Ch. xxiii. (LOCKHART, trans.)

I would do what I pleased; and doing  
what I pleased, I should have my will;  
and having my will, I should be con-  
tented; and when one is contented, there  
is no more to be desired; and when  
there is no more to be desired, there is  
an end of it.

*Ibid.* *Don Quixote*.

Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

LONGFELLOW. *Emma and Eyinhard*.  
*Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

For him the teacher's chair became a  
throne.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet to Parker Cleaveland*.

*Isabella*. Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er  
be quiet;

For every pelting petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;  
nothing but thunder.

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sul-  
phurous bolt,  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled  
oak,

Than the soft myrtle. O, but man!  
proud man!

Dress'd in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven

As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 111.

*Lear*. Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark  
at a beggar,  
And the creature run from the cur: There.  
There, thou might'st behold the great image  
of authority;  
A dog's obeyed in office.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 6.  
l. 159.

O slavish man! will you not bear with  
your own brother, who has God for his  
Father, as being a son from the same stock,  
and of the same high descent? But if you  
chance to be placed in some superior sta-  
tion, will you presently set yourself up for  
a tyrant?

EPICTETUS. *Discourses*. Ch. xiii.

\* Ἄπας δὲ τράχυς, ὅστις ἂν νέον κρατῆ.

Who holds a power  
But newly gained is ever stern of mood.  
ÆSCHYLUS. *Prometheus Vincetus*. 35.  
(*Hephaestus*.)

Asperius nihil est humili, quum surgit in  
altum.

None is more severe  
Than he of humble birth, when raised to  
high estate.

CLAUDIANUS. *In Eutropium*. i. 181.

### AUTHORS.

Tenet insanabile multo  
Scribendi cacoëthes, et ægro in corde  
senescit.

The insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful  
pest,  
Creeps, like a titter, through the human  
breast;

Nor knows, nor hopes a cure.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. vii. 51. (GIFFORD,  
trans.)

But every little busy scribbler now  
Swells with the praises which he gives  
himself;

And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,  
Braggs of his impudence, and scorns to  
mend.

HORACE. *Of the Art of Poetry*. l. 475.  
(WENTWORTH DILLON, trans.)

Nonum prematur in annum.

Let your literary compositions be kept  
from the public eye for nine years.

*Ibid.* *An Introduction to the Art of Poetry*.

Let our literary compositions be laid  
aside for some time, that we may after a  
reasonable period return to their perusal,  
and find them, as it were, altogether new  
to us.

QUINTILLIAN. *Art of Rhetoric*.

There are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. iii.

Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labor's Lost*. Act i. Sc. 2.

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.

MILTON. *Apology for Smectymnuus*.

Look in thy heart and write.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Wm. Gray's Life of Sir Philip Sidney*.

Look, then, into thine heart and write!

LONGFELLOW. *Voices of the Night*. Prelude. St. 19.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

But why then publish? Granville, the polite,

And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write.

POPE. *Prologue to Satires*. 1. 125.

The unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,

Lives not to please himself, but other men ;

Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,

Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Lee's Cæsar Borgia*.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,

And pause awhile from letters to be wise,  
There mark what ill the scholar's life assail,

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail ;

See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*. 1. 157.

We that live to please, must please to live.

JOHNSON. *Prologue on Opening Drury Lane Theatre*.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *Essay on Poetry*.

An author ! 'tis a venerable name !  
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !

Unbless'd with sense above their peers refined,

Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?

Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause,

That sole proprietor of just applause ?

YOUNG. *Epistle to Pope*. Bk. ii. l. 15.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 162.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

*Ibid*. *Imitations of Horace*. Bk. ii. Ep. i. l. 108.

You write with ease to show your breeding,  
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

SHERIDAN. *Clio's Protest*.

*Dogberry*. To be a well-favored man is a gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. Write me down an ass.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 15.

The world agrees,

That he writes well who thinks with ease ;  
Then he, by sequel logical,

Writes best who never thinks at all.

PRIOR. *Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard*.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well,

And when philosophy directs your choice,

To proper subjects rightly understood,  
Words from your pen will naturally flow.

ROSCOMMON. *From Horace. Of the Art of Poetry*. l. 342.

And choose an author as you choose a friend.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Translated Verse*. 1. 96.

None but an author knows an author's cares,

Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

COWPER. *The Progress of Error*. 1. 486.

Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,  
Compose the black militia of the pen.

YOUNG. *To Mr. Pope*. Ep. i.

For who can write so fast as men run  
mad.

*Ibid.* *Love of Fame*. Satire i. l. 286.

Some write, confin'd by physic; some,  
by debt;

Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, because  
'tis wet;

Another writes because his father writ,  
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

*Ibid.* *Epistle to Pope*. Bk. i. l. 75.

No man but a blockhead ever wrote  
except for money.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. 1776.

The chief glory of every people arises  
from its authors.

JOHNSON. *Preface to his Dictionary*.

Literary men are . . . a perpetual  
priesthood.

CARLYLE. *State of German Literature*.

A small number of men and women  
think for the million; through them the  
million speak and act.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Quid est enim dulcius otio literato?

What is more delightful than lettered  
ease?

CICERO. *Tusculanæ Disputationes*. v. 36,  
105.

And I have written three books on the  
soul,

Proving absurd all written hitherto,  
And putting us to ignorance again.

BROWNING. *Cleon*.

I think the author who speaks about  
his own books is almost as bad as a  
mother who talks about her own children.

DISRAELI. *Speech at Banquet to Lord Rector*, Glasgow, Nov. 19, 1870.

The greatest part of a writer's time is  
spent in reading, in order to write; a  
man will turn over half a library to  
make one book.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. 1775.  
Vol. ii. Ch. x.

A man may write at any time if he  
will set himself doggedly to it.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Vol. iv.  
Ch. ii. 1773.

One writer, for instance, excels at a  
plan, or a title-page; another works  
away the body of the book, and a third  
is a dab at an index.

GOLDSMITH. *The Bee*. l. Oct. 6, 1759.

There are two things which I am confident  
I can do very well: one is an introduction  
to any literary work, stating what it is  
to contain, and how it should be executed  
in the most perfect manner.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. An. 1775.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in  
print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing  
in't.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 51.

Some men they like to see themselves in  
print,

Tho' ne'er a word o' sense there's in't.

BURNS.

One hates an author that's all author,  
fellows

In foolscap uniforms, turn'd up with  
ink,

So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,  
One don't know what to say to them,  
or think,

Unless to puff them with a pair of bel-  
lows;

Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en  
the pink

Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
These unquench'd snuffings of the mid-  
night taper.

BYRON. *Beppo*.

Talent alone cannot make a writer.  
There must be a man behind the book,  
a personality which, by birth and quality,  
is pledged to the doctrines there set  
forth, and which exists to see and state  
things so, and not otherwise, holding  
things because they are things.

EMERSON. *Representative Men*. Goethe.

It may be glorious to write

Thoughts that shall glad the two or  
three

High souls, like those far stars that come  
in sight

Once in a century.

LOWELL. *An Incident in a Railroad Car*.

## AUTUMN.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the  
birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers  
o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-  
vors,

Which some call nature's bastards.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act iv.  
Sc. 4. l. 79.

*Cleopatra.* His bounty,  
There was no winter in't: an autumn  
'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act v.  
Sc. 2. l. 86.

Behold congenial Autumn comes,  
The Sabbath of the year.

LOGAN. *The Country in Autumn*. Ver. i.

The yellow year is hastening to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their  
last,

Their small notes twitter in the dreary  
blast—  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early  
snows;—

The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly  
glassed,  
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer  
past,  
And makes a little summer where it  
grows;—

In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief  
day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling  
way

Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks  
define,  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant  
array,  
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-  
twine.

COLERIDGE. *November*.

When chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare.

BUENS. *Man was made to Mourn*.

No sun, no moon, no morn, no noon,  
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of  
day,

No road, no street, no t'other side the  
way,

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no  
bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no buds.  
November!

HOOD. *November*.

The melancholy days are come, the sad-  
dest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and  
meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the  
autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to  
the rabbit's tread;

The robin and the wren are flown, and  
from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow  
through all the gloomy day.

BRYANT. *Death of the Flowers*.

All-cheering plenty, with her flowing  
horn,

Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nod-  
ding corn.

BURNS. *The Brigs of Ayr*.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing  
sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and  
bless

With fruit the vines that round the  
thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage  
trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the  
core.

KEATS. *To Autumn*.

There is a harmony

In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which thro' the summer is not heard  
nor seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not  
been!

SHELLEY. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind  
is wailing,

The bare boughs are sighing, the pale  
flowers are dying;

And the year

On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud  
of leaves dead,

Is lying.

Come, months, come away,  
From November to May,  
In your saddest array;  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead cold year,  
And like dim shadows watch by her  
sepulchre.  
SHELLEY. *Autumn. A Dirge.*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the  
sky  
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is  
fled!  
HOOD. *Written in a Volume of Shakespeare.*

That beautiful season  
. . . the Summer of All-Saints!  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and  
magical light; and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the fresh-  
ness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and  
the restless heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds  
were in harmony blended.  
. . . And the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the  
golden vapors around him;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and  
scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each  
glittering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian  
adorned with mantles and jewels.  
LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline. Pt. i. ii. l. 11.*  
Autumn wins you best by this its mute  
Appeal to sympathy for its decay.  
BROWNING. *Paracelsus. Sc. 1.*

**AVARICE.**

The love of money is the root of all  
evil.  
*New Testament. 1 Timothy vi. 10.*

Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected spirit that  
fell  
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his  
looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring  
more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trod-  
den gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,

Ransacked the centre, and with impious  
hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his  
crew  
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none  
admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may  
best  
Deserve the precious bane.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. 1. l. 678.*

Poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still  
for more.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece. 14.*

*Malcolm.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their  
lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a  
sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should  
forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and  
loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.  
*Macduff.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more per-  
nicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath  
been  
The sword of our slain kings.  
*Ibid. Macbeth. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 80.*

*King Henry.* How quickly Nature  
falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object!  
*Ibid. II. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 194.*

*Brutus.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you  
yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching  
palm.  
*Ibid. Julius Caesar. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 9.*

Avarice of all is ever nothing's father.  
G. CHAPMAN. *The Revenge of Bussy  
D'Ambois. Act v. Sc. 1.*

A captive fetter'd at the oar of gain.  
FALCONER. *The Shipwreck. l. 99.*

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake

The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;

First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 347.

A mere madness, to live like a wretch, and die rich.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. ii. Mem. 3. Subsec. xiii.

Avarice, the spur of industry.

HUME. *Essay XII. Of Civil Liberty*.

Desire of gain, the basest mind's delight.

"A. W." *Sonnet I. (from Davison's Rhapsody)*.

A thirst for gold,

The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm

The meanest hearts.

BYRON. *Vision of Judgment*. St. 43.

So for a good old gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 216.

That disease

Of which all old men sicken, avarice.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *The Roaring Girl*. Act i. Sc. 3.

*Falstaff*. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 215.

The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest;

The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless! The last corruption of degenerate man.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Irene*. Act i. Sc. 1.

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

*Ibid.* *Boswell's Life*. Vol. viii. Ch. ii.

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

EDWARD MOORE. *The Gamester*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1753.

## BALLADS AND SONGS.

I knew a very wise man that believed that . . . if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

ANDREW FLETCHER of Saltoun.

[This phrase occurs in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, Earl of Rothes. Many surmises have been made as to the identity

of the "very wise man." As good a guess as any names John Selden, who was a friend of Fletcher's. The saying finds special significance in France, which was described in a seventeenth century proverb as "a monarchy tempered by songs." Later the word "epigrams" was substituted for "songs" in recognition of the popular influence of epigrams or "*mots*."

Tout finit par des chansons. ("Everything ends in songs.")

BEAUMARCHAIS. *Le Mariage de Figaro*.

*Falstaff*. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 43.

But touch me, and no minister so sore. Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme, Sacred to ridicule his whole life long, And the sad burthen of some merry song.

POPE. *Satire* i. l. 76.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 6.

*Hotspur*. I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry: 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 129.

Homer himself must beg if he want means, and as by report sometimes he did "go from door to door and sing ballads, with a company of boys about him."

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. ii. Mem. 4. Subsec. vi.

Thespis, the first professor of our art, At country wakes sang ballads from a cart.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba*.

*Clown*. I love a ballad but only too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 188.

*Slender.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 206.

*Jaques.* I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 13.

*Desdemona.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,

And did forsake her: she had a song of *Willow*,

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 28.

*Glendower.* She bids you Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Ibid.* *Henry IV.* Pt. i. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 214.

*Cassio.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 77.

*Cassio.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 101.

*Armado.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labor's Lost.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 117.

*Duke.* Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night;

Methought it did relieve my passion much;

More than light airs and recollected terms,

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 42.

*Duke.* Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain;

The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 40.

It hath been sung at festivals, On ember eves and holy ales;

And lords and ladies of their lives Have read it for restoratives.

*Ibid.* *Passionate Pilgrim.* i. Chorus.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

EDMUND WALLER. *To Mr. Creech.* l. 10.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *The Defence of Poesy.*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

COLERIDGE. *Dejection. An Ode.* St. 1.

A famous man is Robin Hood, The English ballad-singer's joy.

WORDSWORTH. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

DRYDEN. *Abalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. l. 197.

Friend to my life, which did you not prolong The world had wanted many an idle song.

POPE. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires.* l. 27.

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,

It shall be witty and it shan't be long!

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

[Mahon, in his preface to Chesterfield's Letters, quoting from the Memoirs of Dutens, informs us that the couplet was an impromptu written at the request of "Chevalier Robinson," who was both tall and stupid.]

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords

Is when the soul unto the lines accords.  
HERBERT. *The Church. A True Hymn.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

PRIOR. *A Better Answer.*

Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.  
SHELLEY. *To Wordsworth.* l. 12.

He play'd an ancient ditty long since mute,

In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans merci."

KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes.* St. 33.

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* Pt. xlviii. St. 4.

They sang of love and not of fame;

Forgot was Britain's glory;

Each heart recalled a different name,

But all sang "Annie Laurie."

BAYARD TAYLOR. *A Song of the Camp.*

Such songs have power to quiet

The restless pulse of care,

And come like the benediction

That follows after prayer.

LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done.* St. 9.

The song on its mighty pinions

Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven.

*Ibid.* *The Children of the Lord's Supper.* l. 44.

## BANISHMENT.

(See EXILE.)

*Romeo.* Banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banished?

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 46.

*Bolingbroke.* Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 21.

[The same line occurs in the *Lord's Progress* by Fletcher and others. Act v. Sc. 1.]

We left our country for our country's good.

GEORGE BARRINGTON.

[Barrington was a convict in New South Wales. On January 16, 1796, he and his fellow-convicts acted in a production of Young's tragedy, "The Revenge," for the opening night of the new play-house at Sydney. Barrington wrote the prologue, which commences as follows:

From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas,  
we come,  
Though not with much éclat or beat of drum;

True patriots we, for, be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good.

No private views disgraced our generous zeal,

What urged our travels was our country's weal;

And none will doubt but that our emigration

Has proved most useful to the British nation.]

A similar idea occurs in Farquhar's *The Beaux Stratagem* (1706), in this dialogue between a well-meaning philanthropist and a highwayman:

*Aimwell.* You have served abroad, sir?

*Gibbet.* Yes, sir, in the plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst of service. I would have quitted it, indeed, but a man of honor, you know— Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad. Anything for the good of one's country; I'm a Roman for that.

In a complimentary sense the phrase had been applied so early as 1596 to Sir Francis Drake:

Leaving his country for his country's sake.

FITZ-GEFFREY. *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake.* St. 213.

[The sarcasm was anticipated in *Eastward Ho!* a tragedy written by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston shortly after the accession of James VI. of Scotland as James I. of England, when the arrival of a horde of Scotsmen in London aroused the jealous anger of the English:

Only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [Vir

ginia]; for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.

Act iii. Sc. 2.  
James I. was so offended at this insult to his countrymen that he imprisoned the authors, seized the first edition of the play, and cancelled the leaves containing this passage, leaving them to be reprinted without it. Hence it occurs only in a few of the original copies, which are highly prized by bibliomaniacs.]

## BARGAIN.

*Hotspur.* In the way of a bargain,  
mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.* Pt. i. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 139.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chap-  
men do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to  
buy;

But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll not commend what we intend to  
sell.

Here lies our way.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 77.

Though he love not to buy the pig in  
the poke.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. i. Ch. ix.

In doing of aught let your wit bear a stroke  
For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry.*

Always have an eye to the mayne, what-  
soever thou art chaunced at the buy.

LYLY. *Euphues and His England.*

## BATTLE.

Certaminis gaudia.

The joys of battle.

ATTILA at the battle of Chalons. JORDANUS  
OF RAVENNA, *de Getarum origine.* Cap.  
xxxix. (*Migne's Patrologia Cursus.* Vol.  
lxix. 415.)

The perilous edge

Of battle when it raged.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 276.

Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor such as heard in Heaven  
till now

Was never; arms on armor clashing  
brayed

Horrible discord, and the madding  
wheels

Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the  
noise

Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rushed  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vi. l. 207.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew  
vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and  
thrice he slew the slain.

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast.* l. 66.

When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL. *Ye Mariners of England.*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

*Ibid.* *Hohenlinden.*

Another's sword has laid him low,  
Another's and another's;  
And every hand that dealt the blow—  
Ah me! it was a brother's!

*Ibid.* *O'Connor's Child.* St. 10.

Then more fierce

The conflict grew; the din of arms, the  
yell

Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,  
The groan of death, commingled in one  
sound

Of undistinguish'd horrors.

SOUTHEY. *Madoc.* Pt. ii. *The Battle.*

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound  
of strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—  
the day

Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
when rent

The earth is cover'd thick with other  
clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd  
and pent,

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one  
red burial blent!

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 28.

His heart more truly knew that peal  
too well

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody  
bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone  
could quell :

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost  
fighting, fell.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 23.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain  
stands,

His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the  
sun,

With death-shot glowing in his fiery  
hands,

And eye that scorcheth all it glares  
upon ;

Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now  
anon

Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what  
deeds are done ;

For on this morn three potent nations  
meet,

To shed before his shrine the blood he  
deems most sweet.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 39.

And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto v. St. 10.

In the lost battle,

Borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle

With groans of the dying.

*Ibid.* *Marmion*. Canto iii. St. 11.

March to the battle-field,

The foe is now before us ;

Each heart is Freedom's shield,

And heaven is shining o'er us.

B. E. O'MEARA (1778-1836). *March to the  
Battle-field*.

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

Was there a man dismay'd ?

No tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd :

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

TENNYSON. *The Charge of the Light  
Brigade*.

Jaws of death.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act iii.

Sc. 4. l. 228.

DU BARTAS. *Weekes and Workes*. Day i.  
Pt. iv.

The Russians dashed on towards that  
thin red-line streak tipped with a line  
of steel.

RUSSELL. *The British Expedition to the  
Crimea* (revised edition). p. 187.

Soon the men of the column began to see  
that though the scarlet line was slender, it  
was very rigid and exact.

KINGLAKE. *Invasion of the Crimea*. Vol.  
iii. p. 455.

The spruce beauty of the slender red line.  
*Ibid.* *Invasion of the Crimea*. Sixth  
edition. Vol. iii. p. 248.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the  
world.

EMERSON. *Hymn sung at the Completion  
of the Battle Monument*.

Hold the fort ! I am coming !

WILLIAM T. SHEERMAN (1820-1891). Sig-  
naled to General Corse in Alla-  
toona from the top of Kenesaw,  
Oct. 5, 1864.

[This was the episode which suggested to  
Dwight L. Moody his hymn beginning :  
Hold the fort, for I am coming.]

### BEAUTY (in General).

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;

Its loveliness increases ; it will never

Pass into nothingness, but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams and health and

quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman

dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd  
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of  
all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the  
pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in.

KEATS. *Endymion*. Bk. i. l. 1.

When old age shall this generation  
waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other  
woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom  
thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that  
is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to  
know.

*Ibid.* *Ode to a Grecian Urn*.

Oh Beauty, old yet ever new!

Eternal Voice and Inward Word.

WHITTIER. *The Shadow and the Light*.  
St. 21.

Too late I loved thee, O Beauty of  
ancient days, yet ever new! And lo!  
Thou wert within, and I abroad search-  
ing for Thee. Thou wert with me, but  
I was not with Thee.

St. AUGUSTINE. *Soliloquies*. Bk. x.

If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

EMERSON. *The Rhodora*.

Who gave thee, O Beauty,  
The keys of this breast,—

Too credulous lover

Of blest and unblest?

Say, when in lapsed ages

Thee knew I of old?

Or what was the service

For which I was sold?

*Ibid.* *Ode to Beauty*. St. 1.

He thought it happier to be dead,  
To die for Beauty, than live for bread.

*Ibid.* *Beauty*.

'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the  
way.

NATHANIEL LEE. *Alexander the Great*.  
Act iv. Sc. 2.

[In the stage version "leads" is substi-  
tuted for "shows."]

### BEAUTY (Personal).

*Olivia*. I will give out divers schedules  
of my beauty: It shall be inventoried;  
and every particle, and utensil, labelled  
to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent  
red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to  
them; item, one neck, one chin, and so  
forth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act i.  
Sc. 5. l. 228.

*Enobarbus*. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 201.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your  
graces,

The age to come would say, "This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched  
earthly faces."

*Ibid.* *Sonnets*. xvii.

So, when my tongue would speak her  
praises due,

It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;  
And, when my pen would write her titles  
true,

It ravisht is with fancies wonderment;  
Yet in my hart I then both speake and  
write

The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SPENSER. *Amoretti, or Sonnets*. iii.

Who hath not proved how feebly words  
essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing check, his sinking heart, con-  
fess

The might, the majesty of loveliness?

BYRON. *Bride of Abydos*. Canto i. St. 6.

He (Aristotle) used to say that per-  
sonal beauty was a better introduction  
than any letter; but others say that it  
was Diogenes who gave this description  
of it, while Aristotle called beauty "the  
gift of God;" that Socrates called it "a  
short-lived tyranny;" Theophrastus, "a  
silent deceit;" Theocritus, "an ivory  
mischief;" Carneades, "a sovereignty  
which stood in need of no guards."

DIOPENES LAERTIUS. *Aristotle*. x.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 207.

Duke. What's beauty but a corse?  
 What but fair sand-dust are earth's  
 purest forms?  
 Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in  
 worms.

MIDDLETON AND DEKKER. *The Honest Whore*. Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 1.

Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail,  
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the  
 season;

Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;  
 Fickle treasure, abhorred of reason.

EARL OF SURREY. *The Frailty and Hurtfulness of Beauty*.

Beauty stands  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive. Cease to admire, and all  
 her plumes

Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. ii. l. 220.

Beauty is but a flower,  
 Which wrinkles will devour.

THOMAS NASH. *Summer's Last Will and Testament*. l. 600.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to  
 bud;

A brittle glass, that's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass,  
 a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within  
 an hour.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Passionate Pilgrim*. St. 9.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the  
 ground;

As broken glass no cement can re-  
 dress;—

So beauty, blemish'd once, 's forever lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and  
 cost.

*Ibid.* *The Passionate Pilgrim*. St. 13.

The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet lxx.*

Beauty,—thou pretty plaything, death,  
 deceit!

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's  
 heart,

And gives it a new pulse, unknown  
 before,

The grave discredits thee.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 837.

Beauty's of a fading nature—  
 Has a season, and is gone!  
 BURNS. *Will Ye Go and Marry Katie?*

Beauty is but skin deep.

[This saying in one form or another is found in the proverbial literature of all countries. The Early Fathers of the Church and other mediæval moralists were especially fond of it.]

Take her skin from her face and thou shalt see all loathsomeness under it, that beauty is a superficial skin and bone, nerves, sinews.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

In corpore ipso quid forma est? nempe cuticula bene colorata? ("In the body itself what is beauty save a little skin, well colored?")

LUDOVICUS VIVES. *Valent. Op. Intro.* ad Sap. 61, vol. ii., eds. 72, 73; Basil, 1555.

All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep.

RALPH VENNING. *Orthodoxe Paradoxes* (Third Edition, 1650). *The Triumph of Assurance*. p. 41.

And all the carnal beauty of my wife  
 Is but skin deep.

SIR T. OVERBURY. *A Wife*. St. 16,

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us  
 in fine gay colours, that are but skin-deep.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Genesis iii.

Beauty is but skin deep,

Ugly lies the bone;

Beauty dies and fades away,

But ugly holds its own.

ANON.

La beauté du visage est un frêle ornement,  
 Une fleur passagère, un éclat d'un moment.  
 Et qui n'est attaché qu'à la seul epiderme.

Facial beauty is but a frail ornament, a passing flower, a momentary brightness, and which is attached to the skin alone.

MOLIERE. *Les Femmes Savantes*. iii. 6.

The saying that beauty is but skin-deep is but a skin-deep saying.

HERBERT SPENCER. *Essays. Personal Beauty*.

It becomes possible to admit that plainness may coexist with nobility of nature, and fine features with baseness; and yet to hold that mental and physical perfection are fundamentally connected, and will, when the present causes of incongruity have worked themselves out, be ever found united.

*Ibid.*

Never teach false morality. How exultingly absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress is of no use. Beauty is of value, her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of sense she will find this out.

SYDNEY SMITH, in Lady Holland's Memoir.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown in courts, in feasts, and high solemnities, Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

It is for homely features to keep home, They had their name thence; coarse complexions.

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that, Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?

There was another meaning in these gifts.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 745.

Physical beauty is the sign of an interior beauty, a spiritual and moral beauty which is the basis, the principle, and the unity of the beautiful.

SCHILLER. *Essays, Esthetical and Philosophical*. Introduction.

Beauty is certainly a soft, smooth, slippery thing, and, therefore, of a nature which easily slips in and permeates our souls. For I affirm that the good is the beautiful.

PLATO. *Lysis*. i. 56. (JOWETT, trans.)

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue.

EMERSON. *Nature*. Ch. iii. *Beauty*.

Beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.

HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. Ch. ii.

Does not beauty confer a benefit upon us, even by the simple fact of being beautiful?

VICTOR HUGO. *The Toilers of the Sea*. Pt. i. Bk. iii. Ch. i.

The fatal gift of beauty.

FILCAJA. (See under ITALY.)

Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde!

That is the lot of the beautiful on earth.

SCHILLER. *Wallenstein's Tod*. iv. 12, 26.

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand

The downward slope to death.

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*. St. 4.

Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior.

A beautiful mother, a more beautiful daughter.

HORACE. *Carmina* I. 16. i.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium! Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

Her lips suck forth my soul; see, where it flies!—

MARLOWE. *Fruustus*.

Like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*. St. 6.

Beauty hath created bin

T' undo or be undone.

S. DANIEL. *Ulysses and the Syren*. l. 71.

*Rosalind*. Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 112.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree Laden with blooming gold had need the guard

Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye, To save her blossoms and defend her fruit.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 393.

*Hamlet*. The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Se. 1. l. 111.

*Claudio*. Beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 186.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator.

*Ibid.* *The Rape of Lucrece*. St. 5.

*Princess*. My beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

*Biron*. Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labor's Lost*. Act ii. Se. 1. l. 15.

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye: Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labor's Lost*. Act iv. Se. 3. l. 242.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet.  
DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*. 1. 1.

Ah, Beauty! Syren, fair enchanting  
Good,

Sweet silent Rhetorick of perswading  
eyes;

Dumb Eloquence, whose power doth  
move the Blood,

More than the Words or Wisdom of the  
Wise;

Still Harmony, whose Diapason lies  
Within a Brow; the Key which  
Passions move

To ravish Sense, and play a World  
in love.

S. DANIEL. *The Complaint of Rosamund*.  
St. 19.

Beauty with a bloodless conquest finds  
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

WALLER. *Upon Her Majesty's Repairing  
to St. Paul*.

Beauties are tyrants, and if they can reign  
They have no feeling for their subject's  
pain;

Their victim's anguish gives their charms  
applause,  
And their chief glory is the woe they cause.

CRABBE. *The Patron*.

The man in arms 'gainst female charms,  
Even he her willing slave is.

BURNS. *Lovely Davies*.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto ii. l. 28.  
(See under HAIR.)

She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

BYRON. *She Walks in Beauty*.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

MARLOWE. *Faustus*.

*Romeo*. O, she doth teach the torches to  
burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i.  
Sc. 5. l. 42.

*Romeo*. But, soft! what light through  
yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than  
she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady: O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of  
that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her  
head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; here eye in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so  
bright

That birds would sing and think it were not  
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 2.

*Romeo*. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my  
head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 25.

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.

WORDSWORTH. *She was a Phantom of  
Delight*.

Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,

What care I how fair she be?

GEORGE WITHER. *The Shepherd's Reso-  
lution*. (See under RECIPROCI-  
TY.)

*Second Gentleman*. Heaven bless thee!  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked  
on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iv. Sc.  
1. l. 42.

*Belarius*. By Jupiter, an angel! or,  
if not,

An earthly paragon!

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 6. l. 43.

*Gentleman*. The most peerless piece of  
earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 94.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace  
Of finer form or lovelier face.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Bk. i. St. 18.

A lovely lady, garmented in light  
From her own beauty.

SHELLEY. *The Witch of Atlas*. St. 5.

A lady so richly clad as she,—  
Beautiful exceedingly.

COLERIDGE. *Christobel*. Pt. i. St. 8.

She's all my fancy painted her ;  
She's lovely, she's divine.

WILLIAM MEE. *Alice Gray*.

At length I saw a lady within call,  
Still than chisel'd marble, standing  
there ;

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall  
And most divinely fair.

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*. St. 22.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 61.

The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair.  
HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xx. l. 278. (POPE, trans.)

But so fair,

She takes the breath of men away  
Who gaze upon her unaware.

MRS. BROWNING. *Bianca Among the  
Nightingales*. xii.

*Antonio*. In nature there's no blemish  
but the mind ;

None can be call'd deform'd but the  
unkind :

Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the  
devil.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act iii.  
Sc. 4. l. 401.

No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.  
JOSHUA COOKE (attributed to). *How a  
Man may choose a Good Wife from a  
Bad*. Act v. Sc. 3.

Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair  
In that she never studied to be fairer  
Than Nature made her ; beauty cost her  
nothing,

Her virtues were so rare.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *All Fools*. Act i. Sc. 1.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire :  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the  
sense.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 4.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be ;

Her loveliness I never knew

Until she smiled on me :

Oh ! then I saw her eye was bright,

A well of love, a spring of light.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Song*.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,  
Through which the mind's all-gentle  
graces shine ?

They, like the sun, irradiate all be-  
tween ;

The body charms, because the soul is  
seen.

Hence men are often captives of a face,  
They know not why, of no peculiar  
grace :

Some forms, though bright, no mortal  
man can bear ;

Some none resist, though not exceeding  
fair.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire 6. l. 141.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may  
roll ;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins  
the soul.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto v. l. 33.

I must not say that she was true,

Yet let me say that she was fair ;

And they, that lovely face who view,

They should not ask if truth be there.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Euphrosyne*.

She was not fair,

Nor beautiful—those words express her  
not ;

But, oh, her looks had something ex-  
cellent,

That wants a name.

LONGFELLOW. *Hyperion*.

Beautiful as sweet,

And young as beautiful, and soft as  
young,

And gay as soft, and innocent as gay !

BULWER. *New Timon*. iii. l. 81.

## BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,

And born in bed, in bed we die ;

The near approach a bed may show

Of human bliss and human woe.

ISAAC DE BENSERADE. (Trans. by Dr.  
JOHNSON.)

If he that in the field is slain,  
Be in the bed of honour lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto iii.  
l. 1047.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that  
same bed of honor?

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed I bigger  
by half than the great bed at Ware: ten  
thousand people may lie in it together,  
and never feel one another.

GEORGE FARQUHAR. *The Recruiting  
Officer*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Oh, bed I bed I bed I delicious bed I  
That heaven upon earth to the weary  
head,

Whether lofty or low its condition I  
T. HOOD. *Miss Kilmansiegg*.

Night is the time for rest;—  
How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Night*.

### BEES.

*Canterbury*. So work the honey bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade  
abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their  
stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet  
buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march  
bring home,  
To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of  
gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the  
honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 187.

[Bees, of course, have no king. The same  
error appears in Bacon, who speaks of "the  
king in a hive of bees" (*Apothegms*). Both  
authors were blindly following Virgil:

The bees of a hive are very obsequious to  
their king. They attend him in crowds,  
often raising him on their shoulders and  
exposing their own bodies in his defence.  
*Georgics*. iv.]

For where's the state beneath the firma-  
ment

That doth excel the bees for govern-  
ment?

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Works*.  
First Week. Fifth day. Pt. i.

What is not good for the swarm is not  
good for the bee.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. 64.

But chief the spacious hall  
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and  
in the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.  
As bees

In spring-time, when the sun with  
Taurus rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about  
the hive.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 767.

The careful insect 'midst his works I  
view,

Now from the flowers exhaust the fra-  
grant dew,

With golden treasures load his little  
thighs,

And steer his distant journey through  
the skies;

Some against hostile drones the hive  
defend,

Others with sweets the waxen cells dis-  
tend,

Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,  
And in the little bulk a mighty soul  
appears.

GAY. *Rural Sports*. Canto i. l. 83.

He is not worthy of the honey-comb,  
Who shuns the hives because the bees  
have stings.

SHAKESPEARE (attributed to). *Lochrine*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a crowslip's bell I lie.

*Ibid*. *The Tempest*. Act v. Sc. 1. *Ariel's  
Song*.

*Cassius.* But for your words, they rob  
the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 34.

By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do  
grow  
Healing and rich though this they do  
most slow,  
Because most choicely; for as great a  
store  
Have we of books as bees of herbs, or  
more:  
And the great task to try, then know,  
the good

To discern weeds and judge of whole-  
some food,

Is a rare scant performance.

HENRY VAUGHAN. *To His Books.*

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep.

SHENSTONE. *A Pastoral Ballad.* Pt. ii.  
*Hope.*

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

WATTS. *Song.* 20.

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring  
bowers,

Know there is richest juice in poisoned  
flowers.

KEATS. *Isabella.* xiii.

And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.* Pt. vii. l. 207.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone!  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,

Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

EMERSON. *The Humble-Bee.*

### BEGGARS; BEGGING.

*Bastard.* Well, whiles I am a beggar  
I will rail

And say there is no sin but to be rich:  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
To say there is no vice but beggary.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 593.

*York.* Thy father bears the type of  
king of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeo-  
man.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to  
insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud  
queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,  
That beggars mounted run their horse  
to death.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act i.  
Sc. 4. l. 121.

Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride  
to the devil.—*English Proverb.*

Set a beggar on horseback and he'll out-  
ride the devil.—*German Proverb.*

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride  
agallop.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. ii.  
Sec. ii. Memb. 1. Subsec. 1.

Full little knowest thou that has not  
tried,

What hell it is in suing long to bide:

To loose good dayes, that might be better  
spent;

To waste long nights in pensive discon-  
tent;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-  
morrow;

To feed on hope, to pine with feare and  
sorrow.

To fret thy soule with crosses and with  
cares;

To eate thy heart through comfortlesse  
dispaïres;

To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride,  
to ronne,

To spend, to give, to want, to be un-  
donne.

Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
That doth his life in so long tenceance  
spend!

SPENSER. *Mother Hubbard's Tale.* l. 895.

His house was known to all the vagrant  
train,

He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd  
their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his  
guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged  
breast.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 149.

None but beggars live at ease.

A. W. *Song in Praise of a Beggar's Life*  
(from Davison's *Rhapsody*).

Der wahre Bettler ist  
Doch einzig und allein der ware König.

The real beggar is indeed the true  
and only king.

LESSING. *Nathan der Weise*. ii. 9.

Many great ones  
Would part with half their states, to  
have the plan

And credit to beg in the first style.

SCOTT. *The Antiquary*. Ch. xxvii.

Qui timide rogat

Docet negare.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.

SENECA. *Hippolytus*. 593.

Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.  
HERRICK. *No Bashfulness in Begging*.  
(See under BLUSHING.)

Beggars must be no choosers.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *Scornful*  
*Lady*. Act v. Sc. 3.

[A proverb found in most languages, and  
recorded by John Heywood before Beaumont  
and Fletcher, in the form: "Beggars  
should be no choosers."]

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne  
him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest  
span;

Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless  
your store.

MOSS. *The Beggar*.

The highest price we can pay for any-  
thing, is to ask it.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations*  
*Eschines and Phocion*.

### BEGINNINGS.

Principiis obsta.

Resist the beginnings.

OVID. *Remed. Amoris*. 91.

We must be watchful, especially in the  
beginning of temptation, because then the  
enemy is easier overcome, if he is not suf-  
fered to come in at all at the door of the  
soul, but is kept out and resisted at his first  
knock. Whence a certain man said, "*With-  
stand the beginning*: after remedies come too  
late."

THOMAS À KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ*.  
Ch. xiii. Sec. iv.

We shut our eyes to the beginnings of  
evil because they are small, and in this  
weakness lies the germ of our misfortune,  
*Principiis obsta*: this maxim closely followed  
would preserve us from almost all our mis-  
fortunes.

AMIEL. *Journal Intime*. ii. 76.

Beware of the beginnings of vice. Do not  
delude yourself with the belief that it can  
be argued against in the presence of the ex-  
citing cause. Nothing but *actual flight* can  
save you.

B. R. HAYDON. *Table Talk*.

To doubtful masters do not headlong  
run,

What's well left off were better not  
begun.

RANDOLPH.

*Aumerle*. Learn to make a body of a  
limb.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 188.

The colt that's back'd and burden'd  
being young,

Loseth his pride, and never waxeth  
strong.

*Ibid*. *Venus and Adonis*. St. 70.

Young twiggess are sooner bent than old  
trees.

LYLY. *Euphues and his England*.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,

Aged trees do break with bending.

SOUTHWELL. *Loss in Delay*.

A bird's weight can break the infant tree  
Which after holds the aery in his arms.

R. BROWNING. *Luria*. Act iv.

*Falstaff*. To the latter end of a fray,  
and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 85.

As the proverb says, "a good begin-  
ning is half the business," and "to have  
begun well" is praised by all.

PLATO. *Laws*. vi. 2. (STEPHENS, trans.)

A bad beginning makes a bad ending.

EURIPIDES. *Aeolus*. Frag. 32.

The converse proposition, "A good begin-  
ning makes a good ending," is a popular  
proverb in many languages. Heywood gives  
it in these words: "Of a good beginning  
cometh a good end." (*Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.)

'H δ' ἀρχὴ λέγεται ἡμῖσιν εἶναι παντός.

The beginning is said to be half of the  
whole.

ARISTOTLE. *Politica*. viii. 3.

*Timoleon.* All great actions the wish'd course do run,  
That are, with their allowance, well begun.  
MASSINGER. *The Bondman.* Act i. Sc. 1.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!

Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

LOWELL. *To W. L. Garrison.* St. 11.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto x. St. 6.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

It is only the first step which costs.

MADAME DU DEFFAND. *In reply to the Cardinal de Polignac.*

[This bon mot is recorded in one of Voltaire's notes to Canto i. of "La Pucelle." The lady herself gives its genesis in a letter to Horace Walpole (June 6, 1767). It appears that Cardinal Polignac, a man of vast credulity, told her the old story of the martyrdom of St. Denis, who, after decapitation, walked two leagues with his head in his hand to the spot where his church was afterward erected. The cardinal laid special stress on the distance traversed. "The distance is nothing," quoth Madame; "'tis only the first step that costs" ("La distance n'y fait rien; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte").]

*Cassius.* Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 107.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

*New Testament.* St. James iii. 5.

Parva saepe scintilla contempta magnum excitavit incendium.

A small spark neglected has often kindled a mighty conflagration.

QUINTUS CURTIUS. *De Rebus Gestis Alexandri Magni.* vi. 3. 11.

*Clifford.* A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act iv. Sc. 8.

*Clarence.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*Ibid.* *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act iv. Sc. 8.

From small fires comes oft no small mishap.

HERBERT. *The Church.* *Artillery.* 1. 7.

Rivers from bubbling springs

Have rise at first, and great from abject things.

MIDDLETON. *The Mayor of Queenborough (Hengist).* Act ii. Sc. 3.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames. "Play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

This is the better because more scriptural, and, therefore, more likely version of Latimer's speech. Hume, however, gives it as follows:

"Be of good cheer, brother, we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished."  
*History of England.* Ch. xxxvii.

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out.  
2 *Esdra.* xiv. 25.

BELLS.

Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango.

I call the Living—I mourn the Dead—I break the Lightning.

*Inscribed on the Great Bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen—also on that of the Church of Art, near Lucerne.*

[Schiller took this as the motto of his poem, *The Bell.*]

Another form in which the distich appears runs as follows:

Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbato pango.  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

I toll for funerals, I break the lightning, I announce the Sabbath,  
I wake the sluggard, I dissipate the winds, I pacify the quarrelsome.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Ophelia.* Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 166.

*Macbeth.* The bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 62.

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;

Some chord in unison with what we hear

Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes  
on!

With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where Memory slept.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. vi. *Winter  
Walk at Noon*.

Those evening bells! those evening  
bells!

How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet  
time,

When last I heard their soothing chime!  
MOORE. *Those Evening Bells*.

Bells, the music bordering nearest  
heaven.

CHARLES LAMB. *Elia*. *New Year's Eve*.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.

COLERIDGE. *Christabel*. Pt. ii. St. 1.

And the Sabbath bell,

That over wood and wild and mountain  
dell

Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts  
unholy

With sounds most musical, most melan-  
choly.

SAMUEL ROGERS. *Human Life*. 1. 517.

Most musical, most melancholy.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. 1. 62. (See under  
NIGHTINGALE.)

But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard;  
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

COWPER. *Alexander Selkirk*.

With deep affection

And recollection

I often think of

Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,

In the days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle

Their magic spells.

FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony). *The  
Bells of Shandon*.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their har-  
mony foretells

Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten golden notes,  
And all in tune

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens while she  
glouts

On the moon!

POE. *The Bells*. St. 2.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!

Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. Pt. cvi.

The bells themselves are the best of  
preachers;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone in the upper

air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,

Shriller than trumpets under the Law,

Now a sermon, and now a prayer.

The clangorous hammer is the tongue,

This way, that way, beaten and swung,

That from mouth of brass, as from mouth  
of gold

May be taught the Testaments, New and  
Old.

LONGFELLOW. *Christus*. *Golden Legend*.  
Pt. iii.

## BEREAVEMENT.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath  
taken away; blessed be the name of  
the Lord.

*Old Testament*. Job i. 21.

*Cleo*. Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence  
is

No better than a sty? O, see my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act iv. Sc. 15. l. 59.

*Constance*. O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 103.

*Constance*. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 93.

*Macd.* All my pretty ones? Did you say all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All? What! all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so; But I must also feel it as a man: I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 216.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 230.

How can I live without thee! how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!

Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel

The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,

Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 908.

When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto ii.  
Introduction. l. 134.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,

In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.  
CHARLES LAMB. *Old Familiar Faces*.

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *The Last Leaf*.

I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.

MOORE. *Oft in the Stilly Night*.

Friends depart, and memory takes them  
To her caverns, pure and deep.

*Ibid.* *Teach me to Forget*.

Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Friends*.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time  
hath prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,

And one by one crept silently to rest.

FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. xxii.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone.  
MOORE. *The Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie wither'd  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh, who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?  
*Ibid.* *The Last Rose of Summer.*

Oh that 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell  
us

What and where they be.  
TENNYSON. *Maud.* Pt. iv. iii.

But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
*Ibid.* *Break, Break, Break.*

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter—rather more;  
Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.  
*Ibid.* *In Memoriam.* Pt. vi. St. 2.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store.  
KEBLE. *Burial of the Dead.*

Covetous Death bereaved us all,  
To aggrandize one funeral.  
The eager fate which carried thee  
Took the largest part of me:  
For this losing is true dying;  
This is lordly man's down-lying,  
This his slow but sure reclining,  
Star by star his world resigning.  
EMERSON. *Threnody.*

Nor sink those stars in empty night:  
They hide themselves in heaven's own  
light.  
JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Friends.*

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,  
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,  
Beyond the best apothecary's art,  
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,  
Or death for those we dote on, when a part  
Of us dies with them as each fond hope  
ends;

No doubt he would have been much more  
pathetic  
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 21.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the  
brow?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's  
page,  
And be alone on earth as I am now.  
*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 98.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!  
BURNS. *A Fond Kiss.*

Absence and death, how differ they?  
and how  
Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
What one short sigh so easily removed?  
Death, life, and sleep, reality and  
thought—  
Assist me, God, their boundaries to  
know,  
O teach me calm submission to thy will.  
WORDSWORTH. *Maternal Grief.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be.  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light, ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.  
CHARLES WOLFE. *To Mary.*

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben  
Bolt?  
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;  
Who wept with delight when you gave  
her a smile,  
And trembl'd with fear at your frown!  
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. *Ben Bolt.*

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep  
not for him!  
Not for him who, departing, leaves mil-  
lions in tears!  
Not for him who has died full of honor  
and years!

Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder  
so high  
From the round at the top he has  
stepped to the sky.  
N. P. WILLIS. *The Death of Harrison.*

This child is not mine as the first was ;  
I cannot sing it to rest ;  
I cannot lift it up fatherly,  
And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone  
to  
Transfigures its golden hair.  
LOWELL. *The Changeling.*

There is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !  
LONGFELLOW. *Resignation.*

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.  
*Ibid.* *Footsteps of Angels.*

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* Pt. xxvii.  
St. 4.

Magis gauderes quod habucras [amicum],  
quam moereres quod amiseras. ("Rejoice  
more greatly over the fact that you have  
had a friend than sorrow because he dies.")  
SENECA. *Epistle.* cxix.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have  
loved.  
CRABBE. *Tale XIV. The Struggles of  
Conscience.*

Methinks it is better that I should have  
pined away seven of my goldenest years,  
when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer  
eyes of Alice W—n, than that so passion-  
ate a love-venture should be lost.  
LAMB. *Essays of Elia: New Year's Eve.*

He who for love hath undergone  
The worst that can befall  
Is happier thousandfold than one  
Who never loved at all.  
LORD HOUGHTON.

It is better to love wisely, no doubt ; but  
to love foolishly is better than not to be able  
to love at all.

THACKERAY. *Pendennis.* Vol. i. Ch. vi.

As the gambler said of his dice, to love  
and win is the best thing, to love and lose  
is the next best.

*Ibid.* Vol. ii. Ch. i.

A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss ;  
But of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain.

COWLEY. *Gold.*

## BIBLE.

*Antonio.* The devil can cite Scripture  
for his purpose.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice.*  
Act i. Sc. 3. l. 93.

As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture  
quote.

CHURCHILL. *The Apology.* l. 313.

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.  
GEORGE HERBERT. *Sin.*

Holy Bible, book divine.

Precious, precious, thou art mine.

COWPER. *The Bible.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her  
Bible true,—

A truth the brilliant Frenchman never  
knew.

*Ibid.* *Truth.* l. 327.

Within this awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries !

Happiest they of human race,

To whom God has granted grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,

To lift the latch, and force the way :

And better had they ne'er been born,

Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SCOTT. *Monastery.* Ch. xii.

The Bible is a book of faith, and a  
book of doctrine, and a book of morals,  
and a book of religion, of special revela-  
tion from God ; but it is also a book  
which teaches man his own individual  
responsibility, his own dignity, and his  
equality with his fellow-man.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech, Charlestown,*  
*Mass. June 17, 1843. The Bunker*  
*Hill Monument.*

Out from the hearts of nations rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old.

EMERSON. *The Problem.*

## BIGOTRY.

He was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant:  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversy by  
Infallible artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 192.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten  
fools with her ghost.

COLTON. *Lacon*. ci.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!  
Christians have burnt each other, quite  
persuaded  
That all the Apostles would have done  
as they did.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 83.

I think that friars and their hoods,  
Their doctrines and their maggots,  
Have lighted up too many feuds,  
And far too many faggots;  
I think, while zealots fast and frown,  
And fight for two or seven,  
That there are fifty roads to town,  
And rather more to heaven.

PRAED. *Chant of Brazen Head*. St. 8.

And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad  
It will not be improved by burning.  
*Ibid.* *Every Day Christian*.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights  
by my side  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds  
agree?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued  
and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar  
with me?  
From the heretic girl of my soul should  
I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox  
kiss?  
No! perish the hearts and the laws that  
try  
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like  
this.

MOORE.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded  
fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the  
last.  
MOORE. *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

## BIRTH.

And when I was born I drew in the  
common air, and fell upon the earth,  
which is of like nature; and the first  
voice which I uttered was crying, as all  
others do.

*The Wisdom of Solomon*. vii. 3.

[It was the custom among the Jews and  
other ancient races to place a new-born  
child upon the ground immediately after its  
birth.]

The infant, as soon as Nature with great  
pangs of travail hath sent it forth from the  
womb of its mother into the regions of light,  
lies, like a sailor cast out from the waves,  
naked upon the earth, in utter want and  
helplessness, and fills every place around  
with mournful wailings and piteous lamen-  
tations, as is natural for one who has so  
many ills of life in store for him, so many  
evils which he must pass through and  
suffer.

BACON. *De Rerum Natura*. v. 223.

Man alone at the very moment of his  
birth, cast naked upon the naked earth,  
does she abandon to cries and lamentations.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Sec. 2.

He is born naked, and falls a whining  
at the first.

*Ibid.* *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec.  
2. Mem. 3. Subsec. 10.

*Lear*. Thou must be patient: we came  
crying hither;  
Thou know'st the first time that we  
smell the air  
We wawl and cry,—  
When we are born, we cry, that we are  
come

To this great stage of fools.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 6. l. 182.

What then remains but that we still  
should cry  
For being born, and, being born, to die?  
BACON. *The World*.

Not to be born, or, being born, to die.  
DRUMMOND. *Poems*. p. 44. *Bishop King*  
*Poems* (1657). p. 145.

It is as natural to die as to be born;  
and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is  
as painful as the other.

BACON. *Essay II. Of Death*.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,

Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled ;

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,

Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR WM. JONES. *From the Persian.*

This is the thing that I was born to do.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *Musophilus.* St. 10.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,

And her conception of the joyous Prime.

SPENSER. *Fairie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto 6. St. 3.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

Old Testament. Psalm cx. 3. *Book of Common Prayer.*

Bears when first born are shapeless masses of white flesh a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape.

PLINY. Sec. 126.

*Gloucester.* To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp, That carries no impression like the dam.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 166.

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth ; But after licking, it in shape she drawes, And by degrees she fashions out the pawes, The head, and neck, and finally doth bring To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes : First Week, First Day.*

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care, Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

POPE. *Dunciad.* i. 101.

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form.

MONTAIGNE. *Apology for Raimond Sebond.* Bk. ii. Ch. xii.

Believing, hear what you deserve to hear :

Your birthday as my own to me is dear. Blcst and distinguish'd days ! which we should prize

The first, the kindest bounty of the skies.

But yours gives most ; for mine did only lend

Me to the world ; yours gave to me a friend.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams.* Bk. ix. Ep. 53.

My birthday !—what a different sound That word had in my youthful cars ; And how each time the day comes round,

Less and less white its mark appears.

MOORE. *My Birthday.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.

BISHOP HALL. *Epistles.* Doc. iii. Epis. 2.

While man is growing, life is in decrease ; And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb. Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* v. l. 717.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ; The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows ;

He sees it in his joy.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode on Immortality.* St. 5.

Not only around our infancy

Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;

Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,

We Sinai climb and know it not.

LOWELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Prelude to Part First.

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.

Old Testament. Job iii. 3.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn ;

And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

PRIOR. *Solomon.* Bk. iii. l. 240.

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar.

CONGREVE. *Love for Love.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret.

FOOTE. *The Author.* Act 2.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.  
BYRON. *A Sketch*.

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,  
How high his honor holds his haughty  
head!

ANON. *Epigram on Wolsey*.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

HOLMES. *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

### BLACKSMITH.

*Hubert*. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool.  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 193.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands:  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

LONGFELLOW. *The Village Blacksmith*.

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,  
The hardest yron soone doth mollify,  
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,  
And fashion it to what he it list apply.

SPENSER. *Sonnet xxxii*.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who brought  
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught  
Smiths (who before could only make  
The spade, the plough-share, and the rake)

Arts, in most cruel wise  
Man's left to epitomize!

ABRAHAM COWLEY. *In Commendation of the Time we live under the Reign of our gracious King, Charles II.*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when earth was young.

And he sang "Hurrah for my handi-work!

Hurrah for the spear and the sword!

Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord."

And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-work!"

And the red sparks lit the air;  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"

And he fashioned the first plough-share.

CHAS. MACKAY. *Tubal Cain*. St. 4.

In other part stood one who, at the forge  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 564.

Come see the Dolphin's anchor forged;  
'tis at a white heat now:

The billows ceased, the flames decreased;  
though on the forge's brow  
The little flames still fitfully play  
through the sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see the grim  
smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad  
hands only bare;

Some rest upon their sledges here, some  
work the windlass there.

SAM'L FERGUSON. *The Forging of the Anchor*. St. 1.

### BLESSINGS.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda  
secum,

Multa recedentes adimunt.

Years, as they come, bring blessings in  
their train;

Years, as they go, take blessings back  
again.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*. 175. (CONINGTON, trans.)

Like birds, whose beauties languish half  
concealed,

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy  
plumes

Expanded, shine with azure, green and  
gold;

How blessings brighten as they take  
their flight.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 2. l. 589.

(See also under POSSESSION.)

Bless the hand that gave the blow.  
 DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,  
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow.  
 POMFRET. *Verses to his Friend under Affliction*.

Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. i. l. 83.

As half in shade and half in sun  
 This world along its path advances,  
 May that side the sun's upon  
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!  
 MOORE. *Peace be around Thee*.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for  
 he shall never be disappointed.  
 POPE. *Letter to Gay*. Oct. 6, 1727.

GOOD FREN'D FOR JESVS SAKE  
 FORBEARE,  
 TO DIG TE DVST ENCLOSED  
 I EARE.

BLESE BE <sup>E</sup>Y MAN <sup>T</sup>Y SPARES  
 TES STONES, <sup>T</sup>  
 AND CVRST BE HE <sup>T</sup>Y MOVES  
 MY BONES.  
*Epitaph on Shakespeare's Tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon.*

Laertes. A double blessing is a double  
 grace,  
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
 l. 53.

Imogen. Blest be those,  
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest  
 wills.  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act i. Sc. 6. l. 7.

Alphonso. For blessings ever wait on  
 virtuous deeds,  
 And though a late, a sure reward suc-  
 ceeds.  
 CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride*. Act v.  
 Sc. 3.

A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 And I bless'd them unaware.  
 COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt.  
 iv. St. 14.

### BLINDNESS.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was  
 I to the lame.  
*Old Testament*. Job xxix. 15.

If the blind lead the blind, both shall  
 fall into the ditch.

*New Testament*. St. Matthew xv. 14.  
 Opinion governs all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind.  
 BUTLER. *Miscellaneous Thoughts*. l. 269.

Who is so deaf or so blinde as is he  
 That wilfully will neither hear nor see?  
 HAYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. ii. Ch. ix.

None so deaf as those that will not hear.  
 MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Psalm  
 lviii.

None so blind as those that will not see.  
*Ibid.* *Commentaries*. Jeremiah xx.

There is none so blind as they that won't  
 see.  
 SWIFT. *Polite Conversation*. Dialogue iii.

Dispel the cloud, the light of heaven  
 restore.

Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.  
 HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xvii. l. 730. (POPE,  
 trans.)

He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight  
 lost.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i.  
 Sc. 1. l. 230.

O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than  
 chains,  
 Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me's  
 extinct,

And all her various objects of delight  
 Annul'd, which might in part my grief  
 have eas'd.  
 MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. l. 67.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of  
 noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,  
 Without all hope of day.  
*Ibid.* *Samson Agonistes*. l. 80.

Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or  
 morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's  
 rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face  
 divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways  
 of men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge  
fair

Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works to me expunged and  
rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut  
out.

So much the rather then, Celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her  
powers

Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist  
from them

Purge and disperse, that I may see and  
tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 41.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world  
and wide;

And that one talent which is death to  
hide

Lodged with me useless, though my  
soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker and pre-  
sent

My true account, lest He, returning,  
chide;

"Doth God exact day-labour, light  
denied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth  
not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts;  
who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him  
best: his state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding  
speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without  
rest;

They also serve who only stand and  
wait.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet on His Blindness*.

Cyriack, this three years' day these  
eyes, though clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the  
year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate  
a jot

Of heart or hope; but still bear up and  
steer

Right onward. What supports me, dost  
thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them  
overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to  
side.

This thought might lead me through the  
world's vain mask

Content though blind, had I no better  
guide.

MILTON. *To Cyriack Skinner*.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place  
and time:

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of  
light,

Closed his eyes in endless night.

GRAY. *The Progress of Poesy*. iii. 2. l. 98.

[The reference is to Milton. See under  
MILTON.]

Buy my flowers,—oh buy I pray!

The blind girl comes from afar.

BULWER LYTTON. *Buy My Flowers*  
(Nydia's song in *The Last Days of*  
*Pompeii*).

### BLUSHING.

Blushing is the colour of virtue.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*.  
Jeremiah iii.

Once Diogenes saw a youth blushing,  
and addressed him, "Courage, my boy!  
that is the complexion of virtue."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Diogenes*. vi.

Erubuit: salva res est.

He blushes: all is safe.

TERENCE. *Adelphi*. iv. 5. 9.

Better a blush in the face than a blot  
in the heart.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Bk. iii.  
Ch. xlv. (JARVIS, trans.)

The man that blushes is not quite a  
brute.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 7. l. 496.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain,  
And bear the marks upon a blushing  
face

Of needless shame, and self-imposed dis-  
grace.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 347.

I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

CONGREVE. *The Way of the World*. Act 1. Sc. 9.

Blushes are badges of imperfection.

WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood*. Act 1. Sc. 1.

Angelo. Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act 2. Sc. 4. l. 162.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside ;  
Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.

HERRICK. *No Bashfulness in Begging*.

Friar. I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act 4. Sc. 1. l. 157.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,

Ten thousand little loves and graces spring

To revel in the roses.

ROWE. *Tamertane*. Act 1. Sc. 1.

The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread,

Are opening roses in the lily's bed.

GAY. *Dione*. Act 2. Sc. 3.

Bello è il rossore, ma è incommodo qualche volta.

The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient.

GOLDONI. *Pamela*. i. 3.

L'innocence à rougir n'est point accoutumée.

Innocence is not accustomed to blush.

MOLIÈRE. *Don Garcie de Navarre*. ii. 5.

Les hommes rougissent moins de leurs crimes que de leurs faiblesses et de leur vanité.

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Les Caractères*. ii.

While mantling on the maiden's cheek

Young roses kindled into thought.

MOORE. *Evenings in Greece*. *Evening Song*.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;

Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,

With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;

Weel-pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

BURNS. *Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 7.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,

Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.

The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow ;

They have drawn too near the fire of life, like gnats,

And flare up boldly, wings and all.

What then ?

Who's sorry for a gnat . . . or girl ?

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. ii. l. 692.

We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd before.

COWLEY. *Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*.

A blush is no language : only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda*. Bk. v. Ch. xxxv.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura, lymphis ?

Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?

Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite Numen ;

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Epigrammatona Sacra*. xevi. p. 299.

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,

Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,

"See," cried they, while in reddening  
tide it gushed,  
"The bashful stream hath seen its God;  
and blushed."

Translated by AARON HILL.

The last line of Crashaw's epigram has been translated in many ways, the most popular being the one that is found in Heber, where it appears without credit or quotation marks:

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

Other versions occasionally met with are:  
The conscious water blush'd its God to see.  
The shy nymph saw her god and blush'd.  
For the chaste nymph had seen her God and blush'd.

### BOASTING.

(See also BRAGGART.)

Τοῦ δ' ἤτοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπικίδναται  
ἡώς.

Wide as the light extends shall be the  
fame

Of this great work.

HOMER. *Iliad*. vii. 451. (LORD DERBY,  
trans.)

Exegi monumentum ere perennius  
Regalique situ pyra dum altius,  
Quod non imber edax, non aquilo  
impotens  
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

I have completed a monument more  
lasting than brass, and more sublime  
than the regal elevation of pyramids,  
which neither the wasting shower, the  
unavailing north-wind, or an innumera-  
ble succession of years, and the flight  
of seasons, shall be able to demolish.

HORACE. Bk. iii. Ode xxx. (SMART,  
trans.)

Abraham Coles's poetical translation in  
his *Memorial Tributes* is often quoted:

I've reared a monument alone  
More durable than brass or stone;  
Whose cloudy summit is more hid  
Than regal height of pyramid.

Tamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira  
nec ignes  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere  
vetustas.  
Cum volet illa dies quæ nil nisi corporis  
hujus

Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi siniat  
ævi;

Parte tamen meliore mei super alta  
perennis

Astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile  
nostrum.

And now have I finished a work  
which neither the wrath of Jove, nor  
fire, nor steel, nor all-consuming time  
can destroy. Welcome the day which  
can destroy only my physical man in  
ending my uncertain life. In my better  
part I shall be raised to immortality  
above the lofty stars, and my name shall  
never die.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. xv. 871.

Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this  
verse

Shall live, and surely it shall live for  
ever:

For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse  
His worthie praise, and vertues dying  
never,

Though death his soule doo from his  
bodie sever:

And thou thyself herein shalt also live:  
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses  
give.

SPENSER. *The Ruines of Time*. l. 253.

Your monument shall be my gentle  
verse,

Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-  
read,

And tongues to be your being shall re-  
hearse

When all the breathers of this world are  
dead;

You still shall live—such virtue hath  
my pen—

Where breath most breathes, even in the  
mouths of men.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet lxxxii*.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful  
rhyme.

*Ibid*. *Sonnet lv*.

Or if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook  
that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to  
soar

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 10.

O fortunatam natam me consule Roman.

O fortunate Rome to be born during my consulate.

CICERO. *De Suis Temporibus*, Fragment. (Quoted by Juvenal, x. 122.)

### BOAT.

Like watermen, who look astern while they row the boat ahead.

PLUTARCH. *Whether 't was rightfully said, Live Concealed*.

Like the watermen that row one way and look another.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader*.

Like rowers who advance backward.

MONTAIGNE. *Of Profit and Honour*. Bk. iii. Ch. i.

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?

POPE. *Essay on Man*. iv. l. 385.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

MOORE. *A Canadian Boat-Song*.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

*Ibid.* *A Canadian Boat-Song*.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 85.

On the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 86.

Oh, swiftly glides the bonny boat

Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus-note  
Soft moves the dipping oar.

JOANNA BAILLIE. *Oh, Swiftly Glides*.

### BOLDNESS.

A bold, bad man!

SPENSER. *Fairie Queene*. Bk. i. Can. i. St. 37.

CHURCHILL. *The Duellist*. Bk. ii. 278.

Chamberlain. This bold bad man.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 41.  
MASSINGER. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Bold knaves thrive, without one grain of sense,

But good men starve for want of impudence.

DRYDEN. *Epilogue xii. To Constantine the Great*.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.  
But know, that nothing can so foolish be  
As empty boldness.

HERBERT. *Temple. Church Porch*. St. 35.

There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

CAMPBELL. *Battle of the Baltic*.

### BOOKS.

Medicine for the soul.

*Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. Diodorus Siculus*. i. 49, 3.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

*Old Testament. Ecclesiastes xii. 12*.

Oh! . . . that mine adversary had written a book.

*Ibid.* Job xxxi. 35 (old version).

The revised version runs:

And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written!

O little booke; thou art so unconning,  
How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?

CHAUCER. *The Flower and the Leaf*. l. 59.

Go, litel boke! go litel myn tregedie!  
*Ibid.* *Troilus and Criseyde*. Bk. v. l. 1786.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,

On bokes for to rede I me delyte,  
And to hem yive I feyth and ful credence,

And in myn herte have hem in reverence

So hertely, that ther is game noon,  
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,  
But yt be seldome on the holy day.  
Save, certeynly, when that the monthe of May

Is comen, and that I here the foules  
 syngē,  
 And that the floures gynnen for to  
 sprynge,  
 Farwel my boke, and my devocion.  
 CHAUCER. *Legende of Goode Women.*  
 Prologue. l. 29.

*Nathaniel.* He hath never fed of the  
 dainties that are bred in a book; he  
 hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath  
 not drunk ink: his intellect is not re-  
 plenished; he is only an animal, only  
 sensible in the duller parts.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labor's Lost.* Act iv.  
 Sc. 2. l. 22.

Some Books are onely cursorily to be  
 tasted of.

FULLER. *The Holy and the Profane State.*  
*Of Books.*

For books are as meats and viands are;  
 some of good, some of evil substance.

MILTON. *Areopagitica.*

Read not to contradict and confute; nor  
 to believe and take for granted; nor to find  
 talk and discourse; but to weigh and con-  
 sider. Some books are to be tasted, others  
 to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed  
 and digested: that is, some books are to be  
 read only in parts, others to be read, but not  
 curiously, and some few to be read wholly,  
 and with diligence and attention.

BACON. *Essays. Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, confer-  
 ence a ready man, and writing an exact  
 man.

*Ibid.* *Of Studies.*

Histories make men wise; poets  
 witty; the mathematics subtle; natu-  
 ral philosophy deep; moral grave;  
 logic and rhetoric able to contend.

*Ibid.* *Of Studies.*

A good book is the precious life-blood  
 of a master-spirit, embalmed and treas-  
 ured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

MILTON. *Areopagitica.*

It is of greatest concernment in the  
 church and commonwealth to have a  
 vigilant eye how books demean them-  
 selves, as well as men, and therefore to  
 confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice  
 on them as malefactors, for books are  
 not absolutely dead things, but do con-  
 tain a potency of life in them, to be as  
 active as that soul whose progeny they  
 are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial,

the purest efficacy and extraction of that  
 living intellect that bred them.

I know they are as lively, as vigor-  
 ously productive as those fabulous  
 dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and  
 down, may chance to spring up armed  
 men; and yet, on the other hand, unless  
 wariness be used, as good almost kill a  
 man as kill a good book: who kills a  
 man kills a reasonable creature, God's  
 image; but he who destroys a good book,  
 kills reason itself, kills the image of  
 God, as it were, in the eye.

MILTON. *Areopagitica.*

They are for company the best friends,  
 in Doubts Counsellors, in Damps Com-  
 forters, Time's Prospective, the Home  
 Traveller's Ship or Horse, the busie  
 Man's best Recreation, the Opiate of  
 idle Weariness, the Mindes best Ord-  
 inary, Nature's Garden and Seed-plot of  
 Immortality.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCK. *Zootamia.* 1654.

My days among the dead are passed;

Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old;

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day.

SOUTHEY. *Occasional Pieces.* xviii.

The monument of vanished mindes.

DAVENANT. *Gondibert.* Bk. ii. Canto v.

Studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty  
 Dead.

THOMSON. *Seasons. Winter.* l. 431.

That place that does contain  
 My books, the best companions, is to me  
 A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
 With the old sages and philosophers;  
 And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
 counsels;  
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
 Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,  
 Deface their ill-placed statues.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Elder*  
*Brother.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 177.

*Sephardo.* Wise books  
 For half the truths they hold are honoured  
 tombs.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy.*

Books are sepulchres of thought.

LONGFELLOW. *The Wind over the Chimney.*

What a place to be in is an old library. It  
 seems as though all the souls of all the  
 writers, that have bequeathed their labors  
 to these Bodeleians, were reposing here, as

in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

LAMB. *Essays of Elia. Oxford in the Vacation.*

The debt which he owes to them is incalculable; they have guided him to truth; they have filled his mind with noble and graceful images; they have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects.

MACAULAY. *Essays. Lord Bacon.*

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

EMERSON. *Society and Solitude. Books.*

Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination? to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Other Addresses. Address, Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 22, 1885. Books and Libraries.*

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.

*Ibid. Heroes and Hero Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!

BULWER-LYTTON. *The Souls of Books. St. 4. l. 9.*

We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Milton and Andrew Marvell.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce

For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. *Of Prudence.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good;

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH. *Personal Talk.*

Chiefs of elder Art!

Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile

My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,

I now resign you.

WILLIAM ROSCOE. *Poetical Works. To my Books on Parting with Them.*

Books cannot always please, however good;

Minds are not ever craving for their food.

CRABBE. *The Borough. Letter xxiv. Schools.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book.

EMERSON. *Society and Solitude. Success.*

We get no good

By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits,—so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and  
plunge

Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's  
profound,

Impassioned for its beauty and salt of  
truth—

'Tis then we get the right good from a  
book.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh. Bk. i.*  
1. 702.

Some books are drenchèd sands,  
On which a great soul's wealth lies all  
in heaps,

Like a wrecked argosy.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *A Life Drama. Sc. 2.*

Worthy books

Are not companions—they are solitudes;  
We lose ourselves in them and all our  
cares.

BAILEY. *Festus. Sc. A Village Feast.*  
*Evening.*

"There is no book so bad," said the  
bachelor, "but something good may be  
found in it."

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote. Pt. ii. Ch. iii.*

Learning hath gained most by those  
books by which the printers have lost.

THOS. FULLER. *The Virtuous Lady. Of*  
*Books.*

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of  
the Mahometans consist in playing upon  
the flute and lying with Houris, be mine  
to read eternal new romances of Mari-  
vaux and Crebillon.

GRAY. *To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third*  
*series.*

Books, the children of the brain.

SWIFT. *Tale of a Tub. Sec. i.*

Books which are no books.

LAMB. *Detached Thoughts on Books and*  
*Reading.*

Wear the old coat and buy the new  
book.

AUSTIN PHELPS. *The Theory of Preaching.*

*Posthumus.* A book! O rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a gar-  
ment

Nobler than that it covers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline. Act v. Sc.*  
4. 1. 133.

*Lady Capulet.* That book in many's  
eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden  
story.

*Ibid. Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 92.*

How pure the joy, when first my hands  
unfold

The small, rare volume, black with tar-  
nished gold!

JOHN FERRIAR. *Illustrations of Sterne.*  
*Bibliomania. 1. 137.*

Books that you may carry to the fire,  
and hold readily in your hand, are the  
most useful after all.

JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana Hawkins. No. 197.*

*Backbite.* You shall see them on a  
beautiful quarto page, where a neat  
rivulet of text shall meander through a  
meadow of margin.

SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal. Act i. Sc.*  
1. 1. 352.

But every page having an ample marge,  
And every marge enclosing in the midst  
A square of text that looks a little blot.

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien. 1. 667.*

Books, like metals, require to be  
stamped with some valuable effigies be-  
fore they become popular and current.

FARQUHAR. *The Twin Rivals. Preface.*

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief  
value from the stamp and esteem of ages  
through which they have passed.

TEMPLE. *Ancient and Modern Learning.*

Often have I sighed to measure

By myself a lonely pleasure,

Sighed to think I read a book

Only read, perhaps, by me.

WORDSWORTH. *To the Small Celandine.*

Beware of a man of one book.

*Proverb.*

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in  
what manner a man might best become  
learned, he answered, "By reading one  
book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed  
proverbially formidable to all conver-  
sational figurantes.

SOUTHEY. *The Doctor. p. 164.*

Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame. Satire ii. 1. 83.*

The love of learning, the sequestered  
nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity of books.  
LONGFELLOW. *Morituri Salutamus*.

## BORE.

*Hotspur.* O, he's as tedious  
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house;—I had  
rather live  
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill,  
far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk  
to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 159.

Tous les genres sont bons, hors le  
genre ennuyeux.

All styles are good except the tire-  
some kind.

VOLTAIRE. *L'Enfant Prodigue. Préface*.

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout  
dire.

The secret of being a bore is to tell  
everything.

*Ibid.* *Discours Préliminaire*.

We may forgive those who bore us,  
we cannot forgive those whom we bore.  
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections*. No. 304.

Society is now one polished horde,  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores*  
and *Bored*.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 95.

Ennui is a growth of English root,  
Though nameless in our language: we  
retort

The fact for words, and let the French  
translate

That awful yawn which sleep cannot  
abate.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 101.

Again I hear that creaking step!—  
He's rapping at the door!—

Too well I know the boding sound  
That ushers in a bore.

I do not tremble when I meet

The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who comes—but never goes.

J. G. SAXE. *My Familiar*.

Every hero becomes a bore at last.  
EMERSON. *Representative Men. Uses of  
Great Men*.

## BORROWING.

*Polonius*. Neither a borrower nor a  
lender be:

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
bandry.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 75.

The Old Testament recognizes that the  
position of a borrower is humiliating:  
"The borrower is servant to the lender"  
(Proverbs xxii. 7). "He that goes a-borrow-  
ing goes a-sorrowing," says Franklin, in  
*Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1757—a phrase  
that he cribbed from Thomas Tusser:

Who goeth a-borrowing

Goeth a-sorrowing.

*Five Hundred Points: June*.

But Tusser himself was only remoulding  
a proverb familiar long before his day:

Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,  
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry: Good Husbandry Lessons*,  
33.

## BOSTON.

The hub of the universe.

Hub is provincial English for a knob, a  
boss. In the United States it survives as  
the name for the center of a spoked wheel.  
The jest about Boston's being the hub of the  
universe, or simply the hub, had its origin  
with Oliver Wendell Holmes:

A jaunty-looking person . . . said that  
there was one more wise saying that he had  
heard. It was about our place, but he didn't  
know who said it:

"Boston State-house is the hub of the solar  
system. You couldn't pry that out of a Bos-  
ton man if you had the tire of all creation  
straightened out for a cross-bar."

"Sir," said I, "I am gratified with your re-  
mark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity  
that which I have sometimes heard uttered  
with malignant dulness. The satire of the  
remark is essentially true of Boston, and of  
all other considerable and inconsiderable  
places with which I have had the privilege  
of being acquainted."

*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. vi. (1859).

A few sentences further down in the same  
book Dr. Holmes adds:

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly  
through the center of each and every town  
or city.

The hub, in America, is the nave or center-  
piece of the wheel from which the spokes  
radiate, and on which the wheel turns.

. . . Massachusetts has been the wheel  
within New England, and Boston the wheel

within Massachusetts. Boston, therefore, is often called the "hub of the world," since it has been the source and fountain of the ideas that have reared and made America.

REV. F. B. ZINCKE. *Last Winter in the United States* (1868).

Solid men of Boston, banish long potatoes!

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations!

CHARLES MORRIS. *Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon.*

Charles Morris, soldier, wit, and songwriter, served in America in the (British) Seventeenth Foot, but was politically a member of Fox's party, for which he wrote many popular ballads. In 1840 a posthumous collection of these ballads was published under the title of *Lyra Urbanica*, in which the couplet appears as above. The song was more popularly known as "Billy Pitt and the Farmer," and is so called in *Debrett's Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, where the couplet takes a slightly different form, viz.:

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations!  
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potatoes.

### BRAGGART.

(See also BOASTING.)

*Parolles.* Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well That Ends Well.*  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 370.

*Antonio.* I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost  
scruple:

Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring  
boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave,  
and slander,

Go antiely, and show outward hideous-  
ness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous  
words,

How they might hurt their enemies if  
they durst;

And this is all.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 93.

*Austria.* What cracker is this same,  
that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous  
breath?

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 147.

*Bastard.* Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains,  
rocks, and seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.

What cannoner begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke,  
and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of  
his,

But buffets better than a fist of France.  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with  
words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father,  
dad.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 457.

The empty vessel makes the greatest  
sound.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 73.

*King Henry.* The man that once did  
sell the lion's skin,

While the beast lived, was killed with  
hunting him.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 93.

*Prince Henry.* I am not yet of Percy's  
mind, the Hotspur of the North; he  
that kills me some six or seven dozen  
of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands,  
and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet  
life! I want work.* Oh! my sweet Harry,  
says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?*  
*Give my roan horse a drench,* says he;  
and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour  
after; *a trifle, a trifle.*

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 114.

'Εμὲ Δημοσθένους, ἢ ὅς τῆν Ἀθηναῖν.

To compare Demosthenes to me is  
like comparing a sow to Minerva.

DEMADES. *Plutarch, Demosthenes.* xi.

Go on, my friend, and fear nothing;  
you carry Cæsar and his fortunes in your  
boat.

PLUTARCH. *Cæsar.*

You are uneasy; you never sailed with  
me before, I see.

*Life of Jackson* (Parton). Vol. iii. p. 493.

[A remark made to an elderly gentleman  
who was sailing with Jackson down Ches-  
apeake bay in an old steamboat, and who ex-  
hibited a little fear.]

*Hamlet.* It out-Herods Herod.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 16.

[For context see Hamlet's speech to the actors quoted under ACTOR. The phrase is an allusion to the rant and raving of the old stage king of Jewry in the Mystery Plays. Though it has now lost well-nigh all its pith, and is often most ridiculously misapplied, it still retained abundant meaning in Shakespeare's day. The graybeards among the great playwright's audience might well remember to have heard their grandfathers repeat such fustian as this, from Herod's mode of Heroding it in the Miracle Play entitled "The Offering of the Three Kings":

I am the greatest above degree  
That is, or was, or ever shall be;  
The sun it dare not shine on me  
And I bid him go down.

Elsewhere he claims to be the maker of heaven and hell, to wield the thunderbolts, and kill all his enemies by one wink of his eye: and he calls the infant Christ "a misbegotten marmoset." This is speaking in character with such a vengeance that to out-Herod Herod must have been well-nigh impossible.]

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:  
Where boasting ends, there dignity  
begins.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night 8. l. 508.

### BREVITY.

A short saying often carries much wisdom.

SOPHOCLES. *Aletes.* Fragment 99.

*Polonius.* Brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness its outer flourisheth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 90.

*Lysander.* Brief as the lightning in  
the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven  
and earth,  
And, ere a man hath power to say,  
Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act  
I. Sc. 1. l. 145. (See also under  
LIGHTNING.)

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy  
of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord?

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 162.

*First Murderer.* 'Tis better to be brief,  
than tedious.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 88.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

In laboring to be concise, I become  
obscure.

HORACE. *Ars Poetica.* xxv.

### BRIBERY.

A king that setteth to sale seats of  
justice oppresseth the people; for he  
teacheth his judges to sell justice, and  
"pretio parata pretio venditur justitia."

BACON. *Essays.* *Of a King.*

*Brutus.* You yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching  
palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv.  
Sc. 3. l. 10.

*Brutus.* What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this  
world,  
But for supporting robbers;—shall we  
now

Contaminate our fingers with base  
bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large  
honors

For so much trash as may be grasped  
thus?

I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 21.

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe  
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the  
scribe.

POPE. *Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue ii.  
l. 46.

Judges and senates have been bought  
for gold;

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Ep. iv. l. 187.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to  
importune,

He had not the method of making a  
fortune.

GRAY. *On His Own Character.*

Flowery oratory he despised. He  
ascribed to the interested views of them-  
selves or their relatives the declarations  
of pretended patriots, of whom he said,  
"All those men have their price."

COXE. *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.*  
Vol. iv. p. 369.

This phrase of Walpole's has been turned by persistent misquotation into the brutal cynicism, "All men have their prices," a sentiment which Byron, probably under the impression that he was following Walpole, has made his own:

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;  
And all are to be sold, if you consider  
Their passions, and are dextrous; some by  
features

Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;  
Some by a place—as tend their years or  
natures;  
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,  
From crowns to kicks, according to their  
vices.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto v. St. 27.

### BUD.

*Romeo*. This bud of love, by summer's  
ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when  
next we meet.  
Good-night, good-night! As sweet re-  
pose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my  
breast!

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 121.

Loathsome canker lies in sweetest bud.  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet xxxv*.

*Montagu*. So secret and so close.  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the  
air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 117.

As though a rose should shut, and be a  
bud again.

KEATS. *Eve of St. Agnes*. St. 27.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make  
her.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Prologue.

### EDMUND BURKE.

I was not swaddled and rocked and  
dawdled into a legislator.

BURKE. *Letter to a Noble Lord*.

Burke, sir, is such a man that if you  
met him for the first time in the street,

when you were stopped by a drove of  
oxen, and you and he stepped aside to  
take shelter but for five minutes, he'd  
talk to you in such a manner that when  
you parted you would say, "This is an  
extraordinary man."

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

And the final event to himself has  
been that, as he rose like a rocket, he  
fell like a stick.

THOMAS PAINE. *Letter to the Addressers*.

Lockhart, in a review of the "Pickwick  
Papers" in the *Quarterly Review*, applied  
Paine's phrase to Dickens, predicting that  
"he has risen like a rocket and he will come  
down like the stick." The author meeting  
the critic shortly afterward retorted, "I will  
watch for that stick, Mr. Lockhart, and when  
it does come down I will break it across  
your back."

Here lies our good Edmund, whose  
genius was such,

We scarcely can praise it or blame it too  
much;

Who, born for the universe, narrowed  
his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant  
for mankind.

Though fraught with all learning, yet  
straining his throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend  
him a vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went  
on refining,

And thought of convincing while they  
thought of dining;<sup>1</sup>

Though equal to all things, for all things  
unfit;

Too nice for a statesman; too proud for  
a wit;

For a patriot too cool; for a drudge dis-  
obedient;

And too fond of the right to pursue the  
expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or  
in place, sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with  
a razor.

GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation*. l. 29.

<sup>1</sup>Burke was facetiously known as the  
"Dinner Bell," because while his eloquence  
on great occasions always captured the  
house, his wearisome interest in dry detail  
on lesser matters actually drove the mem-  
bers to their dinners.

## ROBERT BURNS.

Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,  
By Passion driven;  
But yet the light that led astray,  
Was light from Heaven.

BURNS. *The Vision.*

[In his address "to the Sons of Burns," Wordsworth characteristically takes occasion to combat Burns's attempt at self-excuse:

But ne'er to a seductive lay  
Let faith be given,  
Nor deem that "light which leads astray  
Is light from heaven."

Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám* has a stanza closely analogous to Burns:

And this I know: whether the one True  
Light  
Kindle to Love, or wrath-consume me quite,  
One Flash of it within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

*Rubáiyát.* lxxvii.

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
More deeply grieved, for he was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth

How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth.

WORDSWORTH. *At the Grave of Burns.*

## GEORGE GORDON (LORD BYRON).

No more—no more—Oh! never more  
on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like  
dew.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 214.

Even I,—albeit I'm sure I did not know  
it,

Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be  
king,—

Was reckoned, a considerable time,  
The grand Napoleon of the realms of  
rhyme.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 55.

He had a head which statuaried loved  
to copy, and a foot the deformity of which  
the beggars in the street mimicked.

MACAULAY. *Essays.* *Moore's Life of Byron.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they  
drew a system of ethics compounded of  
misanthropy and voluptuousness,—a  
system in which the two great com-  
mandments were to hate your neighbor  
and to love your neighbor's wife.

*Ibid.* *Essays.* *Moore's Life of Byron.*

## CÆSAR.

*Tὴν Καίσαρος γυναῖκα καὶ διαβολῆς δει  
καθαρὰν εἶναι.*

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

JULIUS CÆSAR. (*Plutarch, Cæsar's Apoph-  
thegmata,* 3.) (206, B.)

Meos tam suspicione quam crimine judicio  
carere oportere.

In my judgment the members of my  
household should be free not from crime  
only, but from the suspicion of crime.

*Ibid.* *Suetonius.* i. 74.

You have Cæsar and his fortunes  
among your passengers.

*Ibid.* *Plutarch, Cæsar.* xxxviii.

Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.

Either Cæsar or nothing.

*Motto of Cæsar Borgia.*

Aut nihil aut Cæsar vult diei Borgia.

Quidni?

Cum simul et Cæsar possit et esse nihil.

Cæsar or nothing? We are nothing loath  
Thus to acclaim him; Cæsar Borgia's both.

JACOPO SANNAZARO. *De Cæsare Borgia  
Carmina Poetarum Italorum.* Vol.  
viii. p. 444.

Brutus. Not that I loved Cæsar less,  
but that I loved Rome more.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iil.  
Sc. 2. 1. 22.

## CALENDAR.

It fell in the ancient periods  
Which the brooding Soul surveys,  
Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
Into calendar month and days.

EMERSON.

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq;  
tricenos,

Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo  
vicanos,

At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

WILLIAM HARRISON. *Description of Bri-  
tain* (prefixed to Holinshed's *Chron-  
icle,* 1577).

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,  
April, June, and September,  
February hath xxviii alone,  
And all the rest have xxxi.

RICHARD GRAFTON. *Chronicles of Eng-  
land.* (1590.)

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
All the rest have thirty-one;  
Excepting leap-year,—that's the time  
When February's days are twenty-nine.

*The Return from Parnassus.* (London,  
1606.)

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November;  
 All the rest have thirty-one,  
 Excepting February alone,  
 Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,  
 Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.  
*A New England Variant.*

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,  
 Thirty days to each affix;  
 Every other thirty-one  
 Except the second month alone.  
*A Quaker Variant, common in Pennsylvania.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year.  
 THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.*  
 Pt. ii. l. 194.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the  
 year,  
 How the four seasons in four forms ap-  
 pear,  
 Resembling human life in ev'ry shape  
 they wear?

*Spring* first, like infancy, shoots out her  
 head,  
 With milky juice requiring to be  
 fed: . . .

Proceeding onward whence the year  
 began,  
 The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens  
 into man. . . .

*Autumn* succeeds, a sober, tepid age,  
 Not froze with fear, nor boiling into  
 rage; . . .

Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy  
 pace.  
 Sour is his front, and furrowed is his  
 face.

DRYDEN. *Of Pythagorean Phil. From  
 Fifteenth Book Ovid's Metamorphoses.*  
 l. 296.

These, as they change, Almighty Father,  
 these

Are but the varied God. The rolling  
 year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing  
*Spring*

Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and  
 love.

Then comes Thy glory in the *Summer*  
 months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then  
 Thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swell-  
 ing year;

. . . . .

Thy bounty shines in *Autumn* uncon-  
 fined,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that  
 live.

In *Winter* awful Thou! with clouds and  
 storms

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tem-  
 pest roll'd,

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's  
 wing,

Riding sublime.  
 THOMSON. *Hymn.* l. 1.

### CALM.

Any one can hold the helm when the  
 sea is calm.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 358.

Why does pouring Oil on the Sea  
 make it Clear and Calm? Is it for that  
 the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have  
 no force, nor cause any waves?

PLUTARCH. *Morals. Natural Questions.*  
 xii.

And that all seas are made calme and  
 still with oile; and therefore the Divers  
 under the water doe spire and sprinkle it  
 abroad with their mouthes because it  
 dulceth and allaieth the unpleasant nature  
 thereof, and carrieth a light with it.

PLINY. *Natural History.* Bk. ii. Ch. ciii.  
 (HOLLAND, trans.)

*Nestor.* The sea being smooth,  
 How many shallow bauble boats dare  
 sail

Upon her patient breast.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.*  
 Act i. Sc. 3. l. 34.

And join with thee calm Peace and  
 Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.  
 MILTON. *Il Penseroso.* l. 45.

Gloomy calm of idle vacancy.  
 JOHNSON. *Letter to Boswell.* Dec. 8, 1763.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.  
 BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 42.

No stir of air was there,  
 Not so much life as on a summer's day  
 Robs not one light seed from the feath-  
 er'd grass,  
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did  
 it rest.

KEATS. *Hyperion.* Bk. i. l. 7.

The days of peace and slumberous calm  
are fled.

KEATS. *Hyperion*. Bk. ii. l. 335.

Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. *The Light of the Harem*. l. 189.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WORDSWORTH. *Earth has not Anything to Show more Fair*.

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd,  
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. cxii. St. 4.

### CALUMNY.

(See also SCANDAL ; SLANDER.)

*Hamlet*. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 139.

*Leontes*. Calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums,  
and ha's.

*Ibid*. *Winter's Tale*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 73.

*Laertes*. Virtue itself 'scapes not  
calumnious strokes.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 38.

*Duke*. No might nor greatness in  
mortality

Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding  
calumny

The whitest virtue strikes : what king  
so strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous  
tongue ?

*Ibid*. *Measure for Measure*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 173.

*Wolsey*. If I'm  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which  
neither know

My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough  
brake

That virtue must go through.

*Ibid*. *Henry VIII*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 71.

If a cherub in the shape of woman  
Should walk this world, yet defamation  
would,

Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train.  
HOME. *Douglas*. Act iii.

### CANNON.

*King John*. The cannons have their  
bowels full of wrath ;  
And ready mounted are they, to spit  
forth

Their iron indignation.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 210.

Immediate in a flame,  
From those deep-throated engines  
belched,

. . . . Chained thunderbolts  
and hail

Of iron globes : which on the victor host  
Levelled, with such impetuous fury  
smote,

That whom they hit none on their feet  
might stand,

Though standing else as rocks, but down  
they fell

By thousands, angel on archangel rolled.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*.

### CANT.

(See HYPOCRISY.)

Clear your mind of cant.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. May 15, 1783.

Till Cant cease, nothing else can begin.

CARLYLE. *The French Revolution*. Pt. ii. Bk. iii. Ch. vii.

Yes, rather plunge me back in pagan  
night,

And take my chance with Socrates for  
bliss,

Than be the Christian of a faith like  
this,

Which builds on heavenly cant its  
earthly sway,

And in a convert mourns to lose a prey.

MOORE. *Intolerance*. l. 68.

### CARDS.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*.

When in doubt, win the trick.

HOYLE. *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*. Rule 12.

With spots quadrangular of diamond  
form,  
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of  
strife,  
And spades, the emblems of untimely  
graves.

COWPER. *Task*. iv. 1. 217.

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the  
rigour of the game.

*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*.

Soil'd by rude hands who cut and come  
again.

CRABBE. *The Widow's Tale*.

### CARE.

Hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man in His Humor*.  
Act i. Sc. 3.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,  
And therefore let's be merry.

WITHER. *Poem on Christmas*.

*Claudio*. Care killed a cat.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 132.

*Sir Toby*. I am sure care's an enemy  
to life.

*Ibid*. *Twelfth Night*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 3.

And care, whom not the gayest can out-  
brave,

Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. *Childhood*. Pt. ii.  
1. 17.

*Falstaff*. A plague of sighing and grief!  
It blows a man up like a bladder.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act ii.  
Sc. 4. 1. 365.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,  
Will have the whole possession, ere it  
rest.

BEN JONSON. *Tale of a Tub (Lady Tub)*.  
Act i. Sc. 4.

*King Henry*. So shaken as we are, so  
wan with care.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. King Henry IV*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. 1. 1.

*York*. Comfort's in Heaven; and we  
are on the Earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care  
and grief.

*Ibid*. *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Begone, dull Care! I prithee begone  
from me!

Begone, dull Care! thou and I shall  
never agree.

PLAYFORD. *Musical Companion*. (1687.)

Begone, old Care, and I prithee begone from  
me;

For i' faith, old Care, thee and I shall never  
agree.

PLAYFORD. *Musical Companion*. Catch 13.

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow  
Lengthens not day, nor can buy to-  
morrow;

Money is trash; and he that will spend it,  
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will  
send it.

FORD AND DEKKER. *The Sun's Darling*.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?

BURNS. *The Banks of Doon*.

Le chagrin monte en croupe et galope  
avec lui.

Care jumps up behind and gallops  
with him.

BOILEAU. *Epitre*. v. 44.

Care lives with all; no rules, no pre-  
cepts save

The wise from woe, no fortitude the  
brave:

Grief is to man as certain as the grave:  
Tempests and storms in life's whole  
progress rise,

And hope shines dimly through o'er-  
clouded skies;

Some drops of comfort on the favour'd  
fall,

But showers of sorrow are the lot of all.

CRABBE. *The Library*.

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne, and yet must bear.

SHELLEY. *Stanzas written in Dejection,*  
*near Naples*.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done*.

How often; oh how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

*Ibid*. *The Bridge*.

## CAT.

It has been the providence of nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one.

PILPAY. *Fable* iii.

As they say, as many lives as a cat.  
BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pt. ii.

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me?

MONTAIGU. *Apology for Raimond Sebond*.

*Westmoreland*. Playing the mouse in absence of the cat.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 172.

When the cat's away, the mice will play.  
*Old Proverb*.

*Fulstaff*. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Ibid*. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 64.

*Lady Macbeth*. Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat 'y' the adage.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7. l. 45.

Cat lufat visch, ah he nele his feth wete.  
*M. S. Trinity College, Cambridge*. Circa 1250.

The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feete.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*.

*Shylock*. A harmless necessary cat.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 55. (For context see under ANTIPATHY.)

Turn cat in the pan very prettily.

R. EDWARDS. *Damon and Pithias*. *Carisophus*.

Lauk! what a monstrous tail our cat has got!

HENRY CAREY. *The Dragon of Wantley*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

## CAUSE.

Causa latet: vis est notissima.

The cause is hidden, but the result is known.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. iv. 287.

*Polonius*. Find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 101.

The universal cause

Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.  
POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iii. l. 1.

The Universal Cause  
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;  
And makes what happiness we justly call,  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iv. l. 35.

## CENSORIOUSNESS.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

*New Testament*. *Sermon on the Mount*.  
Matthew vii. 3; Luke vi. 41.

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye;  
Each little speck and blemish find:  
To our own stronger errors blind.

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. *Fable xxxviii*. *The Turkey and the Ant*.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults. We would have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves. The large liberty of others displeaseth us, and yet we will not have our own desires denied us. We will have others kept under by strict laws, but in no sort will ourselves be restrained. And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ*.

The pot calls the kettle black.

*English Proverb*.

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

*New Testament*. St. John viii. 7.

Who reproves the lame, must go upright.  
S. DANIEL. *Civil War*. Bk. iii. x.

The shovel makes game of the poker.

*French Proverb*.

The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown,

To saints whose lives are better than his own.

CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*. l. 25.

The raven said to the crow, "A vaunt, blackamoor!"

*Spanish Proverb*.

We all are wise when others we'd ad-  
monish,  
And yet we know not when we trip our-  
selves.

EURIPIDES. *Fragment* 862.

When that thy neighbour's faults thou  
wouldst arraign,  
Think first upon thine own delinquen-  
cies.

MENANDER. *Fabulæ Incertæ*. *Fragment*  
162.

Non soles respicere te, cum dicas  
injuste alteri?

Do you never look at yourself when  
you abuse another person?

PLAUTUS. *Pseudolus* II. 2, 18.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves  
appear.

SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece*. l. 633.

Suus quoque attributus est error:  
Sed non videmus, manticæ quid in tergo  
est.

Every one has his faults: but we do  
not see the wallet on our own backs.

CATULLUS. *Carmina*. xxii. 20.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of  
wallets: the one, filled with our own vices,  
he has placed at our backs; the other, heavy  
with those of others, he has hung before.

PHÆDRUS. *Fable* x. 1.

From our necks, when life's journey begins

Two sacks Jove the Father suspends,  
The one holds our own proper sins,  
The other the sins of our friends:

The first, man immediately throws  
Out of sight, out of mind, at his back;  
The last is so under his nose,

He sees every grain in the sack.

*Ibid.* *Paraphrase by Bulwer*.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever  
stood,—

The source of evil one, and one of good.

*The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. xxiv. l. 63.

*Ulysses*. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at  
his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude;  
These scraps are good deeds past; which  
are devoured

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 145.

The same vices which are huge and  
insupportable in others we do not feel  
in ourselves.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Characters of Judgments*.  
(ROWE, trans.)

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.

BURNS. *To a Louse*.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,  
And death intrench'd, preparing his  
assault;

How few themselves in that just mirror  
see!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 5. l. 627.

They, sweet soul, that most impute a  
crime

Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,  
Wanting the mental range.

TENNYSON. *Martin and Vivien*. l. 823.

He that hath fears his blotches may  
offend

Speaks gently of the pimples of his  
friend;

For reciprocity exacts her dues,  
And they that need excuse must needs  
excuse.

HORACE. *Satires*. i. 3, 73. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

## CENSURE.

Modesto et circumspecto judicio de  
tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne quod  
perisque accidit, damnant quæ non  
intelligunt.

We should be modest and circumspect  
in expressing an opinion on the conduct  
of such eminent men, lest we fall into  
the common error of condemning what  
we do not understand.

(Generally quoted, "Damnant quod  
non intelligunt.")

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria*.  
x. 1, 26.

He who discommendeth others ob-  
liquely commendeth himself.

SIR T. BROWNE. *Christian Morals*. Pt. i.  
xxxiv.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the  
public for being eminent.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

Censure's to be understood

Th' authentic mark of the elect,  
The public stamp Heav'n sets on all  
that's great and good,  
Our shallow search and judgment to  
direct.

*Ibid.* *Ode to the Athenian Society*.

## CERTAINTY.

As sure as a gun.  
DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Solum ut inter ista certum sit nihil esse certi.

In these matters the only certainty is that there is nothing certain.,

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. ii. 5.

*Macbeth*. I'll make assurance doubly sure,

And take a bond of fate.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 83.

## CHANCE.

Πολλὰ μετὰ τὴν πέλει κύκλος καὶ χεῖλος ἄκρον.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

ARISTOTLE. *Civitates (Samos)*. Fragment 573 (533).

Le hasard est un sobriquet de la Providence.

Chance is a nickname for Providence.  
CHAMFORT.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.

VOLTAIRE. *A Philosophical Dictionary*.

Quam sæpè fortè temerè eveniunt, quæ non audeas optare!

How often things occur by mere chance, which we dared not even to hope for.

TERENCE. *Phormio*. v. 1, 31.

Next him high arbiter

Chance governs all.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 909.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate Of mighty monarchs.

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. *Summer*. l. 1285.

*Macbeth*. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 143.

*Arragon*. Even in the force and road of casualty.

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act ii. Sc. 9. l. 30.

*Mowbray*. We are ready to try our fortunes

To the last man.

*Ibid*. *II. Henry IV*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 43.

*Florizel*. As the unthought-on accident is guilty

Of what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 549.

*Hotspur*. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? It were not good: for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope; The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

*Ibid*. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 46.

*Senator*. By the hazard of the spotted die,

Let die the spotted.

*Ibid*. *Timon of Athens*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 34.

*King Richard*. I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die: I think there be six Richmonds in the field.

*Ibid*. *Richard III*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 9.

Using the proverb frequently in their mouths who enter upon dangerous and bold attempts, "The die is cast,"<sup>1</sup> he took the river.

PLUTARCH. *Lives*. *Cæsar*.

Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall in 1774, says: "I answered that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country was my unalterable determination."

JOHN ADAMS. *Works*. Vol. iv. p. 8.

Live or die, sink or swim.

PEELE. *Edward I*. (1584?)

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*, Aug. 2, 1826. p. 133.

England, a fortune-telling host, As num'rous as the stars could boast;

Matrons, who toss the cup, and see The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.

CHURCHILL. *Ghost*. Bk. i. l. 115.

<sup>1</sup> "Jacta alea est." In Latin.

'Αεὶ γὰρ εὖ πίπτουσιν οἱ Διὸς κῦβοι.

The dice of Zeus have ever lucky throws.

SOPHOCLES. Fragment 763.

Numero deus impare gaudet.

The god delights in odd numbers.

VIRGIL. *Eclogæ*. 8, 75.

*Falstaff*. Good luck lies in odd numbers . . . they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 2.

Why is it that we entertain the belief that for every purpose odd numbers are the most effectual?

PLINY. *Natural History*. Bk. xxviii. Sec. xxiii.

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

LOVER. *Rory O'More*.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase By which such things are settled nowadays.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 78.

Omnia mutantur nos et mutamur in illis;

Illa vices quasdam res habet, illa vices.

All things are changed, and with them we, too, change;

Now this way and now that turns fortune's wheel.

LOTHAIR I. OF GERMANY. (*Matthias Borbonius, Deliciz Poetarum Germanorum*.) Vol. 1. p. 685.

(Generally quoted, "*Tempora mutantur*," etc.)

Often change doth please a woman's mind.

SIR T. WYATT. *The Deserted Lover*.

Ladies like variegated tulips show;

'Tis to their changes half their charms they owe.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Ep. ii. *To a Lady*. l. 44.

*Clown*. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 72.

I am not now

That which I have been.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 185.

Non sum qualis eram.

I am not what I once was.

HORACE. *Carmina*. iv. i. 3.

Nous avons changé tout cela.

We have changed all that.

MOLIERE. *Le Médecin Malgré lui*. ii. 6.

Nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe.

Cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago.

There's nothing constant in the universe, All ebb and flow, and every shape That's born bears in its womb the seeds of change.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. xv. 177.

When change itself can give no more, 'Tis easy to be true.

CHARLES SEDLEY. *Reasons for Constancy*.

The earth was made so various, that the mind Of desultory man, studious of change And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

COWPER. *Task*. i. l. 506.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne does hold;

New things succeed, as former things grow old.

HERRICK. *Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve*.

*Bianca*.

I am not so nice,

To change true rules for old inventions.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 78.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. i. l. 172.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new;

And God fulfil's himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur*. l. 408.

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range.

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall*. l. 181.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep

A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.

BRYANT. *Mutation*.

Rejoice that man is hurled  
From change to change unceasingly,  
His soul's wings never furled.

R. BROWNING. *James Lee's Wife*. vi.

*Ariel's Song*. Full fathom five thy  
father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.

SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
1. 396.

All things must change  
To something new, to something strange.

LONGFELLOW. *Kéramos*. 1. 32.

*Capulet*. All things that we ordained  
festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial  
feast,

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges  
change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried  
corse,

And all things change them to the con-  
trary.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iv. Sc. 5. 1. 84.

*P. King*. This world is not for aye,  
nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our  
fortunes change.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 210.

*King Richard*. The love of wicked  
men converts to fear;  
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or  
both

To worthy danger and deserved death.

*Ibid*. *Richard II*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 65.

Life may change, but it may fly not;  
Hope may vanish, but it can die not;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
Love repulsed,—but it returneth.

SHELLEY. *Hellas*. Semi-chorus.

Men must reap the things they sow,  
Force from force must ever flow,  
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe  
That love or reason cannot change.

*Ibid*. *Lines Written among the Euganean  
Hills*. 1. 232.

Oh! better, then, to die and give  
The grave its kindred dust,  
Than live to see Time's bitter change  
In those we love and trust.

ELIZA COOK. *Time's Changes*.

The world goes up and the world goes  
down,

And the sunshine follows the rain;  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's  
frown

Can never come over again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Dolcino to Margaret*.  
ii.

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his  
mind,

Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not  
dined.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Ep. i. Pt. ii. 1. 127.

## CHAOS.

For he being dead, with him is beauty  
slain;

And beauty dead, black chaos comes  
again.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*. 1. 1019.

Before their eyes in sudden view ap-  
pear

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension; where length,  
breadth, and height,

And time and place are lost; where  
eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand;  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four  
champions fierce,

Strive here for mast'ry.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. 1. 890.

No arts, no letters, no society, and  
which is worst of all, continual fear and  
danger of violent death, and the life of  
man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and  
short.

HOBBS. *The Leviathan*. Ch. xviii.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
And unawares Morality expires,  
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to  
shine;

Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse  
divine!

Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored ;

Light dies before thy uncreating word :  
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall ;

And universal darkness buries all.

POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 649.

The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,

Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,  
lifeless—

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

BYRON. *Darkness*. l. 69.

### CHARACTER.

Every man has three characters : that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

A. KARR.

This is a curious anticipation of Dr. Holmes's paradox, wherein he makes his Autocrat announce to the startled breakfast-table that when John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, "it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension." He calms all suspicion as to his sanity by enumerating the six, as follows :

- |                 |   |  |
|-----------------|---|--|
| Three Johns.    | { | 1. The real John ; known only to his Maker.  |
|                 |   | 2. John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him.                        |
|                 |   | 3. Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. |
| Three Thomases. | { | 1. The real Thomas.  |
|                 |   | 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.  |
|                 |   | 3. John's ideal Thomas.  |

Intererit multum, Divusne loquatur, an heros.

'Twill matter much if Davus 'tis who's speaking, or a hero.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*. 114.

[This line is generally quoted as above, but the more correct reading is probably "Divus." Conington adopts this, and translates the line, "Gods should not talk like heroes."]

A very unclubable man.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. 1764. Note.

Character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means.

EMERSON. *Character*.

Character must be kept bright, as well as clean.

LOBD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son*. 8th January, 1750.

He's tough, ma'am,—tough is J. B. ;  
tough and de-vilish sly.

DICKENS. *Dombey and Son*. Ch. vii.

### CHARITY.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

*New Testament*. I. Peter iv. 8.

Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven : and come and follow Me.

*Ibid*. St. Matthew xix. 21.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil ;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

*Ibid*. I. Corinthians xiii. 1-7.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall ; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall ; but in charity there is no excess ; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

BACON. *Essays*. xiii. *Of Goodness*.

*Biron*. Charity itself fulfils the law, And who can sever love from charity ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 364.

King. He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iv.  
Sc. 4. l. 31.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity:  
All must be false that thwart this one  
great end;  
And all of God, that bless mankind, or  
mend.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Ep. iii. l. 307.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne  
him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest  
span;

Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless  
your store.

THOMAS MOSS. *The Beggar.*

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes:

The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

GOLDSMITH. *Elegy on the Death of a Mad  
Dog.*

He was so good he would pour rose-  
water on a toad.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *A Charitable Man.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sin-  
cere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely  
send:

He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he  
wish'd) a friend.

GRAY. *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind;  
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,  
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

PRIOR. *An English Padlock, last lines.*

Be to her faults a little blind;  
Be to her virtues very kind;  
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,  
And clap your padlock on her mind.

BICKERSTAFF. *The Padlock.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin'  
wrang,

To step aside is human.

BURNS. *Address to the Unco Guid.* St. 7.

What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS. *Address to the Unco Guid.* St. 8.

Soft peace she brings; wherever she  
arrives

She builds our quiet as she forms our  
lives;

Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature  
even,

And opens in each heart a little heaven.

PRIOR. *Charity.*

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
Chief among the "blessed three."

CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Charity.*

Did universal charity prevail, earth  
would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

COLTON. *Lacon.*

The primal duties shine aloft—like  
stars;

The charities that soothe and heal and  
bless

Are scattered at the feet of Man—like  
flowers.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. ix.  
l. 236.

In charity to all mankind, bearing no  
malice or ill-will to any human being,  
and even compassionating those who  
hold in bondage their fellow-men, not  
knowing what they do.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. *Letter to A. Bron-  
son.* July 30, 1838.

With malice toward none; with  
charity for all; with firmness in the  
right, as God gives us to see the right,  
let us strive on to finish the work we are  
in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to  
care for him who shall have borne the  
battle, and for his widow, and his  
orphan—to do all which may achieve  
and cherish a just and lasting peace  
among ourselves, and with all nations.

LINCOLN. *Second Inaugural Address.*  
March 4, 1865.

For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds  
three,—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and  
me.

LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal.* Pt. ii.  
St. 8.

A beggar through the world am I,—  
From place to place I wander by.  
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,  
For Christ's sweet sake and charity !  
LOWELL. *The Beggar*.

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,  
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to  
be fyled.  
SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iv. Canto  
ii. St. 32.

And Chaucer, with his infantine  
Familiar clasp of things divine.  
MRS. BROWNING. *A Vision of Poets*. 1. 390.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose  
sweet breath  
Prelude those melodious bursts that  
fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still.  
TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*. St. 2.

## CHEERFULNESS.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

That load becomes light which is  
cheerfully borne.  
OVID. *Art of Love*. i. 2. 10.

*Katharine*. Had she been light, like  
you  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might ha' been a grandam ere she  
died :

And so may you ; for a light heart lives  
long.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 15.

*Rosaline*. Biron they call him ; but a  
merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's ex-  
positor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite rav-  
ished ;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.  
*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 65.

*Polixenes*. He makes a July's day  
short as December ;  
And with his varying childness cures in  
me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 169.

*Autolycus*. A merry heart goes all the  
day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 134.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful  
countenance : but by sorrow of the heart  
the spirit is broken.  
*Old Testament*. Proverbs xv. 13.

All the days of the afflicted are evil :  
but he that is of a merry heart hath a  
continual feast.  
*Ibid.* Proverbs xv. 15.

*Gargle*. Cheerfulness, sir, is the prin-  
cipal ingredient in the composition  
of health.  
MURPHY. *The Apprentice*. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded  
ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day !  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. ii. l. 257.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,  
And confident to-morrows.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. vii.

It is good  
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.  
LOWELL. *Legend of Brittany*. Pt. i. St. 35.

You hear that boy laughing ? You  
think he's all fun ;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good  
he has done ;  
The children laugh loud as they troop  
to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him  
laughs loudest of all !  
O. W. HOLMES. *The Boys*. St. 9.

## CHILDHOOD, CHILDREN.

(See also YOUTH.)

Whosoever therefore shall humble  
himself as this little child, the same is  
greatest in the kingdom of heaven.  
*New Testament*. St. Matthew xviii. 4.

Children sweeten labours, but they  
make misfortunes more bitter: they  
increase the cares of life, but they  
mitigate the remembrance of death.

BACON. *Essay VII.: Of Parents and Children.*

How many troubles are with children  
born!

Yet he that wants them counts himself  
forlorn.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Translation of Verses of S. John Scot.*

I am all the daughters of my father's  
house,

And all the brothers too.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 23.

Oh would I were a boy again,

When life seemed formed of sunny  
years,

And all the heart then knew of pain

Was wept away in transient tears.

MARK LEMON. *Oh Would I Were a Boy  
Again.*

I remember, I remember

The fir-trees dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops

Were close against the sky:

It was a childish ignorance,

But now 'tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

HOOD. *I Remember, I Remember.*

Pointing to such, well might Cornelia  
say,

When the rich casket shone in bright  
array,

"These are my Jewels!" Well of such  
as he,

When Jesus spake, well might the  
language be,

"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

SAM'L ROGERS. *Human Life.* l. 202.

[The Biblical reference is to Matthew xix. 14: "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Cornelia, the mother of the Roman Gracchi, when asked where her jewels were, pointed to her children and said, "These are my jewels."]

A little child, a limber elf,

Singing, dancing to itself,

A fairy thing with red round cheeks

That always finds and never seeks,

Makes such a vision to the sight

As fills a father's eyes with light.

COLERIDGE. *Christabel.* Conclusion to  
Part I.

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my  
side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this  
deep calm,

Fill up the interspersèd vacancies

And momentary pauses of the thought!

My babe so beautiful! it thrills my  
heart

With tender gladness, thus to look at  
thee,

And think that thou shalt learn far  
other lore

And in far other scenes!

*Ibid.* *Frost at Midnight.*

O little feet! that such long years

Must wander on through hopes and  
fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your  
load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn

Where toil shall cease and rest begin,

Am weary, thinking of your road!

LONGFELLOW. *Weariness.*

Alas! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play!

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

GRAY. *On a Distant Prospect of Eton  
College.* l. 51.

And when with envy Time, transported,

Shall think to rob us of our joys,

You'll in your girls again be courted,

And I'll go wooing in my boys.

THOMAS PERCY. *Winifreda.* 1720.

Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,

And the questions that perplexed me

Have vanished quite away.

Ye are better than all the ballads,

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead.

LONGFELLOW. *Children.* St. 1, 9.

Ah! what would the world be to us,

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

*Ibid.* *Children.* St. 4.

I had a little daughter,  
 And she was given to me  
 To lead me gently backward  
 To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
 That I, by the force of nature,  
 Might in some dim wise divine  
 The depth of His infinite patience  
 To this wayward soul of mine.  
 LOWELL. *The Changeling*.

Little children are still the symbol of  
 the eternal marriage between love and  
 duty.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola, Proem*.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the  
 toun,  
 Upstairs and dounstairs, in his nicht-  
 gown,  
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
 "Are the weans in their bed? for it's  
 now ten o'clock."  
 WILLIAM MILLER (1810-72). *Willie Winkie*.

A simple child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?  
 WORDSWORTH. *We Are Seven*.

I met a little cottage girl;  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head.  
*Ibid.* *We Are Seven*.

*Gardener.* Unruly children make their  
 sire stoop.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act. iii.  
 Sc. 4. l. 30.

*King Richard.* Your children were  
 vexation to your youth,  
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 305.

*King Lear.* We have no such  
 daughter, nor shall ever see  
 That face of hers again. Therefore  
 begone  
 Without our grace, our love, our benizon.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 262.

*Don Jerome.* If a daughter you have,  
 she's the plague of your life,  
 No peace shall you know, though you've  
 buried your wife!

At twenty she mocks at the duty you  
 taught her—  
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate  
 daughter!

SHERIDAN. *The Duenna.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Mais un fripon d'enfant (cet âge est  
 sans pitié).

But a rascal of a child (that age is  
 without pity).

LA FONTAINE. *Fables.* ix. 2.

The child's sob curseth deeper in the  
 silence

Than the strong man in his wrath.

E. B. BROWNING. *The Cry of the Children.*  
 St. 13.

Children use the fist  
 Until they are of age to use the brain.  
*Ibid.* *Casa Guidi's Windows.* Pt. i.

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
 To speak in public on the stage;  
 And if I chance to fall below  
 Demosthenes or Cicero,  
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
 But pass my imperfections by.  
 Large streams from little fountains flow,  
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

DAVID EVERETT. *Lines written for a*  
*School Declamation.*

The child is father of the man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.  
 WORDSWORTH. *My Heart Leaps Up*.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,  
 C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.  
*French Proverb.*

The childhood shews the man,  
 As morning shews the day.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. iv. l.  
 220.

By education most have been misled;  
 So they believe, because they were so bred;  
 The priest continues what the nurse began,  
 And thus the child imposes on the man.  
 DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther.*  
 Pt. iii. l. 389.

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
 Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving too, and full as vain.  
*Ibid.* *All for Love.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Women, then, are only children of a  
 larger growth.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to His Son.* 5th  
 Sept., 1748.

For men, in reason's sober eyes,  
 Are children but of larger size.

DAVID LLOYD.

Nations, like men, have their infancy.  
LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the Study of History.* Letter iv.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite :  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripe stage,  
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :  
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before ;  
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.  
POPE. *Essay on Man.* Ep. ii. l. 275.

Man is a restless thing, still vain and wild,  
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child.  
WATTS. *To the Memory of T. Gunston, Esq.* Bk. iii. l. 189.

By sports like these are all their cares beguill'd,  
 The sports of children satisfy the child.  
GOLDSMITH. *Traveller.* l. 153.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.  
MENCIUS. *Works.* Bk. iv. Pt. ii. Ch. xii. (LEGGE, trans.)

We need love's tender lessons taught  
 As only weakness can ;  
 God hath His small interpreters ;  
 The child must teach the man.  
WHITTIER. *Child-songs.* St. 9.

### CHIVALRY.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horse-manship.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.* Pt. i. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 104.

*Ulysses.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight :  
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;  
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;  
 Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon calm'd ;  
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;  
 For what he has he gives ; what thinks he shews ;  
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 96.

A knight there was, and that a worthy man,  
 That from the time that he first began  
 To ride out, he loved chivalry,  
 Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.

And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
 And of his port as meek as is a maid.  
 He never yet no villainy ne said  
 In all his life, unto no manner wight.  
 He was a very parfit gentle knight.  
CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales.* Prologue.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star full of life and splendour and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone ; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound.

*Ibid.* *Reflections on the Revolution.* p. 332.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,

The sun has left the lea.

The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.

SCOTT. *Quentin Durward.* Ch. iv.

Gayly the troubadour

Touched his guitar.

BAYLY. *Welcome Me Home.*

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 11.

### CHOICE.

*Hortensio.* There's small choice in rotten apples.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 139.

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: To take the widow,

Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being alive.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 55.

How happy could I be with either,

Were t'other dear charmer away!

But, while ye thus tease me together,

To neither a word will I say.

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera* (*Macheath sings*). Act ii. Sc. 2.

When better choices are not to be had,  
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War.* Bk. ii. xxiv.

De duobus malis, minus est semper eligendum.

Of two evils we must always choose the least.

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *De Imitatione Christi.*  
iii. 12. St. 3.

Learned men have taught us that not only with a choice of evils we should choose the least, but that from the evil we should endeavour to extract some good.

CICERO. *De Officiis.* iii. 1, 3.

Τὰ ἐλάχιστα ληπτέον τῶν κακῶν.

Of evils we must choose the least evil.

ARISTOTLE. *Ethica Nicomachea.* ii. 9, 4.

Plato reports Socrates as saying:

To prefer evil to good is not in human nature; and when a man is compelled to choose one of two evils, no one will choose the greater when he might have the less.

PLATO. *Protagoras.* xxxviii. (JOWETT, trans.)

Of two evils I have chose the least.

PRIOR. *Imitation of Horace.*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Of two evils, the least should be chosen.

ERASMUS. *Adages.* CICERO. *De Officiis.*  
iii. 1.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.

CHAUCER. *Troilus and Crescide.* Bk. ii. l. 470.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.

LONGFELLOW. *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* iv.

God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness.

WILLIAM STOUGHTON. *Election Sermon at Boston,* April 29, 1669.

When to elect there is but one,

'Tis Hobson's Choice; take that or none.

THOS. WARD. *England's Reformation.*  
Canto iv. l. 896.

Tobias Hobson<sup>1</sup> was the first man in England that let out hackney-horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance—whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice."

STEELE. *Spectator.* No. 509.

A strange alternative . . .

Must women have a doctor, or a dance?

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire v. l. 189.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

JAMES WOLFE. *Despatch to Pitt,* Sept. 2, 1759.

Εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος ἦμην, Διογένης ἂν ἦμην.

<sup>1</sup>Thomas (not Tobias) Hobson, born 1544, died 1631.

If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes.

ALEXANDER. (*Plutarch, Alexander, XIV.*)

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good

Compensate bad in man, absolve him so :  
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

BROWNING. *Ring and the Book. The Pope.* l. 1236.

God offers to every mind its choice  
between truth and repose.

EMERSON. *Essays Intellect.*

Where there is no choice, we do well  
to make no difficulty.

GEORGE MACDONALD. *Sir Gibbie.* Ch. xi.

### CHRIST.

Unto you is born this day in the city  
of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

*New Testament.* St. Luke ii. 11.

Ecce homo !

Behold the man.

*The Vulgate.* St. John xix. 5.

*King Henry IV.* Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed  
cross

We are impressed and engaged to fight  
Forthwith a power of English shall we  
levy ;

Whose arms were moulded in their  
mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy  
fields

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed  
feet,

Which fourteen hundred years ago were  
nail'd

For our advantage on the bitter cross.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. King Henry IV.* Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 18.

The best of men

That e'er wore earth about him was a  
sufferer ;

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil  
spirit,

The first true gentleman that ever  
breathed.

DEKKER. *The Honest Whore.* Pt. i. Act  
1. Sc. 12.

Of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, with-  
out cloud

Made visible, the Almighty Father  
shines,

Whom else no creature can behold : on  
Thee

Impress'd, th' effulgence of His glory  
abides ;

Transfused on Thee His ample spirit  
rests.

He heaven of heavens, and all the  
powers therein,

By Thee created.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. l. 383.

Christ himself was poor. . . . And  
as he was himself, so he informed his  
apostles and disciples, they were all  
poor, prophets poor, apostles poor.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. ii.  
Sec. 2. Mem. 3.

But chiefly Thou,  
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down  
from Heaven

To bleed for man, to teach him how to  
live,

And, oh ! still harder lesson ! how to  
die.<sup>1</sup>

BISHOP PORTEUS. *Death.* l. 316.

One Name above all glorious names

With its ten thousand tongues

The everlasting sea proclaims,

Echoing angelic songs.

KEBLE. *The Christian Year. Septuagesima  
Sunday.* St. 9.

The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.

MILTON. *Lycidas.* l. 109.

Christ was the word that spake it ;

He took the bread and brake it ;

And what that work did make it,

That I believe and take it.

[Attributed to Princess Elizabeth. The  
story runs that during the reign of her  
sister, Queen Mary, the future Queen Eliza-  
beth thus adroitly parried the query of a  
Catholic priest whether she believed in the  
real presence in the communion bread. But  
it is probable that Donne was the origin-  
ator :

He was the Word that spake it,

He took the bread and brake it ;

And what that Word did make it,

I do believe and take it.

DONNE. *Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.]*

<sup>1</sup> See under EXAMPLE.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that trans-  
figures you and me :

As He died to make men holy, let us  
die to make men free,

While God is marching on.  
JULIA WARD HOWE. *Later Lyrics. Battle  
Hymn of the Republic.*

Only a Christ could have conceived a  
Christ.

JOSEPH PARKER. *Ecce Deus. Christ  
Adjusting Human Relations. Ch. xi.*

### CHRISTIAN.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost  
thou persuadest me to be a Christian.  
*New Testament. Acts xxvi. 28.*

See how these Christians love one  
another.

TERTULLIAN. *Apologeticus. c. 39.*

O father Abram, what these Christians  
are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them  
suspect

The thoughts of others.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice. Act  
i. Sc. 3. l. 162.*

A Christian is the highest style of  
man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night 4. l. 788.*

A Christian is God Almighty's gen-  
tleman.

JULIUS HARE. *Guesses at Truth. First  
Series.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentle-  
men.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel. Pt. i.  
l. 645.*

A charge to keep I have,

A God to glorify;

A never dying soul to save,

And fit it for the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Christian Fidelity.*

Whatever makes men good Christians,  
makes them good citizens.

WEBSTER. *Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1820.*

Silence the voice of Christianity, and  
the world is well-nigh dumb, for gone is  
that sweet music which kept in order  
the rulers of the people, which cheers  
the poor widow in her lonely toil, and

comes like light through the windows  
of morning, to men who sit stooping  
and feeble, with failing eyes and a hun-  
gering heart. It is gone, all gone; only  
the cold, bleak world left before them.

THEODORE PARKER. *Critical and Miscel-  
laneous Writings. A Discourse of the  
Transient and Permanent in Chris-  
tianity.*

I thank the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smiled,  
And made me, in these Christian days,  
A happy Christian child.

JANE TAYLOR. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

### CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas play, and make good  
cheer,

For Christmas comes but once a year.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry. Ch. xii.*

'Tis merry in hall

Where beards wag all.

*Ibid. August's Abstract.*

Merry swithe it is in halle,  
When the beards waveth alle.

ANON. *Alisaunder.*

This has been wrongly attributed to Adam  
Davie. In the latter's *Dreams* the line  
runs,—

Swith mury hit is in halle,  
When burdes waiven alle.

Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!

Let every man be jolly.

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,

And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats  
choke,

And all their spits are turning.

WITHER. *Christmas Carol.*

And after him came next the chill  
December:

Yet he, through merry feasting which  
he made

And great bonfires, did not the cold re-  
member;

His Saviour's birth his mind so much  
did glad.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene. Bk. vii. Canto  
vii. St. 41.*

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the  
cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season  
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is cele-  
brated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night  
long :

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir  
abroad ;

The nights are wholesome, then no  
planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm ;

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 157.

This is the month, and this the happy  
morn,

Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal  
King,

Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother  
born,

Our great redemption from above did  
bring ;

For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should re-  
lease,

And with His Father work us a per-  
petual peace.

MILTON. *Hymn. On the Morning of  
Christ's Nativity*.

No trumpet-blast profaned

The hour in which the Prince of Peace  
was born ;

No bloody streamlet stained

Earth's silver rivers on that sacred  
morn.

BRYANT. *Christmas in 1875*.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,

The holly branch shone on the old oak  
wall.

THOS. HAYNES BAYLY. *The Mistletoe  
Bough*.

Calm on the listening ear of night

Came Heaven's melodious strains,

Where wild Judea stretches far

Her silver-mantled plains.

EDMUND H. SEARS. *Christmas Song*.

It came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old.

*Ibid.* *The Angel's Song*.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when  
all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse :

The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would  
be there.

CLEMENT C. MOORE. *A Visit from St.  
Nicholas*.

### CHURCH.

*Falstaff*. An I have not forgotten what  
the inside of a church is made of, I am  
a pepper-corn.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3. l. 9.

The ne'er to the church, the further  
from God.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i Ch ix.

To kerke the narre from God more farre,

Has bene an old-sayd wate ;

And he that strives to touche a starre

Oft stumbles at a strawe.

*The Shepheardes Calender*. July. l. 97.

It is common for those that are farthest  
from God, to boast themselves most of their  
being near to the Church.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Jere-  
miah vii.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The Devil always builds a chapel there :

And 'twill be found upon examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.

DEFOE. *The True-born Englishman*. Pt.  
i. l. 1.

For where God built a church there the  
Devil would also build a chapel. They imi-  
tated the Jews also in this, namely, that as  
the Most Holiest was dark, and had no  
light, even so and after the same manner  
did they make their shrines dark where the  
Devil made answer. Thus is the Devil ever  
God's ape.

MARTIN LUTHER. *Table Talk*. *Of God's  
Works*. No. 67. (HAZLITT, trans.)

God never had a church but there, men say,  
The Devil a chapel hath raised by some  
wyles.

I doubted of this saw, till on a day

I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint  
Gyles.

DRUMMOND. *Posthumous Poems*.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will  
have a chapel.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt.  
iii. Sec. iv. Mem. 1. Subsec. i.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but  
the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

Some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 142.

Who builds a church to God, and not to  
fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his  
name.

*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Ep. iii. *Of the Use  
of Riches*. l. 285.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,  
Are very much akin;  
Both weather-beaten are without,  
Both empty are within.

SWIFT. *Extempore Verses*.

Where, through the long drawn aisle  
and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note  
of praise.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.  
St. 10.

See the Gospel Church secure,  
And founded on a Rock!  
All her promises are sure;  
Her bulwarks who can shock?  
Count her every precious shrine;  
Tell, to after-ages tell,  
Fortified by power divine,  
The Church can never fail.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Scriptural*. Psalm  
xlviii. St. 9.

Die Kirch' allein, meine lieben Frauen,  
Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen.  
The church alone beyond all question  
Has for ill-gotten goods the right diges-  
tion.

GOETHE. *Faust*. i. 9. 35.

### CIRCUMSTANCE.

Who does the best his circumstance  
allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no  
more.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 2. l. 90.

The happy combination of fortuitous  
circumstances.

SCOTT. *Answer of the Author of Waverley  
to the Letter of Captain Clutterbuck  
The Monastery*.

The fortuitous or casual concourse of  
atoms.

RICHARD BENTLEY. *Sermons*. vii. *Works*.  
Vol. iii. p. 147. (1692.)

See also SIR ROBERT PEEL'S *Address*.  
*Quarterly Review*. Vol. liii. p. 270.  
(1835.)

This fearful concatenation of circum-  
stances.

DAN'L WEBSTER. *Argument. The Murder  
of Captain Joseph White*. (1830.)

I am the very slave of circumstance  
And impulse—borne away with every  
breath!

BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto v. St. 17.

Man is not the creature of circumstances,  
circumstances are the creatures of men.  
We are free agents, and man is more power-  
ful than matter.

DISRAELI. *Vivian Grey*. Bk. vi. Ch. vii.

Chances rule men and not men chances.  
HERODOTUS. *History*. vii. 49.

Circumstances are things round about;  
we are *in* them, not *under* them.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Samuel  
Johnson and John Horne* (Tooke).

Man, without religion, is the creature of  
circumstances.

J. C. HARE. *Guesses at Truth*. p. i.

Man is the creature of circumstance.

ROBERT OWEN. *The Philanthropist*.

Circumstances alter cases.

HALIBURTON. *The Old Judge*. Ch. xv.

Circumstances over which I have no  
control.

WELLINGTON (Duke of). *Letters*. About  
1839 or 1840.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breaths the blows of circumstance.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. Pt. lxiv. St. 2.

### CITY.

God made the country, and man made  
the town.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. i. l. 749.

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana  
aedificavit urbes.

Divine Nature gave us fields; man's art  
built cities.

VARRO. *De Re Rustica*. iii. 1.

God the first garden made, and the first  
city Cain.

COWLEY. *Stanzas addressed to J. Evelyn*,  
*Esq.* 3, last line.

God Almighty first planted a garden.

BACON. *Essay*. xvi. *Of Gardens*.

The Bible shows how the world progresses.  
It begins with a garden, but ends with a  
holy city.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. *Life and Letters*, by  
ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 117.

O give me the sweet, shady side of Pall  
Mall!

CHARLES MORRIS. *Town and Country*.

To cities and to courts repair,  
Flattery and falsehood flourish there;  
There all thy wretched arts employ,  
Where riches triumph over joy,  
Where passions do with interest barter,  
And Hymen holds by Mammon's char-  
ter;  
Where truth by point of law is parried,  
And knaves and prudes are six times  
married.

PRIOR. *The Turtle and the Sparrow*. l. 432.

Let me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn  
rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles,  
and some

Where secret tears have left their  
trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;  
To halls in which the feast is spread;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

BRYANT. *The Crowded Street*.

From cities humming with a restless  
crowd,

Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,  
Whose highest praise is that they live  
in vain,

The dupes of pleasure or the slaves of  
gain;

Where works of man are clustered close  
around,

And works of God are hardly to be  
found.

COWPER. *Retirement*. l. 21.

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the  
hum

Of human cities torture.

BYRON. *Child Harold*. Canto iii. St. 72.

I am a part of all that I have met.

TENNYSON. *Ulysses*. l. 18.

As one who long in populous city pent  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy  
the air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn to  
breathe

Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives  
delight;

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or  
kine,

Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural  
sound.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 445.

### CLEANLINESS.

Cleanness of body was ever deemed to  
proceed from a due reverence to God.

BACON. *Advancement of Learning*. Bk. ii.

Slovenliness is no part of religion;  
neither this [1 Pet. iii. 3, 4], nor any  
text of Scripture, condemns neatness of  
apparel. Certainly this is a duty, not a  
sin; "cleanliness is, indeed, next to  
godliness."

JOHN WESLEY. *Sermons. On Dress*.

[Wesley puts the last sentence into quota-  
tion marks, giving no indication as to its  
source. It may have been a popular proverb  
in his day as in ours. Dr. A. S. Bettelheim,  
a Jewish rabbi, traces the saying to the  
Talmud, where Phinchas-ben-Jair says:  
"The doctrines of religion are resolved into  
carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness;  
vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltless-  
ness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness  
into cleanliness; cleanliness into godli-  
ness,"—literally, next to godliness.

### CLERGY.

Men who attend the altar, and should  
most

Endeavor peace.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. l. 354.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he  
cheer'd:

Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.  
His preaching much, but more his prac-  
tice wrought;

(A living sermon of the truths he  
taught;)

For this by rules severe his life he  
squar'd:

That all might see the doctrines which  
they heard.

DRYDEN. *Character of a Good Parson*. l. 75.

Near yonder copse, where once the  
garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower  
grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the  
place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion  
rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a  
year.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. 1. 137.

Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's  
side.  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and  
felt for all.  
*Ibid.* *The Deserted Village*. 1. 161.

At church, with meek and unaffected  
grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with  
double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd  
to pray.  
*Ibid.* *The Deserted Village*. 1. 177.

And sent us back to praise, who came to  
pray.  
DRYDEN. *Brittania Redeviva*. 1. 4.

He that negotiates between God and  
man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand con-  
cerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should be-  
ware  
Of lightness in his speech.  
COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. 1. 463.

I venerate the man, whose heart is  
warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine  
and whose life  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
*Ibid.* *Task*. Bk. ii. 1. 372.

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.  
THOMSON. *Castle of Indolence*. Canto i.  
St. 69.

There goes the parson, oh illustrious  
spark!  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes  
the clerk.  
COWPER. *On Observing Some Names of  
Little Note*.

The things that mount the rostrum with  
a skip,  
And then skip down again; pronounce  
a text,  
Cry—hem; and reading what they never  
wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their  
work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the  
scene!  
*Ibid.* *The Task*. Bk. ii. 1. 408.

A kick, that scarce would move a horse,  
May kill a sound divine.  
*Ibid.* *The Yearly Distress*. St. 16.  
Oh for a forty parson power.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto x. St. 34.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith  
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!  
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath  
He's stampin', an' he's jumpin'!  
BURNS. *The Holy Fair*. St. 13.

## CLOISTER.

*Hamlet*. Get thee to a nunnery, go;  
. . . farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs  
marry, marry a fool; for wise men know  
well enough, what monsters you make  
of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly  
too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Ye heavenly powers, restore  
him!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
1. 122.

I cannot praise a fugitive and clois-  
tered virtue unexercised and unbreathed,  
that never sallies out and seeks her ad-  
versary, but slinks out of the race where  
that immortal garland is to be run for,  
not without heat and dust.

MILTON. *Areopagitica*.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embow'd roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
*Ibid.* *Il Penseroso*. 1. 155.

To happy convents bosom'd deep in  
vines,  
Where slumber abbots, purple as their  
wines.

POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 301.

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock  
Aerial.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. iii.  
l. 394.

I envy them, those monks of old ;  
Their books they read, and their beads  
they told.

G. P. R. JAMES. *The Monks of Old*.

I like a church, I like a cowl ;  
I love a prophet of the soul ;  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles :  
Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowl'd Churchman be.

EMERSON. *The Problem*.

## CLOUD.

*Ham*. Do you see yonder cloud that 's  
almost in shape of a camel ?

*Pol*. By the mass, and 't is like a  
camel, indeed.

*Ham*. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol*. It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham*. Or like a whale ?

*Pol*. Very like a whale.

*Ham*. They fool me to the top of my  
bent.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 393.

*Ant*. Sometime we see a cloud that 's  
dragonish,

A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the  
world

And mock our eyes with air : thou hast  
seen these signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros*. Ay, my lord.

*Ant*. That which is now a horse, even  
with a thought

The rack dislimns and makes it indis-  
tinct

As water is in water.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iv.  
Sc. 14. l. 2.

Come watch with me the azure turn to  
rose

In yonder West : the changing pag-  
eantry,

The fading Alps and archipelagoes,  
And spectral cities of the sunset-sea.

T. B. ALDRICH. *Miracles*.

As when from mountain-tops the dusky  
clouds

Ascending, while the north wind sleeps,  
o'erspread

Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring  
element

Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow,  
or shower,

If chance the radiant sun with farewell  
sweet

Extend his evening beam, the fields  
revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleat-  
ing herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley  
rings.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 488.

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the  
clouds

That shed May flowers.

*Ibid*. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 499.

And the hooded clouds, like friars,

Tell their beads in drops of rain,

And patter their doleful prayers ;

But their prayers are all in vain,

All in vain.

LONGFELLOW. *Midnight Mass for the  
Dying Man*.

There does a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 223.

[This may possibly be the origin of the  
phrase, "A cloud with a silver lining,"  
meaning misfortune in which there is a  
gleam of hope. See under HOPE.]

Nature is always kind enough to give  
even her clouds a humorous lining.

LOWELL. *My Study Windows*. *Thoreau*.

We often praise the evening clouds,

And tints so gay and bold,

But seldom think upon our God,

Who tinged these clouds with gold.

SCOTT. *The Setting Sun*.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting  
sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow;

Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated  
slow!

Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve that chanced  
to blow

Wafled the traveller to the beauteous  
west.

JOHN WILSON. *Isle of Palms and other  
Poems. The Evening Cloud.*

I saw two clouds at morning,  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD. *Epithalamium.*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid

In their noon-day dreams.

SHELLEY. *The Cloud. 1. 1.*

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursing of the sky:

I pass through the pores of the ocean  
and shores;

I change, but I cannot die.

*Ibid. The Cloud. 1. 73.*

From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under

And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

*Ibid. The Cloud. 1. 5.*

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;

And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey  
bowers

Lightning my pilot sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the  
thunder,

It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's  
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

SHELLEY. *The Cloud. 1. 13.*

### COCK.

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute  
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,  
In which she had a cok, hight Chaunte-  
cleer,

In al the land of crowing n'as his peer.  
His vois was merier than the mery orgon

On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;  
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge

Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.

By nature knew he ech ascencioun

Of equinoxial in thilke toun.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. The Nun's  
Priest's Tale. 1. 27.*

*Ratcliffe.* The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. Act v. Sc.  
3. 1. 209.*

*Horatio.* The cock, that is the trumpet  
to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding  
throat

Awake the god of day.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 150.*

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the  
cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty  
thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the

morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding

throat  
Awake the God of Day; and, at his

warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine; and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 147.*

*Hor.* The morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste  
away,

And vanish'd from our sight.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 218.

*Ariel.* Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 384.

While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 49.

### S. T. COLERIDGE.

A noticeable man, with large gray  
eyes.

WORDSWORTH. *Stanzas written in Thom-  
son's Castle of Indolence*. St. 5.

He was a mighty poet and  
A subtle-souled psychologist;  
All things he seemed to understand,  
Of old or new, on sea or land,  
Save his own soul, which was a mist.

CHARLES LAMB.

A hooded eagle among blinking owls.  
SHELLEY. *Letter to Maria Gisborne*. l. 208.

### COLOR.

*Aaron.* Coal black is better than  
another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to  
white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the  
flood.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act  
iv. Sc. 2. l. 99.

### COMFORT.

*Imogene.* Thou art all the comfort  
The Gods will diet me with.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 182.

Our creature comforts.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Psalm  
xxxvii.

Miserable comforters are ye all.

*Old Testament*. Job xvi. 2.

[Hence the phrase, "Job's comforters."]

*Katharine.* That comfort comes too  
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had  
cured me;

But now I am past all comforts here but  
prayers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 120.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"

With these dark words begins my tale;  
And their meaning is, whence can com-  
fort spring

When prayer is of no avail?

WORDSWORTH. *Force of Prayer*.

### COMMUNISM.

(See under PROPERTY.)

All things are in common among  
friends.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Diogenes*. vi.

It is a maxim of old that among  
themselves all things are common to  
friends.

TERENCE. *Adelphæ*. Act v. Sc. 3, 18 (803).

Bion insisted on the principle that  
"The property of friends is common."  
DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Bion*. ix.

What is a communist? One who has  
yearnings

For equal division of unequal earnings.  
EBENEZER ELLIOT. *Epigram*.

### COMPANY.

Two are better than one.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes iv. 9.

Every man is like the company he is  
wont to keep.

EURIPIDES. *Phæmisææ*. Fragment 809.

A man is known by the company he keeps.  
*Old Proverb*.

A man's mind is known by the company  
it keeps.

LOWELL. *My Study Windows*. Pope.

Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee  
what thou art.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch.  
xxiii.

Birds of a feather will gather together.  
*Old Proverb*.

Birds of a feather will fly together.

R. WILSON. *Three Lords and three Ladies  
of London (Simplicity)*.

Birds of a feather will gather together.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii. Sec. i. Mem. ii. Subsec. i.

Then let's flock hither,  
Like birds of a feather.  
RANDOLPH. *Aristippus*.

Lion and stoat have isled together,  
knave,

In time of flood.  
TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynette*. 1. 871.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.  
New Testament. *St. Paul*. I. *Corinthians* xv. 33.

Φθειροσιν ἦθη χρήσθ' ὀμιλῖαι κακαί.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

MENANDER. *Thais*. Fragment 2.  
EURIPIDES. Fragment 962. (*According to Clement of Alexandria*.)

Si velis vitii exui, longe a vitiorum exemplis recedendum est.

If thou wishest to get rid of thy evil propensities, thou must keep far from evil companions.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucillum*. civ

*Fal.* Company, villanous company,  
hath been the spoil of me.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 11.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Ibid.* I. *Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 101.

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Holy Living and Dying* Ch. i. Sec. i.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

IZAAK WALTON. *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. ii.

Σοφοῦ παρ' ἀνδρὸς χρῆ' σοφὸν τι μανθά-  
νειν.

Some wisdom must thou learn from one who's wise.

EURIPIDES. *Rhesus*. 206. Chorus.

Σοφοῖς ὀμιλῶν καυτὸς ἐκβήσῃ σοφός.  
Who with the wise consorts will wise become.

MENANDER. *Monosticha*. 475.

Nullius boni sine sociis jucunda possessio est.

No possession is gratifying without a companion.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucillum*. vi.

As the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.

IZAAK WALTON. *The Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. i.

What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?

Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoyed with thee.

PARNELL. *Health: An Eclogue*.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 179.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,

Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,

There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

ADDISON. *Spectator*. No 68

This is a free translation of an epigram by Martial:

Difficilis facilis, jucundus acerbus es idem:  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. xii. 47. 1.

Which may more literally be rendered:  
Captious, yet complaisant, sweet and bitter too,  
I cannot with thee live, nor yet without thee

Martial was imitating Ovid, who had already said:

Sic ego non sine te, nec tecum vivere possum.

Thus neither with thee, nor without thee, can I live.

OVID. *Amores* iii. 11, 39.

They each pull'd different ways, with  
many an oath,  
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards  
both.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 93.

The quotation is from Virgil:

Ambo florentes cretatitius, arcades ambo  
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired  
To sing, and answer as the song required.

*Eclogues*. vii. 4. (DRYDEN, trans.)

Say, shall my little bark attendant  
sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the  
gale?

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. 4. l. 385.

King. Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another  
of the name.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
iv. Sc. 3. l. 49.

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*. l. 42.

We twae hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine.

*Ibid.* *Auld Lang Syne*.

## COMPARISONS.

Comparisons are odious.

*Old Proverb*.

Is it possible your pragmatICAL wor-  
ship should not know that the compari-  
sons made between wit and wit, courage  
and courage, beauty and beauty, birth  
and birth, are always odious and ill  
taken?

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. 1.

In English literature the proverb, "Com-  
parisons are odious," is found in John  
Fortescue's *De Laudibus Leges Angliæ*, ch.  
xix.; in Marlowe's *lust's Dominion*, act iii.  
sc. 4; in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt.  
iii sec. 3, and in many others. John Lyd-  
gate has it in this form:

Comparisons do ofttime great grievance.

*Bochas*. Bk. iii. Ch. viii.

Shakespeare makes his Dogberry mis-  
quote the proverb in this form:

Comparisons are odorous.

*Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii. Sc. 5.  
l. 19.

Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop follows suit in  
this wise:

No caparisons, miss, if you please. Capari-  
sons don't become a young woman.

*The Rivals*. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Ἐχθροὺς ποιοῦσι τοὺς φίλους αἱ συγκρίσεις.

Comparisons make enemies of our friends.  
PHILEMON. *Fabula Incerta*. Fragment 17.

To compare

Great things with small.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 921.

Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus  
hædos.

Noram; sic parvis componere magna sole-  
bam.

Thus I knew that pups are like dogs, and  
kids like goats; so I used to compare great  
things with small.

VIRGIL. *Eclogæ*. i. 23.

[Virgil uses the same phrase in his *Georgics*.  
iv. 176. It may be found in numerous other  
ancient and modern authors.]

Where, where was Roderick then?

One blast upon his bugle horn

Were worth a thousand men.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto vi. St. 18.

The pilot, telling Antigonus the enemy  
outnumbered him in ships, he said, "But  
how many ships do you reckon my presence  
to be worth?"

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms of Kings and Great  
Commanders*. (*Antigonus II*.)

We must have your name, if you will per-  
mit us to use it. There will be more efficacy  
in it than in many an army.

JOHN ADAMS. *Letter to Washington* (1798).

[Written when war with France seemed  
imminent.]

It is very true that I have said that I con-  
sidered Napoleon's presence in the field  
equal to forty thousand men in the balance.  
This is a very loose way of talking; but the  
idea is a very different one from that of his  
presence at a battle being equal to a rein-  
forcement of forty thousand men.

STANHOPE. *Conversations with the Duke  
of Wellington*. p. 81.

The crow may bathe his coal-black  
wings in mire,

And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;  
But if the like the snow-white swan  
desire,

The stain upon his silver down will  
stay;

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings  
glorious day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er  
they fly,

But eagles gaz'd upon with every  
eye.

SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece*. l. 1009.

For fairest things grow foulest by foul  
deeds ;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than  
weeds.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. xciv. 13.

Would it were I had been false, not you !  
I that am nothing, not you that are  
all ;

I, never the worse for a touch or two  
On my speckled hide ; not you, the  
pride

Of the day, my swan, that a first fleck's  
fall

On her wonder of white must unswan,  
undo !

BROWNING. *The Worst of It*.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow ;

The smallest speck is seen on snow.

GAY. *Fables*. xi. *The Peacock, Turkey,*  
*and Goose*. 1. 1.

*Portia*. That light we see is burning  
in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his  
beams !

So shines a good deed in a naughty  
world.

*Ner*. When the moon shone we did  
not see the candle.

*Por*. So doth the greater glory dim  
the less :

A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 89.

*Portia*. The nightingale, if she should  
sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be  
thought

No better a musician than the wren.

*Ibid*. *The Merchant of Venice*. Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 104.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be  
wrens ?

If all the world were falcons, what of  
that ?

The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
But he not less the eagle.

TENNYSON. *The Golden Year*. 1. 37.

A living dog is better than a dead  
lion.

*Old Testament*. *Ecclesiastes* ix. 4.

*Hawthorn*. 'Tis a maxim with me, that an  
hale

Cobbler is a better man than a sick king.

BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village*. Act i.  
Sc. 3.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout,  
so is a fair woman which is without dis-  
cretion.

*Old Testament*. *Proverbs* xi. 22.

As a lyke to compare in taste, chalk  
and cheese.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. iv.

Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas,  
Plato is my friend, but a greater friend  
is truth.

*Latin Proverb*.

The phrase is a gradual evolution from  
Plato's report of a favorite saying of Socrates  
to his disciples :

I would ask you to be thinking of the  
truth, and not of Socrates ; agree with me  
if I seem to you to be speaking the truth ;  
or, if not, withstand me might and main,  
that I may not deceive you as well as myself  
in my enthusiasm.

*Phædo*. Ch. xci.

Paraphrasing this saying, Aristotle was  
wont to say :

Socrates is my friend, but a greater friend  
is truth.

AMMONIUS. *Life of Socrates*.

Ammonius wrote in Latin, not Greek. It  
was his Latinized version which became  
proverbial. In course of time "Plato"  
came to be substituted for "Socrates," and  
so the phrase comes down to us. Cicero  
rejects the lesson of the maxim, for he ex-  
pressly says :

Errare mehercule malo cum Platone  
. . . quam cum istis vera sentire.

In very truth I would rather be wrong  
with Plato than right with such men as  
these.

CICERO. *Tusculanæ Disputationes*. i. 17, 39.

Now the "istis," the "such men," to  
whom Cicero contemptuously refers are the  
Pythagoreans. Curiously enough, however,  
he indorsed a Pythagorean, not a Platonic  
method. For while Plato evidently ap-  
proved of Socrates's preference of the truth  
over the individual, the disciples of Pytha-  
goras adopted as their motto, "The master  
has said it," or simply "he has said it,"  
whence we get the Latin, "Ipse dixit."

Cicero's sentiment finds an echo in  
Byron's line :

Better to err with Pope than shine with  
Pye.

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. 1. 102.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I  
*know* my words are wild,  
 But I count the gray barbarian lower  
 than the Christian child.

Through the shadow of the globe we  
 sweep into the younger day:  
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle  
 of Cathay.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. l. 173.

I know not whether others share in my  
 feelings on this point: but I have often  
 thought that if I were compelled to forego  
 England, and to live in China, and among  
 Chinese manners and modes of life and  
 scenery, I should go mad.

DE QUINCEY. *Confessions of an English  
 Opium-eater*, May, 1818.

*Cato*. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty  
 is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

A day in such serene enjoyment spent  
 Were worth an age of splendid discontent!  
 J. MONTGOMERY. *Greenland*. Canto ii.  
 l. 224.

The life of a man of virtue and talent, who  
 should die in his thirtieth year, is, with re-  
 gard to his own feelings, longer than that  
 of a miserable priest-ridden slave who  
 dreams out a century of goodness.

SHELLEY. *Notes to "Queen Mab."*

Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys  
 a longer life than the tortoise.

*Ibid.* *Notes to "Queen Mab."*

The duration of the freedom and the glory  
 of Greece was short. But a few such years  
 are worth myriads of ages of monkish  
 slumber, and one such victory as Salamis  
 or Bannockburn is of more value than the  
 innumerable triumphs of the vulgar herds  
 of conquerors.

LOCKHART. *Blackwood's Magazine*. Vol.  
 i. No. 2.

Βούλομαι ἐν Ἀθήναις ἅλα λείχειν, ἢ παρὰ  
 Κρατερῆ τῆς πολυτελοῦς τραπέζης ἀπολαύειν.

I would sooner lick salt in Athens than  
 dine like a prince at Craterus' table.

DIOGENES. *Diogenes Laertius*. vi. 2, 6, 57.

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
 And multiply each through endless years,—  
 One minute of heaven is worth them all.

MOORE. *Paradise and the Peri*.

One self-approving hour whole years out-  
 weighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 255.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT. *Old Mortality*. Ch. xxxiv.

*Joan*. One drop of blood, drawn from thy  
 country's bosom,  
 Should grieve thee more than streams of  
 foreign gore.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*. Pt. i. Act  
 iii. Sc. 3. l. 54.

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers  
 cull'd,  
 Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips  
 Less exquisite than thine.

TENNYSON. *The Gardener's Daughter*.  
 l. 148.

*Sir John*. One cut from ven'son to the  
 heart can speak  
 Stronger than ten quotations from the  
 Greek;

One fat Sir Loin possesses more sublime  
 Than all the airy castles built by rhyme.

JOHN WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR). *Bozzy  
 and Piozzi*. Pt. ii.

Unus dies hominum eruditorum plus  
 patet quam imperitis longissima aetas.

More is contained in one day of the life  
 of a learned man, than in the whole life-  
 time of a fool.

SENECA. *Epistolæ*. lxxvii. 28. (Quoted  
 from *Posidonius*.)

A little group of wise hearts is better than  
 a wilderness of fools.

RUSKIN. *Crown of Wild Olive*. War.  
 St. 114.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words.

HOOD. *Hero and Leander*. xli.

None but itself can be its parallel.

LEWIS THEOBALD. *The Double Falsehood*.  
 Act iii. Sc. 1.

[This is persistently misquoted, "None  
 but himself," etc.]

Quæris Alcidae parem?

Nemo est nisi ipse.

Do you seek Alcides equal? None is,  
 except himself.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens*. i. 1, 84.

And but herself admits no parallel.

MASSINGER. *Duke of Milan*. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Adam, the goodliest man of men since  
 born

His sons, the fairest of her daughters  
 Eve.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 323.

Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,  
 Is miserable.

KEATS. *Endymion*. ii. l. 371.

## COMPENSATION.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. i.

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.

GEORGE CANNING. *The King's Message*. Dec. 12, 1826.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,

And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

EDWARD MOORE. *The Happy Marriage*.

## COMPROMISE.

All government,—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act,—is founded on compromise and barter.

BURKE. *Speech on the Conciliation of America*. Vol. ii. p. 169.

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.

*Ibid.* *Speech on the Conciliation of America*. Vol. ii. p. 108.

Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions.

JOHNSON. *Letter to J. Boswell, Esq.* 1766.

## CONCEALMENT.

When you try to conceal your wrinkles, Polla, with paste made from beans, you deceive yourself, not me. Let a defect, which is possibly but small, appear undisguised. A fault concealed is presumed to be great.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. Bk. iii. Ep. 42.

*Viola*. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;

And with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 113.

*Lucetta*. They love least, that let men know their love.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 32.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal.

COLERIDGE. *Motto to Poems written in Later Life*.

There is no den in the whole world to hide a rogue: commit a crime and the earth is made of glass.

EMERSON. *Compensation*.

## CONCEIT.

(See BRAGGART, EGOTISM, VANITY.)

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxvi. 12.

Wiser in his own conceit than twelve men who can render a reason.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xxvi. 16.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

*New Testament*. Romans xii. 16.

*Ghost*. But look, amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul!

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 110.

*Juliet*. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament: They are but beggars that can count their worth.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 6. l. 29.

[In both of the above Shakespearean excerpts, as, indeed, generally in Shakespeare, "conceit" is used in the sense of "conception" or "imagination." But in both cases the lines are frequently quoted as if the word meant "vanity" or "egotism."]

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

RUSKIN. *True and Beautiful. Function of the Artist*.

CONFESSION.

Confiteor, si quid prodest delicta  
fateri.

I will confess; if it advantages

In aught to own one's faults.

OVID. *Amores*. ii. 4, 3.

Sit erranti medecina confessio.

May confession be a medicine to the  
erring.

CICERO. *Ad Octavium*.

[This is probably the original of the  
familiar proverb:

An open confession is good for the soul.]

Confession of our faults is the next  
thing to innocency.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 1060.

He's half absolv'd who has confessed.

PRIOR. *Alma*. Canto ii. l. 22.

*Hamlet*. Confess yourself to heaven:

Repent what's past; avoid what is to  
come.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 149.

Come, now again thy woes impart,  
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;  
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,  
Till we discern the wounds within.

CRABBE. *Hall of Justice*. Pt. ii.

CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth  
in an aged bosom.

EARL OF CHATHAM. *Speech*. Jan. 14, 1766.

I see before me the statue of a cele-  
brated minister, who said that confidence  
was a plant of slow growth. But I be-  
lieve, however gradual may be the  
growth of confidence, that of credit re-  
quires still more time to arrive at  
maturity.

DISRAELI. *Speech*. Nov. 9, 1867.

Confidence is a thing not to be pro-  
duced by compulsion. Men cannot be  
forced into trust.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech, United States  
Senate, Session of 1833-34. The Re-  
moval of the Deposits*.

I see my way as birds their trackless  
way.

I shall arrive,—what time, what circuit  
first,

I ask not; but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling  
snow,

In some time, his good time, I shall  
arrive:

He guides me and the bird. In his  
good time.

BROWNING. *Paracelsus*. Pt. i. l. 561.

CONQUEST.

He that is slow to anger is better than  
the mighty; and he that ruleth his  
spirit than he that taketh a city.

Old Testament. Proverbs xvi. 32.

Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria.

He conquers twice who conquers himself  
in victory.

SYRUS. *Maxims*.

I count him braver who overcomes his  
desires than him who conquers his enemies;  
for the hardest victory is the victory over  
self.

ARISTOTLE. (*Stobaeus, Frobenius ed.* p.  
223.)

There is a victory and defeat—the first  
and best of victories, the lowest and worst  
of defeats—which each man gains or sus-  
tains at the hands not of another, but of  
himself.

JOWETT. *Plato. Laws*. i. 3.

The enemy is within the gates; it is with  
our own luxury, our own folly, our own  
criminality that we have to contend.

CICERO. *In Catilinam*. ii. 5, 11.

Quis habet fortius certamen quam qui  
nititur vincere seipsum?

Who has a harder fight than he who is  
striving to overcome himself?

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *De Imitatione Christi*.  
i. 3, 3.

Thrice noble is the man who of him-  
self is king.

PRINEAS FLETCHER. *Apollyonists*. Canto  
iii. St. 10.

In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,  
Who hath not leard himselfe first to sub-  
due.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. vi. Canto  
i. St. 41.

Man who man would be,  
Must rule the empire of himself! in it  
Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy  
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

SHELLEY. *Sonnet. Political Greatness*.

When the fight begins within himself  
A man's worth something.

R. BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology*.

No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. *Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit*.

Richard's himself again!

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III.* (altered by). Act v. Sc. 3.

Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!  
BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 2.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON. *Character of a Happy Life*.

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

JOHN HOME. *Douglas*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 100.

Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done; and the path of science has been commonly opened by the sword.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Conquest pursues where courage leads the way.

GARTH. *The Dispensary*. Canto iv. l. 99.

### CONSCIENCE.

*Hamlet*. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 83.

Guilty consciences always make people cowards.

PILPAY. *Fables: The Prince and his Minister*. Ch. iii. Fable iii.

*Gloster*. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*. Pt. iii. Act v. Sc. 6. l. 11.

*Theseus*. Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 21.

A lamb appears a lion, and we fear  
Each bush we see's a bear.

QUARLES. *Emblems*. Bk. i. Emblem xiii. l. 19.

In every hedge and ditch both day and night

We fear our death, of every leafe affright.

QUARLES. *Emblems*. Bk. i. Emblem xiii. l. 19.

*Richard*. Soft, I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 179.

O the cowardice of a guilty conscience.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. ii.

*Belinda*. Guilty consciences make men cowards.

VANBRUGH. *The Provok'd Wife*. Act v. Sc. 6.

*Don John*. The fond fantastic thing, call'd conscience,

Which serves for nothing, but to make men cowards.

SHADWELL. *The Libertine*. Act i. Sc. 1.

When Conscience wakens who can with her strive?

Terrors and troubles from a sick soul drive?

Naught so unpitying as the ire of sin,

The inappeas'ble Nemesis within.

ABRAHAM COLES. *The Light of the World*. p. 314.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears

And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which

I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. x. l. 842.

Now conscience wakes despair

That slumber'd—wakes the bitter memory

Of what he was, what is, and what must be worse.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 23.

*Ghost*.

Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 87.

*Macbeth*. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 56.

*First Murderer.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

*Second Murderer.* Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

*First Murderer.* How if it come to thee again?

*Second Murderer.* I'll not meddle with it. It is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal but it accuseth him: he cannot swear but it checks him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found: it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing.

*First Murderer.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 132.

*Richard.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 216.

*Richard.* Perish that thought! No, never be it said  
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.  
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!  
Conscience, avault! Richard's himself again!  
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away!  
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

COLLEY CIBBER.

[Cibber interpolates these lines in Act v. Sc 3. of his altered version of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*]

*Hamlet.* I have heard,  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefac-  
tions;

For Murder, though it have no tongue,  
will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father,

Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;

I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,

I know my course. . . . .

. . . . . The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 584.

A woman that hath made away her husband,  
And sitting to behold a tragedy,  
At Lynn, a town in Norfolk,  
Acted by players travelling that way,—  
Wherein a woman that had murdered hers  
Was ever haunted by her husband's ghost;  
The passion written by a feeling hand,  
And acted by a good tragedian,—  
She was so moved with the sight thereof  
As she cried out, "The play was made by  
her,"

And openly confessed her husband's murder.

ANON. *A Warning for Fair Women.*<sup>1</sup>

Rub a galled horse, he will kick.

*Old Proverb.*

There is a common saying that when a horse is rubbed on the gall, he will kick.

BISHOP LATIMER. *Sermon on St. Andrew's Day.* 1552.

*Hamlet.* Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unprung.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 237.

*Aristippus.* I know the gall'd horse will soonest wince.

R. EDWARDS. *Damon and Pithias.*

*Hamlet.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalléd play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 265.

*Pembroke.* The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 71.

<sup>1</sup> This Elizabethan drama has sometimes been erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare.

*Doctor.* Unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected  
minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge  
their secrets.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 69.

*Lear.* Tremble, thou wretch,  
That has within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 51.

*Queen Margaret.* The worm of con-  
science still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while  
thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest  
friends!

*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 222.

*King Richard.* My conscience hath a  
thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several  
tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a  
villain.

*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 193.

A guilty conscience is its own accuser.  
*Old Proverb.*

*Cassilane.* A burthen'd conscience  
Will never need a hangman.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Laws of  
Candy*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Conscience, that undying serpent.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. iii.

Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty  
man!

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Pelican Island*.  
Canto v. l. 127.

There smiles no Paradise on earth so  
fair

But guilt will raise avenging phantoms  
there.

F. HEMANS. *The Abencerrage*. Canto i.  
l. 133.

The Past lives o'er again  
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit  
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

COLERIDGE. *Remorse*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Conscience, good my lord,  
Is but the pulse of reason.

*Ibid.* *Zapolya*. Sc. 1.

Trust that man in nothing who has  
not a Conscience in everything.

STERNE. *Tristram Shandy*. Bk. ii. Ch.  
xvii.

What Conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do;  
This teach me more than Hell to shun,  
That more than Heav'n pursue.

POPE. *Universal Prayer*. St. 4.

Labor to keep alive in your breast  
that little spark of celestial fire, called  
Conscience.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. *Moral Maxims*.  
*Virtue and Vice*. *Conscience*.

There is no future pang  
Can deal that justice on the self con-  
demn'd

He deals on his own soul.

BYRON. *Manfred*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
The tortures of that inward hell!

*Ibid.* *The Giaour*. l. 748.

Yet still there whispers the small voice  
within,  
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er  
Glory's din;

Whatever creed be taught or land be  
trod,

Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

*Ibid.* *The Island*. Canto i. St. 6.

Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
take thy form from off my door!  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And my soul from out that shadow that  
lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

POE. *The Raven*.

The prosperous and beautiful

To me seem not to wear  
The yoke of conscience masterful,  
Which galls me everywhere.

EMERSON. *The Park*.

*Richard.* Conscience is but a word that  
cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in  
awe.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act v. Sc.  
3. l. 309.

Why should not Conscience have vaca-  
tion

As well as other Courts o' th' nation?

Have equal power to adjourn,

Appoint appearance and return?

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 317.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit :  
Sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

The mind conscious of innocence  
despises false reports : but we are a set  
always ready to believe a scandal.

OID. *Fasti*. iv. 311.

And the mind conscious of virtue may  
bring to thee suitable rewards.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. i. 604.

Wolsey. I know myself now ; and I  
feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities ;

A still and quiet conscience.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 378.

Brutus. There is no terror, Cassius, in  
your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 66.

King Henry. What stronger breast-  
plate than a heart untainted !

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel  
just,

And he but naked, though locked up in  
steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
rupted.

*Ibid.* *King Henry VI*. Pt. ii. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 232.

I'm armed with more than complete steel,  
The justice of my quarrell.

MARLOWE. *Lust's Dominion*. Act iii.  
Sc. 4.

True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin.  
He's arm'd without that's innocent within ;  
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of  
Brass.

POPE. *First Book of Horace*. Ep. i. l. 93.

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely  
gnaws

So much, as when we call our old debts  
in

At sixty years, and draw the accounts  
of evil,

And find a deuced balance with the  
devil.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 167.

There is a spectacle grander than the  
ocean, and that is the conscience.

VICTOR HUGO. *Les Misérables*. Ch. li.  
*A Tempest in a Brain*. (WRAXALL,  
trans.)

## CONSEQUENCES.

(See RESULTS.)

Prince Henry. No action, whether foul  
or fair,

Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. ii.

Zarca.

Royal deeds

May make long destinies for multitudes.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy*.

Our deeds determine us, as much as  
we determine our deeds.

*Ibid.* *Adam Bede*. Bk. iv. Ch. xxix.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
And what we have been makes us what  
we are.

*Ibid.* *Middlemarch*. Bk. viii. Ch. lxx.  
head-lines.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

JOHN FLETCHER. *Upon an Honest Man's  
Fortune*.

## CONSERVATISM.

The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Part-  
ington.

SYDNEY SMITH.

[In a speech at Taunton, in the year 1831,  
Sydney Smith satirized the Conservative  
attempts in the House of Lords to stay the  
progress of reform, by likening that august  
body to "the excellent Mrs. Partington"  
on the occasion of the great storm at Sid-  
mouth in 1824. "In the midst of this sub-  
lime and terrible storm," said Smith, "Dame  
Partington, who lived upon the beach, was  
seen at the door of her house with mop and  
pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out  
the sea water, and vigorously pushing away  
the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was  
roused ; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up ;  
but I need not tell you that the contest was  
unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partin-  
ton. She was excellent at a sloop or a  
puddle, but should never have meddled  
with a tempest."

This little apologue had immense success,  
and, ever since, Mrs. Partington has been a  
synonym for a bigoted, fussy, and incor-  
rigible conservative. When the present  
Duke of Devonshire, then the Marquess of  
Hartington, was in this country in 1862 he  
wore a secession badge in his buttonhole.  
Lincoln, when the two met, persisted in  
calling him Mr. Partington. "Surely," says  
Lowell in his essay, *On a Certain Conde-  
scension in Foreigners*, "the refinement of  
good breeding could go no further."]

A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.

DISRAELI. *Speech*, March 17, 1845.

### CONSISTENCY.

Consistency's a jewel.

*Old Proverb.*

This is one of a number of popular sayings in which this or that virtue is compared to this or that jewel, or, generally, to a jewel. Thus Shakespeare says:

Unless experience be a jewel.

*Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

In 1867 a newspaper wag succeeded for a time in hoaxing the unwary into accepting his statement that the following lines appeared in a ballad entitled *Jolly Robin Roughhead*, in "Murtagh's Collection of Ballads," published in 1754 (both ballad and book being figments of his imagination):

Tush, tush, my lass, such thoughts resign,  
Comparisons are cruell;  
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine,—  
Consistencie's a jewel.

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. . . . Speak what you think to-day in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.

EMERSON. *Essays*. *Self-Reliance*.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.

*Ibid.* *Essays*. *Self-Reliance*.

Do I contradict myself?

Very well then I contradict myself.

(I am large, I contain multitudes.)

WALT WHITMAN. *Song of Myself*. St. 51.

L'exactitude est le sublime des sots.

Exactness is the sublimity of fools.

*Attributed to FONTENELLE, who disclaimed it.*

General C. is a dreflle smart man:

He's been on all sides that give places  
or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his  
plan;

He's been true to one party, and that  
is, himself;—

So John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he shall vote for General C.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers*. *What Mr. Robinson Thinks*. Series i. No. 3.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be "consistent."

HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. Ch. ii.

Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
Who, if once wrong, will needs be  
always so;

But you with pleasure own your errors  
past,

And make each day a critique on the last.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. l. 9.

### CONSTANCY.

*Helena*. My heart

Is true as steel.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 196.

*Cæsar*. But I am constant as the northern  
star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 60.

*Proteus*. O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect. That one  
error

Fills him with faults; makes him run  
through all the sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act v.  
Sc. 4. l. 110.

What is there in this vile earth that  
more commendeth a woman than con-  
stancy?

LYLY. *Euphues and his England*.

To give the sex their due,

They scarcely are to their own wishes  
true;

They love, they hate, and yet they know  
not why;

Constant in nothing but inconstancy.

POPE.

The world's a scene of changes, and to be  
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy.

COWLEY. *Inconstancy*.

Short is the uncertain reign of pomp and  
mortal pride:

New turns and changes every day

Are of inconstant chance the constant arts.

EARL OF SURREY.

That which was fixt is fled away,  
And what was ever sliding, that doth onely  
stay.

JANUS VITALIS. (E. BENLOWES, trans.)

Et rien, afin que tout dure,  
Ne dure éternellement.

MALHERBE. *Odes.*

Le temps, cette image mobile  
De l'immobile Eternité.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,  
Constancy alone is strange.

ROCHESTER.

Constancy in love is a perpetual inconstancy which makes our heart attach itself successively to all the qualities of the loved one. This constancy is but an inconstancy arrested and fixed on a single object.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Mazims.* 175.

Fickle in everything else, the French have been faithful in one thing only,—their love of change.

ALISON. *History of Europe.*

Naught may endure but mutability.

SHELLEY. *Mutability.*

'Tis often constancy to change the mind.

HOOLE. *Metastasio. Sieves.*

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.

BARTON BOOTH. *Song.*

True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. l. 175.

Through perils both of wind and limb,  
Through thick and thin she follow'd  
him.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. l. 369.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives.

HERBERT. *Virtue.*

When change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. *Reasons for Constancy.*

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs;  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover rooted stays.

EMERSON. *Friendship.*

CONTENT.

Sufficient 'tis to pray  
To Jove for what he gives and takes  
away:

Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll  
find

That best of blessings, a contented mind.

HORACE. *Epistolæ.* i. 18, 111. (CONINGTON, trans.)

The noblest mind the best contentment  
has.

SPENSER. *Færie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto i. St. 35.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* Pt. i. Bk. iv. Ch. 1. (JARVIS, trans.)

There is a jewel which no Indian mines can buy,

No chymic art can counterfeit;

It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine; turns wooden  
cups to gold;

The homely whistle to sweet music's  
strain,

Seldom it comes; to few from Heaven  
sent,

That much in little, all in naught,  
*Content.*

JOHN WILBYE. *Madrigales. There Is a Jewel.*

*Banquo.* Shut up

In measureless content.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 17.

*Old Lady.* Our content

Is our best having.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 22.

Sense of pleasure we may well

Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine  
But live content, which is the calmest  
life:

But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns

All patience.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vi. l. 459.

*King Henry.* My crown is in my  
heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian  
stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is called  
content;

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 62.

*King Henry.* Such is the fulness of  
my heart's content.

*Ibid.* *Henry VI.* Pt. ii. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 35.

Anne Bullen. 'Tis better to be lowly  
born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perch'd up in a glistering  
grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 19.

King Henry. The shepherd's homely  
curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leathern  
bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's  
shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait  
on him.

*Ibid.* *Henry VI.* Pt. iii. Act ii. Sc. 5.  
l. 47.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn  
that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man  
hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of  
other men's good, content with my  
harm: and the greatest of my pride is,  
to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 77.

Antipholus. He that commends me to  
mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 32.

Content's a kingdom.  
THOMAS HEYWOOD. *A Woman Kill'd  
with Kindness.*

A mind content both crown and kingdom  
is.

ROBERT GREENE. *Content.*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber  
spent;  
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry  
frown:  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,  
such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.  
*Ibid.* *Content.*

Content thyself to be obscurely good.  
When vice prevails and impious men  
bear sway,  
The post of honor is a private station.  
ADDISON. *Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,  
A mind serene for contemplation:

Title and profit I resign;  
The post of honour shall be mine.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. ii. *The Vulture, the  
Sparrow and other Birds.* l. 69.

The villager, born humbly and bred  
hard,  
Content his wealth, and poverty his  
guard,

In action simply just, in conscience clear,  
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,  
His means but scanty, and his wants but  
few,  
Labour his business, and his pleasure too,  
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour  
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd  
to power.

CHURCHILL. *Gotham.* Bk. iii. l. 117.

Ille potens sui

Letusque deget, cui licet in diem

Dixisse Vixi; cras vel atrâ

Nube polum pater occupato,  
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum  
Quodcumque retro est efficiet.

That man lives happy and in com-  
mand of himself, who from day to day  
can say I have lived. Whether clouds  
obscure, or the sun illumines the follow-  
ing day, that which is past is beyond  
recall.

HORACE. *Carmina.* iii. 29, 41.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to-day his own:

He who, secure within, can say,  
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd  
to-day.

DRYDEN. *Imitation of Horace.* Bk. iii.  
Ode xxix. l. 65.

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.  
COWLEY. *Of Myself.*

Serenely full, the epicure would say:  
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.  
SYDNEY SMITH. *Recipe for a Salad.*

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,  
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is  
free;

Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears  
torment,

But lives at peace, within himself con-  
tent;

In thought, or act, accountable to none  
But to himself, and to the gods alone.

GEORGE GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne).  
*Epistle to Mrs. Higgons.* 1690. l. 79.

There was a jolly miller once,  
 Lived on the River Dee;  
 He worked and sung, from morn till  
 night;  
 No lark more blithe than he;  
 And this the burden of his song,  
 Forever used to be,—  
 "I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 If no one cares for me."  
 BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village*. Act i.  
 Sc. 2.

I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for nae-body;  
 Nae-body cares for me,  
 I'll care for nae-body.  
 BURNS. *Nae-body*.

Let the world slide, let the world go;  
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!  
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,  
 And death makes equal the high and  
 low  
 JOHN HEYWOOD. *Be Merry, Friends*.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,  
 As sages in all times assert;  
 The happy man's without a shirt.  
*Ibid.* *Be Merry, Friends*.

Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
 Why ar'n't they all contented like me?  
*Opera of La Bayadère*.

Socrates said, "Those who want fewest  
 things are nearest to the gods."

*Gnatho*. Omnia habeo, neque quid-  
 quam habeo. Nihil cum est, nihil deficit  
 tamen.

I've everything, though nothing; nought  
 possess,  
 Yet nought I ever want.  
 TERENCE. *Eunuchus*. Act ii. Sc. 2, 12.  
 (GEORGE COLMAN, trans.)

His best companions, innocence and  
 health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.  
 GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. 1. 61.

Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
 In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and  
 Health.  
 GRAY. *Ode on Vicissitude*. 1. 95.

Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long.  
 GOLDSMITH. *Edwin and Angelina*. St. 8.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. iv. 1. 118.

Let's live with that small pittance which  
 we have:

Who covets more is evermore a slave.  
 HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 608. *Covetous Still  
 Captives*.

Who with a little cannot be content,  
 Endures an everlasting punishment.  
*Ibid.* *Hesperides*. 607. *Poverty and Riches*.

Our portion is not large, we need;  
 But then how little do we need,  
 For Nature's calls are few!  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
 And make that little do.  
 COTTON. *The Fireside*. St. 9.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.  
 BURNS. *Contented wi' Little*.

Little I ask; my wants are few;  
 I only wish a hut of stone,  
 (A very plain brown stone will do),  
 That I may call my own;—  
 And close at hand is such a one  
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.  
 O. W. HOLMES. *Contentment*.

Some have too much, yet still they  
 crave;

I little have, yet seek no more:  
 They are but poor, though much they  
 have,

And I am rich with little store:  
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.  
 SIR EDWARD DYER. *My Minde to Me a  
 Kingdom Is*. St. 5.

*Apem*. Best state, contentless,  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched  
 being,

Worse than the worst, content.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act iv.  
 Sc. 3. 1. 244.

*Iago*. Poor and content is rich and  
 rich enough;

But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

He that wants money, means, and con-  
 tent is without three good friends.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

"An't it please your Honour," quoth  
 the Peasant,

"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:  
 Give me again my hollow Tree,  
 A crust of Bread and Liberty."  
 POPE. *Second Book of Horace*. Last lines.

This is the charm, by sages often told,  
 Converting all it touches into gold :  
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune  
 placed,

Can rear a garden in the desert waste.  
 HENRY KIRK WHITE. *Clifton Grove*. 1. 139.

By breathing in content  
 The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,  
 And drinking from the well of homely  
 life.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. *The Wanderer*. Bk. i.

The common growth of Mother Earth  
 Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,  
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

*Ibid.* *Peter Bell*. *Prologue*. St. 27.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame,  
 or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbor with  
 himself.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. 1. 261.

### COOK.

Her that ruled the roset in the kitchen.  
 THOMAS HEYWOOD. *History of Women*.  
 (Ed. 1624.) p. 286.

He ruleth all the rosete.

SKELTON. *Why Come Ye nat to Courte?*  
 1. 198.

Cookery is become an art, a noble  
 science; cooks are gentlemen.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i.  
 Sec. ii. Mem. 2. Subsec. ii.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor  
 has sent us ?

Is this the great poet whose works so  
 content us ?

This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has  
 written fine books ?

Heaven sends us good meat, but the  
 Devil sends cooks ?

DAVID GARRICK. *Epigram on Goldsmith's  
 Retaliation*. Vol. ii. p. 157.

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and  
 the meat.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
 Husbandry*.

We may live without poetry, music, and  
 art ;

We may live without conscience, and  
 live without heart ;

We may live without friends ; we may  
 live without books ;

But civilized man cannot live without  
 cooks.

He may live without books,—what is  
 knowledge but grieving ?

He may live without hope,—what is  
 hope but deceiving ?

He may live without love,—what is pas-  
 sion but pining ?

But where is the man that can live with-  
 out dining ?

OWEN MEREDITH (Lord Lytton). *Lucile*.  
 Pt. i. Canto ii. St. 19.

### COPYRIGHT.

If I were asked what book is better  
 than a cheap book, I should answer that  
 there is one book better than a cheap  
 book,—and that is a book honestly come  
 by.

LOWELL. Before the United States Sen-  
 ate Committee on Patents, January  
 29, 1886.

In vain we call old notions fudge,  
 And bend our conscience to our deal-  
 ing ;

The Ten Commandments will not budge.  
 And stealing will continue stealing.

*Ibid.* *Motto of the American Copyright  
 League* (written November 20, 1885).

### COQUETTE.

(See also FLIRT.)

See how the world its veterans rewards !  
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
 Young without lovers, old without a  
 friend ;

A fop their passion, but their prize a  
 sot.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. 1. 243.

It is a species of coquetry to make a  
 parade of never practising it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxims and Moral  
 Sentences*. No. 110.

Coquetry is the essential character-  
 istic, and the prevalent humor of women ;  
 but they do not all practise it, because  
 the coquetry of some is restrained by  
 fear or by reason.

*Ibid.* *Maxims and Moral Sentences*. No.  
 252.

Women know not the whole of their  
 coquetry.

*Ibid.* *Maxims and Moral Sentences*. No.  
 342.

How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!  
But while ye thus tease me together,  
To neither a word will I say.

GAY. *Beggar's Opera*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

He who wins a thousand common  
hearts is therefore entitled to some re-  
nown; but he who keeps undisputed  
sway over the heart of a coquette, is  
indeed a hero.

WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Legend of  
Sleepy Hollow*.

Like a lovely tree  
So grew to womanhood, and between  
whiles

Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
How to accept a better in his turn.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 128.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't  
say "No,"

And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on  
and off-ing

On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow,  
Then sees your heart wrecked, with an  
inward scoffing.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto xii. St. 63.

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!

She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW. *Beware*. *From the German*.

### CORRUPTION.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are  
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread  
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops  
from thence

Hath infected some chairs and stools of  
authority.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Honest Man's  
Fortune*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

At length corruption, like a general  
flood,  
(So long by watchful ministers with-  
stood,)

Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping  
on,  
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot  
the sun.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 135.

### COSMOPOLITAN.

Omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus  
aequor,  
Ut volucris vacuo quidquid in orbe  
patet.

The sea's vast depths lie open to the  
fish;

Where'er the breezes blow the bird may  
fly;

So to the brave man every land's a  
home.

OVID. *Fasti*. i. 493.

Through all the air the eagle may roam  
The whole earth is father-land to the brave.  
*Ibid.* Fragment 866.

A wise man may traverse the whole earth,  
for all the world is the fatherland of a noble  
soul.

DEMOCRITUS. *Ethica*. Fragment 168.

I am not the native of a small corner  
only; the whole world is my father-  
land.

SENECA. *Epistolæ*. xxviii. 4.

The whole world is a man's birth-  
place.

STATIUS. *Thebais*. viii. 320.

Socrates said he was not an Athenian  
or a Greek, but a citizen of the world.

PLUTARCH. *On Banishment*.

Diogenes, when asked from what  
country he came, replied, "I am a citi-  
zen of the world."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *The Lives and  
Opinions of Eminent Philosophers*:  
*Diogenes*.

Aristippus said that a wise man's  
country was the world.

*Ibid.* *Aristippus*. xiii.

*My country is the world, and my re-  
ligion is to do good.*

THOMAS PAINE. *Rights of Man*. Ch. v.

Our country is the world—our country-  
men are all mankind.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. *Motto of the  
Liberator*, 1830-39.

My country is the world; my countrymen  
are mankind.

*Ibid.* *Prospectus of the Liberator*, 1830.

To be really cosmopolitan a man  
must be at home even in his own  
country.

T. W. HIGGINSON. *Short Studies of Ameri-  
can Authors*: *Henry James, Jr.*

Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime,  
nusquam habitat.

He has no home whose home is all  
the world.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. vii. 73, 6.

### COUNTRY.

O blest retirement! friend to life's  
decline—

Retreats from care, that never must be  
mine

How blest is he who crowns, in shades  
like these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease!  
GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. 1. 97.

Give me indulgent gods! with mind  
serene,

And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan  
scene;

No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur,  
there.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire i. 1. 235.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm  
declining,

May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for  
reclining,

And a cot that looks o'er the wide sea.  
JOHN COLLINS. *In the Down-hill of Life*.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage.

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. *The Shepherd and  
the Philosopher*.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian  
hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal  
swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase  
his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
JOHN HOME. *Douglas*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully  
curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage  
was near;

And I said, "If there's peace to be  
found in the world,

A heart that was humble might hope  
for it here."

MOORE. *Ballad Stanzas*.

Sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is  
sweet;

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through  
the lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. vii. l. 203.

### COURAGE.

The Lacedaemonians do not ask,  
"How many are the enemy?" but  
"Where are they?"

AGIS. (*Plutarch, Agidis Apophthegmata* 1.)

*Gloster*. Fearless minds climb soonest  
unto crowns.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*. Pt. iii. Act  
iv. Sc. 7. l. 62.

*Aust*. By how much unexpected, by  
so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion.

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 80.

*Brutus*. Should I have answer'd Caius  
Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his  
friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-  
bolts:

Dash him to pieces!

*Ibid*. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 76.

*First Senator*. He's truly valiant, that  
can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe; and  
make his wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his rai-  
ment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his  
heart,

To bring it into danger.

*Ibid*. *Timon of Athens*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 31.

*Macbeth*. 'Tis much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his  
mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his  
valour

To act in safety.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 51.

North. What valour were it, when a  
cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his  
teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his  
foot, away?

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI. Pt. iii. Act i.*  
Sc. 4. l. 56.

A valiant man  
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,  
But worthily, and by selected ways.  
He undertakes with reason, not by  
chance.

His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,  
They're all unseason'd without it.

BEN JONSON. *New Inn. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

*Calyphas.* More childish valourous  
than manly wise.

MARLOWE. *Tamburaine the Great. Pt.*  
ii. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Who combats bravely is not therefore  
brave:

He dreads a death-bed like the meanest  
slave.

POPE. *Moral Essays. Epistle i. l. 115.*

But where life is more terrible than  
death, it is then the truest valour to  
dare to live.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.*  
Pt. xlv.

Spesso è da forte,  
Più che il morire, il vivere.

Ofttimes the test of courage becomes  
rather to live than to die.

ALFIERI. *Oreste. iv. 2.*

*Aurengzebe.* Presence of mind and  
courage in distress,

Are more than armies to procure suc-  
cess.

DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe. Act ii. Last lines.*

None of the prophets old,  
So lofty or so bold!

No form of danger shakes his dauntless  
breast;

In loneliness sublime

He dares confront the time,

And speak the truth, and give the world  
no rest:

No kingly threat can cowardize his  
breath,

He with majestic step goes forth to meet  
his death.

ABRAHAM COLES. *John the Baptist. "The*  
*Light of the World."* pp. 107, 108.

The god-like hero sate  
On his imperial throne:  
His valiant peers were placed  
around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles  
bound

(So should desert in arms be  
crowned).

The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the  
fair.

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast. St. 1. l. 4.*

Faint heart faire lady ne'er could win.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Brittain's Ida.*  
Canto v. St. 1.

Unbounded courage and compassion  
joined,

Tempering each other in the victor's  
mind,

Alternately proclaim him good and  
great,

And make the hero and the man com-  
plete.

ADDISON. *The Campaign. l. 219.*

The bravest are the tenderest;

The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR. *The Song of the Camp.*

*Almanzar.* Courage scorns the death  
it cannot shun.

DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada. Pt.*  
ii. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Courage from hearts, and not from num-  
bers, grows.

*Ibid. Annus Mirabilis. lxxvi. l. 304.*

General Taylor never surrenders.

THOS. L. CRITTENDEN. *Reply to General*  
*Santa Anna. Buena Vista. February*  
22, 1847.

[This seems to be a reminiscence of the  
famous phrase, "The Old Guard dies but  
never surrenders," attributed to General  
Cambonne at the battle of Waterloo, but  
repudiated by him.]

Xenophanes said: "I confess myself  
the greatest coward in the world, for I  
dare not do an ill thing."

PLUTARCH. *Morals. Of Bashfulness.*

*Macbeth.*

Prithce, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:

Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a  
man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you  
would  
Be so much more the man.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7.  
l. 45.

*Macbeth*. What man dare, I dare;  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian  
bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm  
nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
[Ghost disappears.]  
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being  
gone,  
I am a man again.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 99.

And what he greatly thought, he nobly  
dared.

POPE. *Odyssey*. Bk. ii. l. 312.

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.  
LOWELL. *Commemoration Ode*. Canto iii.

I will go, though as many devils aim  
at me as there are tiles on the roofs of  
the houses.

RANKE. *History of the Reformation*. Vol.  
i. p. 533. (MRS. AUSTIN, trans.)

On the 16th of April, 1521, Luther entered  
the imperial city [of Worms]. . . . On  
his approach . . . the Elector's chan-  
cellor entreated him, in the name of his  
master, not to enter a town where his death  
was decided. The answer which Luther  
returned was simply this:

"Tell your master that if there were as  
many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs,  
I would enter."

BUNSEN. *Life of Luther*.

I will neither yield to the song of the  
siren nor the voice of the hyena, the  
tears of the crocodile nor the howling of  
the wolf.

CHAPMAN. *Eastward Ho!* Act v. Sc. 1.

He that climbs the tall tree has won  
right to the fruit,  
He that leaps the wide gulf should pre-  
vail in his suit.

SCOTT. *Blondel's Song*. *Talisman*. Ch.  
xxvi.

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dare not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE. *My Dear and Only Love*. Pt.  
i. St. 2.

[Lord Napier, in his *Montrose and the Cove-  
nanters*, vol. ii., p. 566, quotes the two last  
lines in this form:

That puts it not unto the touch  
To win or lose it all.

She ne'er lov'd who durst not venture all.  
DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe*. Act v.

## COURT; COURTIER.

*Cynthia*. A virtuous court, a world to  
virtue draws.

BEN JONSON. *Cynthia's Revels*. Act v.  
Sc. 3.

Who for preferments at a court would  
wait,

Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the  
bait?

What fish of sense would on the shal-  
low lie,

Amongst the little starving wriggling  
fry,

That throng and crowd each other for a  
taste

Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;  
When the wide river he behind him  
sees,

Where he may launch to liberty and  
ease?

OTWAY. *Epistle to Mr. Duke*.

*Bolingbroke*. The caterpillars of the  
commonwealth,

Whom I have soon to weed and pluck  
away.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act 2. Sc. 3.  
l. 166.

*First Gent*. Not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the  
bent

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is  
not

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 12.

A mere court butterfly,

That flutters in the pageant of a  
monarch.

BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act v. Sc. 1.

## COURTESY.

*Mercutio*. I am the very pink of  
courtesy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 4. l. 61.

The very pink of perfection.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer*. Act  
i. Sc. 1.

The Pink of Perfection.

HAYNES BAYLY. *Loves of the Butterflies*. iii.

*Mrs. Malaprop*. The very pine-apple of politeness.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act iv. Sc. 2.

*Bassanio*. The kindest man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 294.

*Second Gent*. The mirror of all courtesy.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 53.

*Imogene*. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds!

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 84.

That's too civil by half.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

*Orlando*. The thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 94.

*Lepidus*. Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 24.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

Gentle in manner, strong in performance.

*Motto of Lord Newborough.*

[The motto is of uncertain origin, but is probably a reminiscence of a phrase used by Aquaviva, the general of the Jesuits:

Fortes in fine assequendo, et suaves in modo assequendi simus.

Vigorous let us be in attaining our ends, and mild in our method of attainment.]  
*On the Lives of Morbid Souls*. Venice, 1606.]

When you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot even have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered here on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

HENRY CLAY. *Speech*, January 8, 1813.

*Æsop*. Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to pass.

VANBRUGH. *Æsop*. Pt. i. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Politeness costs nothing, and gains everything.

LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letters*.

High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *The Arcadia*. Bk. i. Par. ii.

Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry  
halls,  
And courts of princes.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 322.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please;  
All such is courteous, useful, new, or  
wittie:

Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;  
Courtesie grows in court; news in the  
citie.

HERBERT. *The Church*. *Church Porch*.  
St. 49.

Their accents firm and loud in conversation

Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp  
and quick

Showed them prepared on proper provocation

To give the lie, pull noses, stab and  
kick!

And for that very reason it is said

They were so very courteous and well-bred.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE. *Prospectus and  
Specimen of an Intended National  
Work*.

Life is not so short but that there is  
always time enough for courtesy.

EMERSON. *Letters and Social Aims*. *Social  
Aims*.

The mildest manners, and the gentlest  
heart.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xvii. l. 756. (POPE,  
trans.)

The mildest manners with the bravest  
mind.

*Ibid.* Bk. xxiv. l. 963.

He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 41.

## COWARD.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth,  
but the righteous are bold as a lion.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxviii. 1.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. *Fear*.

*Bastard*. You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 137.

*Constance*. Thou slave, thou wretch,  
thou coward;  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion, that durst never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee these safety! thou art perjurd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spokelike thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 115

*Fal*. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,

and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 127.

*Bassanio*. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 83.

*Sir Andrew*. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 311.

*Prince*. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight!

*Ibid.* *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 288.

*Boy*. I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Ibid.* *Henry V*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 13.

Too eager caution shows some danger's near,  
The bully's bluster proves the coward's fear.

CRABBE. *The Parish Register*. Pt. i.

Canis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet.

A cowardly cur barks more fiercely than it bites.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS. *De Rebus Gestis Alexandri Magni*. vii. 4. 13.

Necessity makes even the coward brave.

*Proverb*.

*Clifford*. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*. Pt. iii. Act i. Sc. 4. 1. 40.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.

DRYDEN. *Amphitryon*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up.  
BLAIR. *The Grave*. Pt. 1. l. 58.

*Goneril*. Milk-liver'd man!  
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head  
for wrongs,  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye dis-  
cerning  
Thine honor from thy suffering.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 50.

*Northumberland*. How doth my son  
and brother?  
Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in  
thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thine  
errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of  
night,  
And would have told him half his Troy  
was burnt.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 67.

*Talbot*. So bees with smoke and doves  
with noisome stench  
Are from their hives and houses driven  
away.

They call'd us for our fierceness English  
dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.  
*Ibid.* *Henry VI*. Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 23.

*Lady Macbeth*. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and  
valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou  
have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of  
life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7. l. 39.

[The adage is thus given by Heywood:  
"The cat would eat fish, and would not wet  
her feet." *Proverbs*. Pt. 1. ch. xi.]

*Lady Macduff*. His flight was mad-  
ness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 3.

*Acres*. My valor is certainly going!  
It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out,  
as it were, at the palms of my hands!  
SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act v. Sc. 3.

The coward never on himself relies,  
But to an equal for assistance flies.  
CRABBE. *Tale iii*. l. 84.

The man that lays his hand upon a  
woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a  
coward.  
TOBIN. *The Honeymoon*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

That all men would be cowards, if they  
dare,  
Some men have had the courage to de-  
clare.  
CRABBE. *Tale i*. *The Dumb Orators*. l. 1.

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves  
as they are!  
From this hour let the blood in their  
dastardly veins,  
That shrunk at the first touch of  
Liberty's war,  
Be wasted for tyrants or stagnate in  
chains.

MOORE. *On the Entry of the Austrians  
into Naples, 1821*.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak.  
LOWELL. *Stanzas on Freedom*.

They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.  
*Ibid.* *Stanzas on Freedom*.

### GEORGE CRABBE.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her  
noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires:  
This fact, in virtue's name, let Crabbe  
attest,—  
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet  
the best.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Re-  
viewers*. l. 839.

### CREATION.

Had I been present at the creation, I  
would have given some useful hints for  
the better ordering of the universe.

ALFONSO OF CASTILE.  
[Carlyle says, in his *History of Frederick  
the Great*, Bk. ii., ch. vii., that this saying  
of Alphonso about Ptolemy's astronomy,  
"that it seemed a crank machine; that it  
was pity the Creator had not taken advice,"  
is still remembered by mankind,—this and  
no other of his many sayings.]

O me! for why is all around us here  
As if some lesser God had made the  
world,  
But had not force to shape it as he  
would?

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur.*

"Open, ye everlasting gates!" they  
sung,

"Open, ye heavens, your living doors!  
let in

The great Creator from his work re-  
turned

Magnificent, his six days' work, a world.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. 565.

To build from matter is sublimely great,  
But gods and poets only can create.

WILLIAM PITT. *To the Unknown Author  
of the Battle of the Sexes.*

All heaven and earth are still: From  
the high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and moun-  
tain-coast,

All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is  
lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and  
defence.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 89.

A man is the whole encyclopædia of  
facts. The creation of a thousand for-  
ests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece,  
Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded  
already in the first man.

EMERSON. *Essays.* *History.*

### CREDIT.

Private credit is wealth; public honor  
is security; the feather that adorns the  
royal bird supports its flight; strip him  
of his plumage, and you fix him to the  
earth.

JUNIUS. *Affair of the Falkland Islands.*  
Vol. i. Letter xlii.

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!  
That lends corruption lighter wings to  
fly.

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epistle iii. l. 39.

He smote the rock of the national re-  
sources, and abundant streams of revenue  
gushed forth. He touched the dead

corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang  
upon its feet.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech on Hamilton.*  
March 10, 1831. Vol. i. p. 200.

### CREDULITY.

Incrédules les plus crédules. Ils  
croient les miracles de Vespasien, pour  
ne pas croire ceux de Moïse.

The incredulous are the most credu-  
lous. They believe the miracles of  
Vespasian that they may not believe  
those of Moses.

PASCAL. *Pensées.* li. xvii. 120.

### CREED.

(See RELIGION.)

Slave to no sect, who takes no private  
road,

But looks through Nature up to Nature's  
God.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* iv. l. 331.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn  
sneer.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 107.

The Athanasian Creed is the most  
splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured  
forth by the genius of man.

BENJ. DISRAELI. *Endymion.* Ch. liv.

He who receives

Light from above, from the Fountain of  
Light,

No other doctrine needs, though granted  
true.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. iv. l. 288.

For his religion it was fit  
To match his learning and his wit;  
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;

For he was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true Church Militant;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by

Infallible artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 189.

What makes all doctrines plain and  
clear?—

About two hundred pounds a year.  
And that which was prov'd true before  
Prove false again? Two hundred more.  
*Ibid.* *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. l. 1277.

As long as words a different sense will bear,

And each may be his own interpreter,  
Our airy faith will no foundation find;  
The word's a weathercock for every wind.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt. i. l. 462.

For forms of government let fools contest;

Whate'er is best administer'd is best;  
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 303.

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might

Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

COWLEY. *On the Death of Crashaw*. l. 55.

### CRIME.

*Macbeth*. There shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 43.

*Brutus*. Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 63.

Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lines of rhyme,

Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 3.

*Giacomo*. O that the vain remorse  
which must chastise

Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn,

As its keen sting is mortal to avenge.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 2.

'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;

But the sweet thefts to reveal;

To be taken, to be seen,

These have crimes accounted been.

BEN JONSON. *Volpone*. Act iii. Sc. 6.

Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud.

The crime and not the scaffold makes the shame.

THOS. CORNEILLE. *Essez*. iv. 3. (Quoted by CHARLOTTE CORDAY.)

Non nella pena,  
Nel delitto è la infamia.

Disgrace does not consist in the punishment, but in the crime.

ALFIERI. *Antigone*. i. 3.

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

ULYSSES S. GRANT. *Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring*, July 29, 1875.

C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute.

It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder.

Attributed to TALLEYRAND, also to FOUCHÉ.

### CRITICS.

The readers and the hearers like my books;

And yet some writers cannot them digest;

But what care I? For when I make a feast,

I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. ix. 82. (SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, trans.)

Sir Henry Wotton used to say that critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes.

BACON. *Apothegms*. 64.

*Iago*. I am nothing, if not critical.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 120.

Numbers err in this—

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. i. l. 5.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;  
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 274.

In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 255.

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,

And be each critic the good-natured man.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*. Epilogue.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

STERNE. *Tristram Shandy*. Vol. iii. Ch. xii.

A servile race

Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,

Bigots to Greece and slaves to musty rules.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad*. l. 183.

Which not even critics criticise.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. l. 51.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,

Save censure; critics all are ready made:  
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,

With just enough of learning to misquote;

A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,

A turn for punning—call it Attic salt—

Fear not to lie—'twill seem a lucky hit;  
Shrink not from blasphemy—'twill pass for wit;

Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest;—

And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 63.

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June;  
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff:

Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics.

*Ibid.* *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 75.

The muse shall tell

How science dwindles and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,

And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire ii. l. 83.

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,  
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;  
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,  
And hold the glimmering tapers to the sun.

CRABBE. *Introduction to the Parish Register*. l. 89.

(See also under SUN.)

You know who critics are?—the men who have failed in literature and art.

DISRAELI. *Lothair*. Ch. xxxv.

[Disraeli puts this witticism into the mouth of Lord Aldegonde. The thought is an old one, and may be found even in the classics. Here are a few prominent examples from English literature:

As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic.

SHELLEY. *Fragments of Adonais*.

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.

COLERIDGE. *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*. p. 36.

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd  
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Bk. i. l. 36.

The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic.

DRYDEN. *Miscellany Poems* (1693). Vol. iii. Preface.

Nature fits all her children with something to do,

He who would write and can't write, can surely review;

Can set up a small booth as critic and sells us his

Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies.

LOWELL. *A Fable for Critics*.

A brisk little somebody,  
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage  
To set things right.

BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*. iv. l. 270.

## CROSS.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes,  
The tools of working our salvation  
By too mechanic operation.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto i. l. 1495.

The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set ;  
While, blazoned as on heaven's im-  
mortal noon,  
The cross leads generations on.  
SHELLEY. *Hellas*. l. 221.

## CRUELTY.

*Antonio*. I pray you, think, you ques-  
tion with the Jew :  
You may as well go stand upon the  
beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual  
height ;  
You may as well use question with the  
wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for  
the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain  
pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no  
noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of  
heaven ;  
You may as well do anything most  
hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
harder ?)  
His Jewish heart.  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 68.

Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with  
his own crutches.  
FULLER. *Holy and Profane States: Holy  
State: Of Jesting*.

*Hamlet*. I must be cruel only to be  
kind ;  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains  
behind.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 176.

Contre les rebelles c'est cruauté que  
d'estre humain, et humanité d'estre cruel.  
It is cruelty to be humane to rebels, and  
it is humanity to be cruel.

CORNEILLE MUIS.  
[This sentence has been made memorable  
because Catherine de Medecis quoted it to  
still the scruples of her son, King Charles  
IX., and nerve him for the massacre of  
Saint Bartholomew. According to Fournier  
(*L'Esprit dans L'Histoire*), the sentiment was  
expressed in a sermon by Corneille Muis,  
Bishop of Bitoute.]

Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn !  
BURNS. *Man Was Made to Mourn*. St. 7.

Inhumanity is caught from man,  
From smiling man.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 5. l. 158.

Detested sport,  
That owes its pleasures to another's  
pain.  
COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iii. l. 326.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not  
because it gave pain to the bear, but  
because it gave pleasure to the spec-  
tators.  
MACAULAY. *History of England*. Vol. i.  
Ch. ii.

## CUCKOO.

The bird of passage known to us as  
the cuckoo.  
PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*.  
Bk. xviii. Sec. 249.

The merry cuckoo, messenger of Spring,  
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already  
sounded.  
SPENSER. *Sonnet* xix.

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow-hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo !

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
v. Sc. 2. l. 904.

*Pompey*. The cuckoo builds not for  
himself.  
*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc.  
6. l. 31.

*Fool*. The hedge-sparrow fed the  
cuckoo so long,  
That it had it head bit off by it young.  
*Ibid*. *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 235.

*Worcester*. And being fed by us you  
used us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow.  
*Ibid*. *Henry IV*. Pt. i. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 59.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice ?

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery.

WORDSWORTH. *To the Cuckoo.*

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year.  
 Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
 We'd make with joyful wing  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

JOHN LOGAN. *To the Cuckoo.*

The tell-tale cuckoo: spring's his confidant,  
 And he lets out her April purposes.  
 R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.* i. 355.

### CULTURE.

Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection: *it is a study of perfection.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Culture and Anarchy.*  
 Ch. i. *Sweetness and Light.*

The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment.  
 EMERSON. *Letters and Social Aims.*  
*Progress of Culture.*

### CUPID.

*Mercutio.* Young Adam Cupid, he that  
 shot so trim,  
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-  
 maid!  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act  
 ii. Sc. 1. 1. 13.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim,  
 From heaven downe did he.  
*King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid.*  
 [This ancient ballad, to which *Mercutio*  
 undoubtedly alludes, is preserved in *Percy's*  
*Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*]

*Patroclus.* Sweet, rouse yourself; and  
 the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amor-  
 ous fold,  
 And, like a dewdrop from the lion's  
 mane,  
 Be shook to airy air.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.*  
 Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 222.

*Biron.* This senior-junior, giant-dwarf,  
 Dan Cupid;  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded  
 arms,  
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and  
 groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act  
 iii. Sc. 1. 1. 132.

*Hero.* Loving goes by haps;  
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with  
 traps.  
*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iii.  
 Sc. 1. 1. 106.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd  
 At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.  
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
 His mother's doves, and team of spar-  
 rows:  
 Loses them too. Then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows  
 how);  
 With these, the crystal of his brow,  
 And then the dimple on his chin:  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes:  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of me?  
 LYLY. *Cupid and Campaspe.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

*Helena.* Things base and vile, holding  
 no quality,  
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with  
 the mind;  
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted  
 blind.  
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment  
 taste;  
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy  
 haste:  
 And therefore is love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguild.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
 Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 234.

*Julia.* But love is blind, and lovers  
 cannot see  
 The pretty follies that themselves com-  
 mit.  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 6.  
 1. 36.

I have heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold,—  
 His eyes are in his mind.  
 What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part ;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.  
 COLERIDGE. *To a Lady, Offended by a  
 Sportive Observation.*

## CURIOSITY.

*Lear.* I have perceived a most faint  
 neglect of late, which I have rather  
 blamed as mine own jealous curiosity  
 than as a very pretence and purpose of  
 unkindness.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.  
 l. 73.

## Curiosity

Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims  
 make.

COWLEY. *Ode on Chair made of Sir F.  
 Drake's Ship.* iv.

I saw and heard, for we sometimes,  
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by  
 want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh, nighest is far,  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are  
 to hear,

What happens new ; fame also finds us  
 out.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. i. l. 330.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through nail'd by the  
 ears.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii.  
 l. 391.

*Zaccheus,* he  
 Did climb the tree,  
 His Lord to see.

*From the New England Primer.* 1814.

*Tony.* Ask me no questions, and I'll  
 tell you no fibs.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act iii.

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he  
 would ask the number of steps.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *A Matter-of-Fact  
 Man.*

I loathe that low vice—curiosity.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 23.

## CURSE.

As he loved cursing, so let it come  
 unto him : as he delighted not in bless-  
 ing, so let it be far from him.

As he clothed himself with cursing  
 like as with his garment, so let it come  
 into his bowels like water, and like oil  
 into his bones.

*Old Testament.* Psalm cix. 17.

Things past recovery  
 Are hardly cured with exclamations.  
 MARLOWE. *The Jew of Malta.* Act i. Sc. 2.

*Lady Macbeth.* Out, damned spot !  
 out, I say.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
 l. 39.

Out ! out ! . . . accursed spot !  
 SOUTHEY. *All for Love.* vi. St. 16.

*Caliban.* You taught me language ;  
 and my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red  
 plague rid you

For learning me your language !

SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
 l. 363.

*Mercutio.* A plague o' both your  
 houses.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.  
 l. 94.

*Macbeth.* Lay on, Macduff !  
 And damn'd be him that first cries,

*Hold, enough.*

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 8. l. 34.

Curses, like young chickens, come home  
 to roost.

SOUTHEY. *The Curse of Kehama.*

*Damas.* Curse away !  
 And let me tell thee, Beausant, a wise  
 proverb

The Arabs have,—“Curses are like young  
 chickens,

And still come home to roost.”

BULWER LYTTON. *The Lady of Lyons.*

Act v. Sc. 2.

Blessings star forth forever ; but a curse  
 Is like a cloud—it passes.

BAILEY. *Festus.* Sc. *Hades.*

*King Richard.* O villains, vipers,  
 damn'd without redemption ;

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man ;

Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that  
sting my heart;

Three Judases, each one thrice worse  
than Judas.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc.  
2. 1. 129.

*Suffolk.* A plague upon them! where-  
fore should I curse them?

Would curses kill as doth the man-  
drake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Delivered strongly through my fixed  
teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsomcave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine  
earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten  
flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and  
ban:

And even now my burthened heart  
would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be  
their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that  
they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress  
trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murd'ring basi-  
lisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards'  
stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's  
hiss;

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

*Ibid.* *Henry VI.* Pt. ii. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
1. 309.

*Hamlet.* Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous,  
kindless villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most  
brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and  
hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart  
with words,

And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 608.

*Marcus.* All the contagion of the  
south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—  
Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be ab-  
horr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile!

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 4.  
1. 30.

*Volumnia.* Now the red pestilence  
strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

*Ibid.* *Coriolanus.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 13.

*Macbeth.* Let this pernicious hour  
Stand eye accursed in the calendar.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 133.

*Bastard.* Beyond the infinite and  
boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of  
death,

Art thou damn'd.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 118.

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart  
your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes!—Infect her  
beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow-  
erful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 167.

*Othello.* Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly  
sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in  
sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid  
fire!

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 277.

*Gratiano.* Did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a des-  
perate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his  
side,

And fall to reprobation.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 206.

*Caliban.* All the infections that the  
sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall,  
and make him

By inch-meal a disease!

*Ibid.* *Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 1.

Each cursed his fate that thus their  
project crossed ;  
How hard their lot who neither won nor  
lost !

RICHARD GRAVES. *The Festoon.*

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of  
old !

But something ails it now: the spot is  
cursed."

WORDSWORTH. *Hart-leap Well.* Pt. ii.

May the strong curse of crushed affec-  
tions light

Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !  
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !  
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into  
hate,

Black—as thy will for others would  
create :

Till thy hard heart be calcined into  
dust,

And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the  
bed—

The widowed couch of fire, that thou  
hast spread !

SHELLEY. *To the Lord Chancellor.*

I am too well avenged ! but 'twas my  
right ;

Whate'er my sins might be, thou wert  
not scnt

To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
Nor did Heaven choose so near an in-  
strument.

Mercy is for the merciful !—if thou  
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded  
now.

Thy nights are banished from the realms  
of sleep !—

Yes ! they may flatter thee, but thou  
shalt feel

A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillowed on a curse too  
deep ;

Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must  
reap

The bitter harvest of a woe as real !

BYRON. *Lines on hearing that Lady Byron  
was ill.*

'Tis strange the Hebrew noun which  
means "I am,"

The English always use to govern d—n.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 14.

Cursed be the social wants that sin  
against the strength of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us  
from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from  
honest Nature's rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the  
straighten'd forehead of the fool.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.* St. 31.

There's a great text in Galatians,

Once you trip on it, entails

Twenty-nine distinct damnations,

One sure, if another fails.

If I trip him just a-dying,

Sure of Heaven as sure can be,

Spin him round and send him flying

Off to Hell, a Manichee ?

BROWNING. *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister.*

The cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He called for his candle, his bell, and  
his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally  
thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him  
in bed :

From the sole of his foot to the crown  
of his head.

He cursed him in sleeping, that every  
night

He should dream of the devil, and wake  
in a fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him  
in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing,  
in winking,

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in  
lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in  
flying ;

He cursed him living, he cursed him in  
dying !

Never was heard such a terrible  
curse !

But, what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody scemed a penny the worse !

BARHAM. *Ingoldsby Legends: Jackdaw  
of Rheims.*

[The allusion is to the ancient mode of  
excommunication "by bell, book, and  
candle," practised in the Catholic Church.  
The closing lines of the formula were as  
follows: "Cursed be they from the crown  
of the head to the sole of the foot. Out be

they taken from the book of life [here the priest closed the book], and as this candle is cast from the sight of men, so be their souls cast from the sight of God into the deepest pit of hell [here the attendant cast to the ground a lighted candle he had held in his hand]. Amen." Then the bells were rung in harsh dissonance, to signify the disorder and going out of grace in the souls of the persons excommunicated.]

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."  
STERNE. *Tristram Shandy*. Vol. iii. Ch. xi.

## CUSTOM.

(See HABIT.)

We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against Nature.

PLUTARCH. *Of Eating of Flesh*. Tract i.

Nothing really pleasant or unpleasant subsists by nature, but all things become so by habit.

EPICETUS. *Fragments*. cxliiii. (LONG, trans.)

Consuetudo pro lege servatur.

Custom is held to be as a law.

*Law Maxim.*

Optimus legum interpres consuetudo.

Custom is the best interpreter of laws.

*Law Maxim.*

Custom which is before all law, Nature which is above all art.

S. DANIEL. *An Apology for Rhime*.

*Thoas*. Custom, that unwritten law,

By which the people keep even kings in awe.

C. D'AVENANT. *Circe*. Act ii. Sc. 3.

*Coriolanus*. Custom calls me to 't :

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to o'erpeer.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 124.

*Sands*.

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.

*Ibid*. *Henry VIII*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 3.

*Banquo*. New honours, come upon him  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to  
their mould,

But with the aid of use.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 144.

*Hamlet*. But to my mind, though I am  
native here,

And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honor'd in the breach than the  
observance.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 15.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto i. St. 7.

Fac tibi consuescat. Nil adsuetudine  
majus.

Accustom her to your companionship.  
There's nought more powerful than  
custom.

OVID. *De Arte Amandi*. ii. 345.

Montaigne<sup>1</sup> is wrong in declaring that  
custom ought to be followed simply be-  
cause it is custom, and not because it is  
reasonable or just.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. iv. 6.

Only that he may conform

To tyrant custom.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weeks and Works*.  
*Second Week, Third Day*. Pt. ii.

*Othello*. The tyrant custom, most grave  
senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of  
war

My thrice-driven bed of down.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 230.

Consuetudo quasi altera natura.

Habit is, as it were, a second nature.

CICERO. *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*.  
v. 25.

Consuetudo naturâ potentior est.

Habit is stronger than nature.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS. *De Rebus  
Gestis Alexandri Magni*. v. 5, 21.

Τὸ εἰθισμένον ὡσπερ πεφικὸς ἤδη γίγνεται.

That to which we have been accus-  
tomed becomes as it were a part of our  
nature.

ARISTOTLE. *Rhetorica*. i. 11.

Custom is almost a second nature.

PLUTARCH. *Preservation of Health*. 18.

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*. Bk. i. Ch. xxii.

Habit is a second nature.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. x.

Custom reconciles us to everything.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Sec. xviii. Vol. i. p. 231.

*Valentine*. How use doth breed a habit  
in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented  
woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled  
towns.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act v. Sc. 4. l. 1.

*Hamlet*. Good night: but go not to mine  
uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth  
eat—

Of habits devil,—is angel yet in this,—

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of  
nature,

And master the devil, or throw him out

With wondrous potency.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 159.

*Hamlet*. Has this fellow no feeling of his  
business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Horatio*. Custom hath made it in him a  
property of easiness.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. i. l. 73.

My nature is subdued

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet* cxi.

Each natural agent works but to this end,—

To render that it works on like itself.

CHAPMAN. *Bussy D'Ambois*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

My very chains and I grew friends,

So much a long communion tends

To make us what we are; even I

Regained my freedom with a sigh.

BYRON. *Prisoner of Chillon*. St. 14.

There's nothing like being used to a thing.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act v. Sc. 1.

'Tis nothing when you are used to it.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation*. iii.

Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables.

*Old Proverb*.

In ways and thoughts of weakness and of

wrong,

Threads turn to cords, and cords to cables

strong.

ISAAC WILLIAMS. *The Baptistry*. Image

18. *Habits Moulding Chains*.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,

As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN. *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. Of the

*Pythagorean Philosophy*. Bk. xv. l. 155.

Custom makes all things easy, and content

Is careless.

JEAN INGELOW. *The Dreams That Came  
True*. St. 7.

Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom  
always.

LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letter to  
Miss Anne Wortley*. 8th Aug., 1709.

The slaves of custom and established  
mode,

With pack-horse constancy we keep the  
road,

Crooked or straight, through quags or  
thorny dells,

True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

COWPER. *Tirocinium*. l. 251.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so  
prone

To reverence what is ancient, and can  
plead

A course of long observance for its use,

That even servitude, the worst of ills,

Because delivered down from sire to son,

Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing!

*Ibid.* *Task*. Bk. v. l. 298.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;

"It must be right: I've done it from my  
youth."

CRABBE. *The Borough*. Letter iii.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,

In all things ruled—mind, body, and  
estate;

In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply

To them we know not, and we know not

why.

*Ibid.* *The Gentleman Farmer*.

Custom doth make dotards of us all.

Philosophy complains that custom has

hoodwinked us from the first; that we

do everything by custom, even believe

by it; that our very axioms, let us boast

of free-thinking as we may, are oftenest

simply such beliefs as we have never

heard questioned.

CARLYLE.

In this great society wide lying around

us a critical analysis would find very few

spontaneous actions. It is almost all

custom and gross sense.

EMERSON.

## DAGGER.

*Donalbain.* There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 139.

*Guilderius.* What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 76.

*Lady Macbeth.* The air-drawn dagger.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 62.  
(See also under APPARITION.)

*Hamlet.* I will speak daggers to her but use none.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 386.

Though it rain daggers with their points downward.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. iii. Sec. 2. Mem. 3.

Have always been at daggers-drawing  
And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto 2. 1. 79.

## DAISY.

Of all the floures in the mede,  
Than love I most these floures white  
and rede,

Such that men callen daisies in our toun.  
CHAUCER. *Prologue of the Legend of Good Women.* 1. 41.

That well by reason men it call may  
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,  
The emprise, and floure of floures all.

*Ibid.* *Prologue of the Legend of Good Women.* 1. 183.

Wee, modest crimson-tipped flower  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,  
For I maun crush among the stoure

Thy slender stem;

To spare thee now is past my power

Thou bonny gem.

BURNS. *To a Mountain Daisy on turning one down with the Plough.* St. 1.

Even thou who mournst the daisy's fate  
That fate is thine,—no distant date:  
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate

Full on thy bloom

Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
Shall be thy doon.

*Ibid.* *To a Mountain Daisy on turning one down with the Plough.*

Final Ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* ix. 167.

Myriads of daisies have shown forth in  
flower

Near the lark's nest, and in their natural  
hour

Have passed away; less happy than the  
one

That by the unwilling ploughshare died  
to prove

The tender charm of poetry and love.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems Composed during a Tour in the Summer of 1833.* xxxvii.

Small service is due service while it  
lasts.

Of humblest friends, bright creature!  
scorn not one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the  
sun.

*Ibid.* *To a Child.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

*Ibid.* *To the Daisy.* St. 4.

The poet's darling.

*Ibid.* *To the Daisy.* St. 4.

Thou unassuming commonplace

Of Nature.

*Ibid.* *To the same Flower.* St. 1.

There grew pied wind-flowers and  
violets,

Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the  
earth,

The constellated flower that never sets.

SHELLEY. *The Question.*

The Rose has but a Summer reign,

The daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY. *A Field Flower. On Finding One in full Bloom on Christmas Day.* St. 10.

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,  
She is of such low degree.

HOOD. *Flowers.*

## DANCE.

Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance.

WITHER. *Poem on Christmas.*

*Capulet.* For you and I are past our  
dancing days.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act i. Sc. 5. 1. 29.

My dancing days are done.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Scornful Lady*. Act v. Sc. 3.

King. To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 31.

Florio. What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak sweet,

I'd have you do it ever; when you sing. I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;

Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too; When you do dance, I wish you

A wave o' the sea,<sup>1</sup> that you might ever do Nothing but that; move still, still so,

And own no other function.

*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 4. 1. 140.

Come and trip it as ye go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. 1. 33.

Midnight shout and revelry,  
Tipsy dance and jollity.

*Ibid.* *Comus*. 1. 103.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

*Ibid.* *Comus*. 1. 143.

To the harp they sung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*.

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,

As if they feared the light;  
But oh! she dances such a way,

No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Ballad on a Wedding*.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep,

A little out, and then,  
As if they play'd at Bo-peep,

Did soon draw in again.

HERRICK. *On Her Feet*.

Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,

Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies.

JENYNS. *The Art of Dancing*. Canto 1. 1. 119.

<sup>1</sup> Like a wave of the sea.—*New Testament*. James 1. 6.

Alike all ages, dames of ancient days  
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,

Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. 1. 251.

The rout is Folly's circle, which he draws

With magic wand. So potent is the spell,

That none decoyed into that fatal ring,  
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.

There we grow early gray, but never wise.

COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. l. 627.

But when an old man dances,

His locks with age are grey,

But he's a child in mind.

ANACREON. *Odes*. xxxix. (xxvii.) 3.

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage-bell;

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 21.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 22.

Muse of the many twinkling feet, whose charms

Are now extended up from legs to arms.

*Ibid.* *The Waltz*. 1. 1.

The raindrops' showery dance and rhythmic  
beat,  
With tinkling of innumerable feet.  
ABRAHAM COLES. *The Microcoon Hearing*.

Glance their many twinkling feet.  
GRAY. *Progress of Poetry*. 1. 35.

Endearing Waltz—to thy more melting  
tune

Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoun.  
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance  
forego

Your future claims to each fantastic toe!  
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and  
arms demands,

Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands.  
BYRON. *The Waltz*. 1. 109.

The ball begins—the honors of the  
house

First duly done by daughter or by  
spouse,

Some potentate—or royal or serene—  
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Glos-  
ter's mien,

Leads forth the ready dame, whose ris-  
ing flush

Might once have been mistaken for a  
blush.

From where the garb just leaves the  
bosom free,

That spot where hearts were once sup-  
posed to be;

Round all the confines of the yielded  
waist

The strangest hand may wander undis-  
placed;

The lady's in return may grasp as much  
As princely paunches offer to her touch.

Pleased, round the chalky floor how well  
they trip,

One hand reposing on the royal hip;  
The other to the shoulder no less royal

Ascending with affection truly loyal!  
*Ibid.* *The Waltz*. 1. 184.

Hot from the hands promiscuously ap-  
plied,

Round the slight waist, or down the glow-  
ing side.

*Ibid.* *The Waltz*. 1. 234.

What! the girl I adore by another em-  
braced.

What! the balm of her lips shall another  
man taste.

What! touched in the twirl by another  
man's knee.

What! pant and recline on another than  
me!

Sir, she's yours! From the grape you  
have pressed the soft blue!

From the rose you have taken the tremu-  
lous dew!

What you've touched you may take!  
Pretty waltzer, adieu!

ANON.

And then he danced,—all foreigners  
excel

The serious Angles in the eloquence  
Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right  
well,

With emphasis, and also with good  
sense—

A thing in footing indispensable:  
He danced without theatrical pretence,

Not like a ballet-master in the van  
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentle-  
man.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 38.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget  
The noblier and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave,—  
Think you he meant them for a slave?

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 86. 10.

## DANGER.

Great things through greatest hazards  
are attained

And then they shine.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Loyal Sub-  
ject*. Act i. Sc. 5.

*Hotspur*. Or sink or swim,  
Send danger from the east unto the west,

So honor cross it from the north to  
south,

And let them grapple,—O! the blood  
more stirs,

To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 3.

*Hotspur* (reading): "The purpose you  
undertake is dangerous:"—why, that's  
certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold,

to sleep, to drink;—but I tell you, my  
lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we  
pluck this flower, safety.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 6.

*Macbeth.* We have scotched the snake,  
not killed it :  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our  
poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 13.

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-  
may,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.  
WORDSWORTH. *Character of the Happy  
Warrior.*

I have not quailed to danger's brow  
When high and happy—need I now ?  
BYRON. *Giaour.* l. 1035.

## DARKNESS.

Darkness which may be felt.  
*Old Testament.* Exodus x. 21.

*Clown.* There is no darkness but igno-  
rance.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 47.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flamed, yet from  
these flames  
No light but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 61.

The fine expression, "Darkness visible,"  
offended the critical ear of Dr. Bentley, who  
in his famous (or infamous) edition of Milton  
made this conjectural emendation :

No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

To poets, however, the expression has  
appealed as worthy of imitation. Thus,  
Théophile de Viau, a younger contemporary  
of Milton's, seems to have had him in mind  
when he wrote :

On n'oit que le silence, on ne voit rien que  
l'ombre.

One hears nothing but silence, one sees  
nothing but darkness.

Here are some more examples :  
He sees enough who doth his darkness see.  
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. *To his  
Mistress for her True Picture.*

Of darkness visible so much be lent.  
POPE. *The Dunciad.* Bk. iv. l. 3.

The evil is null, is naught, is silence imply-  
ing sound.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *Abt Vogler.* St. 9.

Milton, it may be added, anticipated him-  
self in these lines :

Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.  
MILTON. *Il Penseroso.* l. 79.

And when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth  
the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 507.

The waves were dead ; the tides were in  
their grave,  
The Moon, their Mistress, had expired  
before ;  
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant  
air,  
And the clouds perish'd ; darkness had  
no need  
Of aid from them—she was the Universe.  
BYRON. *Darkness.* Concluding lines.

## DAUGHTER.

Have you not heard these many years  
ago  
Jephtha was judge of Israel ?  
He had one only daughter and no mo',  
The which he loved passing well !  
And as by lot,  
God wot,  
It so came to pass,  
As God's will was,  
*Jephtha, Judge of Israel.*

An ancient ballad preserved in this form  
in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* *Hamlet*  
quotes a slightly different version :

*Ham.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what  
a treasure hadst thou !

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord ?

*Ham.* Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.  
*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I  
have a daughter, that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord ?

*Ham.* Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then you know,

"It came to pass, As most like it was."

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 422.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair  
child !

Ada ! sole daughter of my house and  
heart ?

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 1.

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,

A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head.  
SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto ii. St. 22.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to  
thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preach-  
ing down a daughter's heart!  
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. St. 47.

## DAY.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and  
night unto night showeth knowledge.  
*Old Testament*. Psalm xix. 2.

Take therefore no thought for the  
morrow: for the morrow shall take  
thought for the things of itself. Suffi-  
cient unto the day is the evil thereof.  
*New Testament*. Matthew vi. 34.

The better day, the better deed.  
MIDDLETON. *The Phoenix*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

The better day, the worse deed.  
MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Genesis  
iii.

The day, when the longest, steals im-  
perceptibly away.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Letters*. Bk. ix.  
Letter xxxvi. (MELMOTH AND  
BOSANQUET, trans.)

[This is usually rendered, "The longest  
day soon comes to an end."]

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would  
have her, after you have possessed her.  
*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever.  
SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 143.

*Hamlet.* Let Hercules himself do what  
he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his  
day.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 315.

Dogs, ye have had your day.  
POPE. *Homer's Odyssey*. Bk. xxii. l. 41.

Every dog must have his day.  
SWIFT. *Whig and Tory*.

*Marullus.* And there have sat  
The live-long day.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
1. l. 46.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn daylight.  
*Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 54.

There's one sun more strung on my bead  
of days.  
HENRY VAUGHAN. *Rules and Lessons*.  
St. 20.

Are we to mark this day with a white  
or a black stone?  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. x.

Days, that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.  
RICHARD CRASHAW. *Wishes to His*  
(*Supposed*) *Mistress*.

Whose conquering ray  
May chase these fogs;  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!  
Light will repay  
The wrongs of night;  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!  
QUARLES. *Emblems*. Bk. i. Emblem 14.

*King John.* The sun is in the heaven,  
and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the  
world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds  
To give me audience.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc.  
3. l. 34.

It was Apelles' constant habit never  
to allow a day to be so fully occupied  
that he had not time for the exercise of  
his art, if only to the extent of one  
stroke of the brush.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*.  
xxxv. 36 (10).  
[Hence the phrase, "Nulla dies sine  
linea."]

Nor e'er let sleep fall gently on thine eyes  
Till thou hast made a threefold inventory  
Of the day's doings; where thou hast trans-  
gressed;  
Where rightly done; where fallen short of  
duty.

He said that in his whole life he most re-  
pentted of three things: one was that he  
had trusted a secret to a woman; another,  
that he went by water when he might have  
gone by land; the third, that he had re-  
mained one whole day without doing any  
business of moment.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Cato*.  
Count that day lost whose low-descending  
sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action  
done.

UNKNOWN.  
(See under ACTION.)

La plus perdue de toutes les journées est celle où l'on n'a pas rit.

The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed.

CHAMFORT.

Dum loquimur fugerit invida  
Aetas; carpe diem, quam minimum  
credula postero.

In the moment of our talking, envious  
time has ebbed away.

Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en  
as little as you may.

HORACE. *Odes*. i. 11, 7. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;  
Improve each moment as it flies!  
Life's a short summer, man a flower;  
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

DR. JOHNSON. *Winter*. *An Ode*.

*Pippa*. Oh, Day, if I squander a wave-  
let of thee,

A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,  
The least of thy gazes or glances  
(Be they grants thou art bound to, or  
gifts above measure),

One of thy choices, or one of thy chances  
(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or  
freaks at thy pleasure)—

My Day, if I squander such labour of  
leisure,

Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on  
me!

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes*. 1. 13.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study  
six,

Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature  
fix.

[These lines are quoted by Coke in his  
*Institutes*. Sir William Jones sought to im-  
prove upon them, as follows:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber  
seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Possibly through a confused remembrance  
of the earlier lines, the beginning of Sir  
William's couplet has frequently been mis-  
quoted as "Six hours to law" etc. John  
Wilson Croker in his notes to *Boswell's  
Johnson* was led astray by this misquotation.  
"Sir William," said he, "has short-  
ened his day to twenty-three hours, and the  
general advice of 'all to heaven' destroys  
the peculiar appropriation of a certain  
period to religious exercise." Macaulay,  
in his slashing review of Croker, was, in  
his turn, betrayed into an explanation:  
"Sir William distributes twenty-three hours  
among various employments. One hour is  
thus left for devotion. The reader expects  
that the verse will end with—'and one to

heaven.' The whole point of the lines con-  
sists in the unexpected substitution of 'all'  
for 'one.' The conceit is wretched enough;  
but it is perfectly intelligible, and never,  
we will venture to say, perplexed man,  
woman, or child before."]

Hide me from day's garish eye.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. l. 141.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light  
To see all things, and not my love to see.

SPENSER. *Daphnaida*. Canto v. l. 15.

But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked; she fled; and day brought  
back my night.

MILTON. *Sonnet on his Deceased Wife*.

[Leigh Hunt, in the *Indicator* (ch. lvii., *Of  
Dreams*), thus comments on Milton's lines:  
"It is strange that so good and cordial a  
critic as Warton should think this a mere  
conceit on his blindness. An allusion to  
his blindness may or may not be involved  
in it; but the sense of returning shadow on  
the mind is true to nature, and must have  
been experienced by every one who has  
lost a person dear to him. There is a beau-  
tiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occa-  
sion, and a small canzone by Sanazzaro,  
which ends with saying that although he  
waked and missed his lady's hand in his,  
he still tried to cheat himself by keeping  
his eyes shut."]

Golden days, fruitful of golden deeds.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 337.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;

For thou must die.

HERBERT. *The Church*. *Virtue*.

The spirit walks of every day deceased.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 180.

How well Horatius kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY. *Lays of Ancient Rome*.  
*Horatius*.

And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night,  
my dear.

THOMAS MOORE. *The Young May Moon*.

The long days are no happier than the  
short ones.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *A Village Feast*.  
*Evening*.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
feign'd

On lips that are for others; deep as  
love,—

Deep as first love, and wild with all  
regret.

Oh death in life, the days that are no  
more!

TENNYSON. *The Princess. The Days that  
are No More.*

One day, with life and heart,  
Is more than time enough to find a  
world.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. *Columbus.*  
Concluding lines.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in  
tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

*Ibid.* *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot  
die.

WORDSWORTH. *Nutting.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long

As twenty days are now.

*Ibid.* *To a Butterfly. I've Watched You  
Now a Full Half-hour.*

The specious panorama of a year  
But multiplies the image of a day,—  
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame;  
And universal Nature, through her vast  
And crowded whole, an infinite parrot,  
Repeats one note.

EMERSON. *Xenophanes.*

Nor mourn the unalterable Days  
That Genius goes and Folly stays.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam.*

The whole life of man is but a point  
of time; let us enjoy it, therefore, while  
it lasts, and not spend it to no purpose.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own:

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have  
liv'd to-day.

DRYDEN. *Imitation of Horace.* Bk. iii.  
Ode 29. l. 65.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Recipe for Salad.*

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;  
But what has been, has been, and I have  
had my hour.

DRYDEN. *Imitation of Horace.* Bk. iii.  
Ode 29. l. 71.

## THE DEAD.

(See under MORTALITY.)

Blessed are the dead which die in the  
Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the  
Spirit, that they may rest from their  
labors; and their works do follow them.  
*New Testament. Revelation xiv. 13.*

Chilo advised "not to speak evil of  
the dead."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Chilo.* ii.

· Τὸν τελευτηκῶτά μὴ κακολόγει, ἀλλὰ  
μακάριζε.

Speak not evil of the dead, but call  
them blessed.

CHILO. *Stobaeus, Florilegium.* cxv. 15.  
[The origin of the phrase, "De mortuis  
nil nisi bonum," through the Latin of D.  
Laertius.]

All men are wont to praise him who  
is no more.

THUCYDIDES. *History.* ii. 45, 1.

As men, we are all equal in the pres-  
ence of death.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 1.

Death makes equal the high and low.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Be Merry, Friends.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common  
men.

JAMES SHIRLEY. *Cupid and Death.*

The paths of glory lead but to the  
grave.

GRAY. *Elegy.*

Death is an equal doom  
To good and bad, the common Inn of rest.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. ii. Canto  
1. 59.

Abiti ad majores.

He has gone to the majority.

*Latin Phrase.*

'Tis long since Death had the majority.

BLAIR. *The Grave.* Pt. ii. l. 449.

Times before you, when even living  
men were antiquities,—when the living  
might exceed the dead, and to depart  
this world could not be properly said to  
go unto the greater number.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Dedication to Urn-  
Burial.*

Dead men do not bite.

THEODORUS CHIUS. (*Erasmus, Chiliades  
Adagiolorum, "Obtrectatio."*)

Not dead, but gone before.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Mat-  
thew ii.

[A literal translation from Seneca: *Epis-  
tola*. lxiii. 16.]

Those that he loved so long and sees no  
more,  
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone  
before.

ROGERS. *Human Life*.

The buried are not lost, but gone before.

E. ELLIOTT. *The Excursion*.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strain which angels pour;  
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?  
They are not lost, but gone before.

ANON. *From Smith's Edinburgh Harmony*.  
1829.

Gone before

To that unknown and silent shore.

LAMB. *Hester*.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've cross'd to the farther  
side.

NANCY P. WAKEFIELD. *Over the River*.

To die is a debt we must all of us dis-  
charge.

EURIPIDES. *Alcestis*. 1. 418.

The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,  
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease  
than made.

QUARLES. *Bk. ii. Emblem 13. Ep. 10.*

*Staphano*. He that dies, pays all debts.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. 1. 140.

*Feeble*. He that dies this year is quit for  
the next.

*Ibid.* *Henry IV.* Pt. ii. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
1. 255.

*Launcelot*. The young gentleman, ac-  
cording to Fates and Destinies and such  
odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such  
branches of learning, is indeed deceased;  
or, as you would say in plain terms, gone  
to heaven.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act ii. Sc. 2.  
1. 67.

*Hamlet*. How now! a rat? Dead, for  
a ducat, dead!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
1. 23.

Ded as a dore nayle.

W. LANGLAND. *The Vision of Piers  
Plowman*.

*Falstaff*. What, is the old King dead?

*Pistol*. As nail in door.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.* Pt. ii. Act v.  
Sc. 3. 1. 126.

*Cade*. As dead as a door-nail.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Pt. ii. Act  
iv. Sc. 10. 1. 43.

Friend Ralph, thou hast

Outrun the constable at last.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto iii.  
1. 1367.

*Antony*. O, pardon me, thou bleeding  
piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. 1. 254.

*Macbeth*. Better be with the dead.

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent  
to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 19.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;  
And if in death still lovely, lovelier  
there;

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of  
love.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. 1. 104.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead

Ere the first day of death is fled,

The first dark day of nothingness,

The last of danger and distress.

BYRON. *The Giaour*. 1. 68.

Those we call the dead

Are breathers of an ampler day,

For ever nobler ends.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. St. cxviii.

Sleep to the end, true soul and sweet!

Nothing comes to thee new or strange.

Sleep full of rest from head to feet;

Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

*Ibid.* *To J. S.* St. 19.

How he lies in his rights of a man!

Death has done all death can.

And absorbed in the new life he leads,

He reckons not, he heeds

Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both  
strike

On his senses alike,

And are lost in the solemn and strange

Surprise of the change.

ROBERT BROWNING. *After*.

The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust ;  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.  
COLERIDGE. *The Knight's Tomb*.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.  
THEODORE O'HARA. *The Bivouac of the Dead*.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.  
FRANCIS M. FINCH. *The Blue and the Gray*.

They never fail who die  
In a great cause.  
BYRON. *Marino Faliero*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

The heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old !  
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.  
*Ibid.* *Manfred*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art  
thou ?

Fond hope of many nations, art thou  
dead ?

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay  
low

Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 168.

The cold, the changed, perchance the  
dead, anew,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost,—too  
many, yet how few !  
*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 24.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris*.

Well, General, we have not had many  
dead cavalrymen lying about lately.  
GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER. *A remark to General Averill*, November, 1862.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,  
We ne'er shall see him more ;  
He used to wear a long black coat  
All button'd down before.  
ALBERT G. GREENE. *Old Grimes*.

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,—  
You'll never see him more ;  
He used to wear a long brown coat  
That buttoned down before.

JAMES O. HALLIWELL. *Nursery Rhymes of England*. *Tales*.

John Lee is dead, that good old man,—  
We ne'er shall see him more :  
He used to wear an old drab coat  
All buttoned down before.  
*To the Memory of John Lee, who died May 21, 1823. An inscription in Matherne Churchyard*.

## DEATH.

Τίς δ' οἶδεν, εἰ ζῆν τοῖθ' ὁ κέκληται θανεῖν,  
τὸ ζῆν δὲ θνήσκειν ἐστί.

Who knows that 'tis not life which we  
call death,  
And death our life on earth ?  
EURIPIDES. *Phrixus*. Fragment 11.

Man, foolish man ! no more thy soul de-  
ceive,  
To die, is but the surest way to live.  
BROOME. *Poem on Death*. 1. 89.

In some circumstances, to die is to live.  
ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON. *Letter to Lady Russell*, November 21, 1685.

Of all the gods, Death only craves not  
gifts :

Nor sacrifice, nor yet drink-offering  
poured

Avails ; no altars hath he, nor is soothed  
By hymns of praise. From him alone  
of all

The powers of heaven Persuasion holds  
aloof.

ÆSCHYLUS. Fragment 146. (PLUMPTRE, trans.)

*Hamlet*. Death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose  
bourn  
No traveller returns.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
1. 79.

I shall go the way whence I shall not re-  
turn.

*Old Testament*. Job xvi. 22.

Yet, of the dead, who hath returned from  
Hades ?

EURIPIDES. *Hercules Furens*. 397. (*Megara*.)  
(A. S. WAY, trans.)

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.

Who now travels that dark path to the  
bourne from which they say no one returns.  
CATULLUS. *Carmina*. iii. 11.

Strange—is it not?—that of the myriads who  
Before us passed the door of Darkness  
through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the road  
Which to discover we must travel too.  
OMAR KHAYYAM. *Rubaiyat*. St. 68.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!  
What a strange moment must it be, when,  
near  
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in  
view!  
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd  
To tell what's doing on the other side.  
BLAIR. *The Grave*. 1. 369.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know  
not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted  
spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round  
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than  
worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain  
thought

Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly  
life

That age, ache, penury, and imprison-  
ment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 118.

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear  
To be we know not what, we know not  
where.  
DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

That must be our eure,  
To be no more. Sad eure! for who would  
lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eter-  
nity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of unnerated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 145.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Winter*. 1. 393.

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel  
as the grave.  
*Old Testament*. The Song of Solomon.  
viii. 6.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and  
warm,  
With banquet song, and dance, and  
wine;  
And thou art terrible,—the tear,  
The groan, the keel, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony are thine.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris*.

Death hath a thousand doors to let out  
life.  
MASSINGER. *A Very Woman*. Act v.  
Sc. iv.

*Burris*. Death with his thousand doors.

FLETCHER. *The Loyal Subject*. Act i.  
Sc. 2.

The doors of death are ever open.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Contemplation on the  
State of Man*. Bk. i. Ch. vii.

Death's thousand doors stand open.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. 1. 394.

Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest;  
At nemo mortem; mille ad hanc aditus  
patent.

Any one may take life from man, but no  
one death; a thousand gates stand open to  
it.

SENECA. *Phænissæ*. elii.

Νέος δ' ἀπόλλυθ', ὀντινα φιλεῖ θεός.

He whom the gods love dies young.

HYPŒÆUS. *Stobæus, Florilegium*. exx.  
13.

Quem di diligunt

Adoleseens moritur, dum valet, sentit, sapit.

Whom the gods love die young, while still  
they can enjoy  
Health, tastes, and senses.

PLAUTUS. *Bacchides*. Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 18.

Heaven gives its favourites—early death.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 102.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said  
of yore,  
And many deaths do they escape by this:  
The death of friends, and that which slays  
even more,  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all  
that is,  
Except mere breath.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 12.

Perhaps the early grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to  
save.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 12.

*Capulet*. Death lies on her, like an  
untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iv. Sc. 5. l. 28.

O fairest flower! no sooner blown but  
blasted,

Soft silken primrose falling timelessly.  
MILTON. *Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant*,  
*dying of a Cough*.

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost  
That nipt my flower sae early.

BURNS. *Highland Mary*.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morn-  
ing dew,  
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to  
heaven.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 600.

He was exhaled, his great Creator drew  
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.  
DRYDEN. *On the Death of a Very Young*  
*Gentleman*.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,  
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE. *Epitaph on an Infant*.

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young  
bloom,  
Or earth had profaned what was born for  
the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow  
had stain'd it,  
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its  
course,

And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven  
has unchain'd it,  
To water that Eden where first was its  
source.

MOORE. *Weep Not for Those*.

War loves to seek its victims in the  
young.

SOPHOCLES. *Scyrii*. Fragment 507.

Come! let the burial rite be read—  
The funeral song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead  
That ever died so young—

A dirge for her, the doubly-dead,  
In that she died so young.

E. A. POE. *Lenore*. i.

The good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as sum-  
mer dust

Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. i.  
St. xviii.

Then, after his brief range of blameless  
days,

The toll of funeral in an angel ear  
Sounds happier than the merriest mari-  
riage bell.

TENNYSON. *The Death of the Duke of*  
*Clarence*.

*Feeble*. A man can die but once.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 228.

Men die but once, and the opportunity  
Of a noble death is not an everyday fortune:  
It is a gift which noble spirits pray for.

LAMB. *John Woodvill*.

*Edgar*.

Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming  
hither:

Ripeness is all.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 11.

And though mine arm should conquer  
twenty worlds,

There's a lean fellow beats all conquer-  
ors.

THOMAS DEKKER. *The Comedie of Old*  
*Fortunatus*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but Death who comes at last.

SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto iii. xxx.

Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant.

Hail, Cæsar, those who are about to  
die salute thee.

SUETONIUS. *Claudius*. xxi.

[This was the cry with which the gladiators in the Roman arena were wont to greet the emperor before they commenced their fights. Suetonius, in the chapter referred to, tells how Claudius once substituted for the customary response "Valeté!" ("Farewell!") the greeting "Avete vos!" or "May you live long!" so that the gladiators for a brief period refused to fight. Longfellow puts the verb into the first person plural,—"Morituri salutamus,"—in the title of his poem recited (1875) at the semi-centennial of the class of 1825 at Bowdoin College. The poem begins:

"O Cæsar! we who are about to die  
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry  
In the arena, standing face to face  
With death and with the Roman populace.]

'Tis but to die,  
'Tis but to venture on that common  
hazard,  
Which many a time in battle I have  
run;  
'Tis but to do, what, at that very  
moment,  
In many nations of the peopled earth,  
A thousand and a thousand shall do  
with me.

ROWE. *Jane Shore*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a  
friend,  
Gives not the useless knowledge of its  
end:

To man imparts it, but with such a view  
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope  
it too:

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the  
fear,  
Death still draws nearer, never seeming  
near.

Great standing miracle! that Heaven  
assign'd  
Its only thinking thing this turn of  
mind.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epis. iii. l. 71.

O eloquent, just and mighty Death!  
whom none could advise, thou hast per-  
suaded; what none hath dared, thou  
hast done; and whom all the world  
hath flattered, thou only hast cast out  
of the world and despised: thou hast  
drawn together all the far-stretched  
greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and am-  
bition of man, and covered it all over  
with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *History of the  
World*. Bk. v. Pt. 1. Ch. 6.

O great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand  
decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with  
blood  
The earth when it is sick, and curest the  
world

O' the pleurisy of people!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Two Noble  
Kinsmen*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Constance*. O amiable, lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rotten-  
ness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting  
night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty  
brows;

And ring these fingers with thy house-  
hold worms;

And stop this gap of breath with ful-  
some dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think  
thou smil'st;

And buss thee as thy wife? Misery's  
love,

O, come to me!

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 25.

*Claudio*. If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride  
And hug it in my arms.

*Ibid*. *Measure for Measure*. Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 83.

*Cleopatra*. If thou and Nature can so  
gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's  
pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act v. Sc.  
2. l. 292.

*Pistol*. Then Death rock me asleep,  
abridge my doleful days.

*Ibid*. *II. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 187.

O Death, rocke me aslepe,  
Bringe me on quiet rest.

UNKNOWN. *By some attributed to Anne  
Boleyn*.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the  
just!

Shining nowhere but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

VAUGHAN. *They are All Gone*.

Death is the privilege of human nature;  
And life without it were not worth our  
taking.

Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the  
mourner

Fly for relief, and lay their burdens  
down.

ROWE. *Fair Penitent*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Death, kind Nature's signal of retreat.  
DR. JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human  
Wishes*. l. 364.

Death is the crown of life:  
Were death denied, poor man would live  
in vain;

Were death denied, to live would not be  
life;

Were death denied, e'en fools would  
wish to die.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 526.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend.  
BURNS. *Man was Made to Mourn*.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;  
But how the wretched love to think of  
thee

Oh thou true comforter, the friend of all  
Who have no friend beside!

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc*. Bk. i. l. 313.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW. *The Reaper and the Flowers*.

[The first line is a translation of a similar  
line in the poem *Ermetelied*, in Arnim and  
Brentano's *Des Knaben's Wunderhorn*.]

To die is landing on some silent shore  
Where billows never break, nor tempests  
roar;

Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is  
o'er.

GARTH. *The Dispensary*. Canto iii. l. 225.

O Death, O Beyond,  
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!

UNKNOWN.

How sweet is death to those who weep,  
To those who weep and long to die!

T. MOORE. *Juvenile Pieces*. *Elegiac Stanzas*.

*Isabella*. Who sleeps the longest is the  
happiest;

Death is the longest sleep.

SOUTHERN. *The Fatal Marriage*. Act v.  
Sc. 2.

Death is an eternal sleep.

FOUCHÉ. *Inscription placed by his orders  
on the Gates of the Cemeteries in 1794*.

Sleep is a death; oh, make me try

By sleeping what it is to die,

And as gently lay my head

On my grave as now my bed!

THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Pt.  
ii. Sec 12.

How wonderful is Death!

Death and his brother Sleep.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. i.

That sweet sleep which medicines all  
pain.

SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo*. l.  
498.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto i. St. 31.

Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes  
men weep,

And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 3.

(See also under SLEEP.)

This little life is all we must endure,  
The grave's most holy place is eversure,

We fall asleep, and never wake again;

Nothing of us but the mouldering flesh,  
Whose elements dissolve and merge  
afresh

In earth, air, water, plants, and other  
men.

JAMES THOMSON. *The City of Dreadful  
Night*. xiv.

There is no death! what seems so is  
transition;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian

Whose portal we call death.

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation*.

There is no death! the stars go down

To rise upon some other shore,

And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown

They shine forevermore.

JAMES L. MCCREERY. *There is No Death*.

[This poem has been persistently but  
wrongly ascribed to Bulwer.]

So live, that when thy summons comes  
to join

The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each

shall take<sup>1</sup>

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at

night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained  
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

BRYANT. *Thanatopsis*.

<sup>1</sup>In the edition of 1821 this line ran:  
To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take.

Κοιμᾶται; θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.  
He but sleeps

The holy sleep; say not the good man dies.

CALLIMACHUS. *Epigrammata*. x. 1.

Death, the gate of life.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. l. 571.

Death is life's gate.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus*. xl.

Death but entombs the body; life the soul;

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;

Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 458.

Death is a port whereby we pass to joy,  
Life is a lake that drowneth all in payn.

UNKNOWN. *Comparison of Life and Death*. vi. l. 1.

*Walter*. Death is the common medicine for woe—

The peaceful haven, which the shatter'd bark

In tempest never seeks.

F. REYNOLDS. *Walter*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. v.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

*New Testament*. St. Paul: Epistle to the Corinthians. i. xv. 54, 55.

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

POPE. *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,

And finds too late that men betray,

What charm can soothe her melancholy

What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,

To hide her shame from every eye,

To give repentance to her lover,

And wring his bosom is—to die.

GOLDSMITH. *The Hermit in The Vicar of Wakefield*. Ch. xxiv.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,

Fair spirit, rest thee now!

MRS. HEMANS. *Siege of Valencia*. Sc. 9.

Two hands upon the breast,

And labor's done;

Two pale feet crossed in rest,—

The race is won;

Two eyes with coin-weights shut

And all tears cease;

Two lips where grief is mute,

Anger at peace.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK. *Now and Afterwards*.

Life's work well done,

Life's race well run.

Life's work well done,

Then comes rest.

JOHN MILLS.

[John Mills was a banker of Manchester. The *Life of John Mills*, by his widow, republished these lines with their history. Written in January, 1878, in memory of a favorite brother who died in 1877, they had the good fortune to attract the notice of royalty. The Princess of Wales ordered them to be engraved on the tombstone of an old nurse in Brampton Cemetery, and likewise used them on cards accompanying funeral wreaths.]

A simple child,

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH. *We Are Seven*.

Death

. . . Pale priest

Of the mute people.

R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*.

The vasty hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Requiescat*.

Every moment dies a man,

Every moment one is born.

TENNYSON. *The Vision of Sin*.

Death only grasps; to live is to pursue,—

Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!

O. W. HOLMES. *The Old Player*.

Death with the might of his sunbeam,

Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes.

R. BROWNING. *The Flight of the Duchess*. xv.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,

The mist in my face,

When the snows begin and the blasts denote

I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night and the press of  
the storm,  
The post of the foe;

I would hate that death bandaged my  
eyes, and forebore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare  
like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad  
life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.

R. BROWNING. *Prospice*.

O Death the Healer, scorn thou not, I  
pray,  
To come to me: of cureless ills thou art  
The one physician. Pain lays not its  
touch

Upon a corpse.  
ÆSCHYLUS. Fragment 229. (PLUMPTRE,  
trans.)

Death, the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had  
healed it for ever.  
LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline*. Pt. ii. v.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. lxxxv.

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. iv.

*Bishop*. To fear the foe, since fear  
oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto  
your foe,  
And so your follies fight against your-  
self.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come  
to fight:  
And fight and die is death destroying  
death;

Where fearing dying pays death servile  
breath.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 180.

*Cæsar*. Cowards die many times be-  
fore their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but  
once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men  
should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 31.

Fear is my vassal: when I frown, he flies;  
A hundred times in life a coward dies.  
MARSTON. *The Insatiate Countess*.

Man makes a death which nature never  
made;  
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,  
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 15.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and  
the grave,  
The deep, damp vault, the darkness,  
and the worm.

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the living, not the dead.  
*Ibid*. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 10.

The fear of death is more to be dreaded  
than death itself.

SYRUS. Maxim 511.

Fannius, as he was fleeing from the  
enemy, put himself to death. Is not  
this, I ask, madness,—to die for fear of  
dying?

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. Bk. ii. Ep. 80.

Cowards [may] fear to die; but courage  
stout,  
Rather than live in snuff, will be put  
out.

RALEIGH. *On the Snuff of a Candle the  
night before he died*. *Raleigh's Remains*.  
p. 258. ed. 1661.

*Duke*. That life is better life, past fearing  
death,  
Than that which lives to fear.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 402.

*Edgar*. O our lives' sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly die  
Rather than die at once.  
*Ibid*. *King Lear*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 184.

Must I consume my life—this little life,  
In guarding against all may make it less?  
It is not worth so much!—it were to die  
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.  
BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly long'd for death.  
TENNYSON. *Two Voices*. St. 132.

Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.  
Neither fear nor wish for your last  
day.

MARTIAL. *Lib. x. Epigram 47, l. 13.*

*Bastard.* Oh! now doth Death line  
his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his  
fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of  
men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John. Act ii. Sc. 2.*  
l. 53.

Death

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be filled, and blessed his  
maw  
Destined to that good hour.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. ii. l. 845.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal  
blow.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night v. l. 1011.*

Death aims with fouler spite  
At fairer marks.

QUARLES. *Divine Poems. (Ed. 1669.)*

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my  
peace was slain;  
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had  
filled her horn.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night i. l. 212.*

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O  
Death!

HEMANS. *The Hour of Death.*

### DEATH SCENES.

He well repents that will not sin, yet  
can;

But Death-bed sorrow rarely shews the  
man.

NATH. LEE. *The Princess of Cleve. Act*  
*iv. Sc. 3.*

And what its worth, ask death-beds;  
they can tell.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night ii. l. 51.*

*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues  
of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they're seldom  
spent in vain:

For they breathe truth, that breathe  
their words in pain:

He, that no more may say, is listen'd  
more

Than they whom youth and ease have  
taught to gloze;

More are men's ends mark'd than their  
lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the  
close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest  
last;

Writ in remembrance, more than things  
long past.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. Act ii. Sc.*  
*l. 1. 5.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd  
long,—

Even wonder'd at, because he dropp'd  
no sooner.

Fate seem'd to wind him up for four-  
score years,

Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;  
Till like a clock worn out with eating  
time,

The wheels of weary life at last stood  
still.

DRYDEN. *Ædipus. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

*Malcolm.* Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his  
death,

To throw away the dearest thing he  
owed,

As 'twere a careless trifle.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 7.*

Fine tamen laudandus erit, qui morte  
decora

Hoc solum fecit nobile, quod periit.

Yet must we praise him in his end; for  
this

Alone he nobly did: he nobly died.

AUSONIUS. *Tetrasticha. viii. (Of Otho.)*

Animula vagula, blandula,

Hospes comesque corporis,

Quae nunc abibis in loca;

Pallidula, rigidula, nudula,

Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

Little, gentle, wandering soul,  
Guest and comrade of the body,  
Who departest into space,  
Naked, stiff, and colourless,  
All thy wonted jests are done.

EMPEROR HADRIAN. (*Aelius Spartianus, Hadriani Vita.*)

Poor little pretty fluttering thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing  
To take thy flight, thou know'st not  
whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
Lies all neglected, all forgot;  
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,  
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st  
not what.

The above is Prior's expansion of Hadrian. Pope has made a still freer paraphrase of Hadrian's lines, informing them with a Christian spirit, in the first stanza of *The Dying Christian to His Soul*:

Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!

Other lines in Pope's poem are:

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
Oh grave! where is thy victory?  
Oh death! where is thy sting?

Pope borrowed likewise from an obscure poet of the seventeenth century:

When on my sick-bed I languish,  
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;  
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,  
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,  
Be not fearful, come away.

THOMAS FLATMAN (1632-1672).

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with  
rain,  
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the  
plain,—  
So sinks the youth; his beauteous head,  
deprest  
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his  
breast.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. viii. l. 371.

O morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius!  
More cruel than death itself was the  
moment of death.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Epistolæ*. v. 16.

*Hostess*. A' made a finer end, and  
went away as it had been any christom  
child; a' parted just between twelve and  
one;—e'en at the turning of the tide:  
for after I saw him fumble with the  
sheets, and play with flowers, and smile  
upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was  
but one way; for his nose was as sharp  
as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.<sup>1</sup>  
How now, Sir John, quoth I: what, man!  
be of good cheer. So a' cried out, God!  
—three or four times: now I, to comfort  
him, bid him a' should not think of  
God; I hoped there was no need to  
trouble himself with any such thoughts  
yet.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 7.

*Griffith*. At last, with easy roads, he  
came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rever-  
end abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably re-  
ceiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words,—*O, father  
abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of  
state,*

*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!*  
So went to bed: where eagerly his sick-  
ness  
Pursued him still; and, three days after  
this,  
About the hour of eight (which he him-  
self  
Foretold should be his last,) full of re-  
pentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sor-  
rows,

He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven,—and slept  
in peace.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 17.

*War*. See how the pangs of death do  
make him grin.

*Sal*. Disturb him not, let him pass  
peaceably.

<sup>1</sup> The Folio has "a table of green fields," which offered a continuous battleground for critics and commentators until Theobald suggested this reading,—the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made by a Shakespearean editor.

*King Henry.* Peace to his soul, if  
God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on  
heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy  
hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God,  
forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a mon-  
strous life.

*King Henry.* Forbear to judge, for we  
are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain  
close;

And let us all to meditation.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iii.  
Sc. 3. Concluding lines.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night ii. l. 641.

Unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmer-  
ing square.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.* Pt. iv. l. 33.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip  
is done,

The ship has weathered every rack, the  
prize we sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the  
people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the  
vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Cap-  
tain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN. *O Captain! My Captain!*  
(On Death of Lincoln.)

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are  
o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

MRS. BARBAULD. *The Death of the Virtuous.*

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing anxious being e'er re-  
sign'd,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
day,

Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look  
behind?

GRAY. *Elegy.* St. 22.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were  
clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-  
pos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave  
adorn'd,

By strangers honored, and by strangers  
mourn'd.

POPE. *To the Memory of an Unfortunate  
Lady.* l. 51.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,

No cold gradations of decay,

Death broke at once the vital chain,

And freed his soul the nearest way.

JOHNSON. *Verses on the Death of Mr.  
Robert Level.* St. 9.

When faith is kneeling by his bed of  
death,

And innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now if thou wouldst, when all have  
given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him  
yet recover.

M. DRAYTON. *Ideas.* An Allusion to the  
*Eaglets.* lxi.

This is the last of earth! I am con-  
tent.

J. Q. ADAMS. *His Last Words,* Feb. 21,  
1848.

Oh God! it is a fearful thing

To see the human soul take wing

In any shape, in any mood.

BYRON. *The Prisoner of Chillon.* viii.

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,

The first, last look by death reveal'd!

*Ibid.* *The Giaour.* l. 88.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 53.

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley,  
on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion.* Canto vi. xxxii.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,

Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,

And the dark Plutonian shadows

Gather on the evening blast.

WILLIAM HAYNES LYTLE. *Antony and  
Cleopatra.*

A power is passing from the earth.

WORDSWORTH. *Lines on the expected Dis-  
solution of Mr. Fox.*

We watch'd her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

HOOD. *The Death-Bed.*

Her suffering ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH. *A Death-Bed.*

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel forever its soft fall and swell ;  
Awake forever in a sweet unrest ;  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath ;  
And so live ever or else swoon to death.

KEATS. *Last Sonnet.*

Wishing forever in that state to lie,—  
Forever to be dying so, yet never die.

CONGREVE. *On Arabella Hunt: Singing.*

Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth,  
as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-  
like silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him, time entered  
not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was  
not changed, but transfigured.

LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline.*

"People can't die, along the coast,"  
said Mr. Peggotty, "except when the  
tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be  
born, unless it's pretty nigh in—not  
properly born, till flood. He's a going  
out with the tide. It's ebb at half arter  
three, slack water half-an-hour. If he  
lives till it turns, he'll hold his own till  
past the flood, and go out with the next  
tide." . . . And it being low water,  
he went out with the tide.

DICKENS. *David Copperfield.* Ch. xxx.

While Enoch slumber'd motionless and  
pale,  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at in-  
tervals,

There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms  
abroad

Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! A  
sail!

I am saved!" and so fell back and spoke  
no more.

TENNYSON. *Enoch Arden.*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!

*Ibid.* *Crossing the Bar.*

[The "calling of the sea" is an old English term for a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the sound not only echoes through the houses standing near the beach, but is heard many miles inland. The superstitious look upon it as a summons to death. In "Enoch Arden" the old sailor is lying at the point of death when to him comes the one clear call, which Tennyson, looking forward to his own death-hour, represents in *Crossing the Bar* as coming to himself. This explanation of the second line of the latter poem is obviously in harmony with its whole imagery, and gives point and significance to an otherwise somewhat vague expression.]

I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
(For all my mind is clouded with a  
doubt)—

To the island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with  
orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with sum-  
mer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous  
wound.

*Ibid.* *The Passing of Arthur.*

## DEBT.

Owe no man anything, but to love one  
another.

*New Testament.* Romans xiii. 8.

He [Rabelais] left a paper sealed up,  
wherein were found three articles as his  
last will: "I owe much; I have noth-  
ing; I give the rest to the poor."

MORTEUX. *Life of Rabelais.*

The man who builds, and wants where-  
with to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run  
away.

YOUNG. *The Love of Fame.* Satire 1. 1. 171.

*Pistol.* Base is the slave that pays.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 100.

Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,  
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.  
TUSSEK. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* *Good Husbandry Lessons.* 33.

Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon; of loud noise, but little danger.  
DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Jos. Simpson, Esq.*

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing.  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON. *Letter to Robert Morris.* April 30, 1781.

At the time we were funding our national debt, we heard much about "a public debt being a public blessing"; that the stock representing it was a creation of active capital for the aliment of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *On Public Debts.* Letter to John W. Epps. Nov. 6, 1813.

The gentleman has not seen how to reply to this, otherwise than by supposing me to have advanced the doctrine that a national debt is a national blessing.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Second Speech on Fool's Resolution.* January 26, 1830. p. 303.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.  
COLMAN. *The Poor Gentleman.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?  
Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill!  
EMERSON. *Sum Cuique.*

There is no debt with so much prejudice put off as that of justice.  
PLUTARCH. *Of Those whom God is Slow to Punish.*

DECAY.

All human things are subject to decay,  
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
DRYDEN. *Mac Flecknoe.* l. 1.

The ruins of himself! now worn away  
With age, yet still majestic in decay.  
POPE. *Odyssey.* Bk. xxiv. l. 271.

An age that melts in unperceived decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away.  
JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes.* l. 213.

Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.  
BYRON. *The Giaour.* l. 72.

DECEPTION; SELF-DECEPTION.

(See also APPEARANCE, HYPOCRISY, INCONSTANCY.)

*Juliet.* O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 84.

*Brabantio.* Look to her, Moor; if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.  
*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 294.

*Macbeth.* And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 7. l. 19.

*Banquo.* And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's In deepest consequence.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 123.  
(See DEVIL.)

O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive.  
SCOTT. *Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 17.

*Bastard.* Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 213.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;  
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.  
HERBERT. *Temple.* *Church Porch.* St. 13.  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.  
WATTS. *Divine Songs.* No. 15.

It is a true saying that one falsehood leads easily to another.

CICERO. *De Oratore*. i. 33, 150.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

ALEXANDER POPE. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

'Tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.

LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Bk. iii. Ch. x. Sec. 34.

The easiest thing of all is to deceive one's self; for what a man wishes he generally believes to be true, while things often turn out quite differently.

DEMOSTHENES. *Olynthiaca*. iii. 19.

Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur!

The people wish to be deceived, then let them be deceived!

[The phrase is attributed, on no very good authority, to Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, legate of his uncle, Pope Paul IV. Its German equivalent, "Die Welt will betrogen sein," was a popular proverb long before Caraffa's time. In its Latin form, "Mundus vult decipi," it is found in Sebastian Franck's *Paradozi Ducenta Octoginta* (ccxxxviii).]

Nothing is more easy than to deceive one's self, as our affections are subtle persuaders.

DEMOSTHENES.

On est aisément dupé par ce qu'on aime.  
We are easily fooled by that which we love.

MOLIÈRE. *Le Tartuffe*. iv. 3.

Yet still we hug the dear deceit.

NATHANIEL COTTON. *Visions in Verse*.  
*Content*. Vision iv.

No man is more easily deceived than he who hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.

BOSSUET.

Man is never deceived, he deceives himself.

GOETHE.

*King Henry*. Thy wish was father, Harry,  
to that thought.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act iv.  
Sc. 5. l. 93.

Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt.

No one has deceived the whole world, nor has the whole world ever deceived any one.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Panegyricus*. lxi.

You may fool some of the people all of the time, you may fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

LINCOLN.

There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies; and there is no man who believes only lies.

STERLING. *Essays and Tales*.

Savoir dissimuler est le savoir des rois.

To know how to dissemble is the knowledge of kings.

RICHÉLIEU. *Miranne*.

It is a double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.

LA FONTAINE. *The Cock and the Fox*.  
Bk. ii. Fable 15.

## DEFEAT.

I give the fight up: let there be an end,

A privacy, an obscure nook for me.

I want to be forgotten even by God.

BROWNING. *Paracelsus*. Pt. v

Such a numerous host

Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded; and  
Heaven-gates

Poured out by millions her victorious bands

Pursuing.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 993.

What though the field be lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,

And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield,

And what is else not to be overcome;

That glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort from me. To bow and sue for  
grace

With suppliant knee, and deify his  
power,

Who from the terror of this arm so  
late

Doubted his empire; that were low  
indeed!

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 105.

There are some defeats more triumphant  
than victories.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. xxx. *Of Cannibals*.  
(See VICTORY.)

Every man meets his Waterloo at  
last.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speech*. November  
1, 1859.

## DEFENCE.

*Dauphin.* In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems ;  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
Which, if a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 43.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe ?

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes.* l. 560.

Cet animal est tres méchant ;  
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

This animal is very malicious ; when attacked it defends itself.

*From a Song, La Ménagerie.*

[Burlesque upon a passage in Wälckenaer's *Histoire Générale des Voyages* (1826), telling how Vasco de Gama and his comrades overcame certain "sca-wolves" of extraordinary size and strength: "Ces animaux," proceeds the historian in all seriousness, "sont si furieux, qu'ils se défendent contre ceux qui les attaquent."]

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY (1746–1825), when Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

[The proclamation of the Jay treaty with England, March 1, 1796, had threatened a rupture between the United States and France. In September Pinckney was sent as Minister to France. The Directory refused to receive him, but intimated that a money payment might settle the dispute. It was then, according to report, that Pinckney made his famous answer. But Pinckney is said to have denied the story: "No, my answer was not a flourish like that, but simply 'Not a penny; not a penny.'"]

## DEFIANCE.

*Norfolk.* I do defy him, and I spit at him ;

Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :

Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;

And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 60.

*Warwick.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 50.

*Fitzwater.* If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 38.

*Aumerle.* Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all ;

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 55.

*Pandulph.* France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 258.

And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?

SCOTT. *Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 14.

Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

*Ibid.* *Lady of the Lake.* Canto v. St. 10.

## DEGREES.

For precept must be upon precept,  
precept upon precept ; line upon line,  
line upon line ; here a little, and there a little.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah xxviii. 10.

Natura non facit saltus.

Nature does not proceed by leaps.

LINNAEUS. *Philosophia Botanica.* Sec. 77 (p. 27 of first edition).

Natura enim in suis operationibus non facit saltum.

Nature in her operations does not proceed by leaps.

JACQUES TISSOT. *Discours véritable de la vie, de la mort et des os du Géant Theutobocus.* Lyons, 1613.

Knowledge advances by steps, and not by leaps.

MACAULAY. *Essays.* *History.*

No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen.

EPICTETUS. *Discourses*. Ch. xv.

Practise yourself, for heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater.

*Ibid.* *Discourses*. Ch. xviii.

Children learne to creepe ere they can learne to goe.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. xi.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

None become at once completely vile.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. ii. 83. (GIFFORD, trans.)

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. i.

There is a method in man's wickedness: It grows up by degrees.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *A King and No King*. Act v. Sc. 4.

Weary se'nights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 23.

Differing but in degree, of kind the same.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. v. 490.

No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd  
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,

That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

PRIOR. *Henry and Emma*. l. 429.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. l. 43.

Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

BYRON. *The Giaour*. l. 969.

## DEMOCRACY.

To one that advised him [Lycurgus] to set up a democracy in Sparta, "Pray," said Lycurgus, "do you first set up a democracy in your own house."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms of Kings and Great Commanders*. *Lycurgus*.

*Dr. Johnson*. It is better that some should be unhappy, than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. April 7, 1776.

*Dr. Johnson*. Sir, your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. July 21, 1763.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.

JOHNSON. *Life of Milton*.

Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.

COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*. Sept. 19, 1830.

The republican is the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Reply to Address*. 1790.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations,—entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, are the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies.

*Ibid.* *First Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1801.

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and by equal laws which it had framed.

RUFUS CHOATE. *Speech before the New England Society*, Dec. 22, 1843.

Democracy gives every man

The right to be his own oppressor;

But a loose Gov'tment ain't the plan,  
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser.

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers, Second Series—Latest Views of Mr. Biglow*. vii.

## DESERT.

(See also WILDERNESS.)

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

*Old Testament*. Isaiah xxxv. 1.

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.  
 BYRON. *Stanzas to Augusta*. Concluding  
 lines.

## DESERTER; DESERTION.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And welt'ring in his blood;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*. l. 77.

When a building is about to fall down,  
 all the mice desert it.

PLINY. *Natural History*. Bk. viii. Sec.  
 103.

Rats leave a sinking ship.  
*English Proverb*.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter,  
 and he shrunk into insignificancy  
 and an earldom.

CHESTERFIELD. *Character of Pulleney*.

Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

HOOD. *Bridge of Sighs*.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved  
 thee

And cherish'd thine image for years;  
 Thou hast taught me at last to forget  
 thee,

In secret, in silence, and tears.

MRS. DAVID PORTER. *Thou hast Wounded  
 the Spirit*.

King John. Poisoned,—ill fare;—  
 dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the Winter  
 come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their  
 course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat  
 the North

To make his bleak winds kiss my  
 parched lips,

And comfort me with cold. I do not  
 ask you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act v. Sc.  
 7. l. 36.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat;  
 Found the one gift of which Fortune  
 bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.  
 ROBERT BROWNING. *The Lost Leader*.

We that had loved him so, followed him,  
 honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent  
 eye,

Learned his great language, caught his  
 clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to  
 die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for  
 us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they  
 watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the  
 freemen,

He alone sinks to the rear and the  
 slaves.

*Ibid*. *The Lost Leader*.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost  
 soul more,

One task more declined, one more foot-  
 path untrod,

One more triumph for devils and sorrow  
 for angels,

One wrong more to man, one more  
 insult to God!

Life's night begins: let him never come  
 back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and  
 pain;

Forced praise on our part—the glimmer  
 of twilight,

Never glad confident morning again.

*Ibid*. *The Lost Leader*.

[Browning acknowledged that in *The Lost Leader* he had Wordsworth in mind, though he used him only as a painter might use a model. Wordsworth's acceptance of the laureateship and a pension had seemed a defection from the Liberal cause. Whittier's *Ichabod* is a more open attack upon Daniel Webster for his speech of March 7, 1850, which, among many of his former Northern worshippers, stamped him as a recreant, bidding for Southern presidential votes.]

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore!

The glory from his gray hairs gone

For evermore!

WHITTIER. *Ichabod*. St. 1.

Of all we loved and honored, nought  
Save power remains—  
A fallen angel's power of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone: from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze  
And hide the shame!  
WHITTIER. *Ichabod*. St. 7-9.

### DESIRE.

(See also ASPIRATION; LONGING.)

The trustless wings of false desire.  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. 1. 2.

*Hamlet*. Every man has business and  
desire,  
Such as it is.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 131.

*King Henry*. Would I were dead! if  
God's good will were so:  
For what is in this world but grief and  
woe?  
*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 19.

*Rosalind*. Can one desire too much of  
a good thing?  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 123.  
[The same phrase is also in CERVANTES.  
*Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. i. Ch. 6.]

Had doating Priam checked his son's  
desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame and not  
with fire.  
*Ibid.* *The Rape of Lucrece*. 1. 1490.

*Orlando*. I do desire we may be better  
strangers.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 274.

*Bottom*. Methinks I have a great de-  
sire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet  
hay, hath no fellow.  
*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
iv. Sc. 1. l. 36.

### DESPAIR.

*Second Murderer*. I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the  
world

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless  
what

I do to spite the world.  
*First Murderer*. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with  
fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 108.

*Edgar*. The lowest and most dejected  
thing of fortune.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 3.

Caught from some unhappy master, whom  
unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his  
songs one burden bore,  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy  
burden bore,  
Of "Never—never more."  
POE. *The Raven*.

*Hamlet*. O, that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O  
God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fye on't! ah fye! 'tis an unweeded  
garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and  
gross in nature  
Possess it merely.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 129.

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.  
SHELLEY. *Stanzas written in Dejection*,  
*near Naples*. St. 4.

The speeches of one that is desperate,  
which are as wind.  
*Old Testament*. Job vi. 26.

Throw mekill discomfoting,  
Men fallis off into despayring.  
BARBOUR. *The Bruce*. Bk. iii. l. 193.

He soonest loseth that despairs to win.  
ANON. *The Play of Stuckley*. 1. 711.

*Macbeth*. Had I but dy'd an hour be-  
fore this chance  
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from  
this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 96.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 44.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 73.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 108.  
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.  
COLERIDGE. *Zapolya*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 139.

George. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair.  
SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 9.

. . . then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone.  
SHELLEY. *Revolt of Islam*. *Dedication*.  
St. 6.

The fear that kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed.  
WORDSWORTH. *Resolution and Independence*.

Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world.  
HOOD. *The Bridge of Sighs*.

Hark! to the hurried question of  
Despair:  
"Where is my child?" an Echo  
answers—"Where?"  
BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos*. Canto ii.  
St. xxvii.

Despair defies even despotism; there is  
That in my heart would make its way  
thro' hosts  
With level'd spears.  
*Ibid.* *Two Foscari*. Act i. Sc. 1.

There is no despair so absolute as  
that which comes with the first moments  
of our first great sorrow, when we have  
not yet known what it is to have suffered  
and be healed, to have despaired  
and have recovered hope.  
GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*. Ch. xxxi.

## DESTINY.

(See FATE.)

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a  
Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word  
of it.  
FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.  
St. 77.

Che l'uomo il suo destin fugge di raro.  
For rarely man escapes his destiny.  
ARIOSTO. *Orlando Furioso*. xviii. 58.

That each thing, both in small and in  
great, fulfilleth the task which destiny  
hath set down.

HIPPOCRATES.

*King John*. Think you I bear the  
shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of  
life?  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 91.

*Ner*. The ancient saying is no  
heresy;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act ii. Sc. 9.  
l. 88.

Marriage and hanging go by destiny;  
matches are made in heaven.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 2. Mem. 5. Subs. 5.  
(See under MARRIAGE.)

All has its date below ; the fatal hour  
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began,  
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest  
works

Die too.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v. *The Winter Morning Walk*. 1. 540.

No one can be more wise than destiny.  
TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*. St. 24.

Ere Suns and Moons could wax and  
wane,

Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled  
The heavens, God thought on me His  
child :

Ordained a life for me, arrayed  
Its circumstances every one

To the minutest.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Johannes Agricola*.

### DEVIL.

Vade retro, Satanas.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

THE VULGATE. St. Matthew iv. 10.

*Page*. No man means evil but the  
devil, and we shall know him by his  
horns.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 12.

*Iago*. When devils will the blackest  
sin put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly  
shews.

*Ibid*. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 340.

*Hamlet*. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil ; and the devil hath  
power

To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and,  
perhaps,

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have  
grounds

More relative than this.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 594.

*Banquo*. Oftentimes, to win us to our  
harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us  
truths ;

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 123.

*Dromio*. He must have a long spoon  
that must eat with the devil.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Comedy of Errors*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 58.

*Stephano*. This is a devil, and no monster ;  
I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

*Ibid*. *The Tempest*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 91.

Therefore behoveth him a ful long sponne  
That shall eate with a fend.

CHAUCER. *Squire's Tale*. 1. 10916.

He must have a long spoone, that shall  
eat with the devill.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. v.

*Prince Henry*. For he was never yet a  
breaker of proverbs—he will give the  
devil his due.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 114.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint  
him.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentium*.

We paint the devil foul, yet he  
Hath some good in him, all agree.

*Ibid*. *The Temple, The Church, Sin*.

The devil is not so black as he is painted.  
*English Proverb*.

Neither do the Spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should  
boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory  
excites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 485.

*Polonius*. 'Tis too much prov'd, that, with  
devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 46.

Be sober, be vigilant ; because your  
adversary the devil, as a roaring lion,  
walketh about, seeking whom he may  
devour.

*New Testament*. I. Peter v. 8.

From his brimstone bed, at break of  
day,

A-walking the Devil is gone,  
To look at his little snug farm of the  
world,

And see how his stock went on.

SOUTHEY. *The Devil's Walk*. St. 1.

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded  
tail.

MILTON. *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's  
Nativity*. 1. 172.

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose  
guile,  
Stirred up with envy and revenge, de-  
ceived

The mother of mankind, what time his  
pride

Had cast him out from Heaven, with all  
his host

Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his  
peers,

He trusted to have equalled the Most  
High,

If he opposed; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of  
God

Raised impious war in Heaven and  
battle proud,

With vain attempt. Him the almighty  
Power

Hurled headlong flaming from the  
ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion,  
down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 34.

Satan (so call him now, his former  
name

Is heard no more in Heaven); he of the  
first,

If not the first archangel, great in power,  
In favor and preëminence, yet fraught  
With envy against the Son of God.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. l. 658.

High on a throne of royal state, which  
far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of  
Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East, with richest  
hand,

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl  
and gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence; and from de-  
spair

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and by success  
untaught

His proud imaginations thus displayed.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 1.

Their dread commander: he, above the  
rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet  
lost

All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined and the  
excess

Of glory obscured: as when the sun new  
risen

Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the  
moon,

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of  
change

Perplexes monarchs; darkened so, yet  
shone

Above them all the Archangel.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 589.

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay en-  
tranced

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the  
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian  
shades

High over-arched imbower; or scattered  
sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion  
armed

Had vexed the Red Sea coast, whose  
waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pur-  
sued

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating car-  
casses.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 299.

The superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his pon-  
derous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and  
round,

Behind him cast; the broad circumfer-  
ence

Hung on his shoulders like the moon,  
whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist  
views

At evening from the top of Fesole;

Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty  
globe.

His spear,—to equal which the tallest  
pine,

Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the  
mast

Of some great Admiral, were but a  
wand,—

He walked with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 283.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than  
whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state; deep on his front en-  
graven

Deliberation sat and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet  
shone,

Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,  
With Atlantéan shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies;  
his look

Drew audience and attention still as  
night

Or summer's noon-tide air; while thus  
he spake.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 299.

Moloch, sceptred king,

Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest  
spirit

That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by  
despair:

His trust was with the Eternal to be  
deemed

Equal in strength, and rather than be  
less

Cared not to be at all; with that care  
lost

Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or  
worse,

He recked not; and these words there-  
after spake.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 43.

*Edgar*. The prince of darkness is a  
gentleman,

Modo he's called, and Mahu.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 139.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *The Goblins*. Song.  
Act iii.

I call'd the devil, and he came;

With wonder his form did I closely scan;  
He is not ugly, and is not lame,

But really a handsome and charming man.  
A man in the prime of life is the devil,  
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;  
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,  
He talks quite glibly of church and state.

HEINE. *Pictures of Travels. The Return  
Home*. No. 37.

*Mephistopheles*. Part of that Power am  
I, least understood,  
Which always wills the Bad and always  
works the Good.

GOETHE. *Faust*. (BAYARD TAYLOR,  
trans.)

*Mephistopheles*. I am the Spirit that  
denies!

And justly so: for all things from the  
Void

Called forth deserve to be destroyed:  
Twere better then, were naught created.  
Thus all which you as Sin have rated,—  
Destruction,—ought with Evil blent,—  
That is my proper element.

*Ibid.* *Faust*. (BAYARD TAYLOR, trans.)

It is Lucifer,

The son of mystery;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood.

LONGFELLOW. *Christus. The Golden  
Legend*. Epilogue. Last stanza.

The Devil is an ass, I do acknowledge it.  
BEN JONSON. *The Devil is an Ass*. Act  
iv. Sc. 1.

I do hate him, as I hate the devil.

*Ibid.* *Every Man Out of His Humour*.  
Act i. Sc. 1.

The bane of all that dread the Devil!

WORDSWORTH. *The Idiot Boy*. St. 67.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick  
Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick,  
But was below the least of these,  
That pass th' world for holiness.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto i.  
l. 1313.

Out of his surname they have coined an  
epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian  
name a synonym for the Devil.

MACAULAY. *Essays. Machiavelli*. 1825.

The Devil himself, which is the author  
of confusion and lies.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. iv. Memb. i. Subsec. 3.

God made bees, and bees made honey,  
 God made man, and man made money;  
 Pride made the devil, and the devil  
 made sin;  
 So God made a cole-pit to put the devil  
 in.

*Transcribed by JAMES HENRY DIXON, from  
 the fly-sheet of a Bible, belonging to a  
 pitman who resided near Hutton-Henry,  
 in County of Denham.*

And that one hunting, which the Devil  
 design'd

For one fair female, lost him half the  
 kind.

DRYDEN. *Theodore and Honoria*. l. 427.

The devil has a care of his footmen.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old  
 One*. Act i. Sc. 4.

The devil is diligent at his plough.

BISHOP LATIMER. *Sermon of the Plough*.

When to sin our bias'd nature leans,  
 The careful devil is still at hand with  
 means.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
 l. 79.

Facito aliquid operis, ut semper te dia-  
 bolus inveniat occupatum.

Find some work for your hands to do, so  
 that the devil may never find you idle.

ST. JEROME. Letter cxxv. Sec. 11.  
 (*Migne's Patrologiae Cursus*. Vol.  
 xxii. 939.)

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

WATTS. *Divine Songs*. Song xx.

Better sit still, than rise to meet the  
 devil.

DRAYTON. *The Owl*.

The devil's sooner raised than laid.

GARRICK. *Prologue to the School for  
 Scandal*.

The Devil, that old stager, at his trick  
 Of general utility, who leads

Downward, perhaps, but fiddles all the  
 way!

R. BROWNING. *Red Cotton Night Cap  
 Country*. ii.

## DEW.

*Fairy*. I must go seek some dewdrops  
 here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
 Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 14.

Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops which  
 the sun

Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 746.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve!

COLERIDGE. *Youth and Age*.

The dew-drops in the breeze of morn,  
 Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,  
 Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,  
 Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.

J. MONTGOMERY. *A Recollection of Mary F.*

The dews of the evening most carefully  
 shun;

Those tears of the sky for the loss of the  
 sun.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. *Advice to a  
 Lady in Autumn*.

And every dew-drop paints a bow.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. Pt. cxxii.

## DICTIONARY.

Dictionaries are like watches; the  
 worst is better than none, and the best  
 cannot be expected to go quite true.

DR. JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana*. Piozzi. 178.

Philologists, who chase

A panting syllable through time and  
 space,

Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark  
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.

COWPER. *Retirement*. l. 691.

## DIFFICULTY.

Difficulties are things that show what  
 men are.

EPICETUS. *Discourses*. Ch. xxiv.

According to the proverb, the best  
 things are the most difficult.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children*.

So he with difficulty and labor hard

Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 1021.

There is such a choice of difficulties,  
 that I am myself at a loss how to de-  
 termine.

JAMES WOLFE. *Dispatch to Pitt*. Sept. 2,  
 1759.

Many things difficult to design prove  
 easy to performance.

DR. JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xlii.

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

LORD BROUGHAM. *Title Given to a Book.*

### DIGNITY.

Otium cum dignitate.

Ease with dignity.

CICERO. *Oratio Pro Publio Sextio.* xlv.

Facilius crescit dignitas quam incipit.

Dignity increases more easily than it begins.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucilium.* ci.

Remember this,—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* iv. 32.

A certain dignity of manners is absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable in the world.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Advice to his Son.*

### DILEMMA.

*Launcelot.* When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 19.

[The allusion is to the Homeric fable of Scylla and Charybdis: the first a rock, the second a whirlpool, in the straits of Messina, Sicily, and each the habitat of an eponymous sea-monster who lured sailors to their destruction.]

Nescis, heu! perditæ, nescis  
Quem fugias: hostes incurris dum fugis  
hostem;  
Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdis.

Thou knowest not, O lost one, whereto thou fliest! Thou wilt run into an enemy while fleeing from an enemy. Thou wilt fall upon Scylla in seeking to shun Charybdis.

PHILIPPE GAULTIER. *Alexandreis.* Bk. v. l. 301 (written about 1300).

Between the devil and the deep sea.

*English Proverb.*

[At least as old as the early part of the seventeenth century, for it is found in Colonel Munro's *Expedition with Mackay's Regiment* (1637). Munro served under Gustavus Adolphus. In an engagement with the Austrians at Werben, Munro found his own men exposed to the fire of Swedish gunners who had not given their pieces a

proper elevation. As he says, they were "betwixt the devil and the deep sea"—i. e., threatened by friend and foe alike. A passage in Shakespeare seems to have reference to some earlier form of the phrase:

*King Lear.* Thou 'dst shun a bear:  
But if thy flight lay towards the raging sea,  
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.

*King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 10.]

### DINNER.

What, did you not know, then, that to-day Lucullus dines with Lucullus.

PLUTARCH. *Lives. Life of Lucullus.* Vol. iii. p. 280.

Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

POPE. *Epistle to Arbuthnot.* l. 13.

Judicious drank, and greatly daring  
din'd.

*Ibid. Dunciad.* Bk. iv. l. 318.

A dinner lubricates business.

LORD STOWELL. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Vol. viii. p. 67, note.

This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to ask a man to.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* Ch. ix.

So, if unprejudiced you scan  
The goings of this clock-work, man,  
You find a hundred movements made  
By fine devices in his head;  
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke  
That tells his being what's o'clock.

PRIOR, *Alma; or, the Progress of the Mind.* Pt. iii. l. 272.

Method's more sure at moments to take  
hold

Of the best feelings of mankind, which  
grow

More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering

knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner

bell!  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 49.

All human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry  
sinner—

Since Eve ate apples, much depends on  
dinner!

*Ibid. Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 99.

For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner.

JOHNSON. *Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson*.

Every investigation which is guided by principles of nature fixes its ultimate aim on gratifying the stomach.

ATHENÆUS. *The Deipnosophists*. Bk. vii. Ch. 2.

Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons.

MACAULAY. *Political Georgics*.

Johnson. If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

BOSWELL. *Life of Dr. Johnson*. Ch. v.

### DIPLOMACY.

Socrates. The rulers of the state are the only persons who ought to have the privilege of lying, either at home or abroad; they may be allowed to lie for the good of the state.

PLATO. *Republic*. iii. 3. (JOWETT, trans.)

An Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *Reliquæ Wottonianæ*. [In a letter to Velselus (1612), Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's, Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album." The unauthorized publication of it by the scurrilous controversialist Scioppius raised a storm of disapproval in Europe and for a period lost Wotton the favor of King James I. Another of Wotton's famous jests was his advice to a young diplomatist to tell the truth and so confound and puzzle his adversaries. Bismarck avowedly put this advice into practice.]

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

RICHTER. *Titan*. Cycle 26. (BROOKS, trans.)

If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *Dreamthorp*. On the Writing of Essays.

Cornwall. This is some fellow, Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:

And they will take it, so, if not, he's plain. This kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness,

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends

Than twenty silly ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 101.

Antony. I am no orator as Brutus is: But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on. *Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 222.

The congress of Vienna does not walk, but it dances.

PRINCE DE LIGNE.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 236.

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. xxxvii.

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,  
Gang aft a-gley,  
And leave us nought but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

BURNS. *To a Mouse*. St. 7.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with  
the view,

That, like the circle bounding earth and  
skies,

Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.  
GOLDSMITH. *Traveller*. l. 25.

With more capacity for love, than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and  
birth,

His early dreams of good outstripp'd the  
truth,

And troubled manhood follow'd baffled  
youth.

BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 18.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long en-  
joyed,

Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!  
MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

I knew, I knew it could not last :  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis  
past.

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away.  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well  
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers.*

Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye  
But turn to ashes on the lips.

*Ibid.* *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers.*  
[Dead-Sea fruit is a common metaphor for disappointed hope. The reference is to the so-called apples of Sodom, a yellow fruit which grows on the shores of the Dead Sea. Beautiful to the eye, it is bitter to the taste and filled with minute black grains not unlike ashes. Hence a widespread, though erroneous, belief that nothing can flourish in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea.]

Greedily they plucked  
The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which  
grew  
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom  
flamed:  
This more delusive not the touch, but taste  
Deceived ; they fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
Chewed bitter ashes, which th' offended  
taste

With spattering noise rejected.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.*

Like to the apples on the Dead-Sea shore,  
All ashes to the taste.  
Byron. *Childe Harold.* iii. 34.

### DISCONTENT.

Qui fit, Mæcnas, ut nemo quam sibi  
sortem,  
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ  
Contentus vivat? laudet diversa  
sequentes.

How does it happen, Mæcnas, that  
no one is content with that lot in life  
which he has chosen, or which chance  
has thrown in his way, but praises those  
who follow a different course?

HORACE. *Satires.* i. 1, 1.

At Rome you hanker for your country  
home ;  
Once in the country, there's no place  
like Rome.

*Ibid.* *Satires.* ii. 7, 28. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Town-bird at Tibur, and at Rome re-  
clude.

HORACE. *Epistolæ.* i. 8, 12. (CONING-  
TON, trans.)

You praise the townsman's, I the rustic's,  
state :

Admiring others' lots, our own we hate.  
*Ibid.* *Epistolæ.* i. 14, 10. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

*Lady Macbeth.* Nought's had, all's  
spent,

Where our desire is got without content :  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than by destruction, dwell in doubtful  
joy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
1. 5.

*Antipholus.* He that commends me to  
mine own content,  
Commends me to a thing I cannot get.  
*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
1. 33.

*Friar.* Happiness courts thee in her  
best array ;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou poutest upon thy fortune and thy  
love :  
Take heed, take heed, for such die mis-  
erable.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.  
1. 142.

*Gloster.* Now is the winter of our dis-  
content

Made glorious summer by this sun of  
York.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 1.  
(See under PEACE.)

He that needs five thousand pounds to  
live

Is full as poor as he that needs but five.  
HERBERT. *The Temple. The Church  
Porch.* St. 18.

Non qui parum habet, sed qui plus  
cupit, pauper est.

Not he who has little, but he who  
wishes for more is poor.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucilium.* ii.

There never lived a mortal man, who  
bent

His appetite beyond his natural sphere,  
But starved and died.

KEATS. *Endymion.* Bk. iv. l. 646.

Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vii. l. 44.

## DISCRETION.

*Othello*. Let's teach ourselves that  
honourable stop,  
Not to outspout discretion.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 2.

*Armado*. I have seen the day of wrong  
through the little hole of discretion.  
*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 734.

*Hamlet*. Let your own discretion be  
your tutor.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 19.

*Falstaff*. The better part of valour is  
discretion; in the which better part I  
have saved my life.  
*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 121.

It showed discretion, the best part of  
valour.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *A King and  
No King*. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Even in a hero's heart  
Discretion is the better part.  
CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*. Pt. i. l. 233.

For he who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;  
But he who is in battle slain  
Can never rise and fight again.  
ANON. *Art of Poetry on a New Plan*  
(1761). Vol. ii. p. 147.

This book was compiled by Newbery, the  
children's publisher, and revised by Gold-  
smith. The quatrain is given with no  
ascription of authorship. Twelve years pre-  
vious, in 1749, a variant had already ap-  
peared, avowedly as a quotation from But-  
ler's *Hudibras*, in Ray's *History of the Rebel-  
lion*;

He that fights and runs away  
May turn and fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain  
Will never rise to fight again.

These lines are not to be found in *Hudi-  
bras*, though the thought is one of which  
Butler was particularly fond. He repeat-  
edly rung the changes on it, as for instance:

In all the trade of war, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat;  
For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least of the enemy.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto iii.  
l. 607.

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto iii. l. 243.

For those that save themselves and fly  
Go halves at least i' th' victory.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto iii.  
l. 269.

It has been suggested that Ray may have  
thought he was quoting Butler, preserving  
some hazy and indistinct recollection of  
lines read long ago, and putting their mean-  
ing unwittingly and unconsciously into a  
new and unauthorized form. This, how-  
ever, is mere conjecture. What we do know,  
however, is that even Butler could lay no  
claim to the thought. A long series of pre-  
decessors had said something similar, dating  
as far back as Menander.

He that fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day.  
SIR JOHN MENNIS. *Musarum Deliciae*.

That same man that runnith awaie  
Maie again fight an other daie.  
ERASMUS. *Apothegms*. 1542. (UDALL,  
trans.)

Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure  
Peut combattre derechef.  
He who flies at the right time can fight  
again.  
*Satyre Menippée*. (1594.)

Qui fuit peut revenir aussi;  
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi.  
He who flies can also return; but it is not  
so with him who dies.  
SCARRON.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortation-  
ibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secu-  
laris sententiæ sibi adhibent, "Qui fugiebat,  
rursus præliabitur": ut et rursus forsitan  
fugiat.

But overlooking the divine exhortations,  
they act rather upon that Greek verse of  
worldly significance, "He who flees will  
fight again," and that perhaps to betake  
himself again to flight.

TERTULLIAN. *De Fuga in Persecutione*.  
c. 10.

Fugacissimi ideoque tam diu superstites.  
Pronè to fight, and therefore more likely  
to survive.

TACITUS. *Agricola*. xxxiv.  
Let who will boast their courage in the field,  
I find but little safety from my shield.  
Nature's, not honour's, law we must obey;  
This made me cast my useless shield away,  
And by a prudent flight and cunning save  
A life, which valour could not, from the  
grave.

A better buckler I can soon regain;  
But who can get another life again?  
ARCHILOCHUS. Fragment 6. (Quoted by  
PLUTARCH. *Customs of the Lacedæ-  
monians*.)

Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται.  
He who flees will live to fight again.  
MENANDER. *Monosticha*. 45.

## DISEASE.

(See SICKNESS.)

Diseases crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them as so many anatomies.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sc. 2. Memb. 3. Subsec. 10.

*King*. Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliances are reliev'd,  
Or not at all.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 9.

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases,

HIPPOCRATES. *Aphorisms*. i.

For a desperate disease a desperate cure.

UNKNOWN. *The Custom of the Isle of Cea*. Ch. iii.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure  
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

JOHNSON. *Irene*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

*Falstaff*. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 125.

*Hotspur*. This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise.

*Ibid*. *I. Henry IV*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 28.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,

Receives the lurking principle of death,  
The young disease, that must subdue at length,

Grows with his growth, and strengthens  
with his strength.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 133.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,

With which I charge my page!

A worm is in the bud of youth,

And at the root of age.

COWPER. *Stanzas subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All Saints, Northampton, A. D. 1787*.

*Proteus*. In the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 42.

So when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place but keep the pain.

WATTS. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. Bk. ii. Hymn 146.

Immediately a place

Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome,  
dark;

A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were  
laid

Numbers of all diseased, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm or racking torture,  
qualms

Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining  
atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-rack-  
ing rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans;  
Despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to  
couch;

And over them triumphant Death his  
dart

Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft  
invoked

With vows, as their chief good and final  
hope.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 477.

## DISGRACE; DISHONOR.

*Gloster*. And wilt thou still be ham-  
mering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thy-  
self

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 47.

*Antony*. Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour that the  
gods

Detest my baseness.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iv. Sc. 14. l. 55.

Could he with reason murmur at his  
case,

Himself sole author of his own dis-  
grace?

COWPER. *Hope*. l. 316.

## DISMISSAL.

Shall I bid her goe? What and if I doe?  
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?

Oh no, no, no! I dare not.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis*.

This ancient ballad, of unknown authorship (which is preserved in Percy's *Reliques*), is thus quoted by Shakespeare:

*Sir Toby* [*Singing*]. Shall I bid him go?  
*Clown* [*Singing*]. What an' if you do?  
*Sir Toby* [*Singing*]. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?  
*Clown* [*Singing*]. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 118.

But in vayne shee did conjure him  
 To depart her presence soe;  
 Having a thousand tongues to allure  
 him,

And but one to bid him goe.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *Dulcina*.

*Othello*. Cassio, I love thee;  
 But never more be officer of mine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 248.

*Rosse*. What sights, my lord?

*Lady M*. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him; at once, good night:—

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
 But go at once.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 116.

*Lady Macbeth*. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 109.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,

But why did you kick me down stairs?  
 J. P. KEMBLE. *The Panel*. Act i.

### DISPUTE.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,

We should agree as angels do above.

WALLER. *Divine Love*. Canto iii.

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *A Panegyric to King Charles*.

It was directed by him to be thus inscribed:

Hic jacet hujus Sententiæ primus Author:  
 Disputandi pruritus, ecclesiarum scabies.  
 Nomen alias quære.

ISAAC WALTON. *Life of Wotton*.

Which may be Englished thus:

Here lies the first author of this sentence:  
 "The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the Church. Inquire his name elsewhere."

Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 79.

The tree of knowledge blasted by dispute,

Produces sapless leaves instead of fruit.  
 DENHAM. *The Progress of Learning*. l. 43.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,  
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 1.

When Popes damn Popes, and councils damn them all,  
 And Popes damn councils, what must Christians do?

R. BAXTER. *Hypocrisy*.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,

We find our tenets just the same at last.  
 POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 15.

### DISTANCE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
 CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l. 7.

The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but when beheld close they are rough.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Pyrrho*.

As distant prospects please us, but when near

We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.  
 GARTH. *The Dispensary*. Canto iii. l. 27.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But look'd too near have neither heat nor light.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The White Devil*. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Love is like a landscape which doth stand smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

ROBERT HEGGE. *On Love*.

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,

Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Epistle i. l. 100.

We're charm'd with distant views of  
happiness,  
But near approaches make the prospect  
less.

YALDEN. *Against Enjoyment.*

Sweetest melodies  
Are those that are by distance made  
more sweet.

WORDSWORTH. *Personal Talk.* St. 39.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

COLLINS. *The Passions.* l. 60.

Where one danger's near,  
The more remote, tho' greater, disap-  
pear.

So, from the hawk, birds to man's suc-  
cour flee,

So from fir'd ships, man leaps into the  
sea.

COWLEY.  *Davideis.* Bk. iii. l. 31.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim  
At objects in an airy height;  
The little pleasure of the game  
Is from afar to view the flight.

PRIOR. *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

But all the pleasure of the game  
Is afar off to view the flight.

*Ibid.* *Variations in a copy dated 1692.*

*Andromache.* Levius solet timere, qui  
propius timet.

The danger that is nearest we least  
dread.

SENECA. *Troades.* 524.

### DISTINCTION; DIFFERENCE.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine  
agetur.

No difference I'll make 'twixt Tyrian  
and Trojan.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* i. 574.

Thales said there was no difference  
between life and death, "Why, then,"  
said some one to him, "do not you die?"  
"Because," said he, "it *does* make no  
difference."

DIOGENES. *Thales.* ix.

*Duchess.* That which in mean men  
we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 33.

*Isabel.* Great men may jest with saints:  
'tis wit in them,  
But in the less, foul profanation.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 127.

Non alio facinore clari homines, alio  
obscuri necantur.

We do not inflict the death penalty  
for one crime on men of note, and for  
another on men of no position.

CICERO. *Pro Milone.* vii. 17.

Il y a fagots et fagots.

There are fagots and fagots.

MOLIÈRE. *Le Médecin Malgré lui.* Act i.  
Sc. 6.

There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war;  
A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
A huffing off'cer and a slave;  
A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket,  
A great philosopher and a blockhead;  
A formal preacher and a player,  
A learn'd physician and man-slayer.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Cantio iii. l.  
957.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,  
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.

Strange all this difference should be

'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

J. BYROM. *On the Feuds between Handel  
and Bononcini.*

One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes were privi-  
leged

To kill, and numbers sanctified the  
crime.

BELBY PORTEUS. *Death.* l. 154.

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in  
awe;

To murder thousands takes a specious  
name,

War's glorious art, and gives immortal  
fame.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire vii. l. 55.

### DOCTOR.

(See MEDICINE; SICKNESS.)

Physician, heal thyself.

*New Testament.* St. Luke iv. 23.

Do not imitate those unskilful physicians who profess to possess the healing art in the diseases of others, but are unable to cure themselves.

S. SULPICIUS. (*Cicero, ad Familiares. iv.*  
5 (5).)

Diaulus, lately a doctor, is now an undertaker; what he does as an undertaker, he used to do also as a doctor.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams. Bk. i. Ep. 47.*

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit the earth covereth.

QUARLES. *Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.*

Not one amongst the doctors, as you'll see,

For his own friends desires to prescribe.

PHILEMON. *Fabulæ Incertæ. Fragment*  
46, A.

A physician, after he had felt the pulse of Pausanias, and considered his constitution, said, "He ails nothing." "It is because, sir," he replied, "I use none of your physic."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms: Of Pausanias the Son of Phistoanax.*

And when the physician said, "Sir, you are an old man." "That happens," replied Pausanias, "because you never were my doctor."

*Ibid. Apothegms: Of Pausanias the Son of Phistoanax.*

Though patients die, the doctor's paid.

Lieens'd to kill, he gains a place

For what another mounts the gallows.

BROOME. *Poverty and Poetry.*

God heals, the doctor takes the fee.

FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

*Cymbeline.* By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death

Will seize the doctor too.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline. Act v. Sc. 5.*  
1. 29.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had

a father—Oh, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, it would have made nature immortal, and Death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the King very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well.*  
Act 1. Sc. 1. 1. 14.

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,

E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.

JOHN FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy.*  
Act i. Sc. 2.

The first physicians by debauch were made,

Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.

DRYDEN. *To John Dryden. Epistle xiv.*

There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey.*

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation. Dialogue II.*

Use three physicians

Still: first, Dr. Quiet;

Next, Dr. Merryman,

And Dr. Dyet.

UNKNOWN. *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum.* (Edition 1607.)

Il y a trois médecins qui ne se trompent pas,—  
La gaieté, le doux exercice, et le modeste repas.

There are three doctors who do not deceive themselves—merriment, mild exercise, and modest diet.

*French Proverb.*

This is the way physicians mend or end us,

*Secundum artem*: but although we sneer

In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,

Without the least propensity to jeer.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto x. St. 42.

Talk of your science! after all is said  
There's nothing like a bare and shiny head;

Age lends the graces that are sure to please;

Folks want their doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

HOLMES. *Rip Van Winkle, M. D.* Canto ii.

### DOG.

*Macbeth*. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him closed.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 91.

*King Henry*. You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act v. Sc. 3. 1. 126.

*Lear*. The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 6. 1. 65.

*Edgar*. Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,  
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 6. 1. 71.

*Brutus*. I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 27.

*Cordelia*. Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 7. 1. 36.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

POPE. *Epigrams. On the Collar of a Dog*.

*Dr. Johnson*. At this rate a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. (Fitzgerald's Ed.) Vol. ii. p. 257.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

The man recovered of the bite,

The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH. *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*.

[The jest is ancient and widely distributed. Lessing found it among the epigrams of the Greek, Demodocus, and his paraphrase has been Englished as follows:

While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,  
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;  
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,  
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

A Latin epigram runs thus:

Vipera Cappadocem nocitura momordit; at illa

Gustato perit sanguine Cappadocis.

A viper bit a Cappadocean, the former, having tasted the blood of a Cappadocean, expired.]

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,

With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;

With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,

And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

FIELDING. *Tom Thumb the Great*. Act i. Sc. 6.

His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l. 86.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?

*Old Testament*. II. Kings viii. 13.

It is nat gode a sleping hounde to wake.  
CHAUCER. *Troilus and Cresseide*. Bk.  
iii. l. 764.

It is evil waking of a sleeping dogge.  
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. x.

Foxes, rejoice! here buried lies your  
foe.

Quoted by BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy*  
(Autumn). l. 332.

[Inscribed on a stone in the wall of Euston  
Park, on the memory of a hound.]

## DOUBT.

*Hector*. Modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that  
searches

To the bottom of the worst.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 15.

*Lucio*. Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might  
win,

By fearing to attempt.  
*Ibid*. *Measure for Measure*. Act i. Sc. 5  
[Sc. 4 in some editions]. l. 77.

*Othello*. To be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolv'd.  
*Ibid*. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 179.

Doubt thou the stars are fire ;  
Doubt that the sun doth move ;  
Doubt truth to be a liar ;  
But never doubt I love.  
*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 116.

Non menno che saper, dubiar m'ag-  
grata.

Doubting charms me not less than  
knowledge.

DANTE. *Inferno*. xi. 93.

Stuff the head  
With all such reading as was never  
read :

For thee explain a thing till all men  
doubt it,  
And write about it, goddess, and about it.  
POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 249.

Vous ne prouvez que trop que chercher  
a connaître  
N'est souvent qu' apprendre à douter.

You prove but too clearly that seeking  
to know

Is too frequently learning to doubt.  
MME. DESHOULIÈRES.

Who knows most, doubts most ; enter-  
taining hope,  
Means recognizing fear.

R. BROWNING. *Two Poets of Croisic*. vi. 112.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,  
And doubt a greater mischief than  
despair.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. *Cooper's Hill*. l. 399.

Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that  
roll

Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting  
soul!

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. iii.  
l. 263.

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted: time will  
doubt of Rome.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. iv. St. 101.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. xevi.

Who never doubted, never half believed,  
Where doubt, there truth is,—'tis her  
shadow.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. A Country Town.  
Market-Place. Noon. l. 29.

Philosophy goes no further than prob-  
abilities, and in every assertion keeps a  
doubt in reserve.

FROUDE. *Short Studies on Great Subjects*:  
*Calvinism*.

Scepticism is slow suicide.

EMERSON. *Self-reliance*.

When in doubt, win the trick.

HOYLE. *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*.  
Rule 12.

## DRAMA.

*Philostrate*. A play this is, my lord,  
some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a  
play ;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 61.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of  
art,

To raise the genius and to mend the  
heart,

To make mankind in conscious virtue  
bold,

Live o'er each scene, and be what they  
behold;

For this the tragic muse first trod the  
stage.

POPE. *Prologue to Addison's Cato*. 1. 1.

Your scene precariously subsists too  
long

On French translation and Italian song.  
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert  
the stage;

Be justly warm'd with your own native  
rage.

*Ibid.* *Prologue to Addison's Cato*. 1. 42.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons  
give;

For we that live to please, must please  
to live.

DR. JOHNSON. *Prologue on Opening Drury  
Lane Theatre*. Spoken by Garrick.

As though I lived to write, and wrote to  
live.

SAM'L ROGERS. *Italy. A Character*. 1. 16.

### DREAM.

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum  
altera fertur

Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus  
Umbris;

Altera candenti perfecta nitens ele-  
phanto,

Sed falsa ad coelum mittunt insomnia  
Manes.

Sleep gives his name to portals twain:

One all of horn they say,

Through which authentic spectres gain

Quick exit into day,

And one which bright with ivory  
gleams,

Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. vi. 893. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Two diverse gates there are of bodiless  
dreams,

These of sawn ivory, and those of horn.  
Such dreams as issue where the ivory

gleams

Fly without fate, and turn our hopes to  
scorn.

But dreams which issue through the  
burnished horn,

What man so'er beholds them on his  
bed,

These work with virtue and of truth are  
born.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. xix. 562. (WORSLEY,  
trans.)

*Hamlet*. A dream itself is but a  
shadow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 259.

*Mercutio*. O then, I see Queen Mab  
hath been with you,

She is the fairies' midwife; and she  
comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spin-  
ner's legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;

Her collars, of the moonshine's watery  
beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash  
of film:

Her waggoner, a small, grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-

makers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i.  
Sc. 4. 1. 53.

*Mercutio*. I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
And more inconstant than the wind.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 4.  
1. 96.

*Romeo*. If I may trust the flattering  
truth<sup>1</sup> of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at  
hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his  
throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 1.

<sup>1</sup> So runs the Folio. The suggested emen-  
dation of "death" for "truth" is more than  
plausible.

*Bottom.* I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 211.

*Bottom.* The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 220.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

*New Testament.* I. Corinthians ii. 9.

Men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah lxi. 4.

*Posthumus.* 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen Tongue, and brain not; either both or nothing; Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot untie.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 146.

*Shylock.* There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 17.

*Clarence.* O, I have passed a miserable night, So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams, That, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 2.

*Clarence.* Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown! What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears! What ugly sights of death within mine eyes! Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks, Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon; Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scattered in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 21.

*Sebastian.* Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 66.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read, Are from repletion and complexion bred, From rising fumes of indigested food, And noxious humors that infect the blood.

DRYDEN. *The Cock and the Fox.* l. 140.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes.

When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:

Comounds a medley of disjointed things,

A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings: Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;

Both are the reasonable soul run mad. And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,

That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

*Ibid.* *Cock and the Fox.* l. 325.

[The fourth line is perhaps a misprint for: A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.]

At break of day when dreams, they say, are true.

*Ibid.* *Spanish Friar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

[This superstition is numerously commemorated by the poets. Cf. HORACE, *Satires*, i. 10. OVID, *Epistles*, xix. DANTE, *Inferno*, Canto xxvi. l. 7. DRYDEN, *Don Sebastian*, Act iv. Sc. 3.]

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,

A boundary between the things misnamed

Death and Existence.

BYRON. *The Dream.* St. 1.

Dreams in their development have breath,

And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;

They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;

They take a weight from off our waking toils;

They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity.

BYRON. *The Dream*. St. 1.

A change came over the spirit of my dream.

*Ibid.* *The Dream*. St. 3.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream,

*Ibid.* *Darkness*. (See DARKNESS.)

How light

Must dreams themselves be; seeing  
they're more slight

Than the mere nothing that engenders  
them!

KEATS. *Endymion*. Bk. i.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of  
the mind

Till it is hushed and smooth! O un-  
confined

Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key  
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,  
Fountains grotesque, new trees, be-  
spangled caves,

Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves  
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy  
world

Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurled  
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,  
But renovates and lives?

*Ibid.* *Endymion*. Bk. i.

Some dreams we have are nothing else  
but dreams,

Unnatural and full of contradictions;  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
Are something more than fictions.

HOOD. *The Haunted House*. Pt. 1. St. 1.

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.

COLERIDGE. *Kubla Khan*.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been  
sweet.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*. Act. ii.  
Sc. 1.

One of those passing rainbow dreams,  
Half light, half shade, which fancy's  
beams

Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,  
In trance or slumber, round the soul!

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worship-  
pers*. St. 54.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side.

ALFRED BUNN. *Song*.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe in-  
crease!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of  
peace.

LEIGH HUNT. *Abou Ben Adhem*.

I believe it to be true that Dreams are  
the true Interpreters of our Inclina-  
tions; but there is Art required to sort  
and understand them.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. xiii.

For dhrames always go by contraries,  
my dear.

SAMUEL LOVER. *Rory O'More*.

Ground not upon dreams, you know they  
are ever contrary.

THOS. MIDDLETON. *The Family of Love*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3.

And her face so fair

Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves  
with the air.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ix. St. 29.

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*. St. 127.

Till their own dreams at length deceive  
'em,

And oft repeating, they believe 'em.

PRIOR. *Alma*. Canto iii. l. 13.

## DRESS.

*Polonius*. Costly thy habit as thy purse  
can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not  
gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 70.

Neat, not gaudy.

CHARLES LAMB. *Letter to Wordsworth*.  
1806.

A gaudy dress and gentle air,  
May slightly touch the heart,  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

BURNS. *My Handsome Nell*.

Men's behaviour should be like their apparel, not too strait, or point device, but free for exercise or motion.

BACON. *Essay LII. Of Ceremonies and Respects.*

Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.  
LYLY. *Euphues*. p. 39.

Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.

DRYDEN. *The Flower and the Leaf*. l. 187.

A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*. December 30, 1748.

*King*. For youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,

Than settled age his sables and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 80.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet ;

In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU. *Summary of Lord Littleton's Advice.*

*Oswald*. A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Doom of Devorgoil*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

Her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire ;

Beyond the pomp of dress ; for Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

THOMSON. *Seasons : Autumn*. l. 202.

To weave a garland for the rose,  
And think thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,

Were far less vain than to suppose  
That silks and gems add grace to thee.

MOORE. *Songs from the Greek Anthology : To Weave a Garland.*

*Alcippus*. Beauty, when most unclodeth,  
is clothed best.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Sicelides*. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.  
BACON. *Essays : Of Beauty.*

In naked beauty more adorned,  
More lovely than Pandora.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 713.

Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullæ inornatæ, quas id ipsum diceat, sic hæc subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat.

For as lack of adornment is said to become some women, so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight.

CICERO. *Orator*. xxiii. 78.

Ornata hoc ipso, quod ornamenta neglexerunt.

Ornate for the very reason that ornaments had been neglected.

*Ibid.* *Epistolæ ad Atticum*. ii. l. 1.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express

With painful care, but seeming easiness ;  
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.

WENTWORTH DILLON. *Essay on Translated Verse*. l. 216.

Che quant' era più ornata, era più brutta.  
Who seems most hideous when adorned the most.

ARIOSTO. *Orlando Furioso*. xx. 116.

A sweet disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat ;  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility,—

Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

HERRICK. *Delight in Disorder*.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art,  
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON. *Silent Woman*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis ?

For whom do you bind your hair,  
Plain in your neatness ?

HORACE. *Carmina*. l. 5. 4. (MILTON, trans.)

Munditiis capimur : non sine lege capilli.

We are charmed by neatness of person ;  
let not thy hair be out of order.

OVID. *Ars Amatoria*. iii. 133.

The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals :  
Gives but a glimpse, and fancy draws  
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

EDWARD MOORE. *The Spider and the Bee*. Fable x.

Women were made to give our eyes de-  
light :

A female sloven is an odious sight.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 225.

Their feet through faithless leather met  
the dirt,  
And oftener chang'd their principles  
than shirt.

*Ibid.* To Mr. Pope. Epistle i. l. 277.

A ship is sooner rigged by far, than a  
gentlewoman made ready.

UNKNOWN. *Lingua*. Act iv. Sc. 5.

*Pericles*. See where she comes, ap-  
parell'd like the spring.

SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 12.

*Petruchio*. Thy gown? Why, ay;—  
come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is  
here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-  
cannon :

What, up and down, carv'd like an  
apple-tart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish  
and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st  
thou this!

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 86.

*Petruchio*. And now, my honey-love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden  
rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales,  
and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change  
of bravery,

With amber-bracelets, beads, and all  
this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor  
stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling  
treasure.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Act iv. Sc.  
3. l. 52.

*Petruchio*. Well, come, my Kate; we  
will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments  
poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body  
rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the  
darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the  
lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the  
eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the  
worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 170.

*Simonides*. Opinion's but a fool that  
makes us scan

The outer habit by the inward man.

*Ibid.* *Pericles*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 57.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

*Old Proverb*.

They'll be fine feathers that make a fine  
bird.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pt. 1.

Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds.

BICKERSTAFF. *The Padlock*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Honest Man's*  
*Fortune*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 170.

Th' adorning thee with so much art

Is but a barb'rous skill ;

'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,

Too apt before to kill.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. *The Waiting Maid*.

Sister, look ye,

How, by a new creation of my tailor's  
I've shook off old mortality.

JOHN FORD. *The Fancies Chaste and*  
*Noble*. Act i. Sc. 3.

Great is the Tailor, but not the greatest.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Goethe's Works*.

He that is proud of the rustling of his  
silks, like a madman, laughs at the rat-  
tling of his fetters. For, indeed, Clothes  
ought to be our remembrancers of our  
lost innocence.

FULLER. *The Holy and Profane States:*  
*Apparel*.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys  
And comforts cease. Dress drains our  
cellar dry,

And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our  
fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might  
reign.

COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. l. 614.

Many a one, for the sake of finery on the  
back, has gone with a hungry belly, and  
halfstarved their families. "Silks and  
satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the  
kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *The Way to Wealth*.

Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and  
balls ;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk  
in ;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk  
in,  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;  
Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer,  
and Fall ;  
All of them different in color and shape,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and  
crape,  
Brocade and broadcloth, and other ma-  
terial,  
Quite as expensive and much more  
ethereal.

WM. ALLEN BUTLER. *Nothing to Wear*.

May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric  
skill,  
And tailor's lays be longer than their  
bill !  
While punctual beaux reward the grate-  
ful notes,  
And pay for poems—when they pay for  
coats.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Re-  
viewers*. l. 781.

A vest as admired Vortiger had on,  
Which from this Island's foes his grand-  
sire won,  
Whose artful colour pass'd the Tyrian  
dye,  
Obliged to triumph in this legacy.

EDWARD HOWARD. *The British Princes*.  
(1669.) p. 96.

[These lines have had a curious history.  
Some wag burlesqued them in the following  
couplet :

A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

Later the parody was, by the enemies of  
Sir Richard Blackmore, attributed to him  
as being a seriously intended couplet in his  
epic of *The Creation*. On October 29, 1769,  
we find Boswell and Johnson discussing

Blackmore, and Boswell defending "Black-  
more's supposed lines, which have been  
ridiculed as absolute nonsense," in this  
fashion: "I maintained it to be a poetical  
conceit. A Pict being painted, if he is slain  
in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it  
is a painted vest won from him, though he  
was naked." A note added in the second  
edition of the *Life of Johnson* by Boswell  
himself makes this acknowledgment: "An  
aete correspondent of the *European Maga-  
zine*, April, 1792, has completely exposed a  
mistake which has been unaccountably  
frequent in ascribing these lines to Black-  
more, notwithstanding that Sir Richard  
Steele, in that very popular work, the *Spec-  
tator*, mentions them as written by the  
author of *The British Princes*, the Hon.  
Edward Howard. The correspondent above  
mentioned shows this mistake to be so in-  
veterate, that not only I defended the lines  
as Blackmore's in the presence of Dr. John-  
son, without any contradiction or doubt of  
their authenticity, but that the Reverend  
Mr. Whitaker has asserted in print that he  
understands they were *suppressed* in the  
late edition or editions of Blackmore."]

And how should I know your true love  
From many another one ?

Oh, by his cockle hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoone.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *The Friar of Orders  
Gray*.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
His breeches cost him but a croone ;  
He held them sixpence all too deere,  
Therefore he call'd the taylor Lowne.

He was a wight of high renowne,  
And throu'se but of a low degree ;  
It's pride that puts the countrys  
doune,

Man take thine old cloake about thee.  
*Ibid*. *Reliques*. *Take thy Old Cloak about  
Thee*.

[The first stanza is quoted in full, and the  
last line of the second, by Shakespeare in  
*Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 92.]

And ye sall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
Nor think o' Donald mair.

SUSANNA BLAIRE. *The Siller Crown*.

My galligaskins, that have long with-  
stood  
The winter's fury, and encroaching  
frosts

By time subdued (what will not time  
subdue !),

A horrid chasm disclosed.

JOHN PHILIPS. *The Splendid Shilling*.  
l. 121.

Such dainties to them, their health it  
might hurt;

It's like sending them ruffles when  
wanting a shirt.

GOLDSMITH. *The Haunch of Venison.*

To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of  
Burgundy, and fill his snuff-box, is like giv-  
ing a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has  
never a shirt on his back.

TOM BROWN. *Laconics.*

## DRINK; DRUNKENNESS.

(See also WINE.)

Drink no longer water, but use a little  
wine for thy stomach's sake.

*New Testament.* I. Timothy v. 23.

Absentem laedit, cum ebrio qui  
litigat.

He who quarrels with a drunken man  
injures one who is absent.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. 3.

Provocarem ad Philippum, sed  
sobrium.

I would appeal to Philip, but to Philip  
sober.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS. vi. 2. *Externa.* i.

[Valerius gives this as the appeal of a  
woman and a foreigner against judgment  
pronounced by Philip, king of Macedon,  
when he was intoxicated. The appeal was  
allowed, and when the king recovered his  
senses the judgment was reversed. Hence  
the common phrase, "To appeal from Philip  
drunk to Philip sober."]

Let those that merely talk and never  
think,

That live in the wild anarchy of drink.

JONSON. *Underwoods. An Epistle, an-  
swering to One that asked to be sealed  
of the Tribe of Ben.*

They never taste who always drink;

They always talk who never think.

PRIOR. *Upon a passage in the Scatigerana.*

*Cassio.* Oh, that men should put an  
enemy in their mouths, to steal away  
their brains! that we should, with joy,  
pleasance, revel, and applause, trans-  
form ourselves into beasts!

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
1. 291.

*Iago.* Potations pottle-deep.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 76.

*Cassio.* O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
if thou hast no name to be known by,  
let us call thee devil!

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 273.

*Cassio.* I will ask him for my place  
again; he shall tell me, I am a drunk-  
ard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra,  
such an answer would stop them all.  
To be now a sensible man, by and by a  
fool, and presently a beast! Oh,  
strange!—Every inordinate cup is un-  
bless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good  
familiar creature, if it be well used; ex-  
claim no more against it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
1. 306.

*Cassio.* I have very poor and unhappy  
brains for drinking: I could wish  
courtesy would invent some other cus-  
tom of entertainment.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 35.

*King.* Sweet fellowship in shame!

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of  
the name.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc.  
3. 1. 49.

*Ariel.* I told you, sir, they were red-  
hot with drinking:

So full of valour that they smote the  
air

For breathing in their faces; beat the  
ground

For kissing of their feet.

*Ibid.* *Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 171.

*Lady Macbeth.* His two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so con-  
vince,

That Memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of  
reason

A limbeck only.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7. 1. 63.

*Prince Henry.* O monstrous! but one  
half-penny-worth of bread to this intol-  
erable deal of sack!

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 522.

*Olivia.* What's a drunken man like,  
fool?

*Clown.* Like a drowned man, a fool,  
and a madman; one draught above heat  
makes him a fool, the second mads him,  
and a third drowns him.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act 1. Sc. 5. 1. 138.

*Autolycus (sings).* A quart of ale is a  
dish for a king.

*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 8.

As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they  
feel

Divinity within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the earth.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*.

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale  
enough,

Whether it be new or old.

BISHOP STILL. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.  
Act ii.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 100.

O madness to think use of strongest  
wines

And strongest drinks our chief support  
of health,

When God with these forbidden made  
choice to rear

His mighty champion, strong above  
compare,

Whose drink was only from the liquid  
brook.

*Ibid.* *Samson Agonistes*. l. 553.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple  
grape

Crushed the sweet poison of misused  
wine.

*Ibid.* *Comus*. l. 46.

A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo  
'em,

To suffer wet damnation to run through  
'em.

CYRIL TOURNEUR. *The Revenger's Tragedy*.  
Act iii. Sc 1.

Gregory quotes Robert Hall as saying:  
"Call things by their right names. . . .  
Glass of brandy and water! That is the  
current but not the appropriate name; ask  
for a glass of liquid fire, and distilled dam-  
nation."

GREGORY. *Life of Hall*.

He calls drunkenness an expression iden-  
tical with ruin.

DIAGENES LAERTIUS. *Lives and Opinions  
of Eminent Philosophers: Pythagoras*.  
vi.

I may not here omit those two main  
plagues, and common dotages of human  
kind, wine and women, which have in-  
fatuated and besotted myriads of people:  
they go commonly together.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt.  
1. Sec. ii. Mem. 3. Subsec. xiii.

Qui vino indulget, quemque alea duoquit,  
ille  
In venerem putret.

He who indulges in wine and whom the  
dice are despoiling rots away in sexual vice.  
PERSEUS. *Satires*. Satire v.

Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora  
nostra;  
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus.

Wine, women, baths, with health are quite  
at strife;  
Yet baths, wine, women, make the sum of  
life.

GRUTER. *Inscriptiones*.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl  
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the  
soul.

To the late revel, and protracted feast,  
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd  
rest.

PRIOR. *Solomon*. Bk. ii. l. 106.

And in the flowers that wreath the  
sparkling bowl

Fell adders hiss and poisonous serpents  
roll.

*Ibid.* *Solomon*. Bk. ii. l. 140.

Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-  
Shop appears,

As the red waves of wretchedness  
swell,

How it burns on the edge of tempestu-  
ous years

The horrible Light-House of Hell!  
M'DONALD CLARKE. *The Rum Hole*.

I cannot eat but little meat,

My stomach is not good;

But sure I think that I can drink

With him that wears a hood.

BISHOP STILL. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.  
Act ii.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;

You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Bloody  
Brother*. Song. Act ii. Sc. 2.

I drink no more than a sponge.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. i. Ch. v.

The black earth drinks, in turn

The trees drink up the earth.

The sea the torrents drinks, the sun the  
sea.

And the moon drinks the sun.

Why, comrades, do ye flout me,

If I, too, wish to drink?

ANACREON. *Odes*. 21.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again;  
 The Plants suck in the Earth and are  
 With constant Drinking fresh and fair.  
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
 But an eternal Health goes round.  
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high—  
 Fill all the Glasses there; for why  
 Should every Creature Drink but I?  
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?  
 COWLEY. *Anacreon II. Drinking.*

[Cowley is here paraphrasing the twenty-first *Ode* of Anacreon, a literal translation of which is given above. A freer and, indeed, unacknowledged paraphrase occurs in Shakespeare:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea, etc.  
*Timon of Athens.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 339.]  
 (See under THIEF.)

And he that will to bed go sober,  
 Falls with the leaf still in October.  
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Bloody Brother.* Song. Act ii. Sc. 2.

[The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,  
 Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;  
 But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed  
 mellow,  
 Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest  
 fellow.]

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet  
 musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face:  
 Now give the hautboys breath. He  
 comes! he comes!  
 Bacchus ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus, blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.  
 DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast.* Canto iii.

This bottle's the sun of our table,  
 His beams are rosy wine;  
 We planets that are not able  
 Without his help to shine.  
 R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Duenna.* Act iii.  
 Sc. 5.

Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;  
 Let other hours be set apart for business,  
 To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;  
 And this our queen shall be as drunk as  
 we.

HENRY FIELDING. *Tom Thumb the Great.*  
 Act i. Sc. 2.

There let him bouse and deep carouse,  
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
 An' minds his griefs no more.  
 BURNS. *Scotch Drink.*

All learned, and all drunk!  
 COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iv. l. 478.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important  
 call.  
*Ibid.* *The Task.* Bk. iv. l. 510.

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk  
 With that most learn'd professor,  
 Brunck;  
 I went to Worms, and got more drunken  
 With that more learn'd professor,  
 Ruhncken.  
 PORSON. *Facetiæ Cantab.*

What harm in drinking can there be,  
 Since Punch and life so well agree?  
 BLACKLOCK. *An Epigram on Punch.* l. 15.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,  
 What dangers thou canst make us  
 scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!  
 BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter.* l. 105.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;  
 The best of life is but intoxication:  
 Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are  
 sunk  
 The hopes of all men and of every  
 nation;  
 Without their sap, how branchless were  
 the trunk  
 Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on  
 occasion:  
 But to return,—Get very drunk; and  
 when  
 You wake with headache, you shall see  
 what then.  
 BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 179.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames.  
 LOVELACE. *To Althea from Prison.* ii.

*Meneius.* A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 53.

It is a kindness to lead the sober ; a duty to lead the drunk.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations, Don Victor Naez and El Rey, Nelto.*

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,

Sipped brandy and water gayly.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Mynheer Vandunck.*

Claret is the liquor for boys ; port for men ; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. 1779.

*Falstaff.* If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potatoes, and to addict themselves to sack.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 134.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies  
See future wine, rich clust'ring, rise ;  
Their lot auld Scotia ne'er envies,

But blythe and frisky,  
She eyes her freeborn martial boys  
Tak' aff their whiskey.

BURNS. *Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons.* *Postscript.*

As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate," and the water, put nought in in malice.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Shakespeare Grog.*

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn :

And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While  
you live,

Drink !—for, once dead, you never shall  
return."

FITZ-GERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. XXXV.

Si bene commemini causae sunt quinque  
bibendi :

Hospitis adventus ; praesens sitis ; atque  
futura ;

Et vini bonitas ; et quaelibet altera  
causa.

If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why men drink :

Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
Or lest I should be by-and-by,

Or any other reason why.

PÈRE SIRMOND. (*Ménage, Menangiana*, ed. Amsterdam, 1693. p. 139.) HENRY ALDRICH, trans.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world  
of ours,

Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
And true-lovers' knots, I ween ;

The girl and the boy are bound by a  
kiss,

But there's never a bond, old friend, like  
this,

We have drunk from the same can-  
teen.

CHAS. G. HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY").  
*The Canteen.*

There's naught, no doubt, so much the  
spirit calms

As rum and true religion ; thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits,  
some sung psalms.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 34.

Dance and Provençal song and sun-  
burnt mirth !

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
crene !

With beaded bubbles winking at the  
brim,

And purple-stain'd mouth.

KEATS. *Ode to a Nightingale.*

DRUG.

*Iagò.* Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet  
sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 330.

*Prospero.* The charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the  
night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising  
senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that  
mangle

Their clearer reason.

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 64.

*Falstaff.* I have forsworn his company  
hourly, any time this two-and-twenty  
years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the  
rogue's company. If the rascal have  
not given me medicines to make me  
love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not  
be else ; I have drunk medicines.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 16.

## DRYDEN.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught  
to join

The varying verse, the full resounding  
line,

The long majestic march, and energy  
divine.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace*. Bk. ii.  
Epistle i. l. 267.

Behold where Dryden's less presumptu-  
ous car,

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,

With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-  
resounding pace.

GRAY. *Ode on the Progress of Poesy*.

A curious error has been fallen into by the  
careless, and is repeated, strangely enough,  
in the *Primer of English Literature* (p. 127) by  
that careful scholar Stopford Brooke. This  
is to confound Pope and Gray, and make  
line 269 in the *Imitations of Horace* read :

The long resounding march and energy  
divine.

I told him (Johnson) that Voltaire, in a  
conversation with me, had distinguished  
Pope and Dryden thus: "Pope drives a  
handsome chariot, with a couple of neat  
trim nags; Dryden, a coach and six stately  
horses."

Johnson.—"Why, sir, the truth is, they  
both drive coaches and six; but Dryden's  
horses are either galloping or stumbling:  
Pope's go at a steady even trot."

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. February,  
1766.

E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot  
The last and greatest art,—the art to blot.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace*. Bk. ii.  
Epistle i. l. 280.

## DUEL.

Some fiery fop, with new commission  
vain,

Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his  
man;

Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a  
feast,

Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a  
jest.

DR. JOHNSON. *London*.

Am I to set my life upon a throw  
Because a bear is rude and surly?—No—

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not affront me, and no other can.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 192.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,  
That cocking of a pistol, when you know  
A moment more will bring the sight to  
bear

Upon your person, twelve yards off or so.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 41.

## DULNESS; DUNCES.

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dulness from his early years:

Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,  
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make  
pretence,

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.  
Some beams of wit on other souls may

fall,  
Strike through, and make a lucid inter-  
val;

But Shadwell's genuine night admits no  
ray.

DRYDEN. *Mac Flecknoe*. l. 20.

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. ii. l. 34.

He is not only dull himself, but the  
cause of dulness in others.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. 1784. Ch. 5.

He says but little, and that little said  
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to

lead;

His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But when you knock, it never is at home.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 301.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will  
come:

Knock as you please, there's nobody at  
home.

POPE. *Epigram*.

Oft has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark.

MERRICK. *The Chameleon*.

How much a dunce that has been sent  
to roam

Excels a dunce that has been kept at  
home!

COWPER. *Table Talk*. *The Progress of  
Error*. l. 415.

## DUST.

(See MORTALITY.)

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt  
thou return.

Old Testament. Genesis iii. 19.

Then shall the dust return to the earth  
as it was; and the spirit shall return  
unto God who gave it.

*Old Testament. Ecclesiastes xii. 7.*

Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life.*

\* Ἀπαντα τίκτει χθών, πάλιν τε λαμβάνει.  
All things are born of earth; all  
things earth takes again.

EURIPIDES. *Antiope. Fragment 48.*

Γη πάντα τίκτει καὶ πάλιν κομίζεται.  
Earth all things bears and gathers in  
again.

MENANDER. *Monosticha. 89.*

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to  
dust, in sure and certain hope of the  
resurrection.

*Book of Common Prayer. The Burial  
Service.*

And whosoever shall not receive you,  
nor hear you, when ye depart thence,  
shake off the dust under your feet, for a  
testimony against them.

*New Testament. Mark vi. 11. [See also  
Matthew x. 14.]*

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall  
be.

POPE. *Elegy on the Memory of an Unfor-  
tunate Lady. 1. 73.*

The dust we tread upon was once  
alive.

BYRON. *Sardanapalus. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

*Guiderius. Golden lads and girls all  
must,*

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline. Act iv. Sc.  
2. 1. 262.*

### DUTY.

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm  
thank'd enough:  
I've done my duty, and I've done no  
more.

FIELDING. *Tom Thumb. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and  
bless

Are scattered at the feet of Man, like  
flowers.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion. Bk. ix.  
1. 235.*

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
humanity!

*Ibid. Ode to Duty.*

England expects every man to do his  
duty.

NELSON. *Southey's Life. Vol. ii. p. 131.  
At the Battle of Trafalgar.*

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It  
is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we  
take to ourselves the wings of the morn-  
ing, and dwell in the uttermost parts of  
the sea, duty performed or duty viola-  
ted is still with us, for our happiness  
or our misery. If we say the darkness  
shall cover us, in the darkness as in the  
light our obligations are yet with us.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument on the  
Murder of Captain White. Works.  
Vol. vi. p. 105.*

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.

DIBDIN. *Tom Bowling.*

For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

*Ibid. Tom Bowling.*

Not once or twice in our rough island  
story,

The path of duty was the way to glory.  
TENNYSON. *Ode on the Death of the Duke  
of Wellington. St. 8.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man.  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

EMERSON. *Voluntaries. St. 3. 1. 13.*

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda*. Bk. vi. Ch. 46.

Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

*New Testament*. Romans xiii. 7.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

Slight not what's near through aiming at what's far.

EURIPIDES. *Rhesus*. 482.

Do well the duty that lies before you.

PITTACUS. (*Diogenes Laertius*. i. 4, 4, 77.)

The trivial round, the common task, Would furnish all we ought to ask.

KEBLE. *Morning*.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee; which thou knowest to be a duty! The second duty will already become clearer.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. ii. Ch. ix.

Was aber ist deine Pflicht? Die Forderung des Tages.

But what is your duty? What the day demands.

GOETHE. *Sprüche in Posa*. iii. 151.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

EMERSON. *The Conduct of Life: Wealth*.

*Theseus*. For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 83.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

WHITTIER. *Tent on the Beach: Abraham Davenport*. Last line.

*Katharina*. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 155.

*Desdemona*. I do perceive here a divided duty.

*Ibid*. *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 181.

He hath nothing done, that doth not at all.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War*. Bk. iv. xiv.

## EAGLE.

*Gloster*. The world is grown so bad,  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare  
not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a  
Jack.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 70.

*Poet*. No levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth  
on,

Leaving no tract behind.

*Ibid*. *Timon of Athens*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 49.

*Belarius*. Often to our comfort shall we  
find

The sharded beetle is a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

*Ibid*. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 19.

*Coriolanus*. If you have writ your  
annals true, 'tis there

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it. Boy!

*Ibid*. *Coriolanus*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 114.

And mine to fly like doves whom th' eagle  
doth affray.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. v. Canto 12. St. 5.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can  
fly  
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid  
sky;

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves  
When through the clouds he drives the  
trembling doves.

POPE. *Windsor Forest*. l. 185.

*Tamora*. The eagle suffers little birds  
to sing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 83.

So in the Libyan fable it is told  
That once an eagle stricken with a dart,  
Said, when he saw the fashion of the  
shaft,

"With our own feathers, not by other's  
hands,

Are we now smitten."

ÆSCHYLUS. Fragment 123. (PLUMPTRE,  
trans.)

[Æschylus refers to Æsop's fable of *The Eagle*, the fourth in the extant collection, which concludes thus:

Καὶ τοῦτό μοι ἴτερα λύπη, τὸ τοῖς ἰδίοις πτεροῖς  
ἐναποθνήσκειν.

And 'tis an added grief that with my own  
feathers I am slain.]

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him  
die,

Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.  
WALLER. *To a Lady Singing a Song of  
his Composing.*

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the  
plain,

No more through rolling clouds to soar  
again,

Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in  
his heart:

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to  
feel

He nursed the pinion which impelled  
the steel,

While the same plumage that had  
warmed his nest

Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding  
breast.  
BYRON. *On the Death of Kirke White.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his  
plume

To fledge the shaft by which he meets  
his doom,

See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing  
the dart

Which rank corruption destines for  
their heart!

T. MOORE. *Corruption.*

Tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion

That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure field of air.  
GRAY. *Progress of Poetry.* l. 113.

The Eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

WORDSWORTH. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,  
Close to the sun in lonely lands;  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands,  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TENNYSON. *The Eagle.*

## EARS; HEARING.

Fieldes have eics and woodes have eares.  
HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. ii. Ch. v.

Wode has erys, felde has sigt.  
King Edward and the Shepherd. MS.  
Circa 1390.

Walls have ears.  
HAZLITT. *English Proverbs, etc.* (Ed.  
1869, p. 416.)

Antony, Friends, Romans, country-  
men, lend me your ears.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 78.

Brutus. Hear me for my cause, and be  
silent, that you may hear.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 13.

Friar Laurence. Thy old groans ring  
yet in my ancient ears.

*Ibid.* *Romco and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 74.

Strike, but hear me.  
THEMISTOCLES. *Rollin's Ancient History.*  
Bk. vi. Ch. ii. Sec. viii.

I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a  
soul

Under the ribs of death.  
MILTON. *Comus.* l. 560.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
*Ibid.* *Il Penseroso.* l. 120.

One eare it heard, at the other out it  
went.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. Troilus  
and Creseide.* Bk. iv. l. 435.

Went in at the tone eare and out at the  
tother.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. ii. Ch. ix.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
With heads thrust thro' nail'd by the  
ears.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii.  
l. 391.

In listning mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake.* Canto i. St. 17.

It is a difficult task, O citizens, to  
make speeches to the belly, which has  
no ears.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Marcus Cato.*

The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled  
with fair words.

RABELAIS. Bk. iv. Ch. lxxvii.

None so deaf as those that will not hear.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Psalm lviii.

Whoever keeps an open ear  
For tattlers will be sure to hear  
The trumpet of contention.

COWPER. *Friendship*, St. 17.

The hearing ear is always found close  
to the speaking tongue.

EMERSON. *English Traits*. Ch. iv. *Race*.

### EARTH.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

*Old Testament*. Psalm xxiv. 1.

*Hamlet*. This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 310.

To man the earth seems altogether  
No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.

DU BARTAS. *Weeks and Days*. *First Week*. *Third Day*.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot

Which men call earth.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 5.

Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide

In circuit undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned

Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 1047.

Earth now

Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt

Her sacred shades.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 328.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood.

SHELLEY. *Alastor*. l. 1.

Earth, air, and ocean, glorious three.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY. *On Woman*.

### EARTHQUAKE.

*Hotspur*. Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 27.

With hue like that when some great painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

SHELLEY. *Revolt of Islam*. Canto v. St. 23.

Disparting towers

Trembling all precipitate down dash'd,  
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

DYER. *The Ruins of Rome*. l. 40.

### EASTER.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day;  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah!

*Jesus Christ is Risen To-day*. From a Latin Hymn of the Fifteenth Century. Translator unknown.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing  
His praise

Without delays,

Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise

With Him mayst rise:

That, as His death calcined thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.

HERBERT. *The Church: Easter*.

Awake, thou wintry earth—  
Fling off thy sadness!

Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth  
Your ancient gladness!  
Christ is risen.

THOMAS BLACKBURN. *An Easter Hymn.*

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say.  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.  
CHARLES WESLEY. "Christ the Lord is  
Risen To-day."

## EATING.

Esse oportet ut vivas, non vivere ut  
edas.

Thou shouldst eat to live; not live to  
eat.

CICERO. *Rhetoricorum Ad C. Herennium.*  
iv. 7.

Socrates said, Bad men live that they may  
eat and drink, whereas good men eat and  
drink that they may live.

PLUTARCH. *How a Young Man ought to  
hear Poems.*

He used to say that other men lived to  
eat, but that he ate to live.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Socrates.* xiv.

According to the saying of an ancient  
classic, we must eat to live and not live to  
eat.

MOLIÈRE. *The Miser.* Act iii. Sc. 5.  
[Fielding, either wilfully or through inad-  
vertence, leaves out the "not" in his trans-  
lation of *The Miser*.]

A man once asked Diogenes what was  
the proper time for supper and he made  
answer, "If you are a rich man, when-  
ever you please; and if you are a poor  
man, whenever you can."

*Ibid.* *The Miser.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Every investigation which is guided  
by principles of nature fixes its ultimate  
aim entirely on gratifying the stomach.

ATHENÆUS. Bk. vii. Ch. ii.

I look upon it, that he who does not mind  
his belly will hardly mind anything else.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* 1763.

*Hostess.* He hath eaten me out of  
house and home: he hath put all my  
substance into that fat belly of his.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 81.

*Abbess.* Thou sayest his meat was  
sauced with thy upbraidings,  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 73.

*Macbeth.* Now, good digestion wait on  
appetite,  
And health on both.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 40.

*Cardinal Wolsey.* A good digestion to  
you all: and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you; Welcome  
all.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 62.

*King Ferdinand.* And men sit down  
to that nourishment which is called  
supper.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 239.

*Tranio.* And do as adversaries do in  
law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as  
friends.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 279.

*Beatrice.* He is a very valiant trencher-  
man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 51.

Yielding more wholesome food than all  
the messes

That now taste-curious wanton plenty  
dresses.

DR BARTAS. *Weeks and Days. Second  
Week. First Day.* Pt. i.

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.

BISHOP JOHN STILL. *Gammer Gurton's  
Needle.* Act ii.

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some would eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

BURNS. *The Selkirk Grace.*

The best written book is a receipt for  
a pottage.

VOLTAIRE.

The discovery of a new dish docs more  
for the happiness of man than the dis-  
covery of a star.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN. *Physiologie du Gout.*

Dis moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai  
ce que tu es.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell  
you what you are.

*Ibid.* *Physiologie du Gout.*

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. ii. Mem. 2. Subsec. ii.

## ECHO.

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" And an echo answered, "Where are they?"

*Arabic MS.*

Hark! to the hurried question of despair: "Where is my child?"—an echo answers, "Where?"

BYRON. *Bride of Abydos*. Canto ii. St. 27.

Lord. Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction. Sc. 2. l. 47.

Viola. Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, "Olivia."

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 291.

In shade affrighted Silence melts away. Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,

With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,

Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill:

Ah, mark the merry maid, in mockful play,

With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES. *Echo and Silence*.

Echo is the voice of a reflection in the mirror.

HAWTHORNE. *American Note-Books*.

O Love! they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!

And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. iii. Song.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!

Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. iii. Song.

And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke

From the red-ribbed hollow behind the wood

And thundered up into Heaven.

*Ibid.* *Maud*. Pt. xxiii.

## ECONOMY.

To balance Fortune by a just expense, Join with Economy, Magnificence.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 223.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,<sup>1</sup> who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter*. November 6, 1747.

I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves

*Ibid.* *Letters to His Son*.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.

*Ibid.* *Letters to His Son*.

That though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.

COWPER. *History of John Gilpin*.

A penny sav'd 's a penny got.

SOMERVILLE. *The Sweet Scented Miser*. l. 30.

A penny saved is twopence clear;

A pin a day 's a groat a year.

FRANKLIN. *Hints to those that would be Rich*. (1736.)

Penny wise, pound foolish.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *Demonstrative to the Reader*.

Economy, the poor man's mint.

TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy: Of Society*. l. 191.

There are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.

CARLYLE. *Past and Present Government*. Ch. x.

<sup>1</sup> W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

EDUCATION.

(See also SCHOOL.)

On one occasion Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to those uneducated: "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Aristotle*. xi.

It was a saying of his that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

*Ibid.* Aristotle. xi.

Homines, dum docent, discunt.

Men, while teaching, learn.

SENECA. *Epistola*. vii. 8.

'Tis the taught already that profits by teaching.

R. BROWNING. *Christmas Eve*. No. 4.

The maister leseth time to lere  
When the disciple woll not here.

CHAUCER. *The Romaunt of the Rose*. 1. 2149.

*Smith*. He can write and read and cast account.

*Cade*. O monstrous!

*Smith*. We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade*. Here's a villain!

SHAKESPEARE. *II Henry VI*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 92.

*Cade*. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.

*Ibid.* *II Henry VI*. Act iv. Sc. 7. 1. 37.

*Dogberry*. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 13.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds

on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

MILTON. *On Education*.

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute.

*Ibid.* *Cymus*. 1. 477.

(See under PHILOSOPHY.)

Education makes the man.

CAWTHORNE. *Birth and Education of Genius*.

'Tis education forms the common mind; Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. 1. 149.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot.

THOMSON. *The Seasons: Spring*. 1. 1149.

Yet though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education.

STEELE. *Tatler*. No. 49.

This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an education of itself to look upon!

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. *The Deer-slayer*. Ch. 2.

Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just); They know a simple, merry, tender knack

Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,

And stringing pretty words that make no sense,

And kissing full sense into empty words; Which things are corals to cut life upon, Although such trifles.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. i. 1. 48.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. *Yorktown. Oration*. October 19, 1881.

But it was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled.

LOWELL. *Among My Books. New England Two Centuries Ago*.

Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*. l. 1.

### EGOTISM.

*Glendower*. I am not in the roll of common men.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 43.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

SHIRLEY. *Cupid and Death*.

*Gratiano*. There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog  
bark !"

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 168.

The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.

BEN JONSON. *Sejanus*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Losing, he wins, because his name will be

Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. Bk. xiii. *Speech of Ajax*. (DRYDEN, trans.)

L'état !—c'est moi !

The State !—it is I !

*Attributed to LOUIS XIV. of France.*

[There is no historical authority for this phrase beyond the fact that Louis XIV. tacitly accepted Bossuet's sentiment, "Tout l'état est en lui."]

So much is a man worth as he esteems himself.

RABELAIS. *Pantagruel*. Bk. i. Ch. xxix.

Yes I am proud, I must be proud, to see

Men not afraid of God afraid of me.

POPE. *Epilogue to Satires*. ii. 208.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see  
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

CONGREVE. *Way of the World*. Act iii. Sc. 12.

*Johnson*. "True. When he whom everybody else flatters, flatters me, I then am truly happy." *Mrs. Thrale*. "The sentiment is in Congreve, I think." *Johnson*. "Yes, madam, in *The Way of the World*."  
BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*.

To observations which ourselves we make,

We grow more partial for the observer's sake.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 11.

"That was excellently observed," say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation* Dialogue ii.

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 347.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use? Pride answers,  
" 'Tis for mine :

For me kind nature wakes her genial power,

Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;

Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;

For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;

My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 131.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use !"

"See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 45.

Why may not a goose say thus : "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in—the earth serves me to walk upon ; the sun to light me ; the stars have their influence upon me ; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters ; there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me. I am the darling of Nature ! Is it not man that keeps and serves me ?"

MONTAIGNE. *Apology for Raimond Sebold*.

Man is Creation's master-piece. But  
who says so?—Man!

GAVARNI.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame,  
or pelf,  
Not one will change his neighbour with  
himself.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 261.

No one is satisfied with his fortune, nor  
dissatisfied with his own wit.

MME. DESHOULIÈRES.

In men this blunder still you find,  
All think their little set mankind.

HANNAH MORE. *Florio*. Pt. i.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,  
Speer in for bonny Bessy,  
She'll gae ye a beck, and bid ye licht,  
And handsomely address ye.  
There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,  
In a' king George's dominion;  
If ye should doubt the truth of this—  
It's Bessy's ain opinion.

BURNS. *The Tarbolton Lassies*.

Of all speculations the market holds  
forth,

The best that I know, for the lover of  
pelf,

Is to buy Marcus up at the price he is  
worth,

And then sell him at that which he  
sets on himself.

THOMAS MOORE. *A Speculation*.

The egotism of woman is always for  
two.

MME. DE STAEL.

## ELOQUENCE.

(See ORATORY.)

He from whose lips divine persuasion  
flows.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. vii. l. 143. (POPE,  
TRANS.)

*Canterbury*. When he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's  
ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sen-  
tences.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 47.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue,  
All kind of arguments and questions  
deep,

All replication prompt, and reason  
strong,

For his advantage still did wake and  
sleep:

To make the weeper laugh, the laugher  
weep,

He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passion in his craft of will.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Lover's Complaint*. l.  
120.

*Rosaline*. Aged ears play truant at his  
tales,

And younger hearings are quite rav-  
ished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 74.

Him of the western dome, whose weighty  
sense

Flows in fit words and heavenly elo-  
quence.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. l. 868.

But while listening Senates hang upon  
thy tongue,

Devolving through the maze of elo-  
quence

A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.

THOMSON. *The Seasons: Autumn*. l. 15

The applause of list'ning senates to com-  
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to  
despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's  
eyes.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.  
St. 16.

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of  
words,

So known, so honour'd at the House of  
Lords.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace*. To Mr.  
Murray. Epistle i. Bk. i.

END.

Respice finem.

Consider the end.

*Latin proverb.*

In everything one must consider the end.

LA FONTAINE. *The Fox and the Gnat*.  
Fable 5.

*Prince Henry*. Let the end try the man.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 50.

*Hector.* The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act  
iv. Sc. 5. l. 224.

Every day

Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns  
the play.

QUARLES. *Emblems.* Bk. i. Em. xv. Ep.  
15.

'Tis the last act which crowns the play.  
N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse: Death.*

The end crowns every action, stay till  
that;

Just judges will not be prejudicate.

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking-glass.*  
Act iii. Sc. 1.

The first act's doubtful, but we say  
It is the last commends the play.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 225.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-  
right;

It is the end that crowns us, not the  
fight.

*Ibid.* *Hesperides.* 340.

Τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων  
μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.

Of all that prosper  
Account ye no man happy till he die.

EURIPIDES. *Troades.* 509. (A. S. WAY,  
trans.)

'Tis an old saying, told of many men,  
"Thou canst not judge man's life before he  
die,

Nor whether it be good or bad for him."

SOPHOCLES. *Maidens of Trachis.* l. 1.  
(PLUMPTRE, trans.)

[Herodotus (i. 32) ascribes the saying,  
"Call no man happy before he dies," to  
Solon.]

Ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus  
Ante obitum nemo et suprema funera debet.

Man should ever look to his last day, and  
no one should be called happy before his  
funeral.

OVID. *Metamorphoses.* iii. 135.

Let no one till his death  
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work  
Until the day's out and the labour done.

E. B. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh.* Bk. v.  
l. 76.

Μήπω μέγ' εἶπες πρὶν τελευτήσαντ' ἰδῆς.

Praise no man much until thou see  
his death.

SOPHOCLES. *Fragment.* 520. (PLUMPTRE,  
trans.)

A man is not completely born until  
he be dead.

B. FRANKLIN. *Letters.* To Miss E.  
Hubbard.

You never know what life means till  
you die:

Even throughout life, 'tis death that  
makes life live,

Gives it whatever the significance.

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book.*  
xi. l. 2375.

Let me die the death of the righteous,  
and let my last end be like his!

*Old Testament.* Numbers xxiii. 10.

That life is long which answers life's  
great end.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night v. l. 773.

Integrity of Life is fame's best friend,  
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown  
the end.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi.*  
Act v. Sc. 5.

*Friar Laurence.* These violent delights  
have violent ends,

And in their triumphs, die; like fire  
and powder,

Which as they kiss, consume.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act  
ii. Sc. 6. l. 9.

*Belarius.* The game is up.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 3. last line.

*Isabella.* Sooner or later, all things  
pass away,

And are no more: The beggar and the  
king,

With equal steps, tread forward to their  
end.

SOUTHERN. *The Fatal Marriage.* Act ii.  
Sc. 2.

Remember Milo's end,

Wedged in that timber which he strove  
to rend.

ROSCOMMON. *Essay on Translated Verse.*  
l. 87.

*Gaunt.* More are men's ends mark'd  
than their lives before;

The setting sun and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest  
last,

Writ in remembrance more than things  
long past.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 11.

*Aurelio.* Our love is like our life;  
There's no man blest in either till his  
end.

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *A Fine Companion.* Act i. Sc. i.

In Life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the  
wise!

From Marlborough's eyes the streams  
of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driv'ler and a  
show.

JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes.* 1.  
316.

While Resignation gently slopes away,  
And all his prospects brightening to the  
last,

His heaven commences ere the world be  
past.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* 1. 110.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.  
WALLER. *Verses upon His Divine Poesy.*

*Clarence.* No, no; he cannot long hold out  
these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine  
it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will  
break out.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iv.  
Sc. 4. l. 117.

*Desdemona.* O most lame and impotent  
conclusion!

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 162.

*Othello.* But this denoted a foregone  
conclusion.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 432.

It is so soon that I am done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for.

*Epitaph on a Child who died at the age of  
three weeks (Cheltenham Churchyard).*

He that shall endure unto the end, the  
same shall be saved.

*New Testament.* St. Matthew xxiv. 13.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto  
the end of the world.

*Ibid.* St. Matthew xxviii. 20.

Remember the end, and thou shalt  
never do amiss.

*Apocrypha.* Ecclesiasticus iii. 36.

Alia initia e fine.

From the end spring new beginnings.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History.*  
ix. 65.

*Brutus.* O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it  
come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 123.

In grief we know the worst of what we feel,  
But who can tell the end of what we fear?

HANNAH MORE. *The Fatal Falsehood.*  
Act iv.

*Oswald.* Things will work to ends the  
slaves o' the world

Do never dream of.

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers.* Act ii.

One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event

To which the whole creation moves.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* St. 36.

When pain ends, gain ends too.

R. BROWNING. *A Death in the Desert.*

Every day should be passed as if it  
were to be our last.

PUBLIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 633.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if  
thou doest every act in life as though it  
were thy last.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* ii. 5.

[A similar saying falls from his lips at  
another time: "Let every act and speech  
and purpose be framed as though this  
moment thou mightest take thy leave of  
life."]

In every enterprise consider where  
you would come out.

SYRUS. *Maxim* 777.

In every affair consider what precedes  
and what follows, and then undertake it.

EPICTETUS. *That Everything is to be Un-  
dertaken with Circumspection.* Ch. xv.

Exitus acta probat.

The result justifies the deed.

*Motto of Washington.*

Non faciat malum, ut inde veniat  
bonum.

You are not to do evil that good may  
come of it.

*Law Maxim.*

The end must justify the means.

PRIOR. *Hans Carvel.* 1. 67.

The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For failure policy remains enacted.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*.  
l. 527.

*Bassanio*. Wrest once the law to your  
authority :

To do a great right do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice*. Act iv.  
Sc. i. l. 215.

*King Henry*. Nothing can seem foul to  
those that win.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 8.

It is the solecisme of power, to thinke to  
command the end, and yet not to endure  
the meane.

BACON. *Of Empire*. Essay xix.

He who does evil that good may come,  
pays a toll to the devil to let him into  
heaven.

J. C. HARE. *Guesses at Truth*. Vol. ii.  
p. 213.

Life's but a means unto an end ; that  
end

Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—  
God.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *A Country Town*.

*Bolingbroke*. The daintiest last, to  
make the end most sweet.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc.  
3. l. 68.

The first years of man must make pro-  
vision for the last.

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xvii.

All's well that ends well.

This proverb, common to all languages,  
has been made famous by Shakespeare as  
the title of one of his plays. Its first appear-  
ance in literature is probably the following :

Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit.

If the end be well, all will be well.

*Gesta Romanorum*. Tale lxvii.

All is well that ends well.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.

A hard beginning maketh a good ending.

*Ibid.* *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.

Of a good beginning cometh a good end.

*Ibid.* *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.

Who that well his worke beginneth  
The rather a good ende he winneth.

GOWER. *Confessio Amantio*.

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile,  
and curled up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings inter-  
ested him no more.

BRET HARTE. *The Society upon the  
Stanislaus*.

## ENDURANCE.

Optimum est pati quod emendare non  
possis.

What can't be cured were best en-  
dured.

SENECA. *Epistolæ*: cvii. 9.

My heart is wax, moulded as she  
pleases, but enduring as marble to re-  
tain.

CERVANTES. *The Little Gypsy*.

His heart was one of those which most  
enamor us,—

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

BYRON. *Beppo*. St. 34.

*First Senator*. He's truly valiant that  
can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe ;

And make his wrongs his outsides,

To wear them like his raiment, care-  
lessly ;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his  
heart,

To bring it into danger.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act  
iii. Sc. 5. l. 31.

'Tis not now who's stout and bold ?

But who bears hunger best, and cold ?

And he's approv'd the most deserving,

Who longest can hold out at starving.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto iii.  
l. 353.

## ENEMY.

Inflict not on an enemy every injury  
in your power, for he may afterwards  
become your friend.

SAADI. *The Gulistan*. Ch. 8. *Rules for  
Conduct in Life*. No. 10.

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice  
thee not ;

In a single enemy thou hast more than  
enough ?

ALI BEN ABI TALED. (EMERSON, trans.)

[Emerson wrongly ascribes this verse to  
Omar Khayyam. The following metrical  
translation is by Lowell :

He who has a thousand friends has not a  
friend to spare,

And he who has one enemy will meet him  
everywhere.]

It is better to break off a thousand friend-  
ships, than to endure the sight of a single  
enemy.

SAADI. *The Gulistan*. Ch. 5. *Of Youth  
and Love*. Tale xv.

The world is large when its weary leagues two loving hearts divide; But the world is small when your enemy is loose on the other side.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. *Distance*.

Τί ἐστὶ πολέμιον ἀνθρώποις; αὐτοὶ ἑαυτοῖς.

What is man's chief enemy? Each man is his own.

ANACHARSIS. (*Stobæus, Florilegium. ii. 43.*)

None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.

LONGFELLOW. *Michael Angelo. Pt. ii. 3.*

Invite the man that loves thee to a feast, but let alone thine enemy.

HESIOD. *Works and Days. 1. 342.*

And yet wise men learn much from enemies.

ARISTOPHANES. *The Birds. 376.* (WHEELWRIGHT, trans.)

But first, methinks, we should admit a parley, For even from foes a man may wisdom learn.

*Ibid. The Birds. 381. (Chorus.)* (WHEELWRIGHT, trans.)

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

COLTON. *Lacon. cclxxxvi.*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 453.*

#### My nearest

And dearest enemy.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *Anything for a Quiet Life. Act v. Sc. 1.*

*Richard.* A thing devised by the enemy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3. 1. 306.*

A weak invention of the enemy.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III., altered. Act v. Sc. 3.*

*Juliet.* My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me, That I must love a loathed enemy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 5. 1. 140.*

You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

Benjamin Franklin.

FRANKLIN. *Letter to William Strahan. July 5, 1775.*

*Jupiter.* Oh!

Thou then would'st make mine enemy my judge!

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 64.*

*Queen Katharine.* I do believe, Induced by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy, and make my challenge

You shall not be my judge.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 76.*

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

POPE. *Epistle to Arbuthnot. 1. 283.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

TENNYSON. *Lancelot and Elaine. 1. 1083.*

The man who has no enemies has no following.

DONN PLATT. *Memories of the Men who Saved the Union. Preface.*

#### ENGLAND.

*Gaunt.* This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happy lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

For Christian service, and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's  
Son :

This land of such dear souls, this dear,  
dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the  
world,

Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it.  
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :

England, bound in with the triumphant  
sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envi-  
ous siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in  
with shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment  
bonds ;

That England, that was wont to conquer  
others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 40.

*Chorus.* O England!—model to thy  
inward greatness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What mightst thou do, that honor would  
thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!  
*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act ii. Prologue.

*Bastard.* This England never did, nor  
never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound  
itself.

Come the three corners of the world in  
arms,

And we shall shock them : nought shall  
make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.  
*Ibid.* *King John.* Act v. Sc. 7. l. 112.

Be Britain still to Britain true,  
Amang oursel's united ;  
For never but by British hands  
Maun British wrangs be righted.  
BURNS. *The Dumfries Volunteers.*

If England's head and heart were one,  
Where is that good beneath the sun  
Her noble hands should leave undone !  
SYDNEY DOBELL. *A Shower in War Time.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee  
still—

My country! and while yet a nook is  
left

Where English minds and manners may  
be found,

Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though  
thy clime

Be fickle and thy year most part de-  
form'd

With dripping rains, or wither'd by a  
frost—

I would not yet exchange thy sullen  
skies

And fields without a flower for warmer  
France

With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's  
groves

Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bow-  
ers.

To shake thy senate and from heights  
sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my

task :

But I can feel thy fortunes and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a  
heart as any thunderer there.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. ii. l. 206.  
[The first of Cowper's lines is quoted by  
Byron in *Beppo.* St. 47.]

Be England what she will,  
With all her faults, she is my country still.  
CHURCHILL. *The Farewell.* l. 27.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this  
hour :

England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and

pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English  
dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men ;

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,

power.  
WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet.* Written in Lon-  
don, 1802.

An old, blind, mad, despised, and dying  
king,

Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who  
flow

Through public scorn—mud from a  
muddy spring,—

Rulers who neither see nor feel nor  
know,

But, leech-like, to their fainting country  
cling,

Till they drop, blind in blood, without  
a blow,—

A people starved and stabbed in the un-  
tilled field,—

An army which liberticide and prey  
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who  
wield,—

Golden and sanguine laws, which tempt  
and slay,—

Religion Christless, Godless—a book  
sealed ;

A Senate—Time's worst statute unre-  
pealed—

Are graves from which a glorious phan-  
tom may

Burst to illumine our tempestuous day.  
SHELLEY. *England in 1819*.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—  
to gird

An English sovereign's brow ! and to  
the throne

Whereon he sits ! whose deep founda-  
tions lie

In veneration and the people's love ;  
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is  
law,—

Hail to the state of England.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. vi.

*Queen*. Your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring  
waters.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
1. 18.

Fast-anchor'd isle.  
COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. ii. *The Time-*  
*piece*. 1. 151.

O, it's a snug little island !  
A right little, tight little island !  
THOS. DIBDIN. *The Snug Little Island*.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject Seas,  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts,  
set up,

At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud  
sea-wave.

THOMSON. *Seasons : Summer*. 1. 1597.

When Britain first, at Heaven's com-  
mand,

Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of her land,

And guardian angels sung the strain :  
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the  
waves !

Britons never shall be slaves.  
THOMSON. *Alfred*. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Others may use the ocean as their road,  
Only the English make it their abode.  
WALLER. *Miscellanies*. xlix.

Old England is our home, and English-  
men are we ;

Our tongue is known in every clime, our  
flag in every sea.

MARK HOWARD. *Old England is Our  
Home*.

Oh ! Britannia, the pride of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,

The shrine of the sailor's devotion,  
No land can compare unto thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble  
With Victoria's bright laurels in view,

Thy banners make tyranny tremble  
When borne by the red, white, and  
blue.

DAVID TAYLOR SHAW. *Britannia*. St. 1.

[The authorship, as well as the date, of  
this song is in dispute. An American  
variant, beginning *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*,  
introduces a further element of confusion.  
But the probabilities are that it was written  
by Shaw (1813-90), an English singer and  
entertainer, some time before the Crimean  
War (when it first sprang into popularity),  
and that it was adapted to American use by  
another hand. Here is the first stanza of  
the latter adaptation :—

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,

A world offers homage to thee.  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble  
When Liberty's form stands in view ;

Thy banners make tyranny tremble  
When borne by the red, white, and blue.]

Without one friend, above all foes,  
Britannia gives the world repose.

COWPER. *To Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

The silver-coasted isle.  
TENNYSON. *Ode on Death of Duke of  
Wellington*. Pt. vi.

Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

*Ibid*. *Ode on Death of Duke of Wellington*.  
Pt. vi.

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world.

DISRAELI (EARL OF BEACONSFIELD). *Speech, House of Commons. March 15, 1838.*

England is a nation of shopkeepers.

[The phrase is currently attributed to Napoleon. But if he ever used it, he did not originate it. In 1775 Adam Smith had said in a general way and with no special application to England:

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may, at first sight, appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. It is, however, a project altogether unfit for a nation of shopkeepers, but extremely fit for a nation whose government is influenced by shopkeepers. Such statesmen, and such statesmen only, are capable of fancying that they will find some advantage in employing the blood and treasure of their fellow-citizens to found and maintain such an empire.

*Wealth of Nations. Vol. ii. Bk. 4. Ch. 7.*

In a speech purporting to have been delivered in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776, Samuel Adams specifically called the English "a nation of shopkeepers." This speech may be apocryphal. It exists only in a professed reprint published in London in 1776. Barère, speaking in the Convention of June 11, 1794, called the English a "shop-keeping nation" (nation boutiquière).]

That island queen who sways the floods  
and lands  
From Ind to Ind.

TENNYSON. *Buonaparte.*

His home!—the Western giant smiles,  
And turns the spotty globe to find  
it;—

This little speck the British isles?  
'Tis but a freckle,—never mind it.

O. W. HOLMES. *A Good Time Going.*

But Memory blushes at the sneer,  
And Honor turns with frown defiant,  
And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
Laughs louder than the laughing  
giant.

*Ibid. A Good Time Going.*

England, the mother of Parliaments.  
JOHN BRIGHT. *Speech at Rochdale, 1860.*

There is no land like England,  
Whate'er the light of day be;  
There are no hearts like English hearts,  
Such hearts of oak as they be;  
There is no land like England,  
Whate'er the light of day be:  
There are no men like Englishmen,  
So tall and bold as they be!

And these will strike for England,  
And man and maid be free  
To foil and spoil the tyrant  
Beneath the greenwood tree.

TENNYSON. *The Foresters. Song.*

Yes, we arraign her! but she,  
The weary Titan! with deaf  
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal;  
Bearing on shoulders immense,  
Atlantean, the load,  
Well-nigh not to be borne,  
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Heine's Grave.*

Never the lotus closes, never the wild-  
fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East wind  
that died for England's sake—  
Man or woman or suckling, mother or  
bride or maid—

Because on the bones of the English the  
English flag is stayed.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *The English Flag.*

A glorious charter, deny it who can,  
Is breathed in the words, "I'm an  
Englishman."

ELIZA COOK. *The Englishman.*

Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his  
mother-tongue.

COWPER. *The Task. Bk. ii. l. 235.*

An Englishman hath three qualities,  
he can suffer no partner in his love, no  
stranger to be his equal, nor to be dared  
by any.

LYLY. *Euphues and His England.*

Edgar. Child Rowland to the dark  
tower came;

His words were still, "Fe, fo, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man."

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 187.*

[This is probably taken from an old Scotch ballad, which is given by Jamieson, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*:

With fi, fi, fo, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a Christian man!  
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand  
I'll clash harns frae his harn-pan.]

*Falstaff.* It was always yet the trick

of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 240.

*Collen.* An Englishman, Being flattered, is a lamb; threatened, a lion.

G. CHAPMAN. *Alphonsus.* Act i.

An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey.*

A Briton, even in love, should be A subject, not a slave.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems Founded on the Affections.* x.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold

Which Milton held.

*Ibid.* *Poems to National Independence.* Pt. i. xvi.

*Pamphlet.* The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them they are ruined.

MURPHY. *The Upholsterer.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes.

EMERSON. *English Traits. Manners.*

In this country [England] it is well to kill from time to time an admiral to encourage the others.

VOLTAIRE. *Candide.* Ch. xxiii.

*Mistress Quickly.* Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 15.

### ENTHUSIASM.

*Gaunt.* His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 33.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest, Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.

COWPER. *Progress of Error.* l. 470.

However, 'tis expedient to be wary:

Indifference certes don't produce distress;

And rash enthusiasm in good society

Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 35.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

EMERSON. *Essay: On Circles.* Last paragraph.

### ENVY.

Ῥῆγες ὀμφακίζουσι μάλα.

The grapes are sour.

ÆSOP. *Fables.* 33, B. (*The Fox and the Grapes.*)

When one told Plistarchus that a notorious railer spoke well of him, "I'll lay my life," said he, "somebody liath told him I am dead, for he can speak well of no man living."

PLUTARCH. *Of Plistarchus.*

The fault lies with the spitefulness of mankind, that we are always praising what is old and scorning what is new.

TACITUS. *De Oratoribus.* xviii.

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead.

COLTON. *Lacon.* cclv.

For something in the envy of the small Still loves the vast Democracy of Death!

LYTTON. *Earlier Poems. The Bones of Raphael.*

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost Which blamed the living man.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Growing Old.*

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead.

MIMNERMUS. Fragment i.

*Cæsar.* Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves:

And therefore are they very dangerous.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 208.

*Romeo.* Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 4.

*Gratiano.* No metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half  
the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 124.

*Ulysses.* The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below; he by the next;  
That next by him beneath; so every  
step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious  
fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 129.

Both potter is jealous of potter and  
craftsman of craftsman; and poor man  
has a grudge against poor man, and poet  
against poet.

HESIOD. *Works and Days.* l. 25.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay:  
No author ever spar'd a brother;  
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

GAY. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*  
Pt. i. Fable 10. Concluding lines.

In every age and clime we see  
Two of a trade can never agree.

*Ibid.* *Fables: The Ratcatcher and Cats.*  
Fable 21. l. 43.

Poets are sultans, if they had their will:  
For every author would his brother kill.

ROGER B. ORRERY. *Prologues (according  
to Johnson).*

With that malignant envy which turns  
pale,  
And sickens, even if a friend prevail.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad.* l. 127.

Our very best friends have a tincture of  
jealousy even in their friendship; and when  
they hear us praised by others, will ascribe  
it to sinister and interested motives if they  
can.

C. C. COLTON. *Lacon.* p. 80.  
(See FRIENDS.)

Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a  
slave,  
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 191.

What mighty magic can assuage  
A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?

GRANVILLE. *The Progress of Beauty.*  
l. 161.

Even her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardon'd all except her face.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 113.

Summa petit livor: perflant altissima  
venti.

Envy assails the noblest: the winds  
howl around the highest peaks.

OVID. *Remedia Amoris.* cccclxix.

Whoso reapes above the rest,  
With heapes of hate, shall surely be oppress'd.

STR W. RALEIGH. *In Commendation of  
the Steele Glas.*

If on the sudden he begins to rise:  
No man that lives can count his enemies.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One.*

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;  
The man that makes a character makes foes.

YOUNG. *To Mr. Pope.* Epistle i. l. 28.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public  
for being eminent.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find  
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
of snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those be-  
low.

Tho' high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and oceans spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 45.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;  
But, like a shadow, proves the substance  
true.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. ii. l. 266.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot  
reach.

THOMSON. *The Seasons: Spring.* l. 283.

'Tis eminence makes envy rise,  
As fairest fruits attract the flies.

SWIFT. *To Dr. Delany.*

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,  
For envy is a kind of praise.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 44.

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,  
Ascending still against the fortunate.

LORD BROOKE. *Alaham.*

*Lucifer.* Envy's a coal comes hissing  
hot from Hell.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus.* v.

Never elated when one man's oppress'd;  
Never dejected while another's bless'd.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 323.

EPITAPH.

*Antonio.* You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 117.

*Prince Henry.* Adieu and take thy praise with thee to heaven:  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.  
*Ibid.* I. *Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 100.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.  
ROBERT EMMET. *Speech on His Trial and Conviction for High Treason*, September, 1803.

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.  
SAM'L JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* 1775.

Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved  
So very much is said:  
One-half will never be believed,  
The other never read.  
ANON.

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,  
That here obedient to their laws we lie.  
SIMONIDES OF CEOS. Fragment 92 (151).  
(*Epitaph of the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae.*)

That I spent, that I had;  
That I gave, that I have;  
That I left, that I lost.  
A. D. 1579.  
*Epitaph of Robert Byrkes.*

[According to Richard Gough (*Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*), these are the concluding lines of an epitaph in Doncaster Church. The verses are very popular among mortuary inscriptions, and variants are frequent. This is how they appear on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire:

What we gave, we have;  
What we spent, we had;  
What we left, we lost.

A somewhat similar sentiment may be found in Martial:

Who gives to friends so much from fate secures,  
That is the only wealth forever yours.

Still another change is rung on this thought in the following anecdote from the *Gesta Romanorum*:

We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation, the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed, "I have expended; I have given; I have kept; I have possessed; I do possess; I have lost; I am punished. What I formerly expended, I have; what I gave way, I have." Tale xvi.

(See under GIFT.)

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be ye man ye spares thes stones,  
And curst be he ye moves my bones.  
SHAKESPEARE. *His Own Epitaph.*

[These lines are rudely engraved on his monument at Stratford-on-Avon. The last line is imitated from the damnation clauses of old Roman sepulchral inscriptions, of which this is a fair instance: "If any one shall disfigure this sepulchre, or shall open it, or move anything from it, to him let there be no earth to walk, no sea to sail, but may he be rooted out with all his race. May he feel all diseases, shuddering, and fever, and madness, and whatsoever ills exist for beasts or men, may these light on him who dares move aught from this tomb."]

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse:  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast killed another:  
Wise and virtuous, good as she,  
Time will throw his dart at thee.  
*Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*

[This is how the epitaph reads on the lady's tomb. In many anthologies and in editions of Ben Jonson, to whom it has been constantly, but, in all likelihood, erroneously attributed, the lines are usually given as follows:

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

There seems good reason to believe that the poem was written, not by Ben Jonson, but by William Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. Goodwin, the latest editor of Browne, has found a passage in which Browne himself seems to claim the epitaph as his. This occurs in his *Elegy on Charles, Lord Herbert*, a grandson of the Countess:

And since my weak and saddest verse  
Was worthy thought to grace thy grandam's  
hearse,  
Accept of this.

Browne was a protégé of William, Earl of Pembroke, the Countess' son, and the epitaph was included in a volume of the Earl's collected *Poems*, 1660. But the general

opinion among critics is that the Earl wrote only a second and inferior verse tacked on to it in this collection :

Marble piles let no man raise  
To her name; in after days  
Some kind woman born as she,  
Reading this, like Niobe,  
Shall turn marble, and become  
Both her mourner and her tomb.

Nevertheless, there is a possibility that Browne wrote this verse also, the concluding conceit being quite in his manner. Indeed, Browne employs a very similar conceit in one of the poems that is certainly his, an epitaph *On One Drowned in the Snow* :

Within a fleece of silent waters drowned  
Before I met with death a grave I found ;  
That which exiled my life from her sweet  
home  
For grief straight froze itself into a Tomb.

The first publication of the famous epitaph was in Osborne's *Traditional Memoirs of the Reign of King James*, 1658, but with no ascription of authorship. It was first claimed for Ben Jonson by Peter Whalley, who published a collected edition of his works in 1756, but who only alleges popular tradition as his authority.]

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die ;  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live.  
If at all she had a fault  
Leave it buried in this vault.

BEN JONSON. *Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.*

And here the precious dust is laid ;  
Whose purely temper'd clay was made  
So fine that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,  
It broke the outward shell of sinne  
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

THOS. CAREW. *Inscription on Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth.*

Fuller's earth.

THOMAS FULLER. *Epitaph Written on Himself.*

He first decaas'd ; she for a little tri'd  
To live without him, lik'd it not, and died.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife.*

Philips, whose touch harmonious could  
remove  
The pangs of guilty power and hapless  
love !

Rest here, distress'd by poverty no  
more ;  
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft  
before ;

Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful  
shrine,

Till angels wake thee with a note like  
thine !

DR. JOHNSON. *Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in  
night.

God said " *Let Newton be !*" and all was  
light.

POPE. *Epitaph Intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild ;  
In Wit a man ; Simplicity, a child.

*Ibid. Epitaph on Mr. Gay.*

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art !  
draw near !

Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son  
most dear ;

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship  
might divide,

Or gave his father grief but when he died.

*Ibid. Epitaph on Hon. Simon Harcourt.*

Under this marble, or under this sill,  
Or under this turf, or e'en what they  
will,

Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,  
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my  
head,

Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares  
not a pin

What they said or may say of the mortal  
within ;

But who, living and dying, serene, still,  
and free,

Trusts in God that as well as he was he  
shall be.

*Ibid. Epitaph for one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.*

The body of Benjamin Franklin,  
Printer, (Like the cover of an old book,  
its contents torn out and stript of its  
lettering and gilding,) Lies here food  
for worms ; But the work shall not be  
lost, for it will (as he believed) appear  
once more in a new and more elegant  
edition, revised and corrected by the  
author.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Epitaph on Himself.* Written in 1728.

A living, breathing Bible; tables where  
Both Covenants at large engraven were.  
Gospel and law, in 's heart, had each its  
column;

His head an index to the sacred volume;  
His very name a title-page; and, next,  
His life a commentary on the text.

O what a monument of glorious worth,  
When, in a new edition, he comes forth!  
Without errata may we think he'll be,  
In leaves and covers of eternity!

BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE. *Epitaph on  
Himself.*

[Woodbridge was a member of the first  
graduating class of Harvard (1642). His  
epitaph is quoted in Cotton Mather's *Mag-  
nalia Christi*, a book with which Franklin  
was admittedly familiar. But Woodbridge  
himself had numerous predecessors.]

Here lie the remains of James Pady,  
Brickmaker, in hope that his clay will be  
remoulded in a workmanlike manner, far  
superior to his former perishable materials.

*Epitaph from Addiscombe Churchyard,  
Devonshire.*

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

STEVENSON. *Requiem.*

[The last three lines are engraved upon  
Stevenson's tomb in Valadima, Samoan  
Islands.]

## EQUIVOCATION.

*Macbeth.* Thou lovest labour;  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make  
me bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not  
yield

To one of woman born.

*Macduff.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast  
serv'd,

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's  
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

*Macbeth.* Accurs'd be that tongue that  
tells me so;

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more  
believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our  
ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight  
with thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 8.  
l. 18.

*Touchstone.* All these you may avoid  
but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid  
that too, with an If. I knew when  
seven justices could not take up a quar-  
rel, but when the parties were met them-  
selves, one of them thought but of an If,  
as, "If you said so, then I said so";  
and they shook hands and swore brothers.  
Your If is the only peace-maker; much  
virtue in If.

*Ibid.* As *You Like It.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 91.

## ERROR.

Σύγγνωθ' ἀμάρτείν εἰκός ἀνθρώπους,  
τέκνον.

Forgive, son; men are men, they  
needs must err.

EURIPIDES. *Hippolytus.* 615. (A. S. WAY,  
trans.)

[So says the Nurse in Euripides' play. Ac-  
cording to Buchmann, Theognis (B. C. 540)  
had anticipated the saying. In its Latinized  
form, "Humanum est errare" (It is human  
to err)—a form first given to it by Seneca  
(*Controversies*, bk. iv., dialogue 2)—the senti-  
ment became a commonplace.]

For to err in opinion, though it be not the  
part of wise men, is at least human.

PLUTARCH. *Morals Against Colotes the  
Epicurean.*

All men are liable to error, and most men  
are, in many points, by passion or interest,  
under temptation to it.

LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understand-  
ing.* Bk. iv. Ch. xx. Sec. 17.

The best may slip, and the most cautious  
fall;  
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at  
all.

POMFRET. *Love Triumphant over Reason.*  
l. 145.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;  
To err is human, to forgive divine.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism* Pt. ii. l. 525.

Man-like it is to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein;  
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,  
God-like it is all sin to leave.

FR. VON LOGAU. *Sinnegedichté.*

Es irt der Mensch so lang er strebt.

While man's desires and aspirations stir,  
He cannot choose but err.

GOETHE. *Faust, Prolog im Himmel.*  
*Der Herr.* l. 77.

[The translation is Bayard Taylor's, who confesses himself dissatisfied with his own as well as with all other renderings of a difficult line: "It has seemed to me impossible to give the full meaning of these words—that error is a natural accompaniment of the struggles and aspirations of man—in a single line."]

*Messala.* O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 67.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

He who would search for pearls, must dive below.

DRYDEN. *All for Love.* Prologue.

Some positive, persisting fops we know,

Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

But you with pleasure own your errors past,

And make each day a critique on the last.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. iii. l. 9.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.

COLTON. *Lacon.* i.

Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison.

When every one is in the wrong, every one is in the right.

LA CHAUSSÉE. *La Gouvernante.* i. 3.

Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* l. 102.

Errare mehercule malo cum Platone, quem tu quanti facias, scio quam cum istis vera sentire.

By Hercules! I prefer to err with Plato, whom I know how much you value, than to be right in the company of such men.

CICERO. *Tusculanarum Disputationum.* l. 17.

## ESTRANGEMENT.

*Brutus.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

Sink in the trial.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 18.

Dissensions, like small streams at first begun,

Unseen they rise, but gather as they run.

GARTH. *Dispensary.* Canto iii. l. 184.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth,

And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,

And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And thus it chanced as I divine

With Roland and Sir Leoline,

Each spake words of high disdain

And insult to his heart's best brother.

They parted—ne'er to meet again!

But never either found another

To free the hollow heart from paining,

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,—  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:

A dreary sea now flows between.

COLERIDGE. *Christabel.* Pt. ii. l. 97.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted

In hate, whose mining depths so intervene  
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age

Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 94.

Alas—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm when waves were  
rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sca,  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: Light of the Harem.*  
l. 183.

Our love was like most other loves;

A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rose bud, and a pair of gloves,  
And "Fly not yet"—upon the  
river;

Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED. *The Belle  
of the Ball.*

We parted; months and years rolled  
by;

We met again four summers after;  
Our parting was all sob and sigh;  
Our meeting was all mirth and  
laughter:

For in my heart's most secret cell  
There had been many other lodgers;  
And she was not the ball-room's  
belle;

But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!  
*Ibid.* *The Belle of the Ball.*

Zara. Heaven has no rage like love  
to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride.* Act  
iii. Sc. 8.

In the extract already quoted from Col-  
eridge's *Christabel*, two lines ("But to be  
wroth," etc.) may be a reminiscence of Con-  
greve's first line. But Congreve himself  
had been anticipated, noticeably by Colley  
Cibber:

*Flareit.* He shall find no Fiend in Hell can  
match the fury of a disappointed woman.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift.* Act  
iv. Sc. 1.

*Leonora.* A slighted woman knows no  
bounds.

VANBRUGH. *The Mistake.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Cassandra.* Is any Panther's, Lioness's rage  
So furious, any Torrent's fall so swift  
As a wrong'd woman's hate?

NATH. LEE. *Alexander the Great.* Act I.  
Sc. 1.

ETERNITY.

(See IMMORTALITY.)

This is the promise that He hath  
promised us, even eternal life.

*New Testament.* I. John ii. 25.

Esto perpetua!

Be thou perpetual!

PIETRO SARPI. *Dying Apostrophe to Venice.*  
January 15, 1623.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing  
past,

But an eternal now does always last.

COWLEY. *Davidels.* Bk. i. l. 25.

One of our poets—which is it?—speaks of  
an *everlasting now*. If such a condition of  
existence were offered to us in this world,  
and it were put to the vote whether we  
should accept the offer and fix all things  
immutably as they are, who are they whose  
votes would be given in the affirmative?

SOUTHEY. *The Doctor.* Cb. xxv. p. 1.

The time will come when every change  
shall cease,

This quick revolving wheel shall rest in  
peace:

No summer then shall glow, nor winter  
freeze;

Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal now shall ever last.

PETRARCH. *The Triumph of Eternity.*  
l. 117.

The poorest day that passes over us is the  
confux of two Eternities; it is made up of  
currents that issue from the remotest Past  
and flow onwards into the remotest Future.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Signs of the Times.*

One life,—a little gleam of time between  
two Eternities.

*Ibid.* *Hero-worship.* *The Hero as Man  
of Letters*

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless  
seas,

The past, the future, two eternities!

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet  
of Khorassan.* St. 42.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 3.

Vain, weak-built isthmus which dost  
proudly rise  
Up between two eternities.

COWLEY. *Ode on Life and Fame.*

Tbink not thy time short in this world,  
since the world itself is not long. The  
created world is but a small parenthesis in  
eternity, and a short interposition, for a  
time, between such a state of duration as  
was before it and may be after it.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Christian Morals.*  
Pt. iii. xxix.

A Moment's Halt,—a momentary taste  
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste,—  
And, Lo! the phantom Caravan has  
reached  
The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make  
haste!  
OMAR KHAYYAM. *Rubaiyat*. St. xlviii.

Remember that man's life lies all within  
this present, as 't were but a hair's-breadth  
of time; as for the rest, the past is gone,  
the future yet unseen. Short, therefore, is  
man's life, and narrow is the corner of the  
earth wherein he dwells.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. 10.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an  
hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
ADDISON. *Cato*. Act v. Sc. 1.

That golden key,  
That opes the palace of eternity.  
MILTON. *Comus*. 1. 13.

Eternity! How know we but we stand  
On the precipitous and crumbling verge  
Of Time e'en now, Eternity below?  
ABRAHAM COLES. *The Microcosm and  
Other Poems*. 1841. p. 125.

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful  
thought!  
Through what variety of untried beings,  
Through what new scenes and changes  
must we pass!  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies  
before me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest  
upon it.  
ADDISON. *Cato*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Beyond the stars, and all this passing  
scene,  
Where change shall cease, and Time  
shall be no more.  
KIRKE WHITE. *Time*. 1. 726.

A sudden thought strikes me,—let us  
swear an eternal friendship.

FRERE. *The Rovers*. Act i. Sc. 1.

[*The Rovers* is a parody on Goethe's *Stella*.  
The particular scene in mind is that where  
*Stella*, after her paramour has shot himself  
in her presence and in that of the injured  
wife, cries out to the latter, "Madam, I have  
an inspiration! We will remain together!—  
your hand on it! From this moment on I  
will never leave you."

In Otway's *The Orphan* occur these lines:  
Let us embrace, and from this very moment  
Vow an eternal misery together. (Act iv.  
Sc. 2.)]

Eternity bids thee to forget.  
BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 23.

The thought of life that ne'er shall  
cease  
Has something in it like despair.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. i. 1. 42.

## EUPHEMISM.

*Falstaff*. Marry, then, sweet wag, when  
thou art King, let not us, that are squires  
of the Night's body, be called thieves of  
the Day's beauty; let us be Diana's for-  
esters, gentlemen of the shade, minions  
of the Moon; and let men say, we be  
men of good government, being governed  
as the sea is, by our noble and chaste  
mistress the Moon, under whose coun-  
tenance we—steal.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc.  
2. 1. 18.

*Pistol*. "Convey," the wise it call.  
"Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase.

*Ibid*. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act i.  
Sc. 3. 1. 32.

## EVENING.

(See also SUNSET.)

*First Murderer*. Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near ap-  
proaches  
The subject of our watch.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
1. 4.

*Armodo*. In the posteriors of this day,  
which the rude multitude call the after-  
noon.  
*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 1.  
1. 76.

Now came still evening on, and twilight  
gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompany'd; for beast and  
bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their  
nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful night-  
ingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant  
sung;

Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament

With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk iv. l. 598.

When the gray-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheel of  
Phœbus' wain.

*Ibid.* *Comus*. l. 188.

And hie him home, at evening's close,  
To sweet repast and calm repose.

GRAY. *Ode to Vicissitude*. l. 87.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,<sup>1</sup>

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

*Ibid.* *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. l. 1.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

*Ibid.* *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. l. 5.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—

Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

CHESTERFIELD. *Advice to a Lady in Autumn*.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

<sup>1</sup>The first edition reads, "The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,

The mingling notes came soften'd from below;

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,

The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from school;

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 113.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,

And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

BEATTIE. *The Hermit*. l. 1.

Come to the sunset tree!

The day is past and gone;

The woodman's axe lies free,

And the reaper's work is done.

MRS. HEMANS. *Evening Song of the Tyrolean Peasants*.

Evening came on;

The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues

High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray

That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;

Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,

Entwined in duskier wreathes her braided locks

O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day:

Night followed, clad with stars.

SHELLEY. *Alastor*.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows

Seem sweet in every whispered word :  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON. *Parisina*. St. 1.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration.

WORDSWORTH. *It is a Beauteous Evening*.

When the sun's last rays are fading  
Into twilight soft and dim.

THEODORE L. BARKER. *Thou Will Think of Me Again*.

To me at least was never evening yet  
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

ROBERT BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*. *Pompilia*. l. 357.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done*.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

*Ibid.* *The Day is Done*.

### EVIDENCE.

Things true and evident must of necessity be recognized by those who would contradict them.

EPICTETUS. *Concerning the Epicureans*.

*Warwick*. Who finds the heifer dead  
and bleeding fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 'twas he that made the  
slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's  
nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied  
beak?

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 188.

*Smith*. Sir, he made a chimney in my  
father's house, and the bricks are alive  
at this day to testify it; therefore deny  
it not.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 156.

*Othello*. Be sure of it; give me the  
ocular proof.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 360.

The proof of the pudding is in the  
eating.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Ch. xxiv.

"Can this be true?" an arch observer  
cries,—

"Yes," rather moved, "I saw it with  
these eyes.

Sir! I believe it on that ground alone ;  
I could not had I seen it with my own."

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 231.

### EVIL.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome  
evil with good.

*New Testament*. Romans xii. 21.

Woe unto them that call evil good  
and good evil.

*Old Testament*. Isaiah v. 20.

All good to me is lost ;  
Evil, be thou my good.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 109.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Evil to him who evil thinks.

*Motto of the Order of the Garter and of  
Great Britain*.

*Hamlet*. And makes us rather bear  
those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 81.

Habeas, ut nactus : nota mala res optima  
'st.

Keep what you have. The evil that we  
know is the better of the two.

PLAUTUS. *Trinummus*. i. 2, 25.

Hoc sustinēt majus ne veniat malum.

Bear the ills ye have, lest worse befall ye.  
PHAEDRUS. *Fables*. i. 2, 31.

The oldest and best known evil was ever  
more supportable than one that was new  
and untried.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. *Of Vanity*.

But as the flounder dooth,  
Leape out of the frying pan into the fyre.  
JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. v.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with  
precious flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds  
sing;  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is  
ours,

But ill-annexed opportunity  
O'er kills his life, or else his quality.  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*.  
l. 869.

And out of good still to find means of  
evil.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 165.

*Prometheus*. Evil minds  
Change good to their own nature.  
SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*. Act i.

Oft hath even a whole city reaped the evil  
fruit of a bad man.

HEIOD. *Works and Days*. l. 240.

One man's wickedness may easily become  
all men's curse.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 463.

For himself doth a man work evil in  
working evils for another.

HEIOD. *Works and Days*. l. 265.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto iii. St.  
125.

He who is bent on doing evil can never  
want occasion.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 459.

That evil is half cured whose cause we  
know.

CHURCHILL. *Gotham*. Bk. iii. l. 652.

But evil is wrought by want of Thought,  
As well as want of Heart!

HOOD. *The Lady's Dream*. St. 16.

Time to me this truth has taught  
('Tis a treasure worth revealing),  
More offend by want of thought  
Than from any want of feeling.

CHARLES SWAIN. *Want of Thought*.

*King*. There is some soul of goodness  
in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early  
stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good hus-  
bandry;  
Besides, they are our outward con-  
sciences,

And preachers to us all; admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our  
end.

Thus may we gather honey from the  
weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 4.

*Friar*. O, mickle is the powerful grace that  
lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true  
qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth  
live

But to the earth some special good doth  
give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that  
fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on  
abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

*Ibid*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 15.

From seeming evil still educing good.

THOMSON. *Hymn*. l. 114.

*First Lord*. The web of our life is of a  
mingled yarn, good and ill together; our  
virtues would be proud if our faults whipped  
them not; and our crimes would despair if  
they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Ibid*. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act iv.  
Sc. 3. l. 82.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,  
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 231.

*Spirit*. What we all love is good touched  
up with evil—

Religion's self must have a spice of devil.

A. H. CLOUGH. *Dipsychus*. Sc. 3.

Known yet ignored, nor divined, nor un-  
guessed,

Such is Man's law of life. Do we strive to  
declare

What is ill, what is good in our spinning?  
worst, best,

Change hues of a sudden; now here and  
now there

Flits the sign which decides; all about  
yet nowhere.

BROWNING. *Parleyings with Certain People*.  
*Song of the Fates*.

Evil is only good perverted.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. ii.

In men whom men denounce as ill  
I see so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I see so much of sin and blot;

I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two—where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER. *Burns*.

I find that the best virtue I have has in it  
some tincture of vice.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. *That We Taste  
Nothing Pure*.

He knows a baseness in his blood  
At such strange war with something good,  
He may not do the thing he would.  
TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*.

*Antony*. The evil that men do lives  
after them;

The good is often interréd with their  
bones.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 80.

*Griffith*. Men's evil manners live in brass;  
their virtues  
We write in water.

*Ibid*. *Henry VIII*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 45.

*Francisco*. Injuries are writ in brass, kind  
Graccho,  
And not to be forgotten.

MASSINGER. *The Duke of Milan*. Act v.  
Sc. 1.

All your better deeds  
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Philaster*.  
Act v. Sc. 3.

L'injure se grave en métal; et le bienfait  
s'écrit en l'onde.

An injury graves itself in metal, but a  
benefit writes itself in water.

JEAN BERTAUT. *Circa* 1611.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,  
But write our benefits upon the wave.

KING. *The Art of Love*. l. 971.

For men use, if they have an evil tourne,  
to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a  
good tourne we write it in duste.

SIR THOMAS MORE. *Richard III. and  
his miserable End*.

Some write their wrongs in marble: he  
more just,  
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the  
dust,—

Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth and blotted from his  
mind.

There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,  
And grieved they could not 'scape the  
Almighty eye.

SAMUEL MADDEN. *Boulter's Monument*.

Here lies one whose name was writ in  
water.

KEATS. *Epitaph engraved at his request  
on his tomb in Rome*.

Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble  
white,  
On which I read: "Here lieth one whose  
name  
Was writ in water." And was this the  
meed

Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:  
"The smoking flax before it burst to  
flame

Was quenched by death, and broken the  
bruised reed."

LONGFELLOW. *Keats*.

But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time;  
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd  
clay,

Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of  
rhyme,

Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a  
crime.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 3.

## EVOLUTION.

A prima descendit origine mundi  
Causarum series.

Even from the first beginnings of the  
world

Descends a chain of causes.

LUCAN. *Pharsalia*. vi. 608.

Anaximander says that men were first  
produced in fishes, and when they were  
grown up and able to help themselves  
were thrown up, and so lived upon the  
land.

PLUTARCH. *Symposiacs*. Bk. viii. Q. viii.

So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk, from  
thence the leaves

More aery, last the bright consummate  
flower

Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and  
their fruit,

Man's nourishment, by gradual scale  
sublimed,

To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding; whence the  
soul

Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive or intuitive; discourse

Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the  
same.

Wonder not, then, what God for you saw  
good

If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance: time may come,  
when men

With angels may participate.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 479.

A subtle chain of countless rings

The next unto the farthest brings:

The eye reads omens where it goes,

And speaks all languages the rose;

And, striving to be Man, the worm

Mounts through all the spires of form.

EMERSON. *Mayday*.

From lower to the higher next,  
Not to the top, is Nature's text ;  
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,  
Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

LOWELL. *Festina Lente. Moral.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one  
increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd  
with the process of the suns.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall. l. 137.*

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reached its  
term:

Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute; a God though  
in the germ.

BROWNING. *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

I have called this principle, by which  
each slight variation, if useful, is pre-  
served, by the term of Natural Selec-  
tion.

CHARLES DARWIN. *The Origin of Species. Ch. iii.*

We will now discuss in a little more  
detail the Struggle for Existence.

*Ibid.* *The Origin of Species. Ch. iii.*

The expression often used by Mr.  
Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the  
Fittest is more accurate, and is some-  
times equally convenient.

*Ibid.* *The Origin of Species. Ch. iii.*

This survival of the fittest, which I  
have here sought to express in me-  
chanical terms, is that which Mr. Dar-  
win has called "natural selection, or  
the preservation of favoured races in  
the struggle for life."

HERBERT SPENCER. *Principles of Biology. Indirect Equilibration.*

The perpetual struggle for room and  
food.

MATTHEW. *On Population. Ch. iii.*

For nature is one with rapine, a harm  
no preacher can heal;

The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the  
sparrow spear'd by the shrike,

And the whole little wood where I sit is  
a world of plunder and prey.

TENNYSON. *Maud. lv. 4.*

A man is the whole encyclopedia of  
facts. The creation of a thousand forests  
is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece,  
Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie  
folded already in the first man.

EMERSON. *Essays. History.*

There was an ape in the days that were  
earlier,

Centuries passed and his hair became  
curlier;

Centuries more gave a thumb to his  
wrist—

Then he was MAN and a Positivist.

MORTIMER COLLINS. *The British Birds. St. 5.*

### EXAMPLE.

*Duke.* Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches  
do,

Not light them for themselves; for if  
our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not  
finely touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she deter-  
mines

Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure. Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 29.*

Let your light so shine before men,  
that they may see your good works,  
and glorify your Father which is in  
heaven.

*New Testament. Matthew v. 16.*

Examples draw when precept fails,  
And sermons are less read than tales.

PRIOR. *The Turtle and the Sparrow. l. 102.*

Example is always more efficacious than  
precept.

DR. JOHNSON. *Rasselas. Ch. xxx.*

Since truth and constancy are vain,  
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,  
Nor force of reason, can persuade,  
Then let example be obey'd.

GEORGE GRANVILLE (LORD LANSDOWNE).  
*To Myra.*

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.

JUNIUS. Letter xii. *To the Duke of Grafton.*

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.

BURKE. Letter i. *On a Regicide. Peace.* Vol. v. p. 331.

These taught us how to live; and (oh, too high

The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

THOMAS TICKELL. *On the Death of Mr. Addison.* l. 81.

He who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays.* Bk. i. Ch. xix.

Teach him how to live,  
And, oh! still harder lesson, how to die.

BELBY PORTEUS. *Death.* l. 316.

They that yet never learn'd to live and die,  
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly.

R. BAXTER. *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.* Pt. ii.

Those who have endeavoured to teach to die well, have taught few to die willingly.

DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mr. Jos. Baretti.* 10th June, 1761.

If from society we learn to live,  
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die.

BYRON. *Child Harold.* Canto iv. 33.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 170.  
(See PRACTICE and PRECEPT.)

Content to follow when we lead the way.

HOMER. *The Iliad.* Bk. x. l. 141. (POPE, trans.)

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

LOWELL. *Sonnet IV.*

So our lives  
In acts exemplarie, not only winne  
Ourselves good Names, but doth to  
others give

Matter for virtuous Deedes, by which  
wee live.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Bussy D'Ambois.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Princes that would their people should  
do well

Must at themselves begin, as at the  
head;

For men, by their example, pattern out

Their imitations, and regard of laws:  
A virtuous court a world to virtue  
draws.

BEN JONSON. *Cynthia's Revels.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Examples lead us, and we likely see;  
Such as the prince is, will his people  
be.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 761.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. *He*  
*who practices it will have neighbors.*

CONFUCIUS. *Analects.* Bk. iv. Ch. xxv.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life.*

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

*Ibid.* Charles Sumner. St. 9.

## EXCESS.

Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

To pile Pelion on Olympus.

HORACE. *Odes.* iii. 4. 52.

Ossa on Pelion thrice they strive to  
pile,

And upon Ossa leafy Olympus roll.

VIRGIL. *Georgics* i. 281.

Heaved on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;  
On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood.

HOMER. *The Odyssey.* Bk. xi. l. 387.  
(POPE, trans.)

*Laertes.* Now pile your dust upon the quick  
and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, on the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 274.

Faut d'la vertu, pas trop n'en faut,  
L'excès en tout est un défaut.

Some virtue is needed, but not too  
much. Excess in anything is a defect.

MONVEL. *From a comic opera, Erreur d'un Moment.* Quoted by DESAUGIERS.

He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd  
us less.

ADDISON. *English Poets, referring to Cowley.*

Best things carry'd to excess are wrong.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad.* l. 1039.

## EXCLAMATIONS.

*Slender.* If it be my luck, so : if not, happy man be his dole !

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 67.

*Falstaff.* Think of that, Master Brook, *Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 123.

*Pistol.* A foutre for the world and wordlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 103.

*Pistol.* Under which king, Bezonian ? speak or die !

*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 119.

*Macbeth.* Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield ; lay on,  
Macduff ;  
And damn'd be him that first cries,

*Hold, enough !*

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 32.

*Marcellus.* Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes again !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 40.

*Hamlet.* Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 49.

*Hamlet.* O, my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 41.

*Hamlet.* Dead, for a ducat, dead !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 23.

*Richard.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 13.

The King is dead ! Long live the King !

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body guard from a window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Le Roi est mort !" Then seizing another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Vive le Roi !"

PARDOE. *Life of Louis XIV.* Vol. iii. p. 457.

[This was the phrase with which the death of a French king was announced by a herald, who appeared upon a balcony of the royal palace. The ceremony was last seen at the death of Louis XVIII.]

Ah that I— You would have it so, you would have it so ; George Dandin, you would have it so ! This suits you very nicely, and you are served right ; you have precisely what you deserve.

MOLIÈRE. *Georgé Dandin.* Act i. Sc. 19.

In the name of the Prophet—figs.

HORACE SMITH. *Johnson's Ghost.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 330.

Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape ?

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 681.

I fled, and cried out *Death !*

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed

From all her caves, and back resounded *Death !*

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 787.

One word alone is all that strikes the ear,  
One short, pathetic, simple word, . . .  
"Oh, dear !"

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy : Autumn.* l. 157.

Let us do or die.

BURNS. *Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn.*  
CAMPBELL. *Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. iii. St. 87.

[Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family."

*Review of Gertrude, Scott's Miscellanies.* Vol. i. p. 153.]

Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee,  
Who on that day the word of onset gave.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet. In the Pass of Killlicranky.*

[It was on this occasion (the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir) that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "Oh for an hour of Dundee !"

MAHON. *History of England.* Vol. i. p. 184.]

Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo,  
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe !

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 12.

O Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* l. 359.

## EXCUSE.

Egomet mi ignosco.

I find excuses for myself.

HORACE. *Satires.* i. 3, 23.

Ignoscito saepe alteri ; nunquam tibi.

You may often make excuses for another, never for yourself.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. 208.

*Pembroke.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patched.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.  
l. 30.

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.

He who excuses himself accuses himself.

GABRIEL MEURIER. *Trésor des Sentences.*  
1530-1601. p. 63, note 2.

*Cicero.* Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.

He acts the third crime that defends the first.

BEN JONSON. *Catiline.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Never make a defence or apology before you be accused.

CHARLES I. *Letter to Lord Wentworth.*

*Othello.* The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent, no more.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 80.

A bad excuse is better, they say, than none at all.

STEPHEN GOSSON. *The Schoole of Abuse.*

*Nicholas.* A bad shift is better than none at all.

H. PORTER. *The Two Angry Women of Abington.*

To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
Came prologue and apology too prompt.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ix. l. 853.

All are pleas'd, by partial passion led,  
To shift their follies on another's head.

PARNELL. *Elysium.* l. 103.

Stoop not then to poor excuse;  
Turn on the accuser roundly; say,

"Here am I, here will I abide  
Forever to myself soothfast;

Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay!"

Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,

For only it can absolutely deal.

EMERSON. *Sursum Corda.*

Apologies only account for that which they do not alter.

DISRAELI. *Speech.* July 28, 1871.

## EXILE.

(See BANISHMENT.)

Some natural tears they dropped, but  
wiped them soon:

The world was all before them, where to  
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their  
guide.

They, hand in hand, with wandering  
steps and slow

Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. xii. l. 645.

Behold the duteous son, the sire decayed,

The modest matron, and the blushing  
maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy  
train,

To traverse climes beyond the Western  
main.

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps  
around,

And Niagara stuns with thundering  
sound.

GOLDSMITH. *Traveller.* l. 407.

There came to the beach a poor exile of  
Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill;

For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

CAMPBELL. *The Exile of Erin.*

For I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam,  
to sail,

Where'er the surge may sweep, the  
tempest's breath prevail.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 2.

## EXPERIENCE.

Credite experto.

Believe one who has tried it.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* xi. 283.

[Usually quoted "Experto credite," cf. the anonymous mediæval line:

Quam subito, quam certo, experto crede  
Roberto.

How suddenly and how certainly (it will come) you may learn from the experienced Robert.]

Stultorum eventus magister est.

Experience is the teacher of fools.

LIVY. *Annales*. xxii. 39.

Discipulus est priori posterior discipulus.

Each day is the scholar of yesterday.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxims*.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarcely in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *The Way to Wealth*.

*Regan*. To wilful men

The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmaster.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 4.  
l. 305.

Longum iter est per praecepta, breve et  
efficax per exempla.

The path of precept is long, that of example  
short and effectual.

SENECA. *Epistolæ*. vi. 5.

In omnibus fere minus valent praecepta  
quam experimenta.

In almost everything experiment is better  
than precept.

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria*.  
ii. 5, 15.

Demonstratio longe optima est experientia.

By far the best proof is experience.

BACON. *Novum Organum*. i. 70.

Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. l. 173.

Learning teacheth more in one year  
than experience in twenty.

ROGER ASCHAM. *The Schoolmaster*.

One thorn of experience is worth a  
whole wilderness of warning.

LOWELL. *Among my Books*. *Shakespeare  
Once More*.

The best plan is, as the common proverb  
has it, to profit by the folly of others.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*.  
Bk. xviii. Sc. 31.

Feliciter sapit qui alieno periculo sapit.

He gains wisdom in a happy way, who  
gains it by another's experience.

PLAUTUS. *Mercator*. iv. 7, 40.

*Ford*. Unless experience be a jewel;  
that I have purchased at an infinite rate.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 212.

Burnt child fire dredth.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch.  
ii.

A burne childe feere de fire.

UNKNOWN. *Pasquil and Katherine*.

A burnt childe dreadeth the fire.

LYLY. *Euphues and His England*.

*Fitzdottrelly*. The burnt child dreads the  
fire.

BEN JONSON. *The Devil is an Ass*. Act i.  
Sc. 2.

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on  
evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. l. 87.

*Shylock*. What! wouldst thou have a serpent  
sting thee twice?

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 69.

*Rosalind*. And your experience makes  
you sad; I had rather have a fool to

make me merry than experience to

make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 25.

*Lucre*. Does not he return wisest that  
comes home whipt with his own follies.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old  
One*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by  
experience.

ROGER ASCHAM. *The Schoolmaster*.

Knowledge of good bought dear by know-  
ing ill.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 222.

Sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

POPE. *January and May*. l. 630.

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart  
hath tried.

BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 1.

A sadder and a wiser man,

He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Con-  
cluding lines.

The dirty nurse, experience.

TENNYSON. *The Last Tournament*.

*Antonio*. Experience is by industry  
achieved

And perfected by the swift course of  
time.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act i. Sc. 3. l. 22.

Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had  
remain'd

In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's  
way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she  
retire.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 807.

No man's knowledge, here, can go  
beyond his experience.

LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Bk. ii. Ch. i. Sec. 19.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are  
guided, and that is the lamp of experience.

PATRICK HENRY. *Speech in Virginia Convention*. March 23, 1775.

Only so much do I know, as I have lived.

EMERSON. *Oration. The American Scholar*.

Experience, join'd with common sense,  
To mortals is a providence.

MATTHEW GREEN. *The Spleen*. l. 312.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW. *The Ladder of St. Augustine*.

I know

The past, and thence I will essay to glean  
A warning for the future, so that man  
May profit by his errors, and derive  
Experience from his folly;  
For, when the power of imparting joy  
Is equal to the will, the human soul

Requires no other heaven.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. iii. l. 6.

The only faith that wears well and  
holds its color in all weathers, is that  
which is woven of conviction and set  
with the sharp mordant of experience.

LOWELL. *My Study Windows. Abraham Lincoln*. 1864.

A man used to vicissitudes is not  
easily dejected.

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xii.

In her experience all her friends relied,  
Heaven was her help and nature was  
her guide.

CRABBE. *Parish Register*. Pt. iii.

To show the world what long experience  
gains

Requires not courage, though it calls for  
pains;

But at life's outset to inform mankind  
Is a bold effort of a valiant mind.

*Ibid.* *The Borough*. Letter vii. l. 47.

## EXPRESSION.

Preserving the sweetness of propor-  
tion and expressing itself beyond ex-  
pression.

BEN JONSON. *The Masque of Hymen*.

Patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You  
have seen

Sunshine and rain at once her smile  
and tears

Were like a better way.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc.  
3. l. 18.

Expression is the dress of thought, and  
still

Appears more decent as more suitable;  
A vile conceit in pompous words ex-  
press'd,

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. l. 318.

## EXTREMES.

The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and  
die,

But if that flower with base infection  
meet,

The basest weed outbraves his dig-  
nity;

For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than  
weeds.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet xciv*.

Wit, like tierce claret, when't begins to  
pall,

Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,  
But in its full perfection of decay

Turns vinegar, and comes again in  
play.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Every white will have its blacke,  
And every sweet its soure.

THOS. PERCY. *Reliques. Sir Caarlina*.  
Pt. ii. l. 1.

The rose and thorn, the treasure and  
dragon, joy and sorrow, all mingle into  
one.

SAADI. *The Gulistan*. Ch. vii. *Apologue*  
21. (ROSS, trans.)

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
Like east and west, become the same.  
No Indian Prince has to his palace  
More followers than a thief to the gal-  
lows.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto i. l.  
271.

Thus each extreme to equal danger  
tends,  
Plenty, as well as want, can sep'rate  
friends.

COWLEY. *Dauidis*. Bk. iii. l. 205.

Extremes in nature equal good produce;  
Extremes in man concur to general use.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 161.

The way to rest is pain;  
The road to resolution lies by doubt;  
The next way home's the farthest way  
about.

QUARLES. *Emblems*. Bk. iv. Emblem 2.  
Ep. 2.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

HERRICK.

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great  
mind,  
Godlike, unmoved—and yet, like  
woman, kind.

WALLER.

The fate of all extremes is such,  
Men may be read, as well as books, too  
much.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 9.

Men are as much blinded by the ex-  
tremes of misery as by the extremes of  
poverty.

BURKE. *Letter to Member of the National  
Assembly*. 1791.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding  
new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns  
from fears;

The rose is sweetest wash'd with morn-  
ing dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd  
in tears.

SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake*. Canto iv.  
St. 1.

## EYE.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was  
I to the lame.

*Old Testament*. Job xxix. 15.

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur  
ut ipsæ.

The ladies come to see, and to be  
seen.

OVID. *Art of Love*. l. 99.

[Chaucer, *Wif of Bath*, ProL., has:

And for to see, and eke for to be seye.]

Non laudandus est, qui credit plus qui  
audit, quam qui videt;

Non placet, cum illi plus laudant, qui  
audiunt, quam qui vident;

Pluris est oculatus testis unus, quam  
auriti decem.

Qui audiunt, audita dicunt; qui vident  
plane sciunt.

I don't commend the man who rather  
trusts

His ears than eyes.—It discomposes  
me

When those are louder in their com-  
mendations,

Who've only heard reports, than those  
who saw

The deeds performed.—And one eye-  
witness weighs

More than ten hearsays. Seeing is be-  
lieving

All the world o'er.

PLAUTUS. *Truculentus*. Act ii. Sc. 6, 6.  
(BONNELL THORNTON, trans.)

Segnius irritant animos demissa per  
aurem,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,  
et quæ

Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

A thing when heard, remember, strikes  
less keen

On the spectator's mind than when 'tis  
seen.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*. 180. (CON-  
INGTON, trans.)

We credit most our sight; one eye doth  
please

Our trust farre more than ten eare-wit-  
nesses.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. *The Eyes Before  
the Ears*.

*Beatrice.* Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,  
And should give certain judgment what they see;  
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders  
Of common things, which when our judgments find,  
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Change-ling.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Longaville.* The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 56.

*Launcelot.* I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 170.

In the twinkling of an eye.

*New Testament.* I. Corinthians xv. 47.

*Biran.* It adds a precious seeing to the eye,

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 352.

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumined with her eye.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis.* 1. 485.

*Romeo.* Her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream  
so bright

That birds would sing and think it were  
not night.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 20.

*Friar Laurence.* Young men's love  
then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 68.

*Romeo.* Alack, there lies more peril  
in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 71.

*Phebe.* Thou tell'st me there is murder  
in mine eye;

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest  
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5. 1. 10.

*Mercutio.* Stabbed with a white wench's  
black eye.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 14.

*Falstaff.* I see how thine eye would  
emulate the diamond; thou hast the  
right arch'd beauty of the brow.

*Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 58.

*Beatrice.* I have a good eye, uncle; I  
can see a church by daylight.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 85.

*Iago.* What an eye she hath!  
methinks it sounds a parley of provoca-  
tion.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 21.

*Prospero.* The fringed curtains of thine  
eye advance,

And say what thou seest yond.

*Ibid.* *Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 407.

*Hamlet.* An eye like Mars, to threaten  
and command.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 57.

*Biron.* From women's eyes this doc-  
trine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean  
fire;

They are the books, the arts, the acad-  
demes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the  
world.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 346.

*Biron.* For where is any author in the  
world

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 308.

The time I lost in wooing,

In watching and pursuing

The light that lies

In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing.

Though wisdom oft has sought me,

I scorned the lore she brought me,

My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me.

MOORE. *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

(See under FACE.)

Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes  
from heaven.

QUARLES. *A Feast for Wormes.* Sec. 3. Med. 3.

Since your eyes are so sharpe, that you cannot onely looke through a millstone, but cleane through the minde.

LYLY. *Euphues and His England.* p. 289.

But to nobler sights

Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,

Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight

Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue

The visual nerve (for he had much to see).

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. xi. l. 411.

For any man with half an eye,

What stands before him may espy;

But optics sharp it needs I ween,

To see what is not to be seen.

JOHN TRUMBULL. *McFingal.* Canto i. l. 67.

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,

The shooting starres attend thee;

And the elves also,

Whose little eyes glow

Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

HERRICK. *The Night Piece to Julia.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.* l. 121.

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

*Ibid.* *Il Penseroso.* l. 8.

As men of inward light are wont

To turn their optics in upon't.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. l. 481.

Si vous les voulez aimer, ce sera, ma foi, pour leurs beaux yeux.

If you wish to love, it shall be, by my faith, for their beautiful eyes.

MOLIÈRE. *Les Précieuses Ridicules.* xvi.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.

Say, what the use, were finer optics given,

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 193.

Nothing is lost on him who sees

With an eye that feeling gave;—

For him there's a story in every breeze,

And a picture in every wave.

T. MOORE. *Boat Glee. Song from M. P., or the Blue Stocking.*

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue

Is no great matter, so 'tis in request.

'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue,

The kindest may be taken as a test.

The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,

Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 20.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)

Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire

Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise

Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,

And love than either; and there would arise

A something in them which was not desire,

But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul,

Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 60.

Alas! how little can a moment show

Of an eye where feeling plays

In ten thousand dewy rays:

A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!

WORDSWORTH. *The Triad.*

He holds him with his glittering eye,

The wedding guest stood still,

And listens like a three years' child.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. i. St. 4.

The doors all looked as if they oped themselves,

The windows as if latched by fays and elves,

And from them comes a silver flash of light,

As from the westward of a summer's night;

Or like a beauteous woman's large blue eyes

Gone mad through olden songs and pocsics.

KEATS. *Reminiscences.*

Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes  
To multiply your lovely selves?

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*. Act vi.  
Sc. 4.

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,  
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

MRS. BROWNING. *Catarina to Camoens*.

Indeed it is well said, "In every  
object there is inexhaustible meaning;  
the eye sees in it what the eye brings  
means of seeing."

CARLYLE. *French Revolution*. Bk. i.  
Ch. ii.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing.  
*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes i. 8.

Her loveliness with shame and with sur-  
prise

Froze my swift speech: she, turning  
on my face

The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,  
Spoke slowly in her place.

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*.  
l. 89.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

*Ibid.* In Memoriam. xxxii.

### FACE.

Lift thou up the light of thy counte-  
nance upon us.

*Old Testament*. Psalm i. 3.

A beautiful face is a silent commenda-  
tion.

BACON. *Moral and Historical Works*.  
*Ornamenta Rationalia*.

(See under BEAUTY.)

He had a face like a benediction.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Bk. i. Pt. i.  
Ch. 6. (JARVIS, trans.)

Duncan. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the  
face.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 11.

*Lady Macbeth*. Your face, my Thane,  
is as a book, where men

May read strange matters.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 63.

Contending Passions jostle and displace  
And tilt and tourney mostly in the  
Face:

. . . . .

Unmatched by Art, upon this wondrous  
scroll

Portrayed are all the secrets of the  
soul.

ABRAHAM COLES. *Man, the Microcosm*.  
pp. 26, 27.

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd  
to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 199.

The face the index of a feeling mind.  
CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall*.

*Bassanio*. Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a  
bar

Should sunder such sweet friends: Here  
in her hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath  
woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of  
men,

Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her  
eyes,—

How could he see to do them? Having  
made one,

Methinks, it should have power to steal  
both his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 118.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows; if himself

were slain,

He might be buried in a tomb so  
simple;

Foreknowing well, if there he came to  
lie,

Why, there Love lived and there he  
could not die.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*. l. 242.

*Demetrius*. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempt-  
ing grow!

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 139.

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,  
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;

No frost their fair, no wind doth waste  
their power,

But by her breath her beauties do renew.  
ROBERT GREENE. *From Menaphon*. *Menaphon's Ecl.*

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,  
A full assurance given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes.

Was never eie did see that face,  
Was never eare did heare that tong,  
Was never minde did minde his grace,  
That ever thought the travell long;  
But eies and eares and ev'ry thought  
Were with his sweete perfections caught.  
MATHEW ROYDON. *An Elegie; or Friend's  
Passion for His Astrophill.*

[This piece is sometimes ascribed to Spenser. It was first printed anonymously in *The Phoenix Nest*, 4to, 1593.]

There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies show;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow,  
There cherries hang that none may buy,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.  
Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row;  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with  
snow.  
ANON. *An Houre's Recreation in Musike.*  
(1606. Set to music by Richard Allison. Oliphant's "La Messa Madrigalesca," p. 229.)

Sweet grave aspect.  
DU BARTAS. *Divine Weeks and Works.*  
*Fourth Day.* Bk. i.

Wolsey. That sweet aspect of princes.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 369.

With grave  
Aspect he rose.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 300.

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them  
all.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto ii. l. 17.

That saw the manners in the face.  
JOHNSON. *Lines on the Death of Hogarth.*

Human face divine.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. l. 44.

Her face is like the Milky Way i' the  
sky,—  
A meeting of gentle lights without a  
name.  
SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Brennoralt.* Act iii.

The fairest garden in her looks  
And in her mind the wisest books.  
COWLEY. *The Garden.* i.

My only books  
Were woman's looks.  
MOORE. *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*  
(See under EYE.)

A beautiful girl, though she be poor,  
indeed, yet is abundantly dowered.  
APULEIUS. *De Magia.* xcii.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.  
*Nursery Rhyme.*

[This is an imperfect reminiscence of an anonymous eighteenth century song, entitled *The Wiltshire Wedding*, which describes the bard's brief courtship of

A maid,  
Was going then a Milking,  
A Milking, Sir, she said,  
and their speedy marriage.]

Her angels face  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned  
bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place.  
SPENSER. *Faerie Queen.* Bk. i. Canto  
iii. St. 4.

He has all the ten commandments in  
his face.  
SYDNEY SMITH (*said of Francis Horner*).

[In quite a different sense does Shakespeare make his Duchess of Gloster threaten Queen Margaret:

Could I come near your beauty with my  
nails  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. King Henry VI.* Act  
i. Sc. 3. l. 144.]

*Charles Surface.* An unforgiving eye  
and a damned disinheriting countenance.  
SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal.* Act v.  
Sc. 1.

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace  
The women pardoned all except her face.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 113.

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her  
face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized  
the whole—  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!  
*Ibid.* *Bride of Abydos.* Canto i. St. 6.

Oh, could you view the melody  
Of every grace  
And music of her face.  
You'd drop a tear;  
Seeing more harmony  
In her bright eye,  
Than now you hear.

LOVELACE. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

He comes by grace of his address,  
By the sweet music of his face,  
And his low tones of tenderness,  
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN.

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her, and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.  
WORDSWORTH. *Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower.*

The light upon her face  
Shines from the windows of another world.  
Saints only have such faces.  
LONGFELLOW. *Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 6.

The face of every one  
That passes by me is a mystery!  
WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude.* Bk. vii.  
St. 24.

Sea of upturned faces.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *Rob Roy.* Ch. xx.  
[Daniel Webster borrowed this phrase from Scott in the first sentence of a speech made at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on September 30, 1842. "In this sea of upturned faces," he began, "there is something which excites me strangely, deeply, before I even begin to speak."]

His face was of that doubtful kind  
That wins the eye, but not the mind.  
SCOTT. *Rokeby.* Canto v. St. 16.

It strikes the eye more than the mind.  
SENECA. *Epistle v.*

### FACTS.

Facts are stubborn things.  
LE SAGE. *Gil Blas.* Bk. x. Ch. i. (SMOLLETT, trans.)  
[Smollett's translation of *Gil Blas* was published in 1755. The same phrase had already appeared in Elliott's *Essay on Field Husbandry* (1747), p. 35.]

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps.  
JERROLD. *A Matter-of-fact Man.*

In this life we want nothing but facts,  
Sir; nothing but facts.  
C. DICKENS. *Hard Times.* Bk. i. Ch. i.

[A phrase put into the mouth of Thomas Grandgrind: "A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over." Bk. i. Ch. 2.]

A world of facts lies outside and beyond the world of words.  
HUXLEY. *Lay Sermons.* p. 57.

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts.  
EMERSON. *Essays: History.*

### FAILURE.

If this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble.  
MILTON. *Comus.* l. 597.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain.  
BURNS. *It Was a' for Our Rightfu' King.*

They never fail who die  
In a great cause: the block may soak  
their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun;  
their limbs

Be strung to city gates and castle walls—  
But still their spirit walks abroad.  
BYRON. *Marino Falieri.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.  
ANON. *John Brown's Body.*

Failed the bright promise of your early day?  
BISHOP HEBER. *Palestine.* l. 113.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As "fail."  
BULWER. *Richelieu.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

To fail at all is to fail utterly.  
LOWELL. *Among My Books.* Dryden.

### FAIRIES.

*Mistress Quickly.* Fairies, black, grey,  
green, and white,  
You moon-shine revellers, and shades  
of night,  
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office, and your quality.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act v. Sc. 5. l. 41.

*Titania.* Come, now a roundel, and a  
fairy song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute,  
hence ;  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose  
buds ;  
Some, war with rear-mice for their  
leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats ; and  
some, keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots,  
and wonders  
At our quaint spirits.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 1.

Faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the  
Moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on their  
mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his  
ear ;  
At once with joy and fear his heart re-  
bounds.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. 1. 781.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty  
That had their haunts in dale or piny  
mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly  
spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these  
have vanished ;  
They live no longer in the faith of  
reason.

COLERIDGE. *Wallenstein.* Pt. i. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. (Translated from Schiller.)

[These lines are an expansion of two of  
Schiller's, which are more literally trans-  
lated by Abraham Hayward :  
The old fable-existences are no more ;  
The fascinating race has emigrated.]

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,  
We rural fays and fairies dwell ;  
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,  
When the pale moon, ascending high,  
Darts through yon limes her quivering  
beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams.  
SHENSTONE. *Lines inscribed on a Tablet  
in the Gardens at the Poet's residence,  
"The Leasowes."*

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men ;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together,  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !  
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. *The Fairies.*

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child ;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For side-long would she bend, and sing  
A faery song.

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sighed full  
sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.  
KEATS. *La Belle Dame Sans Merci.*

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when  
sick for home  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
The same that ofttimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on  
the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.  
*Ibid.* *Ode to a Nightingale.*

## FAITH.

I . . . exhort you that ye should  
earnestly contend for the faith which was  
once delivered unto the saints.  
*New Testament.* Jude 3.

For we walk by faith, not by sight.  
*Ibid.* II. Corinthians v. 7.

Faith is the substance of things hoped  
for, the evidence of things not seen.  
*Ibid.* Hebrews xi. 1.

Blessed are they that have not seen,  
and yet have believed.  
*Ibid.* John xx. 29.

Lord, I believe ; help thou mine un-  
belief.  
*Ibid.* Mark ix. 24.

Certum est quia impossibile est.

It is certain, because it is impossible.

TERTULLIAN. *De Carne Christi*. v.  
(Probably the origin of the phrase, "Credo quia impossibile.")

L'impossibilité où je suis de prouver que Dieu n'est pas, me découvre son existence.

The very impossibility in which I find myself to prove that God is not, discloses to me his existence.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Les Caractères*. xvi.

Possunt quia posse videntur.

They can because they think they can.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Bk. v. l. 231.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

It is part of the cure to wish to be cured.

SENECA. *Hippolytus*. ccxlix.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vii. Pt. ii. l. 1311.

Tarde, quae credita laedunt,  
Credimus.

Where belief is painful we are slow to believe.

OVID. *Heroides*. ii. 9.

*Macbeth*. Stands not within the prospect of belief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 74.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.

MONTAIGNE. *Of Divine Ordinances*.

No longer by implicit faith we err,  
Whilst every man's his own interpreter.

DENHAM. *Progress of Human Learning*. l. 148.

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 213.

That in such righteousness  
To them by faith imputed they may find  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of conscience.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. l. 294.

Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude in Christo.

Be a sinner, and sin mightily, but more mightily believe and rejoice in Christ.

LUTHER. *Letter to Melancthon*. *Epistolæ R. P. M. Lutheri*, vol. i. p. 345 (Jena, 1556).

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;

Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. *Seeke and Finde*.

The enormous faith of many made for one.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 242.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,

To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,

And lands Thought smoothly on the farther shore.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 721.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night viii. l. 717.

One eye on death and one full fix'd on heaven.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 838.

It is always right that a man should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir*. Vol. i. p. 53.

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in Heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH. *We Are Seven*. Concluding lines.

There littleness was not; the least of things

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he saw.

*Ibid.* *The Excursion*. Bk. i. St. 12.

Of one in whom persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
A passionate intuition.

*Ibid.* *The Excursion*. Bk. iv. St. 36.

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower

Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,

And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

*Ibid.* *Weak is the Will of Man*.

Those old credulities, to Nature dear,  
Shall they no longer bloom upon the  
stock  
Of history ?

WORDSWORTH. *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*. iv. *At Rome*.

Better trust all, and be deceived  
And weep that trust and that deceiv-  
ing,  
Than doubt one heart that if believed  
Had blessed one's life with true be-  
lieving.

FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. *Faith*.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it,  
and happier to be sometimes cheated than  
not to trust.

DR. JOHNSON. *The Rambler*. No. 79.

*Albany*. Well, you may fear too far.  
*General*. Safer than trust too far.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 351.

A bending staff I would not break,  
A feeble faith I would not shake,  
Nor even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul without  
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

WHITTIER. *Questions of Life*. St. 1.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their froned palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

*Ibid.* *The Eternal Goodness*. St. 20.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. xxxiii.

Thou canst not prove thou art immortal  
—no,  
Nor yet that thou art mortal. . . .  
For nothing worthy proving can be  
proven,  
Nor yet disproven : wherefore thou be  
wise,  
Cleave even to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of  
Faith !

*Ibid.* *The Ancient Sage*.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be  
ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
powers.

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

*Ibid.* *Mertin and Vivien*.

Faith always implies the disbelief of  
a lesser fact in favor of a greater. A  
little mind often sees the unbelief, with-  
out seeing the belief of large ones.

HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast-table*. Ch. 5.

Belief consists in accepting the affir-  
mations of the soul ; unbelief, in deny-  
ing them.

EMERSON. *Montaigne*.

### FALCON.

*Old Man*. A falcon, tow'ring in her  
pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and  
kill'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 4.  
l. 12.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
Smit with her varying plumage, spare  
the dove ?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded  
wings ?

Or hears the hawk when Philomela  
sings ?

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 53.

### FALL.

How are the mighty fallen !  
*Old Testament*. II. Samuel i. 19.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O  
Lucifer, son of the morning !  
*Ibid.* Isaiah xiv. 12.

And great was the fall of it.  
*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 27.

Should the whole frame of Nature round  
him break,

In ruin and confusion hurled,  
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty  
crack,

And stand secure amidst a falling world.  
HORACE. Ode iii. Bk. iii. (ADDISON,  
trans.)

In Adam's fall  
We sinned all.

*New England Primer*.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all  
our woe.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 1.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked,  
she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from  
her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave  
signs of woe  
That all was lost.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 780.

He that climbs highest has the greatest  
fall.

TOURNEUR. *The Revenger's Tragedy*.  
Act v.

Do you not know  
When from the bottom of a well you've  
mounted  
Up to the top, then there's the greatest  
danger,

Lest from the brink you topple back again?  
PLAUTUS. *Miles Gloriosus*. Act iv. Sc. 4.  
l. 14. (BONNELL THORNTON, trans.)

*Queen Margaret*. They that stand high have  
many blasts to shake them;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to  
pieces.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 259.

For a man  
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply  
feels

The strangeness of it than the long unblest.  
EURIPIDES. *Helena*. 417. (A. S. WAY,  
trans.)

Fallen from his high estate.  
DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*. l. 78.

The vulgar falls and none laments his  
fate;

Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.  
LUCAN. *Pharsalia*. Bk. iv. (ROWE,  
trans.)

*Wolsey*. I have touched the highest  
point of all my greatness:  
And, from that full meridian of my  
glory,

I haste now to my setting.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 223.

*Wolsey*. Farewell, a long farewell, to  
all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts  
forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow  
blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick  
upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing  
frost;

And—when he thinks, good easy man,  
full surely

His greatness is a ripening—nips his  
root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-  
tured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on  
bladders.

This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-  
blown pride

At length broke under me; and now has  
left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever  
hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I  
hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd. O, how  
wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes'  
favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would  
aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their  
ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or  
women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 352.

*Antony*. But yesterday, the word of  
Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies  
he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 123.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily  
fall!

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto  
vii. St. 1.

Ay me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto iii. l. 1.

For a just man falleth seven times and  
riseth up again.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxiv. 16.

Who bravely dares must sometimes  
risk a fall.

SMOLLETT. *Advice*. l. 208.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.  
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

According to Fuller, this line was written by young Raleigh on a window-pane obvious to Queen Elizabeth's eye. "Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite:

"If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

FULLER. *Worthies of England*. Vol. i. p. 19.

Later in life Raleigh wrote these lines:

Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not;  
I may, although I care not for pleasure when I play not.

*Fain would I.*

Those bands were joined with mine to raise the wall  
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall.

DRYDEN.

*Cleopatra*. O, withered is the garland of the war!

The soldier's pole is fallen.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iv. Sc. 15. l. 64.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,  
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.

MARLOWE. *Faustus*.

*Antony*. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 190.

*Ghost*. O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 47.

*Chamberlain*. Press not a falling man too far.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 333.

From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun

Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 742.

He that is down needs fear no fall,

He that is low, no pride.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pt. ii.

I am not now in Fortune's power,  
He that is down can fall no lower.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. 1. Canto 3. l. 877.

His only solace was, that now  
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end  
Or turn about again, and mend.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto i. l. 39.

Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat.

Who lies upon the ground has no whither to fall.

ALAIN DE LILLE. *Book of Parables*. c. 2.

[This line being quoted by Charles I. to M. de Bellièvre (the French minister), who was for the king's flying, the ambassador replied, "Sire, on peut lui faire tomber la tête."]

*Lucius*. Some falls are means the hap-pier to arise.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 406.

Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

BEN JONSON. *Underwoods*. *An Epistle to a Friend*.

Gashed with honourable scars,  
Low in Glory's lap they lie;  
Though they fell, they fell like stars,  
Streaming splendour through the sky.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Battle of Alexandria*.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,

And greatly falling with a falling state,  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

POPE. *Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato*.

Who falls in honourable strife,  
Surrenders nothing but his life;  
Who basely triumphs casts away  
The glory of the well-won day.

J. MONTGOMERY. *Thoughts on Wheels*, No. 1, *The Combat*.

Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,

My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age.

THOMSON. *Seasons: Summer*. l. 1516.

When youth is fallen, there's hope the young may rise,

But fallen age for ever hopeless lies.

CRABBE. *The Borough*. Letter XXI.

Babylon,

Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh

That would lament her.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Pt. i. xxv. *Missions and Travels*.

And the final event to himself<sup>1</sup> has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like a stick.

THOMAS PAINE. *Letter to the Addressers.*

The body sprang  
At once to the height, and stayed; but  
the soul,—no!

BROWNING. *Death in the Desert.*

### FALSEHOOD.

(See DECEIT; LIE.)

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.

False in one thing, false in every-  
thing.

*Law Maxim.*

*Imogen.* Falsehood

Is worse in kings than beggars.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc.  
6. l. 13.

*Polonius.* Your bait of falsehood takes  
this carp of truth.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 63.

*Macbeth.* False face must hide what  
the false heart doth know.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7. l. 82.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every  
soil,

The product of all climes.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can  
endure

Touch of celestial temper.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 810.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed

I ne'er could injure you.

SHERIDAN. *The Duenna.* Act i. Sc. 5.

But Faith, fantastic Faith, once wedded  
fast

To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the  
last.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet  
of Khorassan.*

### FAME.

(See GLORY; REPUTATION.)

On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie  
to be fyled.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. iv. Canto  
2. St. 32.

<sup>1</sup>Edmund Burke.

Earth sounds my wisdom, and high  
heaven my fame.

HOMER. *Odyssey.* Bk. ix. l. 20. (POPE,  
TRANS.)

Fabula tota jactaris in urbe.

You are the talk of all the town.

OVID. *Amores.* iii. l. 21.

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror digito praetereuntium  
Romanae fidicen lyrae;

Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tuum  
est.

Oh, 'tis all of thy dear grace

That every finger points me out in going

Lyrist of the Roman race;

Breath, power to charm, if mine, are thy  
bestowing.

HORACE. *Odes.* iv. 3, 21. (CONINGTON,  
TRANS.)

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier,  
Hic est.

It is a fine thing to be pointed out with  
the finger and have people say, "There he  
is!"

PERSIUS. i. 26.

Of all the rewards of virtue, if we are  
to take any account of rewards, the most  
splendid is fame; for it is fame alone  
that can offer us the memory of posterity  
as a consolation for the shortness of life,  
so that, though absent, we are present,  
though dead, we live; it is by the ladder  
of fame only that mere men appear to  
rise to the heavens.

CICERO. *Pro Milone.* xxxv. 97.

Though they [philosophers] write  
*contemptu gloriae*, yet as Hieron observes,  
they will put their names to their books.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 3. Subsec. 14.

Even those who write against fame wish  
for the fame of having written well, and  
those who read their works desire the fame  
of having read them.

PASCAL. *Thoughts.* vi.

Above all Greek, above all Roman  
fame.

POPE. *Imitation of Horace.* Bk. ii. Epistle  
i. l. 26.

Had swoln above any Greek or Roman  
name.

DRYDEN. *On the Death of Lord Hastings.*  
l. 27.

On this foundation would I build my fame,  
And emulate the Greek and Roman name.

ROWE. *Jane Shore.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Lucius.* He lives in fame, that dy'd in  
virtue's cause.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus.* Act  
I. Sc. 1. l. 390.

*Prince of Wales.* Death makes no conquest  
of this conqueror:

For now he lives in fame, though not in  
life.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 87.

"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is  
bought  
Endlesse renowne."

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto  
xi, St. 19.

Men but like visions are, time all doth  
claim;

He lives, who dies to win a lasting name.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Sonnet.*

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer  
sped;

And they have kept it since, by being dead.

DRYDEN. *The Second Part of the Conquest  
of Grenada.* Epilogue. l. 11.

Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of Time  
Leaves but a dying echo; they alone  
Are held in everlasting memory,  
Whose deeds partake of heaven.

SOUTHEY. *Verses spoken at Oxford upon  
the Installation of Lord Granville.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after  
in their lives,

Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.

And then grace us in the disgrace of  
death;

When, spite of cormorant devouring  
Time,

The endeavour of this present breath  
may buy

That honour which shall bate his  
scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act  
I. Sc. 1. l. 1.

Nothing can cover his high fame but  
Heaven:

No pyramids set off his memories

But the eternal substance of his great-  
ness;

To which I leave him.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *The False  
One.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Sloth views the towers of fame with  
envious eyes,

Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

SHENSTONE. *Moral Pieces The Judgment  
of Hercules.* l. 436.

How few are found with real talents  
blest,

Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.  
Man from his sphere eccentric starts

astray;

All hunt for fame; but most mistake  
the way.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad.* l. 585.

But since he had

The genius to be loved, why let him  
have

The justice to be honoured in his grave.

MRS. BROWNING. *Crowned and Buried.*  
xxvii.

One of the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris.*

The surest pledge of a deathless name

Is the silent homage of thoughts un-  
spoken.

LONGFELLOW. *The Herons of Elmwood.*

*Ventidius.* Better to leave undone, than  
by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we  
serve's away.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.*  
Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 14.

*King.* Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household  
words,—

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and

Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remem-  
ber'd:

This story shall the good man teach his  
son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the

world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of  
brothers.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 51.

Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 625.

Fame finds never tomb t' inclose it in.

S. DANIEL. *The Complaint of Rosamond.*  
St. 1.

Fame, if not double fac'd, is double  
mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most  
deeds;  
On both his wings, one black, the other  
white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild aery  
flight.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. 1. 971.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal  
soil.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. 1. 78.

Not to know me argues yourselves un-  
known,  
The lowest of your throng.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. 1. 830.

What is this fame, thus crowded round  
with slaves?  
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering  
knaves.

GRANVILLE. *Imitation of second Chorus  
in Act ii. of Seneca's Thyestes*.

Fame sometimes hath created some-  
thing of nothing.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*. *Fame*.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with  
age, have forgotten the names of their  
founders.

*Ibid.* *Holy and Profane States*. *Of Tombs*.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephe-  
sian dome  
Outlives in fame the pious fool that  
rais'd it.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III.* (*altered*).  
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple  
of Diana; he is almost lost that built it.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Hydriotaphia*.  
Ch. v.

Our fruitless labours mourn,  
And only rich in barren fame return.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. x. l. 46. (POPE,  
trans.)

Contempt of fame begets contempt of  
virtue.

BEN JONSON. *Sejanus*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Who fears not to do ill yet fears the  
name,  
And free from conscience, is a slave to  
fame.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. *Cooper's Hill*. 1. 129.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at  
shame.

CHURCHILL. *The Author*. 1. 233.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen  
And famous by my sword.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. *My Dear and  
Only Love*.

[Scott, in the *Legend of Montrose*, quotes  
the lines as follows:

I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.

SCOTT. *Legend of Montrose*. Ch. xv.]

Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on  
earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence  
hid.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. 1. 698.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit  
doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious  
days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to  
find,

And think to burst out into sudden  
blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred  
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. 1. 70.

Read but o'er the stories  
Of men most famed for courage and for  
counsel,

And you shall find that the desire for glory  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)

Was the last frailty wise men e'er put off.

ANON. *Sir John van Olden Barneveldt*.

This anonymous tragedy was produced in  
1622, or fifteen years before *Lycidas*. Swin-  
burne thinks the two respective lines in  
parentheses form "the most astonishing  
coincidence in the whole range of litera-  
ture." But indeed the thought seems to  
have been a classical commonplace of the  
period. Massinger has it in this form:

Though the desire of fame be the last weak-  
ness

Wise men put off.

*A Very Woman*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

The fountain head appears to be Tacitus:

Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur,  
quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ  
novissima exiit.

Some might consider him as too fond of  
fame, for the desire of glory clings even to  
the wisest men longer than any other pas-  
sion.

*Historia*. iv. 6.

The thought is developed a little in Boethius, who was probably more read in those days than Tacitus :

Hoc unum est, quod praestantes quidem naturâ mentes, sed nondum ad extremam manum virtutum perfectione perductas alligere possit, gloriae scilicet cupido.

*De Consolatione Philosophæ.* Bk. ii. Ch. 17.

Montaigne, in his essay on the *Love of Fame*, has the idea and supports it with a quotation from St. Augustine :

And of men's unreasonable humors it seemeth that the best philosophers do more slowly and more unwillingly clear themselves of this [thirst for fame] than of another. It is the most peevish, the most froward, and the most obstinate of all infirmities: Quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non cessat.<sup>1</sup>

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath.

A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 237.

And what is Fame? the Meanest have their Day,  
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

*Ibid.* *First Book of Horace.* Epistle vi. l. 46.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

*Ibid.* *Satire v.* l. 300.

How vain that second life in others' breath,

The estate which wits inherit after death;

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,

(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

*Ibid.* *Temple of Fame.* l. 504.

Honor's a lease for lives to come,

And cannot be extended from

The legal tenant.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. l. 1043.

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction, or to expose ourselves to so much hazard for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves or fight desper-

<sup>1</sup> AUGUSTINE. *De Civitate Dei.* v. 14.

ately for food to be laid on our tombs after our death.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE. *Essay on Preferring Solitude.* (1665.)

*Hudibras* preceded this essay by two years.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;

She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

POPE. *Temple of Fame.* l. 513.

Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else,—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now let us be a celebrated individual!" The struggle for fame, as such, commonly ends in notoriety;—that ladder is easy to climb, but it leads to the pillory which is crowded with fools who could not hold their tongues, and rogues who could not hide their tricks.

HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.* Ch. 12.

Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,

Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:

Oh! grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!

POPE. *The Temple of Fame.* Last lines.

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.

COWPER. *Table Talk.* l. 591.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 281.

Charmed with the foolish whistling of a name.

VIRGIL. *Georgics.* Bk. ii. l. 72. (COWLEY, trans.)

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.

POPE. *The Dunciad.* Bk. iii. l. 158.

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,

And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

RICHARD SAVAGE. *Character of the Rev. James Foster.* l. 43.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.

JOHN WOLCOTT (Peter Pindar). *To the Royal Academicians. Lyric Odes for the Year. 1783. Ode ix.*

Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment hoodwinked.

COWPER. *The Task. Bk. vi. l. 101.*

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise.

POPE. *The Dunciad. Bk. i. l. 52.*

Life is too short for any distant aim;  
And cold the dull reward of future fame.

LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.*

Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.

ADDISON. *The Campaign.*

How partial is the voice of Fame!

PRIOR. *Partial Fame.*

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes. l. 221.*

C'est un poids bien pesant qu'un nom  
trop tôt fameux.

What a heavy burden is a name that  
has become too soon famous.

VOLTAIRE. *La Henriade. Ch. iii.*

Fame is the shade of immortality.  
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,  
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night vii. l. 363.*

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple  
shines afar?

BEATTIE. *Minstrel. Bk. i. St. 1.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,

The power of grace, the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope. Pt. ii. l. 5.*

I awoke one morning and found  
myself famous.

MOORE. *Memoranda from Byron's Life. Ch. xiv.*

Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am  
not

So young as to regard men's frown or  
smile,

As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone remember'd or  
forgot.

BYRON. *Childe Harold. Canto iii. St. 112.*

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.

*Ibid. Monody on the Death of Sheridan. l. 68.*

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to  
fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper:  
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,

Whose summit, like all hills, is lost  
in vapour:

For this men write, speak, preach, and  
heroes kill,

And bards burn what they call their  
"midnight taper,"

To have, when the original is dust,

A name, a wretched picture, and worse  
bust.

*Ibid. Don Juan. Canto i. St. 218.*

Thrice happy he whose name has been  
well spelt

In the despatch: I knew a man whose  
loss

Was printed *Grove*, although his name  
was *Grose*.

*Ibid. Don Juan. Canto viii. St. 18.*

The Duke of Wellington brought to  
the post of first minister immortal fame,  
—a quality of success which would  
almost seem to include all others.

DISRAELI. *Sybil. Bk. i. Ch. iii.*

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?

A fitful tongue of leaping flame;

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;

A few swift years, and who can show

Which dust was Bill, and which was  
Joe?

O. W. HOLMES. *Poems of the Class of '29. Bill and Joe. St. 7.*

O man,  
Who never art so near to crime and  
shame,  
As when thou hast achieved some deed  
of name.

J. H. NEWMAN. *The Dream of Gerontius*.

## FAMILIARITY.

Familiarity breeds contempt.  
PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxims*. 640.

Withdraw thy foot from in thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxv. 17.

Familiarity begets boldness.  
SHAKERLEY MARMION. *The Antiquary*. Act i.

Near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. iii.

*Slender*. If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 224.

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

*Ibid*. Sonnet cii.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 4.

Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace!

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. St. 38.

That man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves, by thumping on your back,  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed

To pardon on to bear it.

COWPER. *On Friendship*. St. 29.

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.  
THOMAS HEYWOOD. *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*.

And friend received with thumps upon the back.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire i.

He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he

might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is.

CHARLES LAMB. *Essays of Elia*. *Poor Relations*.

## FAMINE.

Romeo. Famine is in thy cheeks.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 67.

(For context see APOTHECARY.)

They that die by famine die by inches.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. *Psalms* lii.

Famine can smile

On him who brings it food, and pass, with guile

Of thankful falsehood, like a courtier grey,

The house-dog of the throne; but many a mile

Comes Plague, a winged wolf, who loathes alway

The garbage and the scum that strangers make her prey.

SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam*. Canto x. St. xxiv.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.

*Douglas Jerrold's Wit*.

## FANCY.

Duke. So full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high-fantastical.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 14.

Sebastian. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Ibid*. *Twelfth Night*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 61.

Oliver. Pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 101.

[Dyce and Staunton substitute "cud" for "food," and it is in this form that the line is most frequently quoted.]

Chew on fair fancy's food, nor deem unmeet I will not with a bitter chase the sweet.

ARIOSTO. *Orlando Furioso*. Canto iii. St. 62. (ROSE, trans.)

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 63. (Sung behind the scenes.)

For as by basill the scorpion is engendered, and by means of the same herb it is destroyed: so love which by time and fancie is bred in an idle head, is by time and fancie banished from the heart: or, as the salamander, which being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quencheth it, so affection having taken hold of the fancie, and living, as it were, in the minde of the lover, in tract of time altereth and changeth the heate, and turneth it to chilnesse.

LYLY. *Euphues*.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at  
home.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. l. 118.

We figure to ourselves

The thing we like, and then we build it  
up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or  
sand:

For Thought is tired of wandering o'er  
the world,  
And homebound Fancy runs her bark  
ashore.

SR HENRY TAYLOR. *Philip Van Artevelde*.  
Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 5.

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

KEATS. *Fancy*.

Fancy restores what vengeance  
snatch'd away.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 225.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

SCOTT. *Rokeby*. Canto i. St. 31.

Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased  
Than when employ'd t' accommodate  
the fair,

Heard the sweet moan with pity, and  
devised

The soft settee; one elbow at each end,  
And in the midst an elbow it received,  
United yet divided, twain at once.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. i. l. 71.

## FAREWELL.

In perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.  
For ever, brother, hail and farewell.

CATULLUS. *Carmina*. xcix (ci.), 10.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my  
possessing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet lxxxvii*.

*Lady Macbeth*. At once, good night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 118.

*Romeo*. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace!

*Ibid*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v. Sc. 3.  
l. 112.

*Romeo*. Good night! good night!  
parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be  
morrow.

*Ibid*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath  
been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—fare-  
well!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 186.

Let's not unman each other—part at  
once;

All farewells should be sudden, when  
forever,

Else they make an eternity of moments,  
And clog the last sad sands of life with  
tears.

*Ibid*. *Sardanapalus*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Brutus*. For ever and for ever fare-  
well, Cassius.

If we do meet again, why, we shall  
smile;

If not, why then this parting was well  
made.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act v. Sc.  
1. l. 116.

*Othello*. O, now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell  
content!

Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big  
wars,

That make ambition virtue! O, fare-  
well!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the  
shrill trumpet,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
life,

The royal banner and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious  
war!

And, O, you mortal engines whose rude  
throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours  
counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 348.

*Violet*. Then westward ho! Grace  
and good disposition

Attend your ladyship!  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 132.

*Ferdinand*. Here's my hand.  
*Miranda*. And mine, with my heart  
in't: and now farewell,  
Till half an hour hence.

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 89.

*Cæsar*. Fare thee well:  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort!

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 39.

Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy forever dwells; hail, horrors!  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 249.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever  
Ae farewell, and then forever.  
BURNS. *Ae Fond Kiss*.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and  
part.

M. DRAYTON. *Ideas*. lxi.

One kind kiss before we part,  
Drop a tear and bid adieu;  
Though we sever, my fond heart  
Till we meet shall pant for you.  
ROBERT DODSLEY. *The Parting Kiss*.

We only part to meet again,  
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart  
shall be

The faithful compass that still points to  
thee.

GAY. *William's Farewell to Black-eyed  
Susan*.

Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily  
hand.

*Ibid.* *William's Farewell to Black-eyed  
Susan*.

<sup>1</sup> A common phrase used by the Thames  
watermen.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL. *Colin and Lucy*

So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return.  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE. *A Pastoral*. Pt. i.

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.  
LADY NAIRNE. *Gude Nicht, etc.*

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my  
Jean,

Where heartsome wi' thee I hae mony  
days been;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no  
more,

We'll maybe return to Lochaber no  
more.

ALLAN RAMSAY. *Lochaber No More*.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers  
light.

SCOTT. *Marmion L'Envoy*. To the Reader.

Go, forget me! why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me, and to-morrow  
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!

Smile,—though I shall not be near thee;  
Sing,—though I shall never hear thee!

CHARLES WOLFE. *Go, Forget Me!*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's  
daughter!

Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark  
sea.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers*.

Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my  
foes!

My peace with these, my love with  
those—

The bursting tears my heart declare;  
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr.

BURNS. *The Author's Farewell to His  
Native Country*.

Adieu pleasant pays de France  
Oh ma patrie la plus chérie!

Adieu, pleasant country of France.  
Oh! my country, the dearest in the  
world!

[This song is supposed to have been sung by Mary Stuart on leaving the shores of France to become Queen of Scots, but in reality is an historical forgery of De Querlon, who admitted as much to the Abbé Menier de Saint-Léger. Beranger has taken the lines as a repetend for one of his most popular songs, "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart," "The Adieux of Mary Stuart."]

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers  
roar,

And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land—good-night.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 13.

I take a long, last, lingering view;  
Adieu, my native land, adieu!  
LOGAN. *The Lovers*.

Farewell!  
For in that word, that fatal word—  
howe'er

We promise, hope, believe,—there  
breathes despair.  
BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 15.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well.  
*Ibid.* *Fare Thee Well*.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
*Ibid.* *Farewell! if ever fondest prayer*.

I only know we loved in vain;  
I only feel—farewell! farewell!  
*Ibid.* *Farewell!*

One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in  
twain;

One last long sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.  
*Ibid.* *Occasional Pieces. One Struggle  
More*.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart!  
*Ibid.* *Maid of Athens*.

The last link is broken  
That bound me to thee,  
And the words thou hast spoken  
Have render'd me free.  
FANNY STEERS. *Song*.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

TENNYSON. *Crossing the Bar*.

### FASHION.

They that use this world, as not abus-  
ing it: for the fashion of this world  
passeth away.

*New Testament*. I. Corinthians vii. 31.

*Conrade*. Fashion wears out more ap-  
parel than the man.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 127.

*Beatrice*. He wears his faith but as  
the fashion of his hat.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 62.

*York*. Report of fashions in proud  
Italy,

Whose manners still our apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 21.

*Bianca*. Old fashions please me best,  
I am not so nice

To change true rules for odd inventions.  
*Ibid.* *The Taming of the Shrew*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 77.

You must practise  
The manners of the time, if you intend  
To have favour from it.

MASSINGER. *The Unnatural Combat*. Act  
1. Sc. 1.

Nothing is thought rare  
Which is not new and follow'd; yet we  
know

That what was worn some twenty years  
ago

Comes into grace again.  
J. FLETCHER. *The Noble Gentleman*. Pro-  
logue.

Least is he marked that doth as most  
men do.

DRAYTON. *The Owl*.

He is only fantastical that is not in  
fashion.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Memb.  
2. Subsec. 3.

Thus times do shift,—each thing his  
turn does hold;

New things succeed, as former things  
grow old.

HERRICK. *Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve*.

As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift*. Act ii.

Disguise it as you will,  
To right or wrong 'tis fashion guides us still.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON. *Fashion*. l. i.

Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise,

Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore  
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

PETER PINDAR. *Odes to the Royal Academicians*. xi.

Fashion ever is a wayward child.

MASON. *The English Garden*. Bk. iv. l. 430.

If faith itself has different dresses worn,  
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. l. 446.

A truth

Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.

TENNYSON. *Morte D'Arthur*.

### FAT.

Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked.

*Old Testament*. Deuteronomy xxxii. 15.

*Jaques*. Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens!

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 55.

*Cæsar*. Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 192.

*Prince Henry*. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 104.

*Falstaff*. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 144.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.

THOMSON. *Castle of Indolence*. Canto i. St. 68.

(See under THOMSON.)

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.

*Ibid.* *Castle of Indolence*. Canto i. St. 69.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

WILLIAM MASON. *Heroic Epistle*.

Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises, . . . Epicuri de grege porcum.

You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared for hide,— . . . a hog from Epicurus' herd.

HORACE. *Epistole*. Lib. i. iv. 15, 16.

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

G. COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

### FATE.

(See DESTINY.)

Fata obstant.

The Fates say us nay.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. iv. 440.

Πρὸς πῆν ἀνάγκην οὐδ' Ἀρης ἀνθίσταται.

Not Ares' self wars with necessity.

SOPHOCLES. *Fragment (Thyestes Sicyonius)*. 234.

*King Edward*. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 58.

*Cæsar*. Let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc. 6. l. 84.

'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One*. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,

So shall they be fulfilled.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Agamemnon*.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.

MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander*. *First Sestiad*. l. 167.

*Othello*. But, O vain boast!  
Who can control his fate?

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 267.

*Cassius*. Men at some time are masters of their fates.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 139.

Big with the fate of Rome.

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, the important day, big with the fate

Of Cato, and of Rome.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Big with the fate of Europe.  
TICKELL. *Ode on Earl Stanhope's Voyage to France.* St. 1.

Le présent est gros de l'avenir.  
The present is big with the future.

LEIBNITZ.

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 560.

God made thee perfect, not immutable ;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere

He left it in thy power ; ordained thy will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity.  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 524.

And sing to those that hold the vital shears ;  
And turn the adamant spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.

*Ibid.* *Arcades.* l. 65.

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state :

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;

Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?

Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Oh ! blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven,

Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 77.

Seek not to know what must not be revealed ;

Joys only flow where Fate is most concealed.  
Too-busy man would find his sorrows more  
If future fortunes he should know before ;  
For by that knowledge of his Destiny  
He would not live at all, but always die.

DRYDEN. *Indian Queen.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oftenest in what least we dread ;  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

COWPER. *A Fable. Moral.*

Fate sits on these dark battlements and frowns,

And as the portal opens to receive me,  
A voice in hollow murmurs through the courts

Tells of a nameless deed.

ANN RADCLIFFE.

[These lines, presumed to be Mrs. Radcliffe's, form the motto to her novel, *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*]

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
yet they grind exceeding small ;  
Though with patience stands He waiting,  
with exactness grinds He all.

FREDERICK VON LOGAU. *Retribution.*  
(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

God's mills grind slow, but sure.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Fate is unpenetrated causes.

EMERSON. *Conduct of Life. Fate.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.

WORDSWORTH. *On Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

They who await

No gifts from chance, have conquered fate.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Resignation.*

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 33.

## FATHER.

Servare cives major (virtus) est patriæ patri.

'Tis more virtuous in the father of his country to toil for the well-being of its citizens.

SENECA. *Octavia.* 456.

Roma parentem,

Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.

Rome, free Rome, hailed him with loud acclaim,

The father of his country—glorious name.

JUVENAL. *Satires.* viii. 243. (GIFFORD, trans.)

[Literally, "Free Rome hailed Cicero as the parent, as the father of his country." This title was bestowed upon Cicero for his services in unmasking the conspiracy of Cataline. It has since been given either officially or affectionately to many monarchs and rulers, to none more rightly than to George Washington.]

*Brabantio.* Who would be a father!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 165.

*Launcelot.* It is a wise father that  
knows his own child.  
*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 69.

Mother's wag, prettie boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changed made him so,  
When he left his prettie boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.  
B. GREENE. *Sephestia's Song to Her Child  
in Menaphon.*

*Theseus.* To you your father should  
be as a god;  
One that composed your beauties; yea,  
and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax  
By him imprinted and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 47.

FAULTS.

If lovers should mark everything a  
fault,  
Affection would be like an ill-set book,  
Whose faults might prove as big as half  
a volume.  
MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Change-  
ling.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some  
would seem to be,  
Free from our faults, as faults from  
seeming, free!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 35.

*Antony.* Read not my blemishes in the  
world's report.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 5.

*Timon.* Faults that are rich are fair.  
*Ibid.* *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 13.

*Rosalind.* Every one fault seeming  
monstrous till his fellow-fault came to  
match it.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 330.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains  
mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and  
sun;  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest  
bud.  
All men make faults.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet xxxv.*

*Mariana.* They say, best men are  
moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more  
the better  
For being a little bad.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 437.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or  
blame;  
Perhaps I know not what I like or  
damn;  
I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.  
I read thee over with a lover's eye;  
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can  
spy;  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

[This epigram, according to Leigh Hunt,  
was written by Lord Chesterfield in praise  
of David Mallet's *Truth in Rhyme* (1761), a  
detestable bit of flattery of Lord Bute, prime  
minister under George III., but the better  
opinion is that it was addressed by Christo-  
pher Codrington to Samuel Garth in  
praise of *The Dispensary* (1696).]

'Tis a meaner part of sense  
To find a fault than taste an excellence.  
ROCHESTER. *An Epitologue.* l. 6.

Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's  
side.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.*

All his faults are such that one loves him  
still the better for them.  
*Ibid.* *The Good-natured Man.* Act i.

There are some faults so nearly allied to  
excellence that we can scarce weed out the  
vice without eradicating the virtue.  
*Ibid.* *The Good-natured Man.* Act i.

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.  
GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Ch. xiv.

Amiable weakness.  
FIELDING. *Tom Jones*. Bk. x. Ch. viii.

Is she not a wilderness of faults and follies?  
SHERIDAN. *The Duenna*. Act i. Sc. 2.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.  
GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.  
Last stanza.

He is all fault, who hath no fault at all.

TENNYSON. *Lancelot and Elaine*.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship*.  
*The Hero as Prophet*.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.

TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. i. 2.

He has not a single redeeming defect.  
DISRAELI. *Said of Gladstone*.

Nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat.

He has no faults, except that he is faultless.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. Bk. ix. *Epistolæ* 26.

Addison has put the same thought in another form:

Curse all his virtues! they've undone his country.

*Cato*. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 53.

These lines are imitated partly from Sir John Suckling, in the epilogue to *The Goblins*,—

“High characters,” cries one, and he would see  
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be,—

partly from Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his *Essay on Poetry*:

There's no such thing in Nature; and you'll draw  
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

## FEAR.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.

*New Testament*. I. John iv. 18.

*Suffolk*. True nobility is exempt from fear.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI*. Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 129.

No one loves the man whom he fears.  
ARISTOTLE.

*Charmion*. In time we hate that which we often fear.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act i. Sc. 3. l. 12.

Necesse est multos timeat, quem multum timent.

He must necessarily fear many, whom many fear.

SENECA. *De Ira*. ii. 11.

Multis terribilis caveto multos.

If you are a terror to many, then beware of many.

AUSONIUS. *Septem Sapientium Sententiæ*,  
*Periander*. iv. 5.

The man who fears nothing is not less powerful than he who is feared by every one.

SCHILLER. *Die Räuber*. i. 1.

If you wish to fear nothing, consider that everything is to be feared.

SENECA. *Quæstionum Naturalium*. vi. 2.

*Lady Macduff*. When our actions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 2.  
l. 3.

Immoderate valour swells into a vault,  
And fear, admitted into public councils,  
Betrays like treason.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Lady Macbeth*. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 52.

*Macbeth*. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,  
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 21.

*Macbeth*. I have almost forgot the  
taste of fears.

The time has been, my senses would have  
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of  
hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and  
stir

As life were in't. I have supp'd full  
with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous  
thoughts,

Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was  
that cry?

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 9.

*Cressida*. Blind fear, that seeming reason  
leads, finds safer footing than blind reason  
stumbling without fear: To fear the worst,  
oft cures the worst.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 68.

*Belarius*. Defect of judgment

Is of the cure of fear.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 112.

*Hamlet*. Why, what should be the  
fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 65.

*Douglas*. There is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of  
fear.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 84.

*Bishop*. To fear the foe, since fear op-  
presseth strength,

Gives in your weakness strength unto  
your foe.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 180.

Let them fear bondage who are slaves  
to fear,

The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

FORD. *The Lady's Trial*. Act i. Sc. 3.

The clouds dispelled, the sky resum'd  
her light,

And Nature stood recover'd of her fright,  
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,  
And horror heavy sat on every mind.

DRYDEN. *Theodore and Honoria*. l. 336.

Nothing is so rash as fear; and the  
counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put  
off, whilst they are always sure to aggra-  
vate, the evils from which they would  
fly.

BURKE. *Letters on the Regicide Peace*. i.

Dangers breed fears, and fears more dan-  
gers bring.

R. BAXTER. *Love Breathing Thanks and  
Praise*. Pt. iii.

Souvent la peur d'un mal nous conduit  
dans un pire.

Often the fear of one evil leads us into a  
worse.

BOILEAU. *L'Art Poétique*. l. 64.

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks  
on,

And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. vi.

The fear of some divine and supreme  
powers keeps men in obedience.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 4. Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order:

But where ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that ye be your border.

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend*. St. 8.

Full twenty times was Peter feared,  
For once that Peter was respected.

WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell*. Pt. i. St. 3.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
To plague her beating heart.

*Ibid.* *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Pt. ii. 38.

I perceive

That fear is like a cloak which old men  
huddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

*Ibid.* *The Borderers*. Act i.

Fear

Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. iv. l. 357.

## FEAST.

A feast of fat things.

*Old Testament*. Isaiah xxv. 6.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love  
is, than a stalled ox and hatred there-  
with.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xv. 17.

*Balthazar.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 26.

*Lucentio.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

*Grumio.* My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;  
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 124.

The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed.

O. W. HOLMES. *Nuz Post Cænatica.*

Festo die si quid prodegeris,  
Pefesto egere liceat nisi peperceris.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.

PLAUTIUS. *Aulularia.* ii. 8, 10.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.  
POPE. *Imitations of Horace.* Bk. ii. Sat. i. l. 131.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice  
Of Attic taste?

MILTON. *Sonnet. To Mr. Lawrence.*

When the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
Goes to the city Ispahan,  
Even before he gets so far  
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,

At the last of the thirty palace-gates,  
The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,  
Orders a feast in his favorite room—  
Glittering square of colored ice,  
Sweetened with syrup, tintured with spice,

Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,  
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,  
Limes and citrons and apricots,  
And wines that are known to Eastern princes.

T. B. ALDRICH. *When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan.*

## FIDELITY.

(See CONSTANCY; LOYALTY.)

*Ligarius.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 331.

*Helena.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 195.

I mean not to run with the Hare and holde with the Hounde.

LYLY. *Euphues: Euphues to Philautus.*

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true.

VAUGHAN. *Rules and Lessons.* St. 8.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number nor example with him wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,

Though single.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 896.

Is this he whom once, alone of many, I found faithful?

SOPHOCLES. *Electra.*

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintained

Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;

And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care,  
To stand approved in sight of God,  
though worlds  
Judged thee perverse.

Well done.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vi. l. 29.

Abra was ready ere I called her name;  
And though I called another, Abra came.

PRIOR. *Solomon: On the Vanity of the World.* Bk. ii. l. 364.

No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Fidelity's a virtue that ennobles  
E'en servitude itself.

MASON. *Elfrida.*

## FIRMAMENT.

(See STARS.)

The heavens declare the glory of God ;  
and the firmament showeth his handi-  
work.

*Old Testament. Psalm xix. 1.*

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

ADDISON. *Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*Ibid. Ode. St. 2.*

*Hamlet.* Look you, this brave o'er-  
hanging firmament, this majestic roof  
fretted with golden fire, why it appears  
no other thing to me than a foul and  
pestilential collection of vapors.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 312.*

Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that  
led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the  
Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless  
light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle  
threw.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. iv. l. 604.*

The starry cope  
Of heaven.

*Ibid. Paradise Lost. Bk. iv. l. 992.*

Heaven's ebon vault  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded  
grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has  
spread

To curtain her sleeping world.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab. iv.*

## FISH.

(See ANGLING.)

*Gratiano.* But fish not, with this mel-  
ancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice. Act*  
i. Sc. 1. l. 101.

To fish in troubled waters.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries. Psalm*  
lx.

All is fish that cometh to net.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs. Pt. i. Ch. ii.*

[The same proverb is quoted in Gaseoigne's  
*Steele Glas* (1575) and Tusser's *Five Hundred*  
*Points of Good Husbandry. February Abstract.*

Cato wondered how that city was pre-  
served wherein a fish was sold for more  
than an ox.

PLUTARCH. *Roman Apothegms. Cato the*  
*Elder.*

Fishes that tipple in the deep

Know no such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE. *To Althea from*  
*Prison. St. 2.*

*Hamlet.* A man may fish with the  
worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat  
of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 3.*  
l. 28.

*Third Fisherman.* Master, I marvel  
how the fishes live in the sea.

*First Fisherman.* Marry, as men do  
a-land: the great ones eat up the little  
ones.

*Ibid. Pericles. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 26.*

Men lived like fishes; the greater ones  
devoured the small.

ALGERNON SIDNEY. *Discourses on Gov-*  
*ernment. Ch. ii. Sec. 18.*

A fishing rod is an instrument with a  
worm at one end and a fool at the other.

[This jest has been variously ascribed to  
Dr. Johnson and to Dean Swift, but it ante-  
dates both. A French writer of the seven-  
teenth century, Guyet by name, has these  
lines :

La ligne avec sa canne est un long instru-  
ment.Dont le plus mince bout tient un petit  
reptile,  
Et dont l'autre est tenu par un grand im-  
becille.

The line with its rod is a long instrument  
whose lesser end holds a small reptile,  
while the other is held by a great fool.]

## FLAG.

*Romeo.* Beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced  
there.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet. Act*  
v. Sc. 3. l. 94.

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.<sup>1</sup>

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 535.  
(See under HAIR.)

With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
At which the universal host up sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 538.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
CAMPBELL. *Ye Mariners of England*. St. 4.

Ye mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
*Ibid.* *Ye Mariners of England*. St. 1.

Banner of England, not for a season,  
O banner of Britain, hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to  
the battle-cry !  
Never with mightier glory than when  
we had rear'd thee on high,  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly  
siege of Lucknow—  
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but  
ever we raised thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our  
banner of England blew.  
TENNYSON. *The Defence of Lucknow*.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh long  
may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave !  
F. S. KEY. *The Star-spangled Banner*.  
St. 2.

<sup>1</sup> Loose his beard and hoary hair  
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled  
air.

GRAY. *The Bard*. i. l. 19.

Praise the Power that hath made and  
preserved us a nation !

Then conquer we must when our cause  
it is just,  
And this be our motto, " In God is our  
trust !"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.

F. S. KEY. *The Star-spangled Banner*.  
St. 4.

" A song for our banner ?"—The watch-  
word recall

Which gave the Republic her station ;  
" United we stand—divided we fall !"

It made and preserves us a nation !  
GEORGE P. MORRIS. *The Flag of Our  
Union*.

The flag of our Union forever !  
*Ibid.* *The Flag of Our Union*.

Fling out, fling out, with cheer and  
shout,

To all the winds Our Country's  
Banner !

Be every bar, and every star,  
Displayed in full and glorious man-  
ner !

Blow, zephyrs, blow, keep the dear  
ensign flying !

Blow, zephyrs, sweetly mournful, sigh-  
ing, sighing, sighing !

ABRAHAM COLES. *The Microcosm and  
Other Poems*. p. 191.

When Freedom from her mountain  
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light.  
Flag of the free heart's hope and home !

By angel hands to valor given ;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls be-  
fore us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er  
. us ?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. *The American  
Flag*.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. *Address on Boston Common.* 1862.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky.

HOLMES. *Old Ironsides.* St. 1.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !

*Ibid.* *Old Ironsides.* St. 3.

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

JOHN A. DIX. *Telegram from Washington, January 29, 1861, ordering the arrest, at New Orleans, of Capt. Brishwood, commander of the revenue cutter McClenmand, which it was feared he would turn over to the Confederates.*

FLATTERY.

Flatterers looke like friends, as wolves, like doges.

G. CHAPMAN. *Byron's Conspiracie.* Act iii. Sc. i.

Flattery

Is monstrous in a true friend.

FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends ;  
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

CHURCHILL. *The Apology.* 1. 19.

Gower. No vizor does become black villainy  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles.* Act iv. Sc. 4. 1. 44.

*Helicanus.* They do abuse the king that flatter him,  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing.

*Ibid.* *Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 38.

Flattery's the nurse of crimes.

GAY. *Fables. The Lion, Tiger, and Traveller.* i. 1. 8.

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver ; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

*Apemantus.* He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of the flatterer.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 233.

No adulation ; 'tis the death of virtue ;  
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest  
Save he who courts the flattery.

HANNAH MORE. *Daniel.*

*Apemantus.* O that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 256.

*Valentine.* O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 147.

*Menenius.* His nature is too noble for the world :

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder.

*Ibid.* *Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 255.

*Hotspur.* I cannot flatter : I do defy  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself ;

Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 6.

*Gloster.* Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 47.

*Hamlet.* Nay, do not think I flatter ;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd  
pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the  
knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
1. 54.

*Decius*. But when I tell him he hates  
flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 208.

What honour that,  
But tedious waste of time, to sit and  
hear  
So many hollow compliments and lies.  
MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l.  
122.

Where Young must torture his inven-  
tion  
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.  
SWIFT. *On Poetry, a Rhapsody*. l. 279.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery's the food of fools ;  
Yet now and then your men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.  
*Ibid.* *Cadenus and Vanessa*. l. 755.

Have you not found out that every woman  
is infallibly to be gained by every sort of  
flattery, and every man by one sort or  
other ?  
LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to His Son*.  
16th March, 1752.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd  
what came,  
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it  
for fame ;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to  
disease,  
Who peppered the highest was surest to  
please.  
GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation*. l. 109.

Nor in these consecrated bowers  
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent  
train in flays.  
GRAY. *Ode to Music*. l. 7.

For ne'er  
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear ;  
A simple race ! they waste their toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile.  
SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto  
iv. Last stanza.

To shake with laughter ere the jest they  
hear  
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;  
And, as their patron hints the cold or  
heat,  
To shake in dog-days, in December  
sweat.

JOHNSON. *London*. l. 140.  
At the throng'd levee bends the venal  
tribe :  
With fair but faithless smiles each var-  
nish'd o'er,  
Each smooth as those that mutually  
deceive,  
And for their falsehood each despising  
each.

THOMSON. *Liberty*. Pt. v. l. 190.  
And wrinkles, the d—d democrats,  
won't flatter.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto x. St. xxiv.

This barren verbiage, current among  
men,  
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compli-  
ment.  
TENNYSON. *The Princess*. ii. l. 40.

### FLESH.

All flesh is grass.  
*Old Testament*. Isaiah xl. 6.  
*Shepherd*. God knows thou art a collop  
of my flesh.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act v.  
Sc. 4. l. 18.

It is a deere collop  
That is cut out of th' owne flesh.  
HEYWARD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.

*Falstaff*. I have more flesh than another  
man ; and therefore more frailty.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3. l. 166.

We shall all be perfectly virtuous  
when there is no longer any flesh on our  
bones.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.  
*Mercutio*. O, flesh, flesh, how art thou  
fishified !  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 4. l. 37.

### FLIGHT.

Fly, dotard, fly !  
With thy wise dreams and fables of the  
sky.  
HOMER. *The Odyssey*. Bk. ii. l. 207.  
(POPE, trans.)

Abit, excessit, evasit, erupit.

He is gone, he has fled, he has eluded  
our vigilance, he has broken through our  
guards.

CICERO. *In Catilinam*. ii. 1. 1.

*Hastings*. To fly the boar before the  
boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us;  
And make pursuit where he did mean  
no chase.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 28.

Over the hills and far away.

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera*. Act i. Sc. 1.

O'er the hills and far away.

D'URFEY. *Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

ISAAC WATTS. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*.  
Bk. i. Hymn 79.

Tom, he was a piper's son,  
He learnt to play when he was young;  
But all the tunes that he could play  
Was "O'er the hills and far away."

*Nursery Song*.

Modification of a part of an anonymous  
seventeenth century song preserved by J.  
O. Wallinds, of which this is the second  
stanza:

Jockey was a bonny Lad,

As e'er was born in Scotland fair;

But now poor Jockey is run mad,

For Jenny causes his Despair;

Jockey was a Piper's Son,

And fell in love while he was young;

But all the tunes that he could play,  
Was "'Tis o'er the hills and far away."

"She is won! we are gone! over bank,  
bush, and scaur,

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"  
quoth young Lochinvar.

SCOTT. *Lochinvar*.

## FLIRT.

(See COQUETTE.)

I assisted at the birth of that most  
significant word "flirtation," which  
dropped from the most beautiful mouth  
in the world.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *The World*. No.  
101.

(The owner of "the most beautiful mouth  
in the world" was Lady Frances Shirley.)

She who trifles with all

Is less likely to fall

Than she who but trifles with one.

GAY. *The Coquette, Mother and Daughter*.  
St. iv.

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheeks pale hue?

All my life with sorrow strewing;

Wed, or cease to woo.

CAMPBELL. *The Maid's Remonstrance*.

At first I enchant a fair Sensitive plant,  
Then I flirt with the Pink of perfec-  
tion:

Then I seek a sweet Pea, and I whisper,  
"For thee

I have long felt a fond predilection."

A Lily I kiss, and exult in my bliss,

But I very soon search for a new lip;

And I pause in my flight to exclaim  
with delight,

"Oh! how dearly I love you, my  
Tulip!"

In short, you must know,

I'm the Butterfly Beau.

T. HAYNES BAYLEY. *The Butterfly Beau*.

A worthless woman! mere cold clay

As all false things are! but so fair,

She takes the breath of men away

Who gaze upon her unaware:

I would not play her larcenous tricks

To have her looks!

E. B. BROWNING. *Bianca Among the  
Nightingales*. St. 12.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,

She sets a springe to snare them all;

All's one to her—above her fan

She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

T. B. ALDRICH. *Coquette*.

Flirtation, attention without intention.

MAX O'RELL. *John Bull and His Island*.

## FLOWERS.

(See DAISY, LILY, PRIMROSE, ROSE, SUN-  
FLOWER, VIOLET, under separate heads.)

And rest at last where souls unbodied  
dwell,

In ever-flowering meads of Asphodel.

HOMER. *The Odyssey*. Bk. xxiv. l. 19.  
(POPE, trans.)

All a green willow, willow,

All a green willow is my garland.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *The Green Willow*.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes  
on grownd,

No arborett with painted blossomes drest  
And smelling sweete, but there it might  
be fownd

To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete  
smels al around.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto  
vi. St. 12.

Roses red and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowres that in the  
forrest grew.

*Ibid.* *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iii. Canto vi.  
St. 6.

Stowe me the ground with daffadown-  
dillies,  
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved  
lillies.

*Ibid.* *The Shepherd's Calendar*. April.  
l. 140.

Sweet is the rose, but growes upon a  
brere;

Sweet is the junipre, but sharpe his  
bough;

Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;  
Sweet is the firbloom, but his braunches  
rough;

Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is  
tough;

Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet  
sowre enough;

And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.

*Ibid.* *Amoretti*. Sonnet xxvi.

*Chorus*. When daisies pied, and violets  
blue,

And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue

Do paint the meadows with delight.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 881.

*Perdita*. Here's flowers for you:

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram:  
The marigold, that goes to bed w<sup>i</sup> the  
sun,

And with him rises weeping.

*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l.  
103.

*Perdita*. O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frightened thou  
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and  
take

The winds of March with beauty;  
violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a  
malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one!

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act iv.  
Sc. 4. l. 116.

*Oberon*. I know a bank where the wild  
thyme blows,  
Where oxlip and the nodding violet  
grows;

Quite over-canopy'd with luscious wood-  
bine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglan-  
tine.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 249.

Pun-provoking thyme.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. *The Schoolmistress*.  
St. 11.

*Oberon*. Yet mark'd I where the bolt  
of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,—  
Before, milk-white; now purple with  
love's wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd  
thee once;

The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 165.

*Fairy*. The cowslips tall her pension-  
ers be;

In their gold coats spots you see:

Those be rubies, fairy favours;

In those freckles live their savours.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 10.

*Ophelia*. There's rosemary, that's for  
remembrance; . . . and there is pans-  
ies, that's for thoughts.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 175.

*Ophelia*. You must wear your rue with  
a difference. There's a daisy; I would  
give you some violets, but they withered.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 183.

*Ariel.* Where the bee sucks, there  
suck I,

In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily :

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest.* Act v. Sc.  
1. 1. 89.

On either side

*Acanthus* and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each  
beauteous flower,

*Iris* all hues, roses, and jessamin  
Reared high their flourish'd heads  
between, and wrought

Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
*Crocus*, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broidered the ground, more coloured  
than with stone

Of costliest emblem.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. 1. 695.

Immortal amarant! a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,  
Began to bloom; but soon for Man's  
offence

To Heaven removed where first it grew,  
there grows

And flowers, aloft, shading the fount of  
life;

And where the river of bliss through  
midst of Heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber  
stream.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. 1. 353.

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the  
clouds

That shed May flowers.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. 1. 499.

Flowers worthy of Paradise.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. 1. 241.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn  
the rose.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. 1. 256.

Proserpine gathering flowers

Herself a fairer flower.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. 1. 269.

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles  
on it,

But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower; but not in  
this soil;

Unknown and light-esteemed, and the  
dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.  
MILTON. *Comus.* 1. 631.

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled  
eyes

That on the green turf suck the honied  
showers

And purple all the ground with vernal  
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken  
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freakt  
with jet.

The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired  
woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pen-  
sive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery  
wears.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas.* 1. 139.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see

You haste away so soone;

As yet the early-rising sun

Has not attained his noone.

We have short time to stay as you,

We have as short a spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay

As you or anything.

HERRICK. *To Daffadills.*

Faire pledges of a fruitful tree

Why do yee fall so fast?

Your date is not so past

But you may stay yet here awhile

To blush and gently smile

And go at last.

*Ibid.* *To Blossoms.*

Why does the rose her grateful fragrance  
yield,

And yellow cowslips paint the smiling  
field?

GAY. *Panthea.* 1. 71.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er the Elysian flowers;

By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel.

POPE. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

You are as welcome as the flowers in  
May.

MACKLIN. *Love à la Mode.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath  
the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers  
made.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 13.

The flowers of the forest are a'wede awae.

JANE ELLIOTT. *The Flowers of the Forest.*

[This line also appears in the *Flowers of the Forest*, part second, a later poem by Mrs. Cockburn.]

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew ;  
And the young winds fed it with silver  
dew ;  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of  
Night.

SHELLEY. *The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. i. St. 1.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the spirit of Love felt everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on earth's  
dark breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

*Ibid.* *The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. i. St. 2.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
flower ;

Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart  
is full,

It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

*Ibid.* *The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. i. St. 19.

To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode. Intimations of Im-  
mortality.* St. 11.

A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.

*Ibid.* *Peter Bell.* Pt. i. St. 12.

And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

*Ibid.* *Lines Written in Early Spring.*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

WORDSWORTH. *I Wandered Lonely as a  
Cloud.*

And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.

*Ibid.* *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*

O! Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer's queen.

BRYANT. *Rokeby.* Cantó iii. St. 16.

The windflower and the violet, they per-  
ished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died  
amid the summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the  
aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook,  
in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold  
heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was  
gone, from upland glade and glen.

BRYANT. *The Death of the Flowers.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and  
olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,

When he called the flowers, so blue and  
golden,

Stars, that in earth's firmament do  
shine.

LONGFELLOW. *Flowers.* St. 1.

[The poet alluded to is Frederick Wilhelm Carové, a citizen of Coblenz, on the Rhine, in whose *Story Without an End* a water-drop is represented as relating her personal experiences, when suddenly "the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by the hair and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret, and twinkle as brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth."]

Elsewhere Longfellow has used the same  
idea in another form :

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-  
nots of the angels.

*Evangeline.* Pt. i. 3. l. 857.

But here also he was anticipated by  
Erasmus Darwin, who addresses the stars  
as :

Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must  
yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.

*Economy of Nature.* Canto iv.  
(See STARS.)

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside  
the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless  
gold,

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or  
time:

Not in mid June the golden cuirassed  
bee

Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-  
ment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles  
burst.

LOWELL. *To the Dandelion.*

All will be gay when noontide wakes  
anew

The buttercups, the little children's  
dower.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Home-thoughts.*

Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the mossbeds at its feet.

MRS. HEMANS. *The Palm-tree.*

When Spring unlocks the flowers to  
paint the laughing soil.

BISHOP HEBER. *Seventh Sunday After  
Trinity.*

The sweet forget-me-nots,  
That grow for happy lovers.

TENNYSON. *The Brook.* l. 172.

Though the Camomill, the more it is  
trodden and pressed downe the more it  
spreadeth.

LYLY. *Euphues.* p. 46.

*Falstaff.* For though the camomile, the  
more it is trodden on the faster it grows.

SHAKESPEARE. *1. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc.  
4. l. 389.

Both Shakspeare and Lyly were indebted  
to Pliny, who says of the crocus:

"Gaudet calcari et atteri, pereundoque  
melius provenit."

It loves to be trodden and bruised under  
foot, and the more it is destroyed the better  
it thrives.

*Natural History.* 21, 6, 17.  
(See under ADVERSITY. p. 15.)

An empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;  
We two among them wading together.  
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.  
JEAN INGELOW. *Divided.* Pt. i.

## FLY.

(See AMBER.)

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me and drink as I;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Could'st thou sip and sip it up;  
Make the most of life you may;  
Life is short and wears away.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761). *On a Fly  
Drinking Out of a Cup of Ale.*

Sterne imitated Oldys when he made his  
Uncle Toby release a fly he had caught with  
the words:

"Go, poor devil, get thee gone! Why  
should I hurt thee? This world surely is  
wide enough to hold both thee and me."

*Tristram Shandy* (orig. ed.). Vol. ii.  
Ch. xii.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the  
sweets.

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 35.

To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night i. l. 154.

There webs were spread of more than  
common size,

And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-  
starved flies.

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine.*  
l. 327.

## FOLLY.

Quantum est in rebus inane!

How much folly there is in human  
affairs.

PERSIUS. *Satiræ.* i. 1.

*Puck.* What fools these mortals be!

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 115.

*Clown.* Foolery, sir, does walk about  
the orb like the sun, it shines every-  
where.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 43.

He was a wise pope that, when one that used to be merry with him before he was advanced to the popedom refrained afterwards to come at him (presuming he was busy in governing the Christian world), sent for him, bade him come again, and (says he) we will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world.

SELDEN. *Table Talk. Pope.*

Lord Chatham, writing to Lord Shelburne, says: "It calls to my mind what some pope, Alexander VI. or Leo, said to a son of his afraid to undertake governing—*i. e.*, confounding—the Christian world: 'Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia hic noster mundus regitur.'" The pope referred to by both Selden and Lord Chatham was neither Alexander nor Leo, but Julius III. (1550-55), of whom the story is told that when a Portuguese monk pitied him because he had the weight of the world upon his shoulders, replied, "You would be surprised if you knew with how little expense of understanding the world is ruled."

A reminiscence of this papal phrase may have been in the mind of Axel, Count Oxenstiern (1583-1654), the chancellor of Sweden, when he encouraged his son to accept an appointment to represent Sweden at the Peace Congress of Westphalia in 1648: "An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia mundus regitur?" ("Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?")

*Thersites.* The common curse of mankind,—folly and ignorance.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.*  
Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 31.

For blocks are better cleft with wedges,  
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges,  
And dullest nonsense has been found  
By some to be the most profound.

BUTLER. *Pindaric Ode.* iv. l. 82.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint  
it,

If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epistle ii. l. 15.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it  
flies,

And catch the manners living as they  
rise.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 13.

Youth should watch joys and shoot them  
as they fly.

DRYDEN. *Aureng-Zebe.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The picture placed the busts between  
Adds to the thought much strength;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.

JANE BRERETON. *On Beau Nash's Picture  
at full length between the Busts of Sir  
Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.*

Is folly then so old? Why, let me see,—  
About what time of life may folly be?  
Oh! she was born, by nicest calculation,  
One moment after woman's first creation.

W. R. SPENCER. *Prologue to Fashionable  
Friends.*

Where lives the man that has not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin!

SCOTT. *Bridal of Triermain.* Canto i  
St. 21.

Who lives without folly is not so wise  
as he thinks.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections; or,  
Sentences and Moral Maxims.*

At times discretion should be thrown aside,  
And with the foolish we should play the  
fool.

MENANDER. *Polymeni.* Fragment ii.

Plato says, "'Tis to no purpose for a sober  
man to knock at the door of the Muses";  
and Aristotle says "that no excellent soul  
is exempt from a mixture of folly."

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Drunkenness.*  
Bk. ii. Ch. ii.

A little folly is desirable in him that will  
not be guilty of stupidity.

*Ibid.* *Essays: Of Vanity.* Bk. iii. Ch. ix.

*Viola.* This fellow is wise enough to play  
the fool:

And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 57.

A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.

ANONYMOUS.

A careless song, with a little nonsense in  
it now and then, does not misbecome a  
monarch.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Sir Horace  
Mann.* (1774.)

And he is oft the wisest man

Who is not wise at all,

WORDSWORTH. *The Oak and the Broom.*  
St. 7.

He who hath not a dram of folly in his  
mixture hath pounds of much worse matter  
in his composition.

CHAS. LAMB. *Essays of Elia: All Fools'  
Day.*

Men are so necessarily fools that it would  
be being a fool in a higher strain of folly  
not to be a fool.

PASCAL. *Thoughts.* Chapters xxiv., lxiv.  
(WIGHT, trans.)

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper  
feels

When the tired player shuffles off the  
buskin ;

A page of Hood may do a fellow good  
After a scolding from Carlyle or  
Ruskin.

HOLMES. *How-Not to Settle It*. St. 3.

From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iii. 1. 188.

He has spent all his life in letting down  
empty buckets into empty wells; and he is  
frittering away his age in trying to draw  
them up again.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir*.  
Vol. i. p. 259.

### FOOD.

Such as have need of milk, and not of  
strong meat.

*New Testament*. Hebrews v. 12.

Or what man is there of you, whom  
if his son ask bread, will he give him a  
stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give  
him a serpent?

*Ibid*. Matthew vii. 9, 10.

In the one hand he is carrying a stone,  
while he shows the bread in the other.

PLAUTUS. *Aulularia*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Other men live to eat, but I eat to  
live.

SOCRATES. (*Stobaeus, Florilegium*. xvii.  
22.)

What is food to one man may be fierce  
poison to others.

LUCRETIUS. *De Rerum Naturæ*. iv. 637.

What's one man's poison, signor,  
Is another's meat or drink.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *Love's Cure*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring  
bowers,

Know there is richest juice in poison-  
flowers.

KEATS. *Isabella*. St. xiii.

*Iago*. The food that to him now is as  
luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly  
as bitter as coloquintida.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 345.

*Gaunt*. With eager feeding food doth  
choke the feeder.

*Ibid*. *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 37.

*Granio*. I fear it is too choleric a  
meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 19.

*Brutus*. Let's carve him as a dish fit  
for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

*Ibid*. *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 173.

Here is bread, which strengthens  
man's heart, and therefore called the  
staff of life.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Psalm  
civ.

Corne, which is the staffe of life.

WINSLOW. *Good Newses from New England*.  
p. 47. (London, 1624.)

The stay and the staff, the whole staff of  
bread.

*Old Testament*. Isaiah iii. 1.

It was a common saying among the  
Puritans, "Brown bread and the Gospel  
is good fare."

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Isaiah  
Ch. xxx.

*Touchstone*. It is meat and drink to me to  
see a clown.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act v.  
Sc. 1. 1. 10.

It is meat and drink and cloth to us.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Prologue to  
the Fifth Book.

The poor man will praise it so hath he  
good cause,

That all the year eats neither partridge  
nor quail,

But sets up his rest and makes up his  
feast,

With a crust of brown bread and a  
pot of good ale.

*An old English Song*, from "*An Antidote  
Against Melancholy*" (1661.)

Oh, the roast beef of England,  
And old England's roast beef!

FIELDING. *The Grub Street Opera*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2.

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I  
feel,

My morning incense, and my evening  
meal,

The sweets of Hasty Pudding.

JOEL BARLOW. *The Hasty Pudding*.  
Canto i.

For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drank the milk of Paradise.

COLERIDGE. *Kubla Khan*. Concluding lines.

Man is a carnivorous production,  
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;

He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,

But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;

Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,  
Your laboring people think beyond all question,

Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 67.

That famish'd people must be slowly nursed,

And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 158.

A loaf of bread, the Walrus said,  
Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed—

Now, if you're ready, Oysters, dear,  
We can begin to feed!

LEWIS CARROLL. *Through the Looking-glass*. *The Walrus and the Carpenter*.

### FOOL.

Though thou shouldst bray a fool in  
a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet  
will not his foolishness depart from him.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxvii. 22.

Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet  
a man, rather than a fool in his folly.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xvii. 12.

Answer a fool according to his folly.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xxvi. 5.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a  
fool returneth to his folly.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xxvi. 11.

The fool of fate,—thy manufacture,  
man.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xx. l. 254 (POPE, trans.)

Romeo. I am fortune's fool.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 133.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes  
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*. 1. 107.

Alimbo large and broad, since call'd  
The Paradise of Fools.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 495.

Limbus fatuorum (borderland of fools), the name given by the old school-men to that intermediate region between heaven and hell, where dwell "the praiseless and the blameless dead" (DANTE, *Inferno*), or, in other words, fools, idiots, and lunatics. In modern usage the term, a Fool's Paradise, has grown to mean imaginary or unstable bliss:

Hence the Fool's Paradise, the statesman's scheme,

The air-built castle and the golden dream;  
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,

And poet's vision of eternal fame.

POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. iii. l. 9.

A fool's paradise is better than a wise-acre's purgatory.

GEORGE COLMAN. *The Deuce is In Him*. Act 1. Sc. 1.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.

CRABBE. *The Borough Payers*. Letter xii.

Thy fairest prospects, rightly viewed,  
The Paradise of Fools.

BLACKLOCK. *Ode on the Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy*.

The fools we know have their own paradise,  
The wicked also have their proper Hell.

JAMES THOMSON. *The City of Dreadful Night*. xi.

Prince Henry. Thus we play the fool  
with the time; and the spirits of the  
wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc 2. l. 154.

Celia. For always the dulness of the  
fool is the whetstone of the wits.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 58.

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool  
in the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in  
the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good  
terms,

In good set terms.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 12.

*Jaques.* When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contem-  
plative;  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 28.

*Jaques.* There is, sure, another flood  
toward, and these couples are coming to  
the ark! Here comes a pair of very  
strange beasts, which in all tongues are  
called fools.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 36.

*Jaques.* O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 33.

*Touchstone.* The more pity, that fools  
may not speak wisely, what wise men  
do foolishly.

*Celia.* By my troth, thou say'st true;  
for since the little wit that fools have  
was silenced, the little foolery that wise  
men have makes a great show. Here  
comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 79.

*Clown.* Better a witty fool than a fool-  
ish wit.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act i. Sc. v. l. 37.

*Duke of Orleans.* A fool's bolt is soon  
shot.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iii. Sc. 7. l. 118.

Sotte's bolt is sone shote.

HENDYNG. *Proverbs.*

*Jaques.* I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind  
To blow on whom I please;<sup>1</sup> for so fools  
have:  
And they that are most galled with my  
folly,  
They most must laugh: And why, sir,  
must they so?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church:  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

<sup>1</sup> *Canterbury.* When he speaks  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 47.

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squand'ring glances of the  
fool.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 47.

*Hamlet.* Let the doors be shut upon  
him, that he may play the fool nowhere  
but in's own house.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 134.

*Thurio.* I hold him but a fool that  
will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act v.  
Sc. 4. l. 133.

#### Painted fools

Are caught with silken shows.

DRAYTON. *The Quest of Cynthia.*

Young men think old men are fools;  
but old men know young men are fools.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *All Fools.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 292.

Young men think old men fools, and old  
men know young men to be so.

Quoted by CAMDEN as a saying of DR.  
METCALF.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. ii. l. 438.

Every inch that is not fool, is rogue.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt.  
ii. l. 463.

Fools are made for jests to men of sense.

FARQUHAR. *The Beaux Stratagem.* Pro-  
logue.

You'll find at last this maxim true,

Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. ii. 12. *Fan and Fortune.*  
l. 61.

No place so sacred from such fops is  
barr'd,

Nor is Paul's church more safe than  
Paul's church-yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you  
dead.

For fools rush in where angels fear to  
tread.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. iii. l. 625.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their  
way,

The positive pronounce without dismay.

COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 145.

While timorous knowledge stands consid-  
ering,

Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.

DANIEL.

*Gloucester.* The world is grown so bad  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare  
not perch.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 69.

Where Mars might quake to tread.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto i. St. 54.

Leave such to trifle with more grace and  
ease,  
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies  
please.

POPE. *Second Book of Horace.* Epistle  
ii. Concluding lines.

Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless  
skull,  
And thanks his stars he was not born a  
fool.  
*Ibid.* *Epilogue of Jane Shore.* l. 7.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round  
thee break,

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty  
crack:

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions  
hurl'd,

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting  
world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cob-  
web through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread  
anew:

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again.

*Ibid.* *Prologue to Satires.* *Epistle to Dr.*  
*Arbuthnot.* l. 83.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;  
His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire iv. l. 105.

Men may live fools, but fools they  
cannot die.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Last  
line.

Oft has good nature been the fool's de-  
fence,  
And honest meaning gilded want of  
sense.

SHENSTONE. *Ode to a Lady.* l. 3.

'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,  
A fool must now and then be right by  
chance.

COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 95.

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
An oracle within an empty cask;

He says but little, and that little said  
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to  
lead.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But when you knock it never is at home.

COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 297.

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at  
home.

POPE. *Epigram.*

Fate never wounds more deep the gen-  
erous heart,  
Than when a blockhead's insult points  
the dart.

DR. S. JOHNSON. *London.* l. 166.

Fools will prate o' right and wrang,  
While knaves laugh in their sleeve.

BURNS. *The Five Cartlines.* St. 22.

A knave an' fool are plants of every  
soil.

*Ibid.* *Scots Prologue.*

Fools are my theme, let satire be my  
song.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Re-*  
*viewers.* l. 6.

## FOOT.

O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever  
tread!

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto x.  
St. 9.

*Friar.* O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act  
ii. Sc. 6. l. 16.

*Ulysses.* There's language in her eye,  
her cheek, her lip,

Nay her foot speaks.  
*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iv. Sc.  
5. l. 55.

*Biron.* The ladies call him sweet,  
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his  
feet.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 329.

*King John.* Nay, but make haste; the  
better foot before.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 170.

And the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats!

CONGREVE. *Love for Love*. Act i.  
(See under DANCE.)

His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair.

JEAN ADAM. *Mariner's Wife*.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
Her very shoe has power to wound.

EDWARD MOORE. *Fables. The Spider and the Bee*.

Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread.

MILTON. *Comus. Sabrina's Song*. l. 896.

A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread.

SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake*. Canto i.  
St. 18.

The flower she touch'd on, dipt and rose,  
And turn'd to look at her.

TENNYSON. *The Talking Oak*. St. 33.

The grass stoops not, she steps on it so light.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*. l. 1028.

Her treading would not bend a blade of  
grass

Or shake the downy blue-ball from his stalk,  
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,

As she had sow'd them with her odorous  
foot.

\*BEN JONSON. *The Sad Shepherd*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

### FOP.

*Bastard*. Shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd, silken wanton brave our  
fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly  
spread,

And find no check?

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act v. Sc.  
l. l. 69.

*King*. A man in all the world's new  
fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his  
brain:

One whom the music of his own vain  
tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of compliments, whom right and  
wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 162.

*Biron*. This gallant pins the wenches  
on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam he had tempted  
Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: Why this  
is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the  
nice,

That when he plays at tables, chides the  
dice

In honourable terms.

*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 321.

*Hotspur*. When the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme  
toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my  
sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat and  
trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin,  
new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-  
home.

He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he  
held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away  
again;

Who therewith angry, when it next  
came there,

Took it in snuff. And still he smiled  
and talk'd;

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by  
He call'd them untaught knaves, un-  
mannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday- and lady-terms  
He question'd me; among the rest de-  
manded

My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds  
being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,

He should, or he should not; for he  
made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so  
sweet,  
And talk, so like a waiting-gentle-  
woman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God  
save the mark!—

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing  
on earth

Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous salt-petre should be  
digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had de-  
stroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile  
guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 30.

Accustom him to everything, that he  
may not be a Sir Paris, a carpet-knight,  
but a sinewy, hardy, and vigorous young  
man.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of the Education of  
Children.* Ch. xxv. (COTTON, trans.)

Soft carpet-knights, all scenting musk  
and amber.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes.*  
(J. SYLVESTER, trans.)

Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ  
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;  
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks  
would cry,

I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:  
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refined,  
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.  
True fops help nature's work, and go to  
school,

To file and finish God Almighty's fool,  
Yet none Sir Fopling him or him can  
call;

He's knight of the shire, and represents  
ye all.

From each he meets he culls whate'er  
he can;

Legion's his name, a people in a man.  
DRYDEN. *Sir Fopling Flutter.*

Of all the fools that pride can boast,  
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.

GAY. *Fables: The Bear in a Boat.* Pt.  
ii. Fable 5. l. 17.

Sir Plumie, of amber snuff-box justly  
vain,

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,  
With earnest eyes and round unthink-  
ing face,

He first the snuff-box opened, then the  
case.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto iv. l. 123.

Squinting upon the lustre  
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers  
glistre;

And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the  
Amber,

The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the  
chamber.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes.*  
Second week. Third day. Pt. iii.

Nature made every fop to plague his  
brother,

Just as one beauty mortifies another.

POPE. *Satires.* iv. l. 258.

Who knows a fool must know his  
brother;

One fop will recommend another.

GAY. *Fables: The Lady and the Wasp.*  
Pt. i. Fable 9. l. 11.

Pope. Let Sporus tremble.

*Arbutnot.* What! that thing of silk,  
Sporus—that mere white curd of asses'  
milk.

Satire or sense; alas! can Sporus feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Pope. Yet let me flap this bug with  
gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks  
and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair  
annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er  
enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
In mumbling of the game they dare not  
bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the  
way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
And as the prompter breathes, the pup-  
pet squeaks,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
Half froth, half venom, spits himself  
abroad.

POPE. *Prologue to the Satires.* l. 305.

[Sporus, John Lord Hervey (1696-1743), a man of talent and energy, but utterly unprincipled, drinking asses' milk for indigestion, and rouging his face to conceal the ravages of disease.]

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore  
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!

He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,  
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire iv. l. 119.

The solemn fop; significant and budge;  
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.  
COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 299.

*King Henry*. If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 239.

A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.  
POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 90.

This man [Chesterfield] I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords.  
JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. (1754.)

That dandy-despot, he,  
That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence.  
TENNYSON. *Maud*. vi. 6.

But while I past he was humming an air,  
Stopt, and then with a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonized me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare.  
*Ibid*. *Maud*. xiii. 2.

FORESIGHT.

Ὁς μετανοεῖν, ἀλλὰ προνοεῖν χρὴ τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφόν.

The wise man must be wise before, not after, the event.  
EPICHRMUS. *Fabulæ Incertæ*. Fragment 5.

Their hindsight was better than their foresight.  
Attributed to H. W. BEECHER.

Experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed.

COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*.

*Fabian*. Ay, an' you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 123.

Look ere ye leape.  
T. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. 1. Ch. 2.

Look ere you leape, see ere you go, It may be for thy profit so.  
TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Ch. lviii.

In ancient times all things were cheape,  
'Tis good to looke before thou leape,  
When corne is ripe 'tis time to reape.  
MARTYN PARKER. *The Roxburghe Ballads*. *An Excellent New Medley*.

Look before you ere you leap;  
For as you sow y' are like to reap.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 503.

Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
Of things before they are in being;  
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,  
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd.  
*Ibid*. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto iii. l. 921.

Commodus esse opinor duplici spe utier.

I think it better to have two strings to my bow.  
TERENCE. *Phormio*. iv. 2, 18.

Yee have many strings to your bowe.  
HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. xi.

So that every man lawfully ordained must bring a bow which hath two strings, a title of present right and another to provide for future possibility or chance.  
RICHARD HOOKER. *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. Bk. v. Ch. lxxx. No. 9.

Yes, I had two strings to my bow; both golden ones, egad! and both cracked.  
FIELDING. *Love in Several Masques*. Act v. Sc. 13.

Present joys are more to flesh and blood  
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.  
DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt. iii. l. 364.

E'en now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that  
ne'er shall die!

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. *The Schoolmistress*.  
l. 245.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
GRAY. *The Bard*. iii. l. 1. 11.

We will not anticipate the past; so  
mind, young people,—our retrospection  
will be all to the future.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act iv. Sc. 2.

[This phrase, put into the mouth of Mrs. Malaprop, is not unlike Slender's bull:

All his successors, gone before him, have  
done 't; and all his ancestors that come  
after him, may.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 11.]

You can never plan the future by the  
past.

BURKE. *Letter to a Member of the National  
Assembly*.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are  
guided, and that is the lamp of experience.  
I know of no way of judging of the future  
save by the past.

PATRICK HENRY. *Speech in the Virginia  
Convention, March, 1775*.

There's a good time coming, boys;

A good time coming;

We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray

Of the good time coming.

Cannon-balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger;

We'll win our battle by its aid;—

Wait a little longer.

CHAS. MACKAY. *The Good Time Coming*.

### FORGIVENESS.

And forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against us.

Book of Common Prayer. *The Lord's  
Prayer*.

[This is the version generally in use in  
English and American churches, both Cath-  
olic and Protestant. The original words of  
Christ as reported by two of the evangelists  
are thus translated in the Authorized Ver-  
sion of the New Testament:

And forgive us our debts as we forgive our  
debtors.

Matthew vi. 12.

And forgive us our sins, for we also for-  
give everyone that is indebted to us.

Luke xi. 4.]

Æquum est  
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

It is right for him who asks forgiveness  
for his offenses to grant it to others.

HORACE. *Satiræ*. i. 3, 74.

*Bolingbroke*. I pardon him, as God shall  
pardon me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act v. Sc.  
3. l. 131.

They who forgive most shall be most for-  
given.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. Home.

*Lear*. Pray you now, forget and for-  
give.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc.  
7. l. 84.

Good to forgive;

Best to forget!

ROBERT BROWNING. *La Saisiaz*. Prologue.

Heraclitus says that Pittacus, when he  
had got Alcæus into his power, released  
him, saying, "Forgiveness is better than  
revenge."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Pittacus*.

[Quoted by Epictetus (Fragment lxii.),  
"Forgiveness is better than punishment;  
for the one is the proof of a gentle, the other  
of a savage, nature."]

*First Senator*. You cannot make gross  
sins look clear;

To revenge is not valour, but to bear.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act  
iii. Sc. 5. l. 38.

*Clarence*. Not to relent is beastly,  
savage, devilish.

*Ibid*. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 256.

*King*. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet  
heavens

To wash it white as snow?

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 43.

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her  
Is righted even when men grant they  
err.

CHAPMAN. *Monsieur D'Olive*. Act i. Sc. 1.

But to have power to forgive,

Is empire and prerogative;

And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem

To grant a pardon than condemn.

BUTLER. *Hudibras to His Lady*. l. 135.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 525.

But, thou art good ; and Goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

BURNS. *Prayer in Prospect of Death.*

Only heaven

Means crowned, not conquered, when it  
says "Forgiven."

ADELAIDE PROCTOR. *A Legend of Provence.*

King. May one be pardoned, and retain  
the offence ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3.*  
l. 56.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done  
the wrong.

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada. Pt. ii.*  
Act i. Sc. 2.

The offender never pardons.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum. No. 563.*

Quos læserunt, et oderunt.

Whom they have injured they also hate.

SENECA. *De Ira. Lib. ii. Cap. xxxiii.*

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem  
læseris.

It is characteristic of human nature to  
hate those you have injured.

TACITUS. *Agricola. 42, 4.*

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst  
make,

And ev'n with Paradise devise the  
snake :

For all the sin wherewith the Face of  
Man

Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give,—  
and take !

FITZ GERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khay-  
yám. lxxxii.*

[These audacious lines are wholly Fitz  
Gerald's. There is nothing like them in  
Omar Khayyám. They purport to be the  
translation of a quatrain thus literally  
Englished by Professor Colwell :

O Thou who knowest the secrets of every  
one's mind,

Who graspest every one's hand in the hour  
of weakness,

O God, give me repentance and accept my  
excuses,

O Thou who givest repentance and acceptest  
the excuses of every one.]

Young men soon give, and soon forget,  
affronts ;

Old age is slow in both.

ADDISON. *Cato. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear ;  
And something every day they live  
To pity and perhaps forgive.

COWPER. *Mutual Forbearance. 1. 37.*

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,  
Let us be merciful as well as just.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*  
*Emma and Eginhard. 1. 177.*

Forgive! How many will say, "for-  
give," and find

A sort of absolution in the sound  
To hate a little longer.

TENNYSON. *Sea Dreams. 1. 60.*

### FORTITUDE.

And let us not be weary in well doing :  
for in due season we shall reap, if we  
faint not.

*New Testament. Galatians vi. 9.*

Flinch not, neither give up nor  
despair, if the achieving of every act  
in accordance with right principle is  
not always continuous with thee.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations. v. 9.*

Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty,  
bounty, friendship, and fidelity may be  
found. A man may confide in persons  
constituted for noble ends, who dare do  
and suffer, and who have a hand to burn  
for their country and their friend.  
Small and creeping things are the prod-  
uct of petty souls.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Christian Morals.*  
Pt. i. Sec. 36.

*Macbeth.* Blow wind ! come wrack !  
At least we'll die with harness on our  
back.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 5.*  
l. 51.

*Gaunt.* Gnarling sorrow hath less  
power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it  
light.

*Ibid. Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 292.*

*Antony.* Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers  
blows.

*Ibid. Antony and Cleopatra. Act iii.*  
Sc. 11. l. 73.

*Cordelia.* Myself could else out-frown  
false fortune's frown.

*Ibid. King Lear. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 6.*

Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate  
a jot  
Of right or hope; but still bear up and  
steer

Right onward.

MILTON. *Sonnet xxii. To Cyriac Skinner.*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;  
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured  
breast

With stubborn patience as with triple  
steel.

*Ibid. Paradise Lost. Bk. ii. l. 565.*

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on  
me.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,  
Can take in all, and verge enough for  
more.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Give ample room and verge enough.

GRAY. *The Bard. ii. i. l. 3.*

Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears life-long  
With vulture beak; yet the high soul  
is left;

And faith, which is but hope grown  
wise, and love,

And patience which at last shall over-  
come.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

To suffer woes which hope thinks in-  
finite;

To forgive wrongs darker than death or  
night;

To defy power which seems omnipotent;  
To love and bear; to hope till hope  
creates

From its own wreck the thing it con-  
templates;

Neither to change nor falter nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great, and joyous; beautiful and  
free;

This alone Life, Joy, Empire, Victory!  
*Ibid. Prometheus Unbound.*

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-  
troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from  
fear.

EMILY BRONTE. *Last Verses.*

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
W. E. HENLEY. *Echoes. To R. T. H. B.*

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the  
scroll,

I am the master of my fate;

I am the captain of my soul.

*Ibid. Echoes. To R. T. H. B.*

## FORTUNE.

(See FATE.)

Fortune is like a widow won,  
And truckles to the bold alone.

SOMERVILLE. *The Fortune Hunter. Canto ii.*

Fortune's friend is mishap's foe.

SIR T. WYATT. *The Lover Complains  
Himself Forsaken. l. 8.*

*Rosalind.* Fortune reigns in gifts of  
the world.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 38.*

*Pisano.* Fortune brings in some boats  
that are not steer'd.

*Ibid. Cymbeline. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 46.*

Fortune, who oft proves  
The careless wanderer's friend.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion. Bk. ii.  
l. 185.*

*Celia.* Let us sit and mock the good  
housewife Fortune from her wheel, that  
her gifts may henceforth be bestowed  
equally.

*Rosalind.* I would we could do so, for  
her benefits are mightily misplaced; and  
the bountiful blind woman doth most  
mistake in her gifts to women.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 27.*

*King Henry.* Will Fortune never come  
with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest  
letters?

She either gives a stomach, and no  
food;

Such are the poor in health; or else a  
feast,

And takes away the stomach; such are  
the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.

*Ibid. II. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 103.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,

Hath divers ways to advance her followers :

To some she gives honor without deserving ;

To other some, deserving without honor. Some wit, some wealth,—and some, wit without wealth ;

Some wealth without wit ; some nor wit nor wealth.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *All Fools*. Act v. Sc. 1.

The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xxii. l. 85. (POPE, trans.)

Fortune hath in her honey galle.

CHAUCER. *The Monk's Tale*. l. 557.

When Fortune is on our side, popular favour bears her company.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 275.

When Fortune flatters, she does it to betray.

*Ibid.* *Maxim* 277.

Fortune is like glass,—the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken.

*Ibid.* *Maxim* 280.

It is more easy to get a favour from fortune than to keep it.

*Ibid.* *Maxim* 282.

Non enim solum ipsa fortuna cæca est, sed eos etiam plerumque efficit cæcos quos complexa est.

Not only is fortune herself blind, but she generally blinds those on whom she bestows her favours.

CICERO. *De Amicitia*. xv. 54.

*Fluellen*. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act iii. Sc. 6. l. 29.

Therefore if a man look sharply and attentively he shall see Fortune: for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible.

BACON. *Essays of Fortune*.

Fortune makes him a fool, whom she makes her darling.

*Ibid.* *Moral and Historical Works*. *Ornamenta Rationalia*.

*Pistol*. Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act iii. Sc. 6. l. 26.

*Kent*. A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 152.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.

The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take

The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.

DRYDEN. *Sixth Satire of Juvenal*. l. 762.

I can enjoy her while she's kind ;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away.

*Ibid.* *Imitations of Horace*. Bk. i. Ode 29. l. 81.

La Fortune vend ce qu' ou croit qu'elle donne.

Fortune sells what she is thought to give.

LA FONTAINE. *Philemon and Baucis*.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Ch. lxxi.

Fortune, my friend, I've often thought  
Is weak; if Art assist her not :

So equally all Arts are vain,  
If Fortune help them not again.

SHERIDAN. *Love Epistles of Aristænetus*. Epistle xiii.

## FRANCE ; FRENCHMEN.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey*. l. 1.

And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,

After the scole of Stratford-atte-bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknoue.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*. Prologue. l. 122.

Much like the French (or like ourselves, their apes),

Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes ;

Who loving novels, full of affectation,  
Receive the manners of each other  
nation.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weeks and Works*.  
*First week. Second day.* (JOHN SYL-  
VESTER, trans.)

And threatening France, placed like a  
painted Jove,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis*. l. 155.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and  
brisk,  
Gives him his lass, his fiddle, and his  
frisk,

Is always happy, reign whoever may,  
And laughs the sense of misery far away.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. l. 237.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social  
ease,

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world  
can please.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 241.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you  
rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires  
hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their  
cries!

JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. *Marseilles*  
*Hymn*.

The King of France went up the hill

With twenty thousand men;

The King of France came down the hill,  
And ne'er went up again.

UNKNOWN. *Old Tarleton's Song*.

[This ballad was printed in a tract entitled  
*Pigg's Corantol, or News from the North*.

Thackeray, in a paraphrase of Beranger's  
*Le Roi d'Yvetot*, which he calls *The King of*  
*Brentford*, imitates the old jingle:

Each year he called his fighting men,  
And marched a league from home and then  
Marched back again.

Beranger's words were:

D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban,  
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an  
Au blanc.

In another *King of Brentford* paraphrase  
Thackeray came closer to his original:

Each year his mighty armies marched forth  
in gallant show,  
Their enemies were targets, their bullets  
they were tow.]

## FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN.

Eripuit caelo fulmen, mox sceptrum  
tyrannis.

He snatched the thunderbolt from  
heaven, the sceptre from tyrants.

TURGOT.

[According to Condorcet (*Vic de Monsieur*  
*Turgot*, p. 200. London, 1786), this was the  
form in which Turgot wrote his inscription  
for the bust of Franklin by Houdon. The  
misquotation, "Eripuit coelo fulmen, scep-  
trumque tyrannis," is more familiar. It is  
just possible that Turgot had in mind one  
or the other of the following:

Eripuit fulmenque Jovi, Phoeboque sagit-  
tas.

CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC. *Anti-Laetretius*.  
i. 5, 96.

Eripuit Jovem fulmen viresque tonandi.  
MANILIUS. *Astronomica*. i. 10.

Franklin's criticism of the line is amus-  
ing:

Notwithstanding my experiments with  
electricity, the thunderbolt continues to  
fall under our noses and beards; and as for  
the tyrant, there are a million of us still  
engaged at snatching away his sceptre.

*Letter to Nogaret.*]

But matchless Franklin! What a few  
Can hope to rival such as you.

Who seized from kings their sceptred  
pride

And turned the lightning's darts aside.

PHILIP FRENEAU. *On the Death of Ben-  
jamin Franklin*.

## FREEDOM.

(See LIBERTY.)

A! fredome is a noble thing!  
Fredome may man to haiff liking:  
Fredome all solace to man giffis.

BARBOUR. *The Bruce*. Bk. i. l. 224.

I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to  
fall.

Such I created all the ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood, and  
them who failed;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell  
who fell.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 98.

I am as free as nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage  
ran.

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,  
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative.

DRYDEN. *Threnodia Augustalis*. Canto x. l. 300.

No, Freedom has a thousand charms to show

That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. l. 260.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides.

*Ibid.* *A Winter Morning's Walk*.

To those the truth makes free,  
Sacred as truth itself is lawful liberty.

AUBREY DE VEEB.

Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head  
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?

Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,

When the prime function of the soul is broke?

AKENSIDE. *Epistle to Curio*. l. 265.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,

And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l. 381.

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;

The last result of wisdom stamps it true;

He only earns his freedom and existence

Who daily conquers them anew.

GOETHE. *Faust*. Act v. Sc. 6. l. 63.  
(BAYARD TAYLOR, trans.)

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God.

BOWLES. *To Edmund Burke*. l. 78.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 86.

For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,

The few in number, who had not o'er-estept

The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 57.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,

Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 98.

For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

*Ibid.* *Giaour*. l. 123.

March to the battlefield,

The foe is now before us;

Each heart is Freedom's shield,

And heaven is shining o'er us.

B. E. O'MEARA. *March to the Battlefield*.

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained what there they found—

Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS. *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*. Concluding lines.

Blandishments will not fascinate us,  
nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men.

JOSIAH QUINCY. *Observations on the Boston Port Bill*, 1774.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,

For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;

Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,

For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.

J. Q. ADAMS. *Written in an Album*, 1842.

Manus haec inimica tyrannis  
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam.

This hand is hostile only to tyrants, and draws the sword only to attain placid quiet under liberty.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

[Sidney inscribed these lines in the album of the University of Copenhagen. The first at least is not original. According to *Notes and Queries*, March 10, 1866, it may be found in a patent granted in 1616 by Camden.]

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave

When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand

Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred

With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs

Are strong with struggling.  
BRYANT. *Antiquity of Freedom.*

Freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *First Inaugural Address.* March 4, 1801.

Free soil, free men, free speech,  
Fremont.

*The Republican Party's Rallying Cry in 1856.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. *The Rebels.* Ch. iv.

[Mrs. Child puts this flamboyant speech into the mouth of James Otis, one of the historical characters in her romance.]

How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?

Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and in that freedom bold.

WORDSWORTH. *A Poet! He Hath Put His Heart to School.*

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men everywhere could be free.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Letter to Horace Greeley.* August 22, 1862.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free,—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

*Ibid.* *Second Annual Message to Congress,* December 1, 1862.

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—  
Choose him to be your king;  
He shall cut pathways east and west,  
And fend you with his wing.

EMERSON. *Boston Hymn.*

For what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

*Ibid.* *Boston.*

### FRIEND; FRIENDSHIP.

Ah, youth! forever dear, forever kind.  
HOMER. *The Iliad.* Bk. xix. l. 303.  
(POPE, trans.)

Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired

To sing, and answer as the song required.  
VIRGIL. *Eclogues.* vii. 4. (DRYDEN, trans.)

[The poet means that their voices were matched so as to sing in duet or alternately. *Arcades ambo* is said separately of any couple of country folk of simple, unsophisticated ideas.]

That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 93.

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us.

PILPAY. *Choice of Friends.* Ch. iv.

Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 401.

This was a very common sentiment among the ancients :

Who is my foe, I must but hate as one  
Whom I may yet call friend : and him who  
loves me,

Will I but serve and cherish as a man  
Whose love is not abiding.

(C. S. CALVERLEY, trans.)

(See under ENEMY.)

Nothing is there more friendly to a  
man than a friend in need.

PLAUTUS. *Epidicus*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 44.

But in deede,

A friend is never knowne till a man have  
neede.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbes*. Pt. i. Ch. 9.

An amplification of the proverb :

A friend in need  
Is a friend indeed.

*Timon*. I am not of that feather to shake  
off

My friend when he must need me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 100.

For friendship, of itself a holy tie,  
Is made more sacred by adversity.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt.  
iii. l. 47.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,  
Want gives to know the flatterer from the  
friend.

*Ibid*. *Wife of Bath*. l. 485.

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain;  
"in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find  
the following words : ' May we never want  
a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him !'  
When found, make a note of."

DICKENS. *Dombey and Son*. Vol. i. Ch.  
xv.

Come slowly to the banquets of thy friends,  
but swiftly to their misfortunes.

CHILÓ. (*Stobaeus, Florilegium*. iii. 79, 7.)

Forsake not an old friend, for the new  
is not comparable unto him. A new  
friend is as new wine : when it is old  
thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiasticus ix. 10.

Friendship's the wine of life : but friend-  
ship new

. . . is neither strong nor pure.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 582.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,

For the poor make no new friends ;

But oh they love the better still

The few our Father sends !

LADY DUFFERIN. *Lament of the Irish  
Emigrant*.

Prosperity makes friends and adversity  
tries them.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 872.

In prosperity it is very easy to find a  
friend ; but in adversity it is the most diffi-  
cult of all things.

EPICETUS. *Fragments*. cxvii. (LONG,  
trans.)

Many thy boon companions at the feast,  
But few the friends who cleave to thee in  
trouble.

THEOGNIS. *Sententiae*. 115.

*Buckingham*. Where you are liberal of your  
loves and counsels,

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you  
make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once  
perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink yc.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 126.

*P. King* The great man down, you mark  
his favourite flies ;

The poor advanced makes friends of ene-  
mies,

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;

For who not needs shall never lack a friend

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 199.

O summer friendship,

Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in  
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
In th' autumn of adversity.

MASSINGER. *Maid of Honour*.

Like summer friends,

Flies of estate and sunshine.

GEORGE HERBERT. *The Answer*.

Let no man grumble when his friends fall  
off,

As they will do like leaves at the first  
breeze :

When your affairs come round, one way or  
'tother,

Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 48.

In all thy humours, whether grave or  
mellow,

Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant  
fellow,

Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen  
about thee,

That there's no living with thee, nor  
without thee.

ADDISON. *Spectator*. No. 68.

(A free translation from Martial. xii. 47.  
See under COMPANY.)

Friendship is more than is catell ;

For frende in courte aie better is

Than peny is in purse certes.

CHAU'ER. *The Romaunt of the Rose*. l.  
5542.

No friend's a friend till he shall prove  
a friend.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Faithful  
Friends.* iii. 3. l. 50.

Above our life we love a steadfast  
friend.

MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander.* *Sestiad* ii.

True happiness

Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice. Nor would  
I have

Virtue a popular regard pursue :  
Let them be good that love me, though  
but few.

BEN JONSON. *Cynthia's Revels.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2.

I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners  
and fine sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. vi. l. 560.

Countess. Keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well That Ends Well.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 59.

Timon. For by these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive  
how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in  
my friends.

*Ibid.* *Timon of Athens.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 183.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is  
thus in trouble?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me,  
the kindest man,

The best condition'd and unwearied  
spirit

In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more ap-  
pears,

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 293.

Bolingbroke. I count myself in noth-  
ing else so happy,

As in a soul remembering my good  
friends.

*Ibid.* *King Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 46.

Polonius. Those friends thou hast, and  
their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of  
steel,

But do not dull thy palm with enter-  
tainment

Of each new hatched, unfledged com-  
rade.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 62.

Celia. We still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat  
together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's  
swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 69:

He ought not to pretend to friendship's  
name,

Who reckons not himself and friend the  
same.

TUKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

Two friends, two bodies with one soul  
inspir'd.

HOMER. *Iliad.* Bk. xvi. l. 267. (POPE,  
trans.)

(See under UNITY.)

Better new friend than an old foe.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto  
ii. St. 27.

King. To wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome—profit-  
able,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.*  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 737.

Cassius. Brutus hath rived my heart :  
A friend should bear his friend's in-  
firmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than  
they are.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 86.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend  
you betray your own.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS.

Falstaff. Call you that backing of your  
friends? A plague upon such backing!  
give me them that will face me.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc.  
4. l. 143.

But you, whom every muse and grace  
adorn,

Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains ; and, oh !  
defend,  
Against your judgment, your departed  
friend !

DRYDEN. *Epistle to Congreve*. 1. 70.

I have loved my friend as I do virtue,  
my soul, my God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.  
Pt. ii. Sec. 5.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be  
true.

VAUGHAN. *Rules and Lessons*. 8.

Friendship can smooth the front of  
rude despair.

CAMBRIDGE. *The Scribleriad*. Bk. i. 1.  
196.

Le sort fait les parents, le choix fait  
les amis.

Chance makes our parents, but choice  
makes our friends.

DELILLE. *Pitié*.

Les amis—ces parents que l'on se fait soi-  
même.

Friends, those relations that one makes  
for one's self.

DESCHAMPS. *L'Ami*.

Great souls by instinct to each other  
turn,

Demand alliance, and in friendship  
burn.

ADDISON. *The Campaign*. 1. 102.

The friendships of the world are oft  
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of  
pleasure ;

Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
And such a friendship ends not but with  
life.

*Ibid.* *Cato*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and  
friend.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. 1. 390.

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my  
guide, and mine acquaintance.

*Old Testament*. Psalm lv. 13.

But it was even thou, my companion, my  
guide, and mine own familiar friend.

*Book of Common Prayer*. Psalm lv. 14.

What war could ravish, commerce could  
bestow,  
And he returned a friend, who came a  
foe.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. 1. 204.

Friendship is only a reciprocal con-  
ciliation of interests, and an exchange  
of good offices ; it is a species of com-  
merce out of which self-love always ex-  
pects to gain something.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 83.

Friendship is a disinterested com-  
merce between equals.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*. Act  
1. Sc. 1.

Friendship is seldom lasting, but between  
equals, or where the superiority on one side  
is reduced by some equivalent advantage  
on the other.

DR. S. JOHNSON. *The Rambler*. No. 64.

Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,  
Friendship with none but equals should be  
made.

CHATTERTON. *Fragment*. Pub. 1803.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

GAY. *Fables : The Hare and Many Friends*.  
Pt. i. Fable 50.

And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep ;

A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

GOLDSMITH. *Edwin and Angelina*. St. 19.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the  
soul ;

Sweetener of life, and solder of society.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. 1. 88.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul.

VOLTAIRE. *A Philosophical Dictionary :  
Friendship*.

A friend is worth all hazards we can  
run.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. 1. 570.

Angels from friendship gather half  
their joys.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. 1. 575.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to  
man,

Some sinister intent taints all he does.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night viii. 1. 704.

'Tis something to be willing to com-  
mend ;

But my best praise, is, that I am your  
friend.

SOUTHERNE. *To Mr. Congreve on the Old  
Bachelor*. Last line.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,  
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.  
CHURCHILL. *Conference*. l. 297.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' auld lang syne ?

BURNS. *Auld Lang Syne*.

Friend of my soul ! this goblet sip,  
'Twill chase that pensive tear ;  
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.

Like her delusive beam,  
'Twill steal away thy mind :  
But, truer than love's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind.  
THOMAS MOORE. *Juvenile Poems. Anacreontique*.

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly  
foe,  
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his  
blow ;  
But, of all plagues, good Heaven, thy  
wrath can send,  
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid  
friend !  
CANNING. *New Morality, The Anti-Jacobin*.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

C. C. COLTON. *Lacon*. p. 238.

Few friendships would survive if each one knew what his friend says of him behind his back.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. x.

There is more to be feared from unspoken and concealed, than from open and declared, hostility.

CICERO. *In Verrem*. ii. 5, 71, 182.

To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,  
To open dangers, and to secret snares ;  
To malice, which the vengeful foe intends,  
And the more dangerous love of seeming  
friends.

PRIOR. *Soloman*. Bk. iii. l. 75.

An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.  
GAY. *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf*.  
Pt. i. Fable 18. l. 33.

May God defend me from my friends ;  
I can defend myself from my enemies.  
VOLTAIRE.

Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant ami :  
Mieux vaudrait un sage ennemi.

Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant friend ; a wise enemy is worth more.

LA FONTAINE. *Fables*. viii. 10.

The smoothest course of nature has its pains,  
And truest friends, through error, wound  
our rest.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 278.

Der Freunde Eifer ist's, der mich  
Zu Grunde richtet, nicht der Hass der  
Feinde.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me  
And not the hate of enemies.

SCHILLER. *Wallenstein's Tod*. iii. 18.  
Last lines.

A good friend, but bad acquaintance.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto. iii. St. 54.

Faint friends when they fall out most  
cruell fomen bee.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iv. Canto  
ix. St. 27.

*Valentine*. The private wound is deepest :  
O Time most accurs'd  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the  
worst.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act v. Sc. 4. l. 71.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, was wont to say of perfidious friends, that " We read that we ought to forgive our enemies ; but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends."

BACON. *Apothegms*. No. 206.

I was wounded in the house of my friends.  
*Old Testament*. Zachariah xiii. 6.

If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Ch. ii. 1755.

Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

*Ibid*. *Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levett*. St. 2.

Women, like princes, find few real  
friends.

LORD LYTTLETON. *Advice to a Lady*.

A favourite has no friend.  
GRAY. *On a Favourite Cat Drowned*. St. 6.  
The vanquish'd have no friends.

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc*. Bk. viii. l. 465.

Friendship's the privilege  
Of private men ; for wretched greatness  
knows  
No blessings so substantial.

TATE. *The Loyal General*.

Oh, call it by some better name,  
For friendship sounds too cold.  
THOMAS MOORE. *Oh Call It by Some  
Better Name.*

The endearing elegance of female  
friendship.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. 41.

Friendship is Love without his wings!  
BYRON. *L'Amitié est l'Amour Sans Ailes*.  
St. 1.

[This line is a translation of the title, the  
latter being a familiar French proverb.  
Cf. Beaumarchais:

Si l'amour porte des ailes  
N'est-ce pas pour voltiger?

If Cupid has wings, is it not that he may  
flutter hither and thither?  
*Marriage of Figaro.*]

Love and friendship exclude each  
other.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Manners of the Present Age*.  
Ch. v.

Friendship often ends in love; but love,  
in friendship—never.

COLTON. *Lacon*.

Codlin's the friend, remember,—not  
Short.

DICKENS. *Old Curiosity Shop*. Ch. xix.

Let the soul be assured that some-  
where in the universe it should rejoin  
its friend, and it would be content and  
cheerful alone for a thousand years.

EMERSON. *Essays. Friendship*.

A friend may well be reckoned the  
masterpiece of Nature.

*Ibid. Essays. Friendship*.

The only way to have a friend is to  
be one.

*Ibid. Essays. Friendship*.

For my boyhood's friend 'hath fallen,  
the pillar of my trust,  
The true, the wise, the beautiful, is  
sleeping in the dust.

HILLARD. *On Death of Motley*.

Green be the turf above thee  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *On the Death of  
James Rodman Drake*.

She was good as she was fair,  
None—none on earth above her;  
As pure in thought as angels are  
To know her was to love her.

ROGERS. *Jacqueline*. St. i.

To see her is to love her  
And love but her forever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made another!  
BURNS. *Bonny Leslie*.

Hand

Grasps hand, eye lights eye in good  
friendship,  
And great hearts expand,  
And grow one in the sense of this world's  
life.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Saul*.

You're my friend—

What a thing friendship is, world with-  
out end!

How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up  
As if somebody broached you a glorious  
runlet,

And poured out, all lovelily, sparkingly  
sunlit,

Our green Moldavia, the streaky syrup,  
Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids—  
Friendship may match with that mon-  
arch of fluids;

Each supplies a dry brain, fills you its  
ins-and-outs,

Gives your life's hour-glass a shake  
when the thin sand doubts

Whether to run on or stop short, and  
guarantees

Age is not all made of stark sloth and  
arrant ease.

*Ibid. The Flight of the Duchess*. ii. 308.

## FRUIT.

Ye shall know them by their fruits.  
Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs  
of thistles?

*New Testament. Matthew vii. 16.*

He that plants thorns must never expect  
to gather roses.

PILPAY. *Fables: The Ignorant Physician*.  
viii.

He who hopes this, would hope  
To gather apples from the tamarisk,  
And search for honey in the flowing stream.  
OVID. *De Arte Amandi*. i. 747.

You may as well expect pears from an elm.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Bk. ii.  
Ch. xl.

You should go to a pear-tree for pears, not  
to an elm.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 674.

*King Richard.* The ripest fruit first falls.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 153.

*Antonio.* The weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 115.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 60.

The kindly fruits of the earth.

*Book of Common Prayer.* *Prayer for All Conditions of Men.*

I come to pluck your berries light and crude,

And with forced fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

MILTON. *Lycidas.* l. 3.

One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry.

ROGER WILLIAMS. *Key Into the Language of America.*

[The berry is the strawberry. The doctor was William Boteler, or Butler, whom Fuller, in his *Worthies*, describes as the "Æsculapius of our age." It is Izaak Walton who ascribes the saying to "Dr. Boteler," and quotes it as follows: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did."

*The Complete Angler.* Pt. i. Ch. v.]

## FUTURE.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

*Old Testament.* Proverbs xxvii. 1.

No man can tell what the future may bring forth, and small opportunities are often the beginning of great enterprises.

DEMOSTHENES. *Ad Leptinem.* 162.

*Ophelia.* We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 42.

*King Henry.* How chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! oh, if this were seen,

The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 51.

*Nestor.* And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant-mass

Of things to come at large.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 343.

The never-ending flight  
Of future days.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 221.

To know  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. viii. l. 192.

## GAIN.

(See MONEY.)

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses.

HESIOD. *Works and Days.* l. 353.

Male parta male dilabuntur.

Things ill got are ill spent.

Quoted by CICERO. *Philippica.* ii. 27, 65.

*King Henry.* But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,

That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 45.

*Iago.* Every way makes my gain.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 15.

If little labour, little are our gains;  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 754.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *The West Indies.* Pt. iii. l. 216.

And step by step, since time began  
I see the steady gain of man.

WHITTIER. *The Chapel of the Hermits.* St. 11.

## GAMES; GAMING; SPORTS.

Who plays for more  
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes  
his heart.

HERBERT. *The Temple: The Church  
Porch.* St. 33.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the  
candle.

*Ibid.* *Jacula Prudentum.*

[An allusion to the French proverb, "Le  
jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle" ("The game  
is not worth the candle").]

I've heard old cunning stagers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. l.  
297.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

LORD BYRON. *Beppo.* St. 27.

Cards were at first for benefits designed,  
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the mind.

GARRICK. *Epilogue to Ed. Moore's Gamester.*

The pictures placed for ornament and  
use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game  
of goose.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 231.

By sports like these are all their cares  
beguill'd,

The sports of children satisfy the child.

*Ibid.* *The Traveller.* l. 153.

On commence par être dupe

On finit par être fripon.

One begins by being a dupe, one ends  
by being a swindler.

MME. DESHOULIÈRES. *Reflexions Sur le  
Jeu.*

Wage du zu irren und zu träumen:  
Hoher Sinn liegt oft im kind'schen  
Spiel.

Dare to err and to dream; a higher  
meaning often lies in childish play.

SCHILLER. *Thekla.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the  
rigour of the game.

CHARLES LAMB. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions  
on Whist.*

In play there are two pleasures for your  
choosing—

The one is winning, and the other  
losing.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 12.

Whose game was empires, and whose  
stakes were thrones;

Whose table earth, whose dice were  
human bones.

BYRON. *The Age of Bronze.* St. 3. l. 9.

Councillors of state sit plotting and play-  
ing their high chess-game whereof the  
pawns are men.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus.* Bk. i. Ch. 3.

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and  
Beauty fair in her flower;

Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an  
unseen hand at a game

That pushes us off from the board, and others  
ever succeed?

Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other  
here for an hour;

We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin  
at a brother's shame

However we brave it out, we men are a little  
breed.

TENNYSON. *Maud.* Pt. iv. St. 5.

We are none other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go

Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held  
In midnight by the master of the show;

But helpless pieces of the game He plays  
Upon this checker-board of Nights and

Days:

Hither and thither moves, and checks, and  
slays

And one by one back in the closet lays.

EDWARD FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar  
Khayyám.* lxxviii., lxxix.

Themistocles being asked whether he  
would rather be Achilles or Homer,  
said, "Which would you rather be,—a  
conqueror in the Olympic games, or the  
crier that proclaims who are conquer-  
ors?"

PLUTARCH. *Lives. Themistocles.*

Panem et circenses.

Bread and the games.

JUVENAL. *Satires* 10. l. 81.

[According to Juvenal, these were the  
only two objects that really interested the  
Roman people. Voltaire writing to Madame  
Necker in 1770 says: "The Romans cared  
only for *panem et circenses*. We have omitted  
*panem*, we care only for *circenses*—that is to  
say, for comic opera." Had Voltaire lived  
to see the march of the women of Paris to  
Versailles (October, 1789), shouting for  
bread, he would have found a parallel for  
both parts of the quotation.]

I see before me the Gladiator lie;

He leans upon his hand—his manly  
brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually

low—

And through his side the last drops,  
ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by  
one,

Like the first of a thunder-shower; and  
now

The arena swims around him—he is  
gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which  
hail'd the wretch who won.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St.  
140.

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor  
prize,

But where his rude hut by the Danube  
lay,

There were his young barbarians all at  
play,

There was their Dacian mother,—he,  
their sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 141.

And ye vaunted your fathomless power  
and ye flaunted your iron pride

Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations  
for the men who could shoot and  
ride!

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then  
ye contented your souls

With the flannelled fools at the wicket  
or the muddied oafs at the goals.

KIPLING. *The Islanders*.

*Lovell*. The faith they have in tennis  
and tall stockings.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry VIII*. Act  
i. Sc. 3. l. 30.

## GARDEN.

God Almighty first planted a garden.  
And, indeed, it is the purest of human  
pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment  
to the spirits of man; without which  
buildings and palaces are but gross  
handiwork; and a man shall ever see  
that when ages grow to civility and  
elegancy, men come to build stately  
gardens sooner than to garden finely:  
as if gardening were the greater perfec-  
tion.

BACON. *Essays. Of Gardens*.

(See under CITY.)

*First Clown*. There is no ancient gen-  
tlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and  
grave-makers; they hold up Adam's  
profession.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 29.

The gardener Adam and his wife.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*. St. 7.  
(See under ANCESTOR.)

Annihilating all that's made

To a green thought in a green shade.

ANDREW MARVELL. *The Garden*. (Trans-  
lated.) St. 6.

His gardens next your admiration call;  
On every side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a  
brother,

And half the platform just reflects the  
other;

The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as  
trees;

With here a fountain never to be play'd,  
And there a summer-house that knows

no shade.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iv. l. 113.

Who loves a garden loves a green-  
house too.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iii. l. 566.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown;

Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone.

TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. xxii. St. 1.

With blackest moss the flower-pots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all:

The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the pear to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange;  
Unlifted was the clinking latch;

Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;

She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"

*Ibid.* *Mariana*. St. 1.

*Duke*. There, at the moated grange, resides  
this dejected Mariana.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*.

Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 255.

## GARRICK, DAVID.

Our Garrick's a salad ; for in him we see  
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree !  
GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation*. l. 11.

Here lies David Garrick—describe me  
who can,

An abridgment of all that was pleasant  
in man.

As an actor, confess'd without rival to  
shine ;

As a wit, if not first, in the very first  
line ;

Yet, with talents like these, and an ex-  
cellent heart,

The man had his failings—a dupe to his  
art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors  
he spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge his own  
natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple,  
affecting :

'Twas only that when he was off, he was  
acting.

*Ibid. Retaliation*. l. 93.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman  
his pack,

For he knew when he pleased he could  
whistle them back.

*Ibid. Retaliation*. l. 107.

His death eclipsed the gayety of  
nations, and impoverished the public  
stock of harmless pleasure.

DR. JOHNSON. *Life of Edmund Smith*  
(alluding to the death of Garrick).

[Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, under date  
of April 24, 1776, gives an amusing conver-  
sation between himself and Johnson, in  
which the latter defended this sentence  
against the other's not too intelligent criti-  
cisms.]

If manly sense ; if nature link'd with  
art ;

If thorough knowledge of the human  
heart ;

If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd ;  
If fewest faults with greatest beauties  
join'd ;

If strong expression, and strange powers  
which lie

Within the magic circle of the eye ;

If feelings which few hearts, like his,  
can know,

And which no face so well as his can  
show,

Deserve the preference ; Garrick ! take  
the chair,

Nor quit it till thou place an equal there.  
CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad*. Concluding  
lines.

## GATES.

Heaven open'd wide

Her ever during gates, harmonious  
sound,

On golden hinges moving.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 205.

I shall defer my visit to Faneuil Hall, the  
cradle of American liberty, until its doors  
shall fly open upon golden hinges to lovers  
of Union as well as lovers of liberty.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Letter*. April, 1851.

[Written in reply to an invitation to speak  
in Boston extended by his friends, who re-  
ported, however, that they had been refused  
the use of Faneuil Hall by the mayor and  
aldermen. This was just after Massachusetts  
had been exasperated by Webster's 7th of  
March speech. See quotation from Whit-  
tier's *Ichabod* under FALL.]

On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring  
sound

The infernal doors, and on their hinges  
grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom  
shook

Of Erebus.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 879.

What boots it at one gate to make  
defence

And at another to let in the foe ?

*Ibid. Samson Agonistes*. l. 560.

## GAY, JOHN.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;  
In wit a man, simplicity, a child.<sup>1</sup>

POPE. *Epitaph on Mr. Gay*. l. 1.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and  
simple and childlike.

LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline*. Pt. i. 3. l. 11.

With native humour tempering virtuous  
rage,

Form'd to delight at once and lash the  
age.

<sup>1</sup>Her wit was more than man, her inno-  
cence a child.

DRYDEN. *Elegy on Mrs. Killebrew*. l. 70.

Above temptation, in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted even among the great :  
A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy  
end.

POPE. *Epitaph on Mr. Gay.*

Blest be the great ! for those they take  
away  
And those they left me, for they left me  
Gay :

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb.

*Ibid.* *Prologue to Satires.* l. 255.

### GENIUS.

Time, place, and action, may with pains  
be wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can  
be taught.

DRYDEN. *Epistle to Congreve.* l. 59.

Great wits are sure to madness near  
allied,

And thin partitions do their bounds  
divide.

*Ibid.* *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i.  
l. 163.

No excellent soul is exempt from a mix-  
ture of madness.

ARISTOTLE. *Problem.* Sec. 30.

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura  
dementiæ.

There is no great genius without a mixture  
of madness.

SENECA. *De Tranquillitate Animi.* 17.

Remembrance and reflection how allied,  
What thin partitions sense from thought  
divide.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 225.

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. i. l. 60.

Genius, like all heavenly light,  
Can blast as well as bless the sight.

L. E. LANDON. *Stanzas to the Author of  
Mont Blanc.*

What an impostor Genius is—

How with that strong, mimetic art,  
Which forms its life and soul, it takes  
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,  
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes.

T. MOORE. *Rhymes on the Road.* viii.

This is the highest miracle of genius,  
that things which are not should be as  
though they were, that the imaginations  
of one mind should become the personal  
recollections of another.

MACAULAY. *Essays.* *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—  
From its plain hornbook learn the Dull  
to read ;

Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful,  
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the  
Dull—

From eyes profane a veil the Isis  
screens,

And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet  
means.

BULWER LYTTON. *Talent and Genius.*

Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is  
master of man ;

Genius does what it must, and talent  
does what it can.

OWEN MEREDITH. *Last Words.*

Talent is that which is in a man's power ;  
genius is that in whose power a man is.

LOWELL. *Among My Books.* *Rousseau  
and the Sentimentalists.*

There is no work of genius which has  
not been the delight of mankind, no  
word of genius to which the human  
heart and soul have not sooner or later  
responded.

*Ibid.* *Rousseau and the Sentimentalists.*

It is the privilege of genius that to it  
life never grows commonplace as to the  
rest of us.

*Ibid.* *Democracy and Other Addresses.*  
*On Unweilding the Bust of Fielding.*

"Genius," which means the trans-  
cendent capacity of taking trouble, first  
of all.

CARLYLE. *Frederick the Great.* Bk. iv.  
Ch. iii.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of  
genius.

BENJ. DISRAELI. *Contarina Fleming.* Pt.  
iv. Ch. v.

Genius is the father of a heavenly line ;  
but the mortal mother, that is industry.

THEODORE PARKER. *Ten Sermons of Reli-  
gion.* *Of the Culture of the Religious  
Powers.*

Genius is mainly an affair of energy.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Essays in Criticism.*  
*Literary Influence of Academies.*

Genus . . . that energy which collects,  
combines, amplifies, and animates.  
JOHNSON. *Lives of the English Poets: Pope.*

Genius has somewhat of the infantine:  
But of the childish, not a touch nor  
taint

Except through self-will, which, being  
foolishness,

Is certain, soon or late, of punishment,  
Which Providence avert!

R. BROWNING. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

## GENTLEMAN.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,  
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the grettest gentilman.

CHAUCER. *The Wif of Bathes Tale.* l. 6695.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.  
*Ibid.* *The Wif of Bathes Tale.* l. 6752.

The gentle mind by gentle dedes is knowne;  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd  
As by his manners.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. vi. Canto  
iii. St. 1.

Handsome is that handsome does.  
GOLDSMITH. *Vicar of Wakefeld.* Ch. i.

*Slender.* Ay . . . and a gentleman  
born, master parson; who writes himself  
"Armigero"; in any bill, warrant, quit-  
tance, or obligation, "Armigero."

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 7.

*Valentine.* His years but young, but  
his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment  
ripe;

And, in a word, for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,  
He is complete in feature, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentle-  
man.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 65.

*Prince Henry.* The Prince of Wales  
doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes  
This present enterprise set off his head.  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-  
young,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 86.

*Gloster.* A sweeter and a lovelier gen-  
tleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt  
right royal;

The spacious world cannot again afford.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 242.

*First Captain.* He bears him like a  
portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd  
youth.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 64.

*Bassanio.* I freely told you, all the  
wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 257.

*Oliver.* What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is  
well:

I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou  
art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions  
and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 273.

Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow  
Nature had written—"Gentleman."

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 83.

*Gloster.* Since every Jack became a  
gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a  
Jack.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 72.

The genteel thing is the genteel thing  
any time, if as be that a gentleman bees  
in a concatenation accordingly.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act i.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* You are not like Cer-  
berus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar  
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.

BURNS. *The Two Dogs.* l. 13.

To succeed, the candidate must be a gen-  
tleman by nature, and a scholar by educa-  
tion.

COLTON. *Lacon.*

Men of polite learning and a liberal  
education.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries: Acts.*  
Ch. x.

A man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing-rooms in London.

C. KINGSLEY. *The Water Babies*. Ch. iii. (See under CHRISTIAN.)

And thus he bore without abuse

The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. cxi. St. 6.

### GENTLENESS.

*Belarius*. They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 171.

*Duke*. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. 1. 100.

*Orlando*. Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. 1. 118.

Plus fait douceur que violence.

Gentleness succeeds better than violence.  
LA FONTAINE. *Fables*. vi. 3.

It is only people who possess firmness who can possess true gentleness. In those who appear gentle it is generally only weakness, which is readily converted into harshness.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections*. No. 479.

*Antonio*. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 39.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy that it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD. *Speak Gently*.

### GHOSTS.

(See APPARITION; SPIRITS.)

Thin airy shoals of visionary ghosts.

HOMER. *The Odyssey*. Bk. viii. l. 366. (POPE, trans.)

*Puck*. For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 379.

*Puck* (*sings*). Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 368.

*Hamlet*. 'Tis now the very witching time of night  
When churchyards yawn.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 378. (See under NIGHT.)

Men say that in this midnight hour,  
The disembodied have power  
To wander as it liketh them,  
By wizard oak and fairy stream.

W. MOTHEWELL. *Midnight*.

*Macbeth*. Avaunt! and quit my sight!  
let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 93.

*Macbeth*. The time has been  
That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,

And there an end; but now they rise  
again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 78.

*Horatio*. In the most high and palmy  
state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the  
sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman  
streets.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 113.

*Horatio*. Before my God, I might  
not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Marcellus*. Is it not like the king?

*Horatio*. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway com-  
bated;  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry  
parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
1. 56.

*Horatio*. Season your admiration for  
a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Hamlet*. For God's love, let me hear.

*Horatio*. Two nights together had  
these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast and middle of the  
night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like  
your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pé,  
Appears before them, and with solemn  
march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice  
he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst  
they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 192.

*Hamlet*. Angels and ministers of grace,  
defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin  
damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or  
blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable  
shape

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee  
*Hamlet*,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer  
me!

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in  
death,

Have burst their cerements; why the  
sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble  
jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this  
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete  
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of  
nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of  
our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what  
should we do?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc.  
4. 1. 39.

*Horatio*. What art thou, that usurp'st  
this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike  
form

In which the Majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by Heaven I  
charge thee, speak.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 46.

*Ghost*. I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the  
night,

And for the day confined to fast in  
fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of  
nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that  
I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest  
word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy  
young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
their spheres,

Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O  
list!

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. 1. 9.

*Hamlet*. Art thou there, truepenny?  
Come on—you hear this fellow in the  
cellarage.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. 1. 150.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April  
dew,

Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

BEN JONSON. *Elcgy on the Lady Jane  
Paulet*.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight  
shade  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder  
glade?

POPE. *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

Great Pompey's shade complains that  
we are slow,  
And Scipio's ghost walks unavenged  
amongst us!

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Who gather round, and wonder at the  
tale

Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his  
stand

O'er some new-open'd grave; and  
(strange to tell!)

Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave.* l. 67.

The hunter and the deer a shade.

CAMPBELL. *O'Connor's Child.* St. 4.

(This line Campbell appropriated from  
Philip Frenau's poem, *The Indian Burying-ground.*)

Tell us, ye dead! Will none of you in  
pity

To those you left behind disclose the  
secret?

O that some courteous ghost would blab  
it out,

What 'tis you are and we must shortly  
be.

*Ibid.* *The Grave.* l. 425.

Oh, Christ, that it were possible,

For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

TENNYSON. *Maud.* Pt. xxvi.

### GIANTS.

There were giants in the earth in  
those days.

*Old Testament.* Genesis vi. 4.

Strong were our sires, and as they fought  
they writ,  
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of  
wit:

Theirs was the giant race, before the flood.

DRYDEN. *Epistle to Mr. Congreve.*

Pigmæi gigantum humeris impositi  
plusquam ipsi gigantes vident.

Pigmies placed on the shoulders of  
giants see more than the giants them-  
selves.

DIDACUS STELLA. *Lucan.* 10. tom. ii.

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther  
of the two.

GEORGE HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when  
he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

COLERIDGE. *The Friend.* Sec. i. Essay 8.

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched  
on Alps,

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night vi. l. 309.

Thus the fable tells us, that the wren  
mounted as high as the eagle, by getting  
upon his back.

STEELE. *Taller.* No. 224.

*Agamemnon.* A stirring dwarf we do  
allowance give

Before a sleeping giant.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act  
ii. Sc. 3. l. 146.

My Lord St. Albans said that wise  
nature did never put her precious jewels  
into a garret four stories high; and  
therefore that exceeding tall men had  
ever very empty heads.

BACON. *Apothegms.* No. 17.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom  
nature hath built many stories high.

FULLER. *Andronicus.* Sec. vi. Pt. 18. 1.

Whose cockloft is unfurnished.

RABELAIS. *The Author's Prologue to the  
Fifth Book.*

Such as take lodgings in a head

That's to be let, unfurnished.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Cantoi. l. 161.

*Angus.* Those he commands, move  
only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his  
title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's  
robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 19.

*Isabella.* O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is  
tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 107.

Minimum decet liberè cui multum licet.

He who has great power should use it  
lightly.

SENECA. *Troades.* 336.

## GIFTS.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.  
*New Testament. James i. 17.*

Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.  
*Ibid. St. Luke vi. 38.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

*Ibid. Acts xx. 35.*

Better to give than to take.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs. Pt. i. Ch. v.*

Who gives to friends so much from Fate secures,

That is the only wealth forever yours.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams. v. 42, 7.*

Hoc habeo quodcunque dedi.

Whatever I have given, I still possess.

C. RABIRIUS. *Seneca, de Beneficiis. vi. 3, 1.*

What we gave, we have ;

What we spent, we had ;

What we left, we lost.

*Epitaph on Edward, Earl of Devonshire. 1419.*

To get by giving, and to lose by keeping, is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

CHRIS. HARVIE. *The Synagogue, The Church Stile.*

(See under EPITAPH.)

Inopi beneficium bis dat qui dat celeriter.

He gives a double favor to a poor man who gives quickly.

SYRUS. *Maxims. 235.*

[This maxim has been popularly shortened into :

Bis dat qui cito dat.

He gives twice who gives quickly.

In this form Bacon quoted it in his speech on taking his place in Chancery, May 7, 1617.

Per contra, Broome, in his poetical *Letter to Lord Cornwallis*, has the line :

He gives by halves, who hesitates to give.]

For the will and not the gift makes the giver.

LESSING. *Nathan der Weise. i. 5.*

Sæpe dedit quisquis sæpe negata dedit.

He giveth oft who gives what's oft refused.

CRASHAW. *Epigrammata Sacra. ciii.*

*Ulysses.* His heart and hand both open and both free ;

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 100.*

*Florizel.* She prizes not such trifles as these are :

The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart ; which I have given already,

But not deliver'd.

*Ibid. Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 349.*

*Hamlet.* I never gave you aught.

*Ophelia.* My honour'd lord, you know right well you did ;

And with them words of so sweet breath composed,

As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,

Take these again ; for to the noble mind, Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 96.*

Acceptissima semper

Munera sunt auctor quae pretiosa facit.

Those gifts are ever most acceptable

Which take their value only from the giver.

OVID. *Heroides. xv.*

Not what we give, but what we share,—

For the gift without the giver is bare.

LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal. Pt. ii. viii.*

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts

Must vary as the giver's.

TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine.*

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth

To look a gift-horse in the mouth,

And very wisely would lay forth

No more upon it than 'twas worth ;

But as he got it freely, so

He spent it frank and freely too :

For saints themselves will sometimes be,

Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 489.*

[The proverb, "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth," is at least as old as St. Jerome (fourth century), who replied to certain unfavorable critics of his writings that they were free-will offerings, and it did not behoove to look a gift-horse in the mouth: "Equi dentes inspicere donati."]

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. ii. 49.

*Pericles*. 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 79.

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn  
And count thy precious gifts no gifts, but  
guiles.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. ii. l. 391.

Les dons d'un ennemi leur semblaient  
trop à craindre.

To them it seemed that the gifts of an  
enemy were to be dreaded.

VOLTAIRE. *La Henriade*. Ch. ii.

My latest found,  
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new  
delight!

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 18.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons  
breed,

But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.

SHENSTONE. *A Pastoral Ballad*.

A present is provided for my love; for I  
myself marked the place where the airy  
wood-pigeons have built.

VIRGIL. *Eclogue* iii. (DAVIDSON, trans.)

"Presents," I often say, "endear  
Absents."

CHARLES LAMB. *A Dissertation upon  
Roast Pig*.

Il lit au front de ceux qu'un vain luxe  
environne

Que la fortune vend ce qu'on croit  
qu'elle donne.

It is writ on the palace where luxury  
dwells,

That fortune in seeming to give, really  
sells.

LA FONTAINE. *Philemon et Baucis*.

[Cf. *Voiture* (to the Comte du Guiche):  
"Pour l'ordinaire la fortune nous vend  
bien chèrement, ce qu'on croit qu'elle nous  
donne."]

Give what thou canst, without thee we  
are poor,

And with thee rich, take what thou wilt  
away.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v. Last line.

Benefits

Too great to be repaid, hang heavy on  
the soul

Like unrequited wrongs.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*.

Favors are only acceptable where it ap-  
pears possible to repay them, but when they  
pass all possibilities of repayment they pro-  
duce hatred instead of gratitude.

TACITUS. *Annals*. Bk. iv. Ch. 18.

I give thee all—I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be;

My heart and lute are all the store

That I can bring to thee.

MOORE. *My Heart and Lute*.

### GIRDLE.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;  
Give me but what this riband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER. *On a Girdle*.

*Puck*. I'll put a girdle round about  
the earth in forty minutes.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Midsummer Night's  
Dream*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 175.

[This expression is not original with  
Shakespeare. Probably derived from the  
old maps where the zodiac is represented  
as a girdle about the earth. It was a pro-  
verbial expression for a voyage around the  
world.]

And as great seamen, using all their wealth  
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible  
paths,

In tall ships richly built and ribbed with  
brass,

To put a girdle round about the world.

CHAPMAN. *Bussy D'Ambois*. Act i. Sc. 1.

### GIRL.

*Portia*. The full sum of me

Is sum of something, which, to term in  
gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, un-  
practised:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can  
learn;

Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 158.

It is better to learn late than never.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 864.

Wretch'd, un-idea'd girls.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Ch. x. 1752.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.

BURNS. *Green Grow the Rashes*.

Man was made when Nature was but an  
apprentice, but woman, when she was a  
skilful mistress of her art.

UNKNOWN. *Cupid's Whirligig*. (1607.)

Our sex, you know, was after yours de-  
signed :

The last perfection of the Maker's mind :  
Heaven drew out all the gold for us, and left  
your dross behind.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Amphitryon*.

(See under WOMAN.)

The man is, as a first creation, genuine ;  
The woman is the clearer, softer, and  
diviner,  
For he was from the inorganic dirt un-  
folded,  
But she came forth from clay which life  
before had moulded.

*From the Persian*.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very  
charming,  
But shy and awkward at first coming  
out,  
So much alarmed, that she is quite  
alarming,  
All Giggle, Blush ; half Pertness and  
half Pout ;  
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's  
harm in  
What you, she, it, or they may be  
about.

The nursery still lispeth out in all they  
utter,—  
Besides, they always smell of bread and  
butter.

BYRON. *Beppo*. St. xxxix.

He is piping hot from the university. He  
smells of buttered loaves yet.

MIDDLETON. *Your Five Gallants*.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by  
glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where  
Seraphs might despair.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 1.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for  
deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden  
hair.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Prologue. 1.  
141.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of  
girls,

Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with  
curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. i. xxii. 9.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make  
her, she.

*Ibid*. *The Princess*. Prologue. 1. 153.

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

LONGFELLOW. *Maidenhood*.

[Shakespeare describes boyhood in less  
complimentary but not entirely dissimilar  
fashion :

*Malvolio*. Not yet old enough for a man,  
nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is  
before 'tis a peas-cod, or a codling when 'tis  
almost an apple : 'tis with him in stand-  
ing water, between boy and man. He is  
very well-favoured and he speaks very  
shrewishly ; one would think his mother's  
milk were scarce out of him.

*Twelfth Night*. Act i. Sc. 5. 1. 148.]

## GLORY.

(See FAME.)

O quam cito transit gloria mundi !  
How swiftly passes the glory of the  
world !

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *De Imitatione Christi*.  
i. 3, 6.

["Sic transit gloria mundi" ("Thus the  
glory of this world passes away"), a sequence  
sung at the enthroning of a new pope, ac-  
companied with the burning of tow, to sig-  
nify the transitoriness of earthly grandeur,  
is evidently a reminiscence of A Kempis's  
phrase.]

*Pucelle*. Glory is like a circle in the  
water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to  
nought.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act i. Sc.  
2. 1. 133.

*Apemantus.* Like madness is the glory of this life.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act 1. Sc. 2. l. 128.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,

Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;

Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;

And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,

Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

*Ibid.* Sonnet xci.

Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* l. 265.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

GRAY. *The Bard.*

The pure soul

Shall mount on native wings, disdain-  
ing little sport,

And cut a path into the heaven of glory,  
Leaving a track of light for men to  
wonder at.

BLAKE. *King Edward the Third.*

Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,  
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's  
holy flame.

GRAY. *Progress of Poesy.* Pt. ii. St. 2.  
l. 10.

King may be blessed, but Tam was  
glorious,

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter.*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant,  
so jolly,

Though winds blew great guns, still he'd  
whistle and sing;

Jack loved his friend, and was true to his  
Molly,

And if honour gives greatness, was great  
as a king.

CHAS. DIBDIN. *The Sailor's Consolation.*

The glory dies not, and the grief is  
past.

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. *Sonnet  
on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

Go where glory waits thee!

But while fame elates thee,

Oh, still remember me:

T. MOORE. *Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one  
agreeable feetur.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers.* First  
Series. No. 2.

The light of other days is faded,  
And all their glories past.

ALFRED BUNN. *Song.*

Fond Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

MOORE. *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

(See under MEMORY.)

Not once or twice in our rough island  
story,

The path of duty was the way to glory.

TENNYSON. *Ode on the Death of the Duke  
of Wellington.* viiii.

On Butler who can think without just  
rage

The glory and the scandal of the age.

OLDHAM. *Satire Against Poetry.*

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,  
The glory of the priesthood and the shame.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* l. 639.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,  
That they're the blackest scandal of the age.

YOUNG. *Satires.* *Love of Fame.*

Scandale de l'eglise, et des rois le modèle.

The scandal of the church and the model  
of kings.

VOLTAIRE.

## GLUTTONY.

Whose God is their belly, and whose  
glory is in their shame.

*New Testament.* *Philippians* iii. 19.

I say whatever you maintain

Of Alma in the heart or brain;

The plainest man alive may tell ye

Her seat of empire is the belly.

PRIOR. *Alma.* Canto iii. l. 196.

Swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gor-  
geous feast,

But with besotted, base ingratitude

Crams, and blasphemous his Feeder.

MILTON. *Comus.* l. 776.

## GOD.

(See PROVIDENCE; HEAVEN.)

God is our refuge and strength, a very  
present help in trouble.

*Old Testament.* *Psalms* xlvi. 1.

*Talbot.* God is our fortress, in whose con-  
quering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 26.

A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
MARTIN LUTHER. *Ein feste Burg ist unser  
Gott.* (F. H. HEDGE, trans.)

God is not a man that he should lie;  
. . . hath he said, and shall he not  
do it?

*Old Testament.* Numbers xxiii. 19.

God's mouth knows not to utter falsehood,  
but he will perform each word.  
ÆSCHYLUS. *Prometheus.* l. 1032.

God is love; and he that dwelleth in  
love dwelleth in God, and God in him.  
*New Testament.* I. John iv. 16.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.  
TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy. Of Im-  
mortality.*

Though he slay me, yet will I trust  
in him.

*Old Testament.* Job xiii. 15.

Passive to his Holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though he slay me.  
WHITTIER. *Barclay of Ury.* St. 7.

Let us hear the conclusion of the  
whole matter: Fear God and keep his  
commandments, for this is the whole  
duty of man.

*Old Testament.* Ecclesiastes xii. 13.

[From this text an anonymous author took  
the title of his famous book, *The Whole Duty  
of Man*, published in 1659.]

The fear of the Lord is the beginning  
of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom  
and instruction.

*Ibid.* Proverbs i. 7.

I fear God, yet am not afraid of him.  
SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.*  
Bk. i. 52.

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai  
point d'autre crainte.

I fear God, dear Abner, and I have  
no other fear.

RACINE. *Athalie.* Act i. Sc. 1.

From Piety, whose soul sincere  
Fears God, and knows no other fear.  
W. SMYTH. *Ode for the Installation of the  
Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of  
Cambridge.*

Wir Deutschen fürchten Gott, sonst aber  
Nichts in der Welt.

We Germans fear God, but nothing else in  
the world.

PRINCE BISMARCK. *In the Reichstag.*  
1887.

He bowed the heavens also, and came  
down: and darkness was under his feet.  
And he rode upon a cherub and did  
fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of  
the wind.

*Old Testament.* Psalm xviii. 9, 10.

[The Psalter of the English Book of Com-  
mon Prayer translates the last verse: "He  
rode upon the cherubim, and did fly: he  
came flying upon the wings of the wind."]

The Lord descended from above  
And bow'd the heavens high;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of all the winds  
Came flying all abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD. *A Metrical Version  
of Psalm xviii.*

On wings of winds came flying all abroad.  
POPE. *Prologue to the Satires.* l. 208.

Who coverest thyself with light as  
with a garment: who stretchest out the  
heavens like a curtain.

Who layeth the beams of his chambers  
in the waters: who maketh the clouds  
his chariot: who walketh upon the  
wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his  
ministers a flaming fire.

*Old Testament.* Psalm civ. 2-4.

He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;  
He maketh subjects to their powre obey;  
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy:  
He gives to this, from that he takes  
away;

For all we have is his: what he list doe  
he may.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. v. Canto  
ii. St. 41.

I had rather believe all the fables in  
the Legend and the Talmud and the  
Alcoran, than that this universal frame  
is without a mind.

BACON. *Essays. Of Atheism.*

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost  
prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from  
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings  
outspread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast  
abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is  
dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and sup-  
port,  
That to the height of this great argu-  
ment  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 17.

Just are the ways of God  
And justifiable to men,  
Unless there be who think not God at all.  
*Ibid.* *Samson Agonistes*. l. 293.

But vindicate the ways of God to man.  
POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 16.

These are thy glorious works, Parent  
of good,  
Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how won-  
drous then!  
Unspeaking, who sitt'st above these  
heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these  
declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and  
power divine.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 153.

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet on His Being Arrived to the  
Age of Twenty-three*.

All are but parts of one stupendous  
whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the  
soul;  
That, changed through all, and yet in  
all the same;  
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal  
frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the  
breeze,  
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the  
trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through  
all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal  
part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that  
mourns,  
As the rapt seraph, that adores and  
burns:

To Him no high, no low, no great, no  
small;  
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals  
all.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 269.

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aër,  
Et cælum, et virtus? Superos quid quæ-  
rimus ultra?  
Jupiter est, quodcunque vides, quodcunque  
moveris?

Is not the Deity's dwelling the earth and  
sea and air and heaven and virtue? Why  
seek the gods elsewhere? Jupiter is, in  
truth, whatever you see, and wheresoever  
you are.

LUCRETIVS. *De Rerum Naturæ*. ix. 578.

[The doctrine of Pantheism, which the  
concluding line well sums up.]

Principio cœlum ac terras camposque  
liquentis  
Lucentemque globum Lunæ Titaniaque  
astra  
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore  
misceat.

Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,  
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,  
Are nourished by a soul,  
A bright intelligence, whose flame  
Glow's in each member of the frame,  
And stirs the mighty whole.  
VIRGIL. *Æneid*. vi. 724. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

'Tis the sublime of man,  
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves  
Parts and proportions of one wondrous  
whole!

COLERIDGE. *Religious Musings*. l. 127.

What, but God?  
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,  
And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Spring*. l. 850.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said  
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,  
And, smitten to the heart,  
At once above, beneath, around,  
All Nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, O Lord, Thou ART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART. *Song to David*.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;  
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
Lo, earth receives him from the bending  
skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys,  
rise;  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage  
pay;  
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give  
way;  
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-  
told!

POPE. *Messiah*. l. 29.

God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with glad-  
 some voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
 sounds!  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of  
 snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
 God!  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
 nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-  
 storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the  
 clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with  
 praise!

COLERIDGE. *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

If there's a power above us  
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works), he must delight in  
 virtue.

ADDISON. *Cato. Act v. Sc. 1.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father,  
 these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling  
 Year  
 Is full of Thee.

THOMSON. *Hymn. l. 1.*

But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His  
 praise.

*Ibid. Hymn. Concluding lines.*

If God did not exist, it would be neces-  
 sary to invent him.

VOLTAIRE. *Epistle to the Author of the  
 Three Impostors.*

[The context is as follows:

Consulte Zoroastre, et Minos et Solon,  
 Et le grand Socrate, et le grand Ciceron,  
 Ils ont adoré tous un maitre, un juge, un  
 père.  
 Ce systeme sublime à l'homme est neces-  
 saire,  
 C'est le sacré lien de la société,  
 Le premier fondement de la sainte équité,  
 Le frein au scélérat, l'espérance du juste,  
 Si les cieux dépouillés de leur empreinte  
 auguste  
 Pouvaient cesser jamais de le manifester  
 Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.

Voltaire especially plumed himself upon  
 this line. "Though I am seldom satisfied  
 with my lines," he wrote to Frederick the  
 Great, "I must confess that I feel for this  
 one the tenderness of a father." It is quite  
 likely that he did not know that the idea  
 had been anticipated with more or less

closeness. Thus Archbishop Tillotson, who  
 died in 1712, the year of Voltaire's birth, has  
 this:

If God were not a necessary Being of him-  
 self, he might almost seem to be made for  
 the use and benefit of men.

*Sermon. 1694.*

And more than sixteen centuries before  
 Voltaire, Ovid had said:

Expedi esse deos, et, ut expedit, esse  
 putemus.

It is expedient that there should be gods,  
 and as it is expedient, let us believe that  
 they exist.

*Art of Love. Bk. i. l. 637.]*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private  
 road,  
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's  
 God.

POPE. *Essay on Man. Epistle iv. l. 330.*

It is the modest, not the presumptuous,  
 inquirer who makes a real and safe progress  
 in the discovery of divine truths. One fol-  
 lows Nature and Nature's God; that is, he  
 follows God in his works and in his word.

BOLINGBROKE. *Letter to Mr. Pope.*

And not from Nature up to Nature's God,  
 But down from Nature's God look Nature  
 through.

R. MONTGOMERY. *A Landscape of Domestic  
 Life.*

Father of all! in every age,  
 In every clime, adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!  
 Thou Great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this, that Thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind.

POPE. *Universal Prayer.*

Say first, of God above, or Man below,  
 What can we reason but from what we  
 know?

*Ibid. Essay on Man. Epistle i. l. 17.*

A God alone can comprehend a God.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night ix. l. 835.*

A Deity believed, is joy begun;  
 A Deity adored, is joy advanced;  
 A Deity beloved, is joy matured.  
 Each branch of piety delight inspires.

*Ibid. Night Thoughts. Night viii. l. 720.*

From Thee, great God, we spring, to  
 Thee we tend,—

Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

DR. JOHNSON. *Motto to the Rambler. No. 7.*

[A translation from Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, Bk. iii. 9, 27.]

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

DR. WATTS. *Doxology.*

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

COWPER. *Light Shining Out of Darkness.*  
St. 1.

Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a shining face.

*Ibid.* *Light Shining Out of Darkness.*  
St. 4.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me at my end.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. *Translation of Dies*  
*Irvæ.*

Indeed, I tremble for my country  
when I reflect that God is just.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Notes on Virginia.*  
Query xviii. *Manners.*

And I smiled to think God's greatness  
flowed around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness His rest.

MRS. BROWNING. *Rhyme of the Duchess.*  
Concluding lines.

Naught but God

Can satisfy the soul.

BAILEY. *Festus. Sc. Heaven.*

He testified this solemn truth while frenzy  
desolated,  
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God  
created.

MRS. BROWNING. *Cowper's Grave.* St. 8.

Fecisti enim nos ad te, et cor inquietum  
donec requiescat in te.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the  
heart of man is restless until it finds its rest  
in Thee.

ST. AUGUSTINE. *Confessions.* i. 1.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY. *Salvation Through Christ.*

Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee !

E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. *Nearer, My God,*  
*to Thee.*

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,

To thee I sing ;

Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;

Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King !

S. F. SMITH. *National Hymn.*

God is the perfect poet,  
Who in his person acts his own creations.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Paracelsus.* Pt. ii.

That we devote ourselves to God, is seen  
In living just as though no God there  
were.

*Ibid.* *Paracelsus.* Pt. i.

Of what I call God,  
And fools call Nature.

*Ibid.* *The King and the Book: The Pope.*  
1. 1073.

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* St. 4.

Our fathers' God ! From out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
The war-flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good will ;  
And, freighted with love's Golden  
Fleece,

Send back thy Argonauts of peace.

WHITTIER. *Centennial Hymn.*

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

KIPLING. *Recessional.*

The Somewhat which we name but can-  
not know.

Ev'n as we name a star and only see  
Its quenchless flashings forth, which  
ever show

And ever hide him, and which are  
not he.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Wordsworth's Grave.*  
i. St. 6.

## GODS, THE.

Live with the gods.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. v. 27.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. i. l. 684. (POPE, trans.)

With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears;  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

DRYDEN. *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*. l. 37.

Know from the bounteous heaven all riches flow;

And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.

HOMER. *The Odyssey*. Bk. xviii. l. 26. (POPE, trans.)

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

If I cannot bend the gods, I'll move the powers of hell.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. vii. 312.

Dis aliter visum.

Not thus the gods decreed.

*Ibid.* *Æneid*. ii. 428.

*Gloster*. As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 38.

Though this be play to you,  
'Tis death to us.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE. *Fable* 398. *The Boys and the Frog*.

'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.

BEN JONSON. *Sejanus*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.

Fear in the world first created the gods.

STATIUS. *Thebais*. lii. 661.

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a flea, and yet he will be making gods by dozens.

MONTAIGNE. *Apology for Raimond Sebond*. Bk. ii. Ch. xii.

Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott,

Darum war Gott so oft zu Spott.

As a man is, so is his God; therefore God was so often an object of mockery.

GOETHE. *Gedichte*.

Blest as the immortal gods is he  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

SAPPHO. *To*.

Catullus has appropriated these lines and translated them into almost literal Latin:

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,  
Ille (si fas est) superare Divos,  
Qui, sedens adversus, identidem te  
Spectat et audit  
Dulce ridentem.

*Odes*. li. 1. *To Lesbia*.

Πάν ὁ μέγας τέθνηκε.

Great Pan is dead.

PLUTARCH. *De Defectu Oraculorum*. xvii.

[Plutarch here chronicles the well-known tradition that at the hour of the Saviour's agony a cry of "Great Pan is dead" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners, and the oracles ceased.]

And that dismal cry rose slowly  
And sank slowly through the air,  
Full of spirit's melancholy  
And eternity's despair;

And they heard the words it said,—

Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead.

Pan, Pan is dead.

MRS. BROWNING. *The Dead Pan*. St. 26.

(See under ORACLE.)

Suddenly there came gasping towards them a pale Jew dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head, bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder, and he cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist.

HEINE. *Reisebilder*. *City of Lucca*. Ch. vi.

Θεὸς ἐκ μηχανῆς.

The God from the machine.

LUCIAN. *Hermotimus*. 86.

[Generally quoted in the Latin form, "Deus ex machina," as indicating some character, divine or other, who interposes in the nick of time to save a critical situation. Horace warns dramatic authors:

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindicæ nodus.

Never bring in a god unless there be a knotty point demanding such a solution.

*Ars Poetica*. 191.]

*Juliet*. Swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 113.

She is the goddess of my idolatry.

FANNY BURNEY. *Letter to Miss S. Burney*. July 5, 1778.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

POPE. *Iliad of Homer*. Bk. iii. l. 208.

To that large utterance of the early gods!

KEATS. *Hyperion*. Bk. i. l. 51.

By the love He stood alone in,  
His sole Godhead rose complete,  
And the false gods fell down moaning,  
Each from off his golden seat;  
All the false gods with a cry  
Rendered up their deity—

Pan, Pan was dead.

MRS. BROWNING. *The Dead Pan*. St. 28.

Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.

TENNYSON. *The Lotos-eaters*. viii.

And first the golden race of speaking men  
Were by the dwellers in Olympus made;  
They under Cronos lived, when he was king  
In heaven. Like gods were they, with careless mind,

From toil and sorrow free, and nought they knew  
Of dread old age.

HESIOD. *Works and Days*. 109.

I have always said, and will say, that there is a race of Gods,

But I fancy that what men do is to them but little odds.

ENNIUS. *Telamon*. (W. F. H. KING, trans.)

[The lines are preserved by Cicero in *De Inventione Rhetorica*, ii., 50, 104.]

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Can heavenly natures nourish hate,

So fierce, so blindly passionate?

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Bk. i. l. 18. (CONINGTON, trans.)

Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des dévôts?

Can so much gall find place in godly souls?

BOILEAU. *Le Lutrin*.

In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 788.

Never, believe me,  
Appear the Immortals,  
Never alone.

COLERIDGE. *The Visit of the Gods*. (Imitated from Schiller.)

Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

EMERSON. *Give All to Love*.

Fear not, then, thou child infirm;

There's no god dare wrong a worm.

*Ibid*. *Compensation*.

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte

Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,

Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,

Who never spent the darksome hours  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,—

He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.

GOETHE. *Wilhelm Meister*. Bk. ii. Ch. xiii.

## GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON.

Physician of the iron age

Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,

He read each wound, each weakness clear;

And struck his finger on the place,

And said, "Thou ailest here and here!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Death of Goethe*.

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken.

From half of human fate;

And Goethe's course few sons of men

May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,

His eyes on Nature's plan;

Neither made man too much a God,

Nor God too much a man.

*Ibid*. *Obermann*.

## GOLD.

(See MONEY.)

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames?

Accurs'd thirst for gold! what dost  
thou not compel mortals to do?

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. iii. 56.  
(See under AVARICE.)

Auro contra cedo modestum amatorem.

Find me a reasonable lover against  
his weight in gold.

PLAUTUS. *Curculio*. i. 3, 45.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;

Therefore he loved gold in special.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*. Prologue.  
l. 445.

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Passionate Pilgrim*.  
xix.

Romeo. Nor ope her lap to saint-  
seducing gold.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 212.

Men have a touchstone whereby to try  
gold; but gold is the touchstone whereby  
to try men.

T. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*:  
*Holy State*; *The Good Judge*.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:  
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church, Charms  
and Knots*.

(See under GIFTS.)

We live by the gold for which other  
men die.

PRIOR. *The Thief and Cordelier*. St. 12.

Judges and senates have been bought  
for gold;

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 187.

Then take what gold could never buy—  
An honest bard's esteem.

BURNS. *To John McMurdo*.

Because my blessings are abus'd,  
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?  
Even virtue's self by knaves is made  
A cloak to carry on the trade.

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. Fable 6. *The Miser  
and Plutus*.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason  
shine?

Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the  
mine?

Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much  
less

To make our fortune than our happiness.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 279.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Bright and yellow, hard and cold,

Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;

Heavy to get, and light to hold;

Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,

Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:

Spurn'd by the young, but lugg'd by the  
old

To the very verge of the churchyard  
mould;

Price of many a crime untold:

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary—

To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—

As even its minted coins express,

Now stamp'd with the image of Good  
Queen Bess,

And now of a bloody Mary.

HOOD. *Miss Kilmansiegg*: *Her Moral*.

### GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness  
called Noll,

Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd  
like poor Poll.

GARRICK. *Impromptu Epitaph on Gold-  
smith*.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor  
has sent us?

Is this the great poet whose works so  
content us?

This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has  
written fine books?

Heaven sends us good meat, but the  
devil sends cooks.

*Ibid.* *Epigram on Goldsmith's Poem  
Retaliation*.

Of Dr. Goldsmith he [Johnson] said,  
"No man was more foolish when he had  
not a pen in his hand, or more wise  
when he had."

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. Vol. vii.  
Ch. x.

[According to the same authority, Tom  
Birch was the exact opposite of Goldsmith:  
Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conver-  
sation; but no sooner does he take a pen in  
his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him,  
and benumbs all his faculties.

*Ibid.* *Life of Johnson*. Vol. i. Ch. vii.  
1743.]

Was ever poet so trusted before?

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Letter to Bos-  
well. July 4, 1774.

Poetæ, Physici, Historici,  
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus

Non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,  
Who left scarcely any style of writing  
untouched,  
And touched nothing that he did not  
adorn.

JOHNSON. *Epitaph on Goldsmith.*

He adorned whatever subject he either  
spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid  
eloquence.

CHESTERFIELD. *Character of Bolingbroke.*

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche.

He adorns all that he touches.

FÉNÉLON. *Lettre sur les Occupations de  
l'Académie Française.* Sec. 4.

Goldsmith, however, was a man who,  
whatever he wrote, did it better than  
any other man could do.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* Vol. ii. Ch.  
iii. 1778.

## GOOD; GOODNESS.

(See VIRTUE.)

Μῆτι πανώμεθα δρώντες ἐν βροτοῖς.

Let us not be weary in well-doing.

PLUTARCH. *An Seni Respublica Gerenda*  
*Sit.* xiv. (791, D.)

If you wish to be good, first believe  
that you are bad.

EPICETUS. *Fragments.* (LONG, trans.)

Cui bono?

What's the good of it? for whose advantage?

CICERO. *Oratio Pro Sextio Roscio Amerino.*  
xxx.

[A quotation from Lucius-Cassius, the  
judge, with whom it was a favorite saying  
when instructing the jury to seek for a  
motive.]

Good men are the stars, the planets  
of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate  
the times.

BEN JONSON. *Timber; or, Discoveries  
made upon Men and Matter.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you  
fair hath made you good.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 184.

For all that faire is, is by Nature good.

SPENSER. *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie.*  
l. 139.

Dogberry. Are you good men and  
true?

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 1.

Friar. For naught so vile that on the  
earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth  
give.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 17.

King Henry. There is some soul of  
goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 4.  
(See under EVIL.)

King. There lives within the very  
flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate  
it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too much.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 115.

There is no man so good, who, were  
he to submit all his thoughts and actions  
to the laws, would not deserve hanging  
ten times in his life.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays.* Bk. iii. Ch. ix.

*Hamlet.* I am myself indifferent honest;  
but yet I could accuse me of such things,  
that it were better my mother had not borne  
me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 124.

Good, the more

Communicated, more abundant grows.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 71.

That good diffused may more abundant  
grow.

COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 441.

The good we never miss we rarely  
prize.

*Ibid.* *Retirement.* l. 405.

Hard was their lodging, homely was  
their food,

For all their luxury was doing good.

GARTH. *Claremont.* l. 149.

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,  
He tried the luxury of doing good.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall.* Bk. iii.

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 22.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all  
day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast  
forever

One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *A Firewell.*

What tho' no grants of royal donors,  
With pompous titles grace our blood;  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

ANON. *Winifreda.* (Preserved in Percy's  
*Reliques.* St. 2.)

How'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

St. 7.

Greatness and goodness are not means,  
but ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always  
friends,

The good, great man? Three treasures,  
love and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infants'  
breath;

And three firm friends, more sure than  
day and night,—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel  
Death.

COLERIDGE. *The Good Great Man.* (Entitled  
*Complaint* in early editions.)

There shall never be one lost good!  
what was shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence  
implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with for  
evil so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the  
heaven a perfect round.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Abt Vogler.* ix.

## GOSSIP.

(See CALUMNY; SLANDER.)

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in  
the streets of Askelon.

*Old Testament.* II. Samuel i. 20.

Λέγουσιν ἃ Θέλουσιν

Δεγέτωσαν

Ὁὐ μέλει μοῖ.

They say.

What do they say?

Let them say.

[A favorite Greek posy on rings found at Pompeii. A free translation of the phrase is inscribed over the doors of various houses in Scotland built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:

They say

Quhat say they?

Let thame say.

This is likewise the motto of the Scottish Earls Marischal, given by them to Marischal College.]

Thy friend has a friend, and thy  
friend's friend has a friend, so be dis-  
creet.

*Talmud.*

Fabula (nec sentis) tota jactaris in  
urbe.

You don't know it, but you are the  
talk of all the town.

OVID. *Art of Love.* iii. 1. 21.

Alcibiades had a very handsome dog,  
that cost him seven thousand drachmas;  
and he cut off his tail, "that," said he,  
"the Athenians may have this story to  
tell of me, and may concern themselves  
no further with me."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms of Great Men:*  
*Alcibiades.*

*Salarino.* If my gossip Report be an  
honest woman of her word.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
iii. Sc. 1. 1. 6.

*Dogberry.* To babble and to talk is  
most tolerable and not to be endured.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iii.  
Sc. 3. 1. 30.

To John I owed great obligation;

But John unhappily thought fit

To publish it to all the nation;

Sure John and I are more than quit.

PRIOR. *An Epigram.*

Tale-bearers, as I said before, are just  
as bad as the tale-makers.

SHERIDAN. *The School for Scandal.* Act  
i. Sc. 1.

Ladies, your most obedient—mercy  
on me! here is the whole set! a char-  
acter dead at every word I suppose.

*Ibid.* *The School for Scandal.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

At every word a reputation dies.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto iii. 1. 16.

Everybody says it, and what every-  
body says must be true.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. *Miles Walling-  
ford.* Ch. 30.

Hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Speech at the Guild-hall.* 9th November, 1878.

Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg,  
The murmur of the world.

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King: Enid.*

## GOVERNMENT.

(See OFFICE; POLITICS.)

He shall rule them with a rod of iron.  
*New Testament.* Revelation ii. 27.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

*Ibid.* Matthew xxii. 21.

Salus populi suprema lex.

The safety of the State is the highest law.

JUSTINIAN. *Twelve Tables.*

As long as he remained a private individual he always seemed to be more than one, and by common consent he would have been deemed capable of governing had he never governed.

TACITUS. *History.* i. 49.

[Said of Galba. It is impossible to put into English the neatness and epigrammatic point of the last clause of the sentence as it stands in the original Latin: "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset." But who can penetrate man's secret thought, The quality and temper of his soul, Till by high office put to frequent proof, And execution of the laws?

SOPHOCLES. *Antigone.*

[*Vide* the saying of Bias, ἀρχὴ ἀνδρῶν δείξει, "Command shows the man."]

In principatu commutando civium

Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.

In a change of government the poor change nothing but the name of their masters.

PHÆDRUS. *Fabulæ.* i. 15, 1.

That to live by one man's will became the men's misery.

RICHARD HOOKER. *Ecclesiastical Policy.* Bk. i.

Divide et impera.

Divide and govern.

*Motto of Louis XI.*

*Exeter.* For government, though high and low and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 180.

*Brutus.* Arming myself with patience To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 105.

Freedom of men under government is to have a standing rule to live by, common to every one of that society, and made by the legislative power vested in it; a liberty to follow my own will in all things, when the rule prescribes not, and not to be subject to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of another man.

JOHN LOCKE. *On Government.* Bk. x. Ch. 4.

Realms are households which the great must guide.

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis.* 1. 552.

Syllables govern the world.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk: Power.*

They that govern most make least noise.

*Ibid.* *Table Talk: Power.*

Who can direct when all pretend to know?

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* 1. 64.

For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those who think must govern those that toil.

*Ibid.* *The Traveller.* 1. 372.

For forms of government let fools contest,

Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iii. l. 303.

For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,  
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

Oh! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,

Teach but that one sufficient for a king;  
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,

Which, as it dies or lives, we fall or reign:

May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long!

"The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."  
POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 181.

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. St. 16.

[Gray may have had in mind the once well-known lines of Robert Blair:

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,  
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,

Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,

And in a cruel wantonness of power  
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up

To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,

Lie hush'd.

*The Grave*. l. 208.]

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

The moment you abate anything from the full rights of men to each govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience.

*Ibid.* *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

The essence of a free government consists in an effectual control of rivalries.

JOHN ADAMS. *Discourses on Davila*. 1789-90.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both

the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

HENRY CLAY. *Speech at Lexington*. May 16, 1829.

In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses.

JOHN STUART MILL. *On Liberty*. Ch. iii. *Of Individuality as One of the Elements of Well-being*.

All free governments are party governments.

GARFIELD. *The Works of James Abram Garfield*. *Remarks, House of Representatives*, January 18, 1878.

Though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.

GROVER CLEVELAND. *Veto of Texas Seed-bill*. February 16, 1887.

We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Address, Gettysburg*, November 19, 1863.

This Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and of the people.

WYCLIFFE AND HEREFORD. *Preface to their translation of the Bible* (1384).

The government is of the people and for the people.

THOMAS COOPER. *Some Information Respecting America*. (London, 1795.)

In a government like ours, founded by the people, managed by the people.

JOSEPH STORY. *On the Constitution*. Sec. 304.

The people's government made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution*, January 26, 1830.

There is what I call the American idea. . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy,—that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.

THEODORE PARKER. *Speech at the N. E. Anti-slavery Convention, Boston*, May 20, 1850.

I repeat . . . that all power is a trust; that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist.

DISRAELI. *Vivian Grey*. Bk. vi. Ch. vii.

Government arrogates to itself that it alone forms men. . . . Everybody knows that government never began anything. It is the whole world that thinks and governs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Orations, Speeches, Lectures, and Letters*. Lecture, Boston, October 4, 1859. *Idols*.

Governments exist to protect the rights of minorities. The loved and the rich need no protection,—they have many friends and few enemies.

*Ibid.* *Orations, Speeches, Lectures, and Letters*. Address, Boston, December 21, 1860. *Mobs and Education*.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.

JEREMY BENTHAM. *Works*. Vol. x. p. 142.

[The phrase is identified with Bentham, who is undoubtedly responsible for its general introduction into literature. He never lost an opportunity to enforce it as the touchstone of all just legislation and correct morality. But he has acknowledged that it was not original. "Priestley," he says, "was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth,—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation." Beccaria was probably the one, for the sentiment may be found in the introduction to his *Essays on Crimes and Punishments* (1764), where he describes "a wise observer of nature" as "occupied in directing the actions of the multitude to this one end,—the greatest happiness divided among the largest number" ("La massima bonta divisa nel maggior numero"). None the less the germ of the idea exists in this sentence in Priestley: "The good and happiness of the members, that is, the majority of the members of any State, is the great standard by which everything relating to that State must finally be determined." Before Priestley, however, and before Beccaria, in the year 1720, to wit, Hutcheson, in his *Inquiry Concerning Moral Good and Evil* (section 3), had said: "The moral evil or vice is as the degree of misery and number of the sufferers, so that that action is best which produces the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers." Bulwer-Lytton's humorous paraphrase, put into the mouth of Kenelm Chillingly, in the novel of that name, is well known: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number is best secured by a prudent consideration for Number One." Analogies more or less remote may be found below:

Our object in the construction of the state is the greatest happiness of the whole, and not that of any one class.

PLATO. *Republic*. iv. 1. (JOWETT, trans.)

(Plato puts this phrase into the mouth of Socrates.)

The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. *Political Maxims*.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy.

MACAULAY. *On Mitford's History of Greece*. 1824.]

## GRACE.

Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Xenocrates*. iii.

[Chesterfield quotes the saying in his *Letters*, March 9, 1748. Plutarch, in the *Banquet of the Seven Wise Men*, attributes to Solon the saying, "Let us sacrifice to the Muses."]

York. Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncles.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act 2. Sc. 3. l. 88.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 89.

Angelo. When once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 36.

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,

Shot forth peculiar graces.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 13.

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;  
And therefore no true saint allows  
They shall be suffered to espouse.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto i. l. 1293.

Vows with so much passion, swears with  
so much grace,  
That'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded  
by him.

NATHANIEL LEE. *Alexander the Great*. Act i. Sc. 3.

Take time enough: all other graces  
Will soon fill up their proper places.

JOHN BYROM. *Advice to Preach Slow.*

Learn to read slow: all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.

WILLIAM WALKER. *The Art of Reading.*

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no  
vein

But every flowing limb in pleasure  
drowns,

And heightens ease with grace.

THOMSON. *The Castle of Indolence.* St. 26.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-  
smitten frame,

The power of grace, the magic of a  
name?

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. ii. 1. 5.

Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took all eyes.

EMERSON. *In Memoriam.*

In this awfully stupendous manner, at  
which Reason stands aghast, and Faith  
herself is half-confounded, was the grace  
of God to man at length manifested.

RICHARD HURD. *Sermons.* Vol. ii.

Ye are fallen from grace.

*New Testament.* Galatians v. 4.

Stately and tall he moves in the hall  
The chief of a thousand for grace.

KATE FRANKLIN. *Life at Olympus.*

Alas! when all the gods assembled  
around his cradle to present their gifts,  
the graces were not there, and he to  
whom the favor of these fair powers is  
wanting may indeed possess much and  
be able to confer much, yet on his bosom  
we can never rest.

GOETHE. *Tasso.* Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 197.

### GRASS.

All flesh is grass.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah xl. 6.

The bare earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose  
verdure clad

Her universal face with pleasant green.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. 1. 313.

And he gave it for his opinion, that  
whoever could make two ears of corn, or  
two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot

of ground where only one grew before,  
would deserve better of mankind, and do  
more essential service to his country,  
than the whole race of politicians put  
together.

SWIFT. *Gulliver's Travels.* Pt. ii. Ch. vii.  
(*Voyage to Brobdingnag.*)

He who blesses most is blest:  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

WHITTIER. *Lines for the Agricultural Ex-  
hibition at Amesbury.*

Give fools their gold, and knaves their  
power;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

*Ibid.* *Lines for the Agricultural Exhibition  
at Amesbury.*

A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching  
it to me with full hands;

How could I answer the child? I do  
not know what it is any more than  
he.

I guess it must be the flag of my dispo-  
sition, out of hopeful green stuff  
woven.

And now it seems to me the beautiful  
uncut hair of graves.

WALT WHITMAN. *Leaves of Grass.* *Song  
of Myself.* 6.

### GRATITUDE.

*Duncan.* The sin of my ingratitude  
even now

Was heavy on me: thou art so far  
before,

That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst  
less deserved;

That the proportion both of thanks and  
payment

Might have been mine! only I have left  
to say,

More is thy due than more than all can  
pay.

*Macbeth.* The service and the loyalty  
I owe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness'  
part

Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children  
and servants.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 4. 1.  
17.

*Antony.* Let but the commons hear  
this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to  
read—

And they would go and kiss dead  
Cæsar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred  
blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their  
wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 130.

A grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at  
once

Indebted and discharg'd.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 55.

The unwilling gratitude of base man-  
kind!

POPE. *Second Book of Horace.* Epistle i.  
l. 14.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation;  
you do not find it among gross  
people.

DR. JOHNSON. *Tour to the Hebrides.* Sep-  
tember 20, 1773.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a  
lively sense of future favours.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. *Conversation.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret  
desire of receiving greater benefits.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections; or, Sen-  
tences and Moral Maxims.* No. 298.

He who has once done you a kindness  
will be more ready to do you another  
than he whom you yourself have obliged.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's  
Almanac.*

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
The bee's collected treasures sweet,  
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter  
yet

The still small voice of gratitude.

GRAY. *Ode for Music.* l. 61.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men

Hath oftener left me mourning.

WORDSWORTH. *Simon Lee.* Concluding  
lines.

Next thing to ingratitude, the most pain-  
ful thing to bear is gratitude.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. *Proverbs from  
Plymouth Pulpit.*

## GRAVE.

Sit tibi terra levis, mollique tegaris  
arena.

Light lie the earth upon you, soft be  
the sands that cover you.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams.* ix. 30, 11.

Requiescat in pace.

May he rest in peace.

*Latin phrase.*

[The latter phrase and the first four words  
of the quotation from Martial were so fre-  
quently used on Roman tombstones that  
they came to be intelligibly abbreviated as  
R. I. P. or S. T. T. L. respectively. Martial  
has been multitudinously imitated. A few  
examples from English literature follow:

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *Bonduca.*  
Act iv. Sc. 3.

Here she lies a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood;

Who, as soon fell fast asleep,

As her little eyes did peep.

Give her strewings, but not stir

The earth that lightly covers her.

HERRICK. *Upon a Child that Died.*

Naturally the familiar idea led to parody,  
as in the feigned epitaph on Sir John Van-  
brugh, architect as well as playwright:

Lie heavy on him, earth, for thee  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.]

*Katharine.* So may he rest, his faults  
lie gently on him.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry VIII.* Act  
iv. Sc. 2. l. 31.

[Thus in the quarto. The folio substi-  
tutes "lightly" for "gently."]

O Lady, he is dead and gone!

Lady, he's dead and gone!

And at his head a green grass turf,

And at his heels a stone.

THOMAS PERCY. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

[This ballad, preserved in Percy's *Reliques  
of Ancient Poetry*, is a sort of literary mosaic  
made up of fifteenth and sixteenth century  
fragments pieced together with original  
passages by Percy himself. Shakespeare  
puts the above quatrain into the mouth of  
the mad Ophelia (*Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5) with  
some slight verbal differences:

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.]

## GRAVES.

*Arthur.* I would that I were low laid  
in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for  
me.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 164.

*Romeo.* Taking the measure of an  
unmade grave.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 70.

*Bishop.* Many a time hath banish'd  
Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian  
field,

Streaming the ensign of the Christian  
Cross,

Against black Pagans, Turks, and Sara-  
cens :

And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd  
himself

To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's  
earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain  
Christ,

Under whose colours he had fought so  
long.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 97.

*Griffith.* He gave his honours to the  
world again,

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in  
peace.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 29.

*Katherine.* So may he rest ; his faults  
lie gently on him !

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 31.

*Laertes.* Lay her i' the earth :

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 262.

And from his ashes may be made

The violet of his native land.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* xviii.

(See under VIOLET.)

Methought I saw the grave where  
Laura lay.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *Verses to Edmund  
Spenser.*

The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

ANDREW MARVELL. *To His Coy Mistress.*

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY. *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*  
Sc. 3.

The sweet remembrance of the just

Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

TATE AND BRADY. *Psalms* cxii. 6.

The bad man's death is horror : but the just  
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.

HABINGTON. *Elegie.* viii.

The memory of the just is blessed ; but  
the name of the wicked shall rot.

*Old Testament.* Proverbs x. 7.

The memory of the just survives in Heaven.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. vii.

*Arviragus.* With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here,

Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt  
not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale  
primrose ; nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no,  
nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to  
slander,

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the rud-  
dock would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-sham-  
ing

Those rich-left heirs, that let their  
fathers lie

Without a monument !) bring thee all  
this ;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when  
flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 222.

*Clown (sings).* Come away, come away,  
death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath :

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it ;

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 52.

Oh, the grave !—the grave !—It buries  
every error—covers every defect—ex-  
tinguishes every resentment ! From its  
peaceful bosom spring none but fond  
regrets and tender recollections. Who

can look down upon the grave even of  
an enemy and not feel a compunctious  
throb, that he should ever have warred  
with the poor handful of earth that lies  
mouldering before him?

WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Sketch-book.*  
*Rural Funerals.*

When death, the great Reconciler, has  
come, it is never our tenderness that we  
repent of, but our severity.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede.*

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the  
down;

Where a green grassy turf is all I  
grave,

With here and there a violet bestrewn,  
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmur-  
ing wave;

And many an evening sun shine sweetly  
on my grave!

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel.* Bk. ii. St. 17.

I gazed upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,

'Twere pleasant that in flowery June  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,

The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich, green mountain-turf should  
break.

BRYANT. *June.*

I would rather sleep in the southern  
corner of a little country churchyard,  
than in the tombs of the Capulets.

BURKE. *Letter to Matthew Smith.*

The grave is heaven's golden gate,  
And rich and poor around it wait;  
O Shepherdess of England's fold,  
Behold this gate of pearl and gold!

WM. BLAKE. *Dedication of the Designs to*  
*Blair's "Grave." To Queen Charlotte.*

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH. *To Lucy.*

But oh! the heavy change now thou art  
gone;

Now thou art gone, and never must return!

MILTON. *Lycidas.* l. 37.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit! rest thee now!

E'en while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!

Soul, to its place on high!—

They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS. *A Dirge.*

They grew in beauty side by side,

They filled one home with glee:

Their graves are severed far and wide

By mount and stream and sea.

*Ibid.* *The Graves of a Household.*

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,

Shrines to no code or creed confined,—

The Delphian vales, the Palestines,

The Meccas of the mind.

HALLECK. *Burns.* St. 32.

The grave unites; where e'en the great  
find rest,

And blended lie th' oppressor and th'  
oppress'd!

POPE. *Windsor Forest.* l. 317.

I wish I were where Helen lies,

Night and day on me she cries;

Oh, that I were where Helen lies,

On fair Kirkconnel lee!

UNKNOWN. *Helen of Kirkconnel Lee.*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-  
tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a  
mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet  
sleep.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
St. 4.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest;

By all their country's wishes blest!

WILLIAM COLLINS. *Ode written in the*  
*year 1746.*

By fairy hands their knell is rung;

By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,

To bless the turf that wraps their clay;

And Freedom shall awhile repair,

To dwell a weeping hermit there!

*Ibid.* *Ode written in the year 1746.*

Few, few shall part where many meet!

The snow shall be their winding-sheet,

And every turf beneath their feet

Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL. *Hohenbinden.* St. 8.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral  
note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell  
shot,  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.  
CHARLES WOLFE. *The Burial of Sir John  
Moore.*

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound  
him:  
But he lay like a warrior taking his  
rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.  
*Ibid.* *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not  
a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.  
*Ibid.* *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies.  
COLLINS. *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

The grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature  
appalled,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness.  
ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave.* Pt. i. l. 9.

I stood beside the grave of him who  
blazed  
The comet of a season.  
BYRON. *Occasional Pieces.* *Churchill's  
Grave.*

To that dark inn, the Grave!  
SCOTT. *The Lord of the Isles.* vi. l. 26.

But when shall spring visit the mould-  
ering urn?  
Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of  
the grave?  
BEATTIE. *The Hermit.*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which  
calls  
The burial-ground, God's Acre! It  
is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its  
walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleep-  
ing dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise  
again  
At the great harvest, when the arch-  
angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and  
grain.  
LONGFELLOW. *God's Acre.*

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar that renewed our woe.  
LOWELL. *The Changeling.*

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet  
And blossom in purple and red.  
TENNYSON. *Maud.* xxii. 11.

Come not, when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my  
grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou  
wouldst not save.  
There let the wind sweep and the plover  
cry;  
But thou, go by.  
*Ibid.* *Come Not When I Am Dead.*

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!  
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.  
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;  
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.  
*Ibid.* *To J. S.*

Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew!  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah, would that I did too!  
MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Requiescat.*

GREAT AND SMALL.

God hath chosen the foolish things  
of the world to confound the wise; and  
God hath chosen the weak things of

the world to confound the things that are mighty.

*New Testament.* I. Corinthians i. 27.

The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould. . . . The same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbour causes a war betwixt princes.  
MONTAIGNE. *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. v. Canto ii. St. 43.

Ingentes animos angusto in corpore versant.

A mighty spirit fills that little frame.  
VIRGIL. *Georgics.* iv. 83.

In small proportion we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON. *Good Life, Long Life.*

Circles are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round:  
So life we praise, that does excel  
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER. *Long and Short Life.*

The true and strong and sound mind  
is the mind that can embrace equally  
great things and small.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Ch. vi. p. 1778.

Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small, will take false interest in what is great.

RUSKIN. *Modern Painters.* Pt. ii. Sec. iv. Ch. iv. Sec. 28.

These little things are great to little men.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 42.

How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little, are the proud,  
How indigent the great!

GRAY. *Ode on the Spring.* l. 18.

Ah vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of fate are,  
How very weak the very wise,  
How very small the very great are!

THACKERAY. *Vanitas Vanitatum.* St. 9.

There is no great and no small  
To the soul that maketh all;  
And where it cometh, all things are;  
And it cometh everywhere.

EMERSON. *Essays, First Series. Epigraph to History.*

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 279.  
(For context, see under GOD.)

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little.

MACAULAY. *On Horace Walpole.*

Say not "a small event"! Why "small"?

Costs it more pain than this ye call  
A "great event" should come to pass  
From that? Untwine me from the mass  
Of deeds which make up life, one deed  
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes. Introduction.*

## GREAT MEN.

*Antony.* The choice and master spirits  
of this age.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 164.

*Malvolio.* Some are born great, some  
achieve greatness, and some have great-  
ness thrust upon 'em.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 129.

Fortune, the great commandress of the  
world,

Hath divers ways to advance her followers:  
To some she gives honour without deserv-  
ing,

To other some, deserving without honour.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *All Fools.* Act v. Sc. 1.

*Posthumus.* Many dream not to find,  
neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 130.

*Cassius.* Why, man, he doth bestride  
the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep  
about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Now, in the names of all the gods at  
once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar  
feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou  
art shamed:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
bloods!

When went there by an age, since the  
great flood,

But it was famed with more than with  
one man?

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 135.

The mightier man, the mightier is the  
thing,

That makes him honour'd, or begets him  
hate;

The greatest scandal waits on greatest  
state.

The moon being clouded presently is  
miss'd,

But little stars may hide them when  
they list.

*Ibid.* *The Rape of Lucrece*. 1. 1004.

Great men by small means oft are over-  
thrown;

He's lord of thy life who contemns his  
own.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 488.

He alone is worthy of the appellation  
who either does great things, or teaches  
how they may be done, or describes them  
with a suitable majesty when they have  
been done; but those only are great  
things which tend to render life more  
happy, which increase the innocent en-  
joyments and comforts of existence, or  
which pave the way to a state of future  
bliss more permanent and more pure.

MILTON. *The Second Defence of the People  
of England*.

He is at no end of his actions blest  
Whose ends will make him greatest, and  
not best.

CHAPMAN. *Tragedy of Charles, Duke of  
Byron*. Act v. Sc. 1.

They're only truly great who are truly  
good.

*Ibid.* *Revenge for Honour*. Act v. Sc. 2.

And to be noble we'll be good.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *Winifreda*.

'Tis only noble to be good.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*.

To be happy here is man's chief end,  
For to be happy must needs be good.

KIRKE WHITE. *To Contemplation*.

There was never yet a truly great man  
that was not at the same time truly  
virtuous.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *The Busy-body*.  
No. 3.

Unbounded courage and compassion  
join'd,

Tempering each other in the victor's  
mind,

Alternately proclaim him good and  
great,

And make the hero and the man com-  
plete.

ADDISON. *The Campaign*. 1. 219.

Some must be great. Great offices will  
have

Great talents. And God gives to every  
man

The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,  
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall

Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. 1. 788.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the good how far—but far  
above the great.

GRAY. *Progress of Poesy*. Concluding  
lines.

Great men only should have great  
faults.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections; or, Sen-  
tences and Moral Maxims*. No. 190.

Great men too often have greater faults  
than little men can find room for.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations*. *Diog-  
enes and Plato*.

Great men are the true men, the men  
in whom nature has succeeded. They  
are not extraordinary, they are in the  
true order. It is the other species of  
men who are not what they ought to be.

AMIEL. *Journal*, August 13, 1865. (Mrs.  
HUMPHRY WARD, trans.)

Greatness is a spiritual condition  
worthy to excite love, interest, and ad-  
miration; and the outward proof of pos-  
sessing greatness is, that we excite love,  
interest, and admiration.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Culture and Anarchy*.  
*Sweetness and Light*.

Great men are they who see that  
spiritual is stronger than any material  
force, that thoughts rule the world.

EMERSON. *Letters and Social Atms*.  
*Progress of Culture*.

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others.

EMERSON. *Representative Men. Uses of Great Men.*

An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson.

*Ibid. Essays. Self-reliance.*

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.

*Ibid. Uses of Great Men.*

To be great is to be misunderstood.

*Ibid. Essays. Self-reliance.*

Great men are too often unknown, or, what is worse, misknown.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus. Bk. i. Ch. iii.*

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

HENRY TAYLOR. *Philip Van Artevelde. Act i. Sc. 5.*

How many great ones may remember'd be,  
Which in their days most famously did flourish,

Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,

But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish.

SPENSER. *Ruins of Time. St. 52.*

*Hamlet.* There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 140.*

One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night viii. l. 201.*

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,

Like instincts, unawares.

LORD HOUGHTON. *The Men of Old.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;

Great souls are portions of eternity.

LOWELL. *Sonnet vi.*

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

*Ibid. Rousseau and the Sentimentalists.*

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

LONGFELLOW. *The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.

RUSKIN. *Pre-Raphaelitism.*

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship.*

Great men will always pay deference to greater.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Southey and Porson.*

As if misfortune made the throne her seat,

And none could be unhappy but the great.

ROWE. *The Fair Penitent (Prologue).*

High stations, tumult, but not bliss, create;  
None think the great unhappy but the great.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame. Satire i. l. 227.*

That pompous misery of being great!

BROOME. *On the Seat of War in Flanders.*

None are completely wretched but the great.  
Superior woes, superior stations bring;

*Ibid. Epistle to Mr. Fenton.*

O, happy they that never saw the court,  
Nor ever knew great men but by report!

JOHN WEBSTER. *The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona. Act v. Sc. 6.*

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

YOUNG. *The Revenge. i. 1.*

Les grands ne sont grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux; relevons nous.

The great are only great because we are on our knees. Let us rise up.

PRUD'HOMME. *Révolutions de Paris. Motto.*

The great are only great because we carry them on our shoulders; when we throw them off they sprawl on the ground.

MONTANDRÉ. *Point de l'Ovale.*

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

RICHARD RUMBOLD, *on the scaffold, 1685. History of England (Macaulay). Ch. v.*

The heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule

Our spirits from their urns.

BYRON. *Manfred*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

### GREECE; GREEK.

Græcum est, non potest legi.

It is Greek, it cannot be read.

FRANCIS ACCURSIUS.

[The origin of the Boar's head served every Christmas at Queen's College, Oxon., is traced to a remote period, when a scholar of the college, encountering a wild boar in Bagley Wood, thrust the volume of Aristotle which he was reading into the savage brute's jaws, crying out, "Græcum est!" and so both choked his assailant and saved his own life.]

*Cassius*. Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca*. Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cassius*. To what effect?

*Casca*. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 281.

Accipe nunc Danaûm insidias, et  
crimine ab uno

Disce omnes.

Recognize now the treachery of the  
Greeks, and from one example learn the  
character of all.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. ii. 65.

When Greeks joined Greeks then was  
the tug of war,  
The labored battle sweat, and conquest  
bled

Philip fought men, but Alexander  
women.

NATHANIEL LEE. *Alexander the Great*.  
Act iv. Sc. 2.

[The first line is constantly misquoted as  
When Greek meets Greek then comes the  
tug of war.

Lee puts the saying into the mouth of  
Clytus (Kleitos) in the heated dispute with  
Alexander, which goaded the conqueror to  
murder his old friend. Clytus is compar-  
ing Alexander disadvantageously with his  
father, Philip. In the second line, with its  
strained personification of battle and con-  
quest, sweat (= sweated) is the old past  
tense.]

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of  
arts

And eloquence.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l.  
240.

My faithful scene from true records shall  
tell,

How Trojan valour did the Greek excel;  
Your great forefathers shall their fame  
regain,

And Homer's angry ghost repine in  
vain.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Troilus and Cres-  
sida*. Concluding lines.

Again to the battle, Achaians!

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's  
tree,

It has been, and shall yet be, the land  
of the free.

CAMPBELL. *Song of the Greeks*.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
Where are thy men of might, thy grand  
in soul?

Gone—glimmering through the dream  
of things that were:

First in the race that led to glory's goal,  
They won, and pass'd away.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 2.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art  
thou!

*Ibid*. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 85.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and  
sung.

Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phæbus  
sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

*Ibid*. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 86. 1.

The mountains look on Marathon,

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still be  
free.

*Ibid*. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 86. 3.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three

To make a new Thermopylæ.

*Ibid*. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 86. 7.

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.

BYRON. *The Giaour*. 1. 90.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !  
 Whose land, from plain to mountain-  
 cave,  
 Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave ;  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee ?

*Ibid.* *The Giaour*. 1. 104.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow  
 or assuages pain ; wherever it brings  
 gladness to eyes which fail with wake-  
 fulness and tears, and ache for the dark  
 house and the long sleep,—there is ex-  
 hibited in its noblest form the immortal  
 influence of Athens.

MACAULAY. *Essays*. *Milford's Greece*.

## GRIEF.

(See SORROW.)

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.  
 Domine exaude vocem meam.

Out of the depths have I cried unto  
 thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice.

*Old Testament (Vulgate)*. Psalm cxxx.  
 1, 2.

[This is the funeral psalm chanted in the  
 mass for the dead. From its first words it  
 is known as the *De Profundis*.]

The iron entered into his soul.

*The Book of Common Prayer*. Psalm cv.  
 18.

[In the Authorized Version of the Bible  
 this is translated, "He was laid in iron."]

*Lady Capulet*. Some grief shews much  
 of love ;

But much of grief shews still some want  
 of wit.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
 iii. Sc. 5. 1. 73.

*Bushy*. Each substance of a grief hath  
 twenty shadows,  
 Which show like grief itself, but is  
 not so ;  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding  
 tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many  
 objects ;

Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed  
 upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,  
 Distinguish form.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc.  
 2. 1. 14.

*Constance*. I will instruct my Sorrows  
 to be proud ;  
 For Grief is proud, and makes his owner  
 stoop.

To me, and to the state of my great  
 Grief,

Let kings assemble ; for my Grief's so  
 great,

That no supporter but the huge firm  
 earth

Can hold it up.—Here I and Sorrows sit ;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow  
 to it.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 69.

*Belarius*. Great griefs, I see, medicine  
 the less.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 243.

*Brabantio*. Nor doth the general care  
 Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
 That it engults and swallows other  
 sorrows

And it is still itself.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 54.

Great joys, like griefs, are silent.

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *Holland's Leaguer*.  
 Act v. Sc. 1.

In all the silent manliness of grief.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. 1. 384.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless ;  
 That only men incredulous of despair,  
 Half-taught in anguish, through the mid-  
 night air  
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 Of shrieking and reproach.

MRS. BROWNING. *Sonnets: Grief*.

The flood of grief decreaseth when it  
 can swell no longer.

BACON. *Moral and Historical Works*.  
*Ornamenta Rationalia*.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;

'Twas sad by fits, by starts was wild.

WILLIAM COLLINS. *The Passions*. 1. 25.

There is a solemn luxury in grief.

WILLIAM MASON. *The English Garden*.  
 1. 25.

Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow,  
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

MOORE. *Anacreontic*.

It is dangerous to abandon one's self to the luxury of grief: it deprives one of courage, and even of the wish for recovery.

AMIEL. *Journal*, Dec. 29, 1871. (MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, trans.)

Antheming a lonely grief.

KEATS. *Hyperion*. iii.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin  
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein,  
That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.

MRS. BROWNING. *Sonnets: Exaggeration*.

### GUILT.

(See CONSCIENCE; CRIME; SIN.)

In flagranti crimine comprehensi.

Taken in flagrant violation of the law.

JUSTINIAN. *Corpus Juris Civilis Romani*.  
Codex ix. Tit. xiii. 1.

[Generally quoted, "In flagrante delicto." A similar saying is "Caught red-handed," which, originally applied to murderers, has now extended its meaning to all offenders caught in the act.]

Queen. So full of artless jealousy is  
guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5.  
l. 20.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
heart,

I but know that I love thee, whatever  
thou art.

MOORE. *Come Rest in This Bosom*.

Thy faults, my Lesbia, have such charm  
for me,

So far in love of thee I've lost myself,  
Wert thou a saint, I could not wish thee  
well,

Nor cease to worship thee whate'er thy  
sins.

CATULLUS. *Odes*. lxxiii. 1. (W. M. F. KING, trans.)

Let no guilty man escape, if it can  
be avoided. No personal consideration  
should stand in the way of performing a  
public duty.

PRESIDENT GRANT. *Indorsement of a Letter from W. D. W. Barnard relating to the Whiskey Ring*, July 19, 1875.

(See "Sir Oracle," in *The Era*, August, 1903.)

### HABIT.

(See CUSTOM.)

That to which we have been accustomed becomes, as it were, a part of our nature.

ARISTOTLE. *Rhetorica*. i. 11.

Habit is a second nature.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. x.

Mihi, qui omnem aetatem in optimis artibus egi, bene facere jam ex consuetudine in naturam vertit.

In my own case, who have spent my whole life in the practice of virtue, right conduct from habitual life has become natural.

SALLUST. *Jugurtha*. lxxxv.

This restless world

Is full of chances, which by habit's power

To learn to bear is easier than to shun.

ARMSTRONG. *Act of Preserving Health*.  
Bk. 2. l. 474.

Ease leads to habit, as success to ease,

He lives by rule who lives himself to please.

CRABBE. *Tales*. ii.

The glorious habit by which sense is made

Subservient still to moral purposes,  
Auxiliary to divine.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. iv.  
l. 1246.

Habit is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being, which involves a perpetual self-determination, in full view of all existing circumstances.

HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*.

### HAIR AND BEARD.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

*New Testament*. Matthew x. 30.

Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

*Old Testament*. Genesis xliii. 38.

The hoary head is a crown of glory.

*Ibid*. Proverbs xvi. 31.

Our time creeps on,  
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair  
Tells the advancing winter of our life.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *Macduff's Cross, Prelude.*  
1. 38.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown with sudden fears.  
BYRON. *Prisoner of Chillon.* 1. 1.

Beauty, for confiding youth  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.  
WORDSWORTH. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.* St. 6.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be  
grown.

*Old Testament.* II. Samuel x. 5.

[King David's advice to his servants when  
Hanun, mistaking them for spies, sent them  
back from the land of Ammon with one-  
half of their beards shaved off.]

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden  
wyre,  
Sprinkled with perle, and perling  
flowres atweene,  
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre.  
SPENSER. *Epithalamion.* 1. 154.

*King Philip.* Bind up those tresses.  
O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath  
fallen

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry  
friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief,  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act iii. Sc.  
4. 1. 61.

*Clown.* Now Jove, in his next com-  
modity of hair, send thee a beard!  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 50.

*Pandorus.* And she takes upon her to  
spy a white hair upon his chin.

*Cressida.* Alas, poor chin! many a  
wart is richer.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
1. 152.

*Hamlet.* His beard was grizzled,—no?

*Horatio.* It was, as I have seen it in  
his life,

A sable silver'd,  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 240.

His hair just grizzled  
As in a green old age.  
DRYDEN. *Edipus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Ophelia (sings).* His beard was as white  
as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5. 1.  
195.

*Beatrice.* He that hath a beard is  
more than a youth, and he that hath no  
beard is less than a man.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1. 1. 38.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair.  
MILTON. *Lycidas.* 1. 68.

Sabrina fair,  
Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping  
hair.  
*Ibid.* *Comus.* 1. 859.

No stealth of time has thinned my  
flowing hair.  
HAMMOND. *Elegy* iv. St. 5.

Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,  
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.  
M. GREEN. *The Spleen.* 1. 750.

This nymph, to the destruction of man-  
kind,

Nourish'd two locks, which graceful  
hung behind

In equal curls, and well conspired to  
deck,

With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory  
neck.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves  
detains,

And mighty hearts are held in slender  
chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny

prey,  
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto ii. 1. 19.

Those curious locks so aptly twin'd,  
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.  
CAREW. *Think Not 'Cause Men Flattering Say.*

'Tis a powerful sex ; they were too strong  
for the first, the strongest and wisest man  
that was ; they must needs be strong, when  
one hair of a woman can draw more than a  
hundred pair of oxen.

HOWELL. *Letters*. Bk. ii. Letter iv.

She knows her man, and when you rant  
and swear,

Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN. *Persius*. Satire v. l. 246

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or  
hold so fast, as love can do with a twined  
thread.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt.  
iii. Sec. 2. Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels  
All women in the magic of her locks ;  
And when she winds them round a young  
man's neck,  
She will not ever set him free again.

GOETHE. *Scenes from Faust*. Sc. *The  
Hartz Mountain*. l. 335. (SHELLEY,  
trans.)

Not ten yoke of oxen  
Have the power to draw us  
Like a woman's hair.

LONGFELLOW. *The Saga of King Olaf*.  
xvi. St. 23.

The meeting points the sacred hair dis-  
sever

From the fair head, forever, and for-  
ever !

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto iii. l. 153.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives  
the nod,—

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the  
god.

*Ibid.* *Iliad*. Bk. i. l. 684.

*Ghost*. Thy knotted and combined  
locks to part

And each particular hair to stand on  
end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
19.

*Macbeth*. My fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 11.

Anastasio having heard all this discourse  
his hair stood upright like porcupine's  
quills.

BOCCACCIO. *Decameron*. Fifth day.  
Novel 8.

Katerfelto, with his hair on end,  
At his own wonders, wondering for his  
bread.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. *Winter  
Evening*. l. 86.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled  
air.

GRAY. *The Bard*. Pt. i. l. 19.

An harmless flaming meteor stood for hoar,  
And fell adown his shoulders with loose  
care.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. *Davidis*. Bk. ii.  
l. 95.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but  
flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against the  
wind.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 98.

Like a red meteor on the troubled air.

J. HEYWOOD. *Four Prentices of London*.

The smallest hair throws its shadow.

GOETHE. *Maxims*. Vol. iii. p. 159.

Even a single hair casts its shadow.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 228.

## HALLUCINATION.

(See APPARITION.)

*Lady Macbeth*. Oh, proper stuff !  
This is the very painting of your fear ;  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you  
said,

Led you to Duncan. Oh ! these flaws  
and starts

—Impostors to true fear—would well  
become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 61.

*Macbeth*. Hence, horrible shadow !  
Unreal mockery, hence !

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 107.

*Macbeth*. Can such things be,  
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud  
Without our special wonder ?

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 111.

*Queen*. Alas ! How is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
And with the incorporal air do hold  
discourse ?

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 117.

*Queen*. This is the very coinage of  
your brain :  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 137.

*Imogene.* 'Twas but a bolt of nothing,  
shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our  
very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments,  
blind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2.  
l. 300.

### HAND.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my  
right hand forget her cunning.

*Old Testament.* Psalm cxxxvii. 5.

The right hands of fellowship.

*New Testament.* Galatians ii. 9.

As if the world and they were hand  
and glove.

COWPER. *Table Talk.* l. 173.

Connected as the hand and glove  
Is; madam, poetry and love.

LLOYD. *Epistle to a Friend.*

I perfectly feele even at my finger's  
end.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. i. Ch. vi.

*Hamlet.* The hand of little employ-  
ment hath the daintier sense.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1. l.  
77.

*George Bevis.* There's no better sign of a  
brave mind, than a hard hand.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 22.

His sweating palm

The precedent of pith and livelihood.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis.* l. 25.

And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

LOWELL. *A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

l. 204.

(See LABOR.)

*Dromio of Ephesus.* We came into the  
world like brother and brother:  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one  
before another.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors.* Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 424.

*Romeo.* They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's  
hand.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 35.

*Romeo.* See, how she leans her cheek  
upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 23.

His red right hand.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 174.

Rubente dextera.

With his red right hand.

HORACE. *Odes.* Bk. i. Ode 2. l. 2.

Fingers were made before forks, and  
hands before knives.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation.* Dialogue ii.

Seemed washing his hands with invis-  
ible soap

In imperceptible water.

HOOD. *Miss Kilmansegg.* Her Christening  
St. 10.

Led by a great hand unaware.

RICHARD REALF. *Last Sonnets.*

When Israel was from bondage led,

Led by the Almighty's hand

From out of foreign land,

The great sea beheld and fled.

COWLEY. *Davidets.* Bk. f. l. 41.

### HAPPINESS.

Look round the habitable world: how  
few

Know their own good, or knowing it,  
pursue.

JUVENAL. *Satire x.* (DRYDEN, trans.)

No man is happy who does not think  
himself so.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 584.

No man can enjoy happiness without  
thinking that he enjoys it.

JOHNSON. *The Rambler.* p. 150.

As long lyveth the mery man, they say,  
As doth the sory man, and longer by a  
day.

UDALL. *Roister Doister.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Orlando.* How bitter a thing it is to  
look into happiness through another  
man's eyes!

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act v.  
Sc. 2. l. 48.

*Salisbury.* When we were happy we  
had other names.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 8.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of  
down,

And he that had no cross deserves no  
crown.

QUARLES. *Esther.*

O happiness! our being's end and aim!  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er  
thy name:

That something still which prompts the  
eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to  
die.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 1.

Some place the bliss in action, some in  
ease,

Those call it pleasure, and contentment  
these.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 21.

The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every  
breeze.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 178.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts  
decoy,

The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 263.

There comes

For ever something between us and what  
We deem our happiness.

BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act i. Sc. 2.

It is a flaw

In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—  
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,  
It spoils the singing of the nightingale.

KEATS. *Reminiscence of Claude's En-  
chanted Castle*.

If happiness hae not her seat

And center in the breast,  
We may be wise or rich or great,  
But never can be blest.

BURNS. *Epistle to Davie*. St. 5.

Sad fancies do we then affect,

In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode to Lycoris*. St. 2.  
(See under PLEASURE; PAIN.)

Joys too exquisite to last,  
And yet more exquisite when past.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *The Little Cloud*.  
l. 159.

A man too happy for mortality.

WORDSWORTH. *Vaudracour and Julia*.  
l. 53.

And there is even a happiness,  
That makes the heart afraid.

HOOD. *Ode to Melancholy*. l. 90.

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills  
it;

We are happy now because God wills it.

LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal*. Prelude  
to Pt. i. l. 61.

How small of all that human hearts  
endure,

That part which kings or laws can cause  
or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find;

With secret course, which no loud  
storms annoy,

Glides the smooth current of domestic  
joy:

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed  
of steel,

To men remote from power, but rarely  
known,

Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all  
our own.

DR. JOHNSON and GOLDSMITH. *The  
Traveller*.

[These are the concluding ten lines of the  
poem. Dr. Johnson, at Boswell's request,  
marked with a pencil the lines which he  
had furnished to Goldsmith, "which are  
only," says Boswell, "line 420th:

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;  
and the concluding ten lines except the last  
couplet but one."

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. February,  
1766.]

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,  
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. l. 246.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness.

HENRY D. THOREAU. *Winter Journal*,  
January 21, 1838.

On n'est jamais si heureux, ni si mal-  
heureux, qu'on se l'imagine.

We are never so happy, nor so un-  
happy, as we suppose ourselves to be.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Mazims*.

And feel that I am happier than I know.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 282.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,  
Where all was harmony, and calm, and  
quiet,

Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without  
mirth,

Which, if not happiness, is much more  
nigh it

Than are your mighty passions.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 53.

All who joy would win

Must share it,—Happiness was born a  
twin.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 172.

Le bonheur semble fait pour être partagé.  
Happiness seems made to be shared.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Note to Corneille.*

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—  
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh: Paradise and the Peri.* Concluding lines.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus. The Everlasting Yea.*

How soon a smile of God can change the world!

How we are made for happiness—how work

Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony.*

### HARMONY.

(See MUSIC; OPTIMISM.)

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes  
it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

DRYDEN. *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.* l. 11.

By harmony our souls are sway'd;

By harmony the world was made.

GRANVILLE. *The British Enchantress.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.* l. 143.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst  
not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good;  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's  
spite,

One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 289.

Quid veit et possit rerum concordia dis-

cors.  
What the discordant harmony of circum-

stances would and could effect.

HORACE. *Epistles.* Bk. i. Epistle 12. l. 19.

Dischord ofte in music makes the sweeter

lay.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto ii. St. 15.

For discords make the sweetest airs,  
And curses are a sort of prayers.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. l. 919.

*Hippolyta.* I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 122.

You had that action and counteraction  
which, in the natural and in the political  
world, from the reciprocal struggle of dis-

cordant powers draws out the harmony of  
the universe.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Works. Vol. iii.

Here earth and water seem to strive  
again;

Not chaos-like together crush'd and  
bruised,

But, as the world, harmoniously con-

fused;  
Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all  
agree.

POPE. *Windsor Forest.* l. 12.

There shall never be one lost good!

What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence  
implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with for  
evil so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the  
heaven, a perfect round.

BROWNING. *Abt Vogler.* ix.

### HARVEST.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall  
he also reap.

*New Testament.* Galatians vi. 7.

Ut sementem feceris ita metes.

As thou hast sown, so shalt thou reap.

PINARIUS RUFUS. (Quoted by CICERO in  
*De Oratore.* ii. 65, 261.)

They have sown the wind, and they  
shall reap the whirlwind.

*Old Testament.* Hosea viii. 7.

'Tis a bitter disappointment, when  
you have sown benefits, to reap a crop  
of injuries.

PLAUTUS. *Epidicus.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 53.

*Biron.* Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 383.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown  
hay

Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III.* (altered).  
Act v. Sc. 3.

## HASTE.

(See SPEED; PROCRASTINATION.)

Festina lente.

Make haste slowly.

[Suetonius (*Augustus XV.*) tells us that this was a favorite saying of Augustus Cæsar. In the Greek form (σπένδε βραδέως) it was a familiar proverb long before his time.]

Nec mora, nec requies.

Naught of delay is there, or of repose.  
VIRGIL. *Georgics*. Bk. iii. l. 110.

Hâtez-vous lentement; et, sans perdre  
courage,  
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre  
ouvrage.

Hasten slowly, and without losing heart,  
put your work twenty times upon the anvil.  
BOILEAU. *L'Art Poétique*. i. 171.

Nothing can be done at once hastily  
and prudently.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 557.

Ease and speed in doing a thing do not  
give the work lasting solidity or exactness  
of beauty.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Pericles*.

Ther n' is no werkman whatever he be,  
That may both werken wel and hastily.  
This wol be done at leisure parfitly.

CHAUCER. *The Merchant's Tale*. l. 585.

Haste is of the devil.

*The Koran*.

More haste than good speed makes  
many fare the worse.

UNKNOWN. *The Marriage of Wit and  
Science*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.  
CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*. Bk. iv. l. 1162.

*Friar Laurence*. Wisely, and slow;  
they stumble that run fast.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 3. l. 94.

*Friar Laurence*. Too swift arrives as  
tardy as too slow.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 6.  
l. 15.

*Gaunt*. He tires betimes that spurs too  
fast betimes.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 36.

*Bastard*. I will seek them out.

*King John*. Nay, but make haste; the  
better foot before.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 170.

*Macbeth*. If it were done, when 'tis  
done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7. l. 1.

I am always in haste, but never in a  
hurry.

Attributed to JOHN WESLEY.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes  
want, and want makes strife between the  
good man and his wife.

*Old Proverb*.

I finde this prouerbe true,  
That haste makes waste.

GASCOIGNE. *Gascoigne's Memories*. iii. 7.

*Duke*. Haste still pays haste, and  
leisure answers leisure;

Like doth quit like, and measure still  
for measure.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 415.

Haste to the beginning of a feast,  
There I am with them; but to the end  
of a fray.

MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3.

Hasty climbers quickly catch a fall.

ANON. *The Play of Stuckley*. l. 710.

## HAT.

So Britain's monarch once uncovered  
sat,

While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-  
brimmed hat.

JAMES BRAMSTON. *Man of Taste*.

As with my hat upon my head

I walk'd along the Strand,

I there did meet another man

With his hat in his hand.

DR. JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana*.

[A parody on Percy's *Hermit of Warkworth*.]

A hat not much the worse for wear.

COWPER. *Diverting History of John Gilpin*.  
St. 46.

I never saw so many shocking bad  
hats in my life.

Attributed to DUKE OF WELLINGTON, on  
seeing the first Reformed Parliament.

I had a hat. It was not all a hat,—  
Part of the brim was gone :  
Yet still I wore it on.

MRS. HEMANS. *Rhine Song of the German Soldiers.*

The Quaker loves an ample brim  
A hat that bows to no salaam ;  
And dear the beaver is to him  
As if it never made a dam.

HOOD. *All Round My Hat.* St. 3.

The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of respectability.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.* viii.

### HATE.

Hatred is a settled anger.

CICERO. *The Tusculan Disputations.* Bk. iv. *On Other Perturbations of the Mind.* Sec. 9.

Accerima proximorum odia.

The hatred of relatives is the most violent.

TACITUS. *Annals.* iv. 70.

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.

Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

I hate and I love. Perchance you ask why I do that. I know not, but I feel that I do and I am tortured.

CATULLUS. *Carmina.* lxxxv. 1.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

HOMER. *Odyssey.* Bk. xv. l. 79. (POPE, trans.)

The more we love a mistress, the nearer we are to hating her.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxims.* 114.

What medicine then can such disease remove,  
Where love draws hate, and hate engendereth love ?

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia.* Bk. iii.

Once when I loved, I would enlase  
Breast, eyelids, hands, feet, form and face  
Of her I loved in one embrace—  
As if by mere love I could love immensely !  
And when I hated I would plunge  
My sword and wipe with the first lunge  
My foe's whole life out like a sponge—  
As if by mere hate I could hate intensely !  
But now I am wiser, know better the fashion  
How passion seeks aid from its opposite  
passion.

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.* ii. l. 207.

When I love most, Love is disguised  
In Hate ; and when Hate is surprised  
In Love, then I hate most.

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.* ii. 227.

Aut amat aut odit mulier ; nil est tertium.

A woman either loves or hates ; there is no third course.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim.* 42.

*Valentine.* Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 96.

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 135.  
(See under ESTRANGEMENT.)

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

POPE. *Odyssey of Homer.* Bk. xv. l. 79.

*Iago.* Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 155.

But I do hate him as I hate the devil.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Shylock.* How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him, for he is a Christian :

But more, for that, in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him !

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act 1. Sc. 3. l. 42.

*Bassanio.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shylock.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bassanio.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shylock.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 67.

*Helena.* If you were men, as you are men in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so ;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 152.

It is a greater grief

To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet.* xl.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;  
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epistle ii. l. 137.

He was a very good hater.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson.*

I like a good hater.

*Ibid.* *Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson.*

These two hated with a hate

Found only on the stage.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 93.

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure,  
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 6.

A passion like the one I prove

Cannot divided be :

I hate thy want of truth and love—

How should I then hate thee?

SHELLEY. *Lines to a Critic.*

One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven.

TENNYSON. *Sea Dreams.* l. 252.

## HEAD.

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit ; sometimes so

long, that there is no wit for so much room.

FULLER. *The Holy and Profane States.* Bk. iv. Ch. xii. *Of Natural Fools.* Maxim 1.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature has built many stories high.

*Ibid.* *Andronicus.* Sec. vi. par. 18, 1.

(See under GIANT.)

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 6. (See under SKULL.)

Tea does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps the palace of the soul.

WALLER. *On Tea.*

In the greenest of our valleys

By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace  
(Radiant palace) reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion  
It stood there!

Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

POE. *The Haunted Palace.*

## HEALTH.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

A healthy mind in a healthy body.

JUVENAL. *Satires.* x. 356.

Ἐν τῷ σώμα ἔχειν καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν.

Safeguard the health both of body and soul.

CLEOBULUS. (*Stobaeus, Florilegium.* iii. 79.)

A sound Mind in a sound Body, is a short but full description of a happy State in this World.

LOCKE. *Thoughts Concerning Education.*

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of health.

MARTIAL. *Epigrammata.* vi. 70, 13.

Health is the first good lent to men ;

A gentle disposition then ;

Next, to be rich by no by-ways ;

Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our days.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* *Four Things Make Us Happy Here.* 121.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 79.

Oh health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee. Be then not so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen.

BEN JONSON. *Volpone*. Act ii.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy.

WALTON. *Complete Angler*. Pt. i. Ch. xxi.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,

When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

How tasteless then whatever can be given!

Health is the vital principle of bliss, And exercise, of health.

THOMSON. *Castle of Indolence*. Canto ii. St. 55.

### HEART.

The heart is deceitful above all things.  
*Old Testament*. Jeremiah xvii. 9.

A man after his own heart.

*Ibid.* I. Samuel xiii. 14.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness: and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xiv. 10.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

*New Testament*. Luke xii. 34.

The ramparts of our cities should be built not of stone and timber, but of the brave hearts of our citizens.

AGESILAUS. *Plutarch, Apothegms. Agesilaus*. 30.

Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men.

S. J. ARNOLD. *Death of Nelson*.

Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men.

GARRICK. *Heart of Oak*.

[These lines are constantly misquoted "Hearts of oak," etc. Perhaps Tennyson's line has influenced the misquotation:

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak.

[*Bonaparte*.]

Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children*.

Among what he called his precepts were such as these: Do not stir the fire with a sword. Do not sit down on a bushel. Do not devour thy heart.

DIAGENES LAERTIUS. *Life of Pythagoras*. xvii.

To eat thy heart through comfortlesse despair.

SPENSER. *Mother Hubberd's Tale*. l. 904.

Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man Out of His Humour*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

The hero is not fed on sweets,  
Daily his own heart he eats.

EMERSON.

Love, that two hearts makes one, makes eke one will.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto iv. St. 19.

The world has little to bestow  
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined.

MRS. BARBAULD. *Delia*.

(See under UNITY.)

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill: when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

MARTIN LUTHER. *Table Talk. Of Temptation and Tribulation*. No. 654.

*Prince*. A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 747.

*King*. The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is thy father to the throne of Denmark.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 47.

*Hamlet*. Peace! sit you down,  
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 35.

*Hamlet*. In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

(See under PASSION.)

*Agamemnon*. From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome!

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 171.

Romeo. My bosom's lord sits lightly  
in his throne.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 3.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my  
heart in twain.

Hamlet. O throw away the worsper part  
of it

And live the purer with the other half.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 156.

Celia. Your heart's desires be with  
you!

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 211.

Helena. My heart  
Is true as steel.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 196.

His heart was true to Poll,  
His heart was true to Poll.

It's no matter what you do,  
If your heart be only true.

And his heart was true to Poll.

F. C. BURNAND. *True to Poll*.

[This once-famous song made its first appearance in Burnand's extravaganza, *Poll and Partner Joe*.]

Brutus. You are my true and honor-  
able wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 289.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my  
life,

Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness  
o'er thee.

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my  
heart.

GRAY. *The Bard*. l. 39.

The heart is a small thing, but de-  
sireth great matters. It is not sufficient  
for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world  
is not sufficient for it.

QUARLES. *Emblems*. Bk. i. *Hugo de  
Anima*.

This house is to be let for life or years,  
Her rent is sorrow, and her income  
tears;

Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills  
make known,

She must be dearly let, or let alone.

*Ibid.* *Emblems*. Bk. ii. Epigram x.

"With every pleasing, every prudent  
part,

Say, What can Chloe want?"—she wants  
a heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she  
ought;

But never, never reach'd one generous  
thought.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor  
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. l. 159.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny  
it:

He has a heart, and gets his speeches by  
it.

ROGERS. *Epigram*.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

GOLDSMITH. *The Hermit*. Concluding  
lines.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but  
himself,

That hideous sight, a naked human  
heart.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 226.

His heart runs away with his head.

G. COLMAN, THE YOUNGER. *Who Wants  
a Guinea?* Act i. Sc. 1.

Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. vi. l. 85.

Soft-heartedness, in times like these,  
Shows softness in the upper story.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers*. Second  
Series. No. 7. St. 15.

It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain.

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*.  
l. 124.

My Book and Heart  
Must never part.

*New England Primer*.

The heart ay's the part ay

That makes us right or wrang.

BURNS. *Epistle to Davy*. St. 5.

Oh the heart is a free and a fetterless  
thing,—

A wave of the ocean, a bird on the  
wing!

JULIA PARDOE. *The Captive Greek Girl*.

Broken hearts die slow.

CAMPBELL. *Theodric*. l. 389.

The day drags through, though storms  
keep out the sun,  
And thus the heart will break, yet  
brokenly live on.

BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.  
Canto iii. St. 32.

And when once the young heart of a  
maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it  
soon.

MOORE. *Ill Omens*.

'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its  
glow,  
Whate'er the fountain whence the  
draught may flow.

O. W. HOLMES. *A Sentiment*.

There is an evening twilight of the  
heart,  
When its wild passion-waves are lulled  
to rest.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Twilight*.

But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord  
Houghton). *The Brookside*.

Something the heart must have to  
cherish,

Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn ;  
Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn.

LONGFELLOW. *Hyperion*. Bk. ii. Motto.

[This appears in quotation marks as a  
motto. Elsewhere Longfellow owns it as a  
translation from a German poem, *Forsaken*,  
but does not mention the author.]

One day with life and heart  
Is more than time enough to find a  
world.

LOWELL. *Columbus*. Concluding lines.

One can't tear out one's heart,  
And show it, how sincere a thing it is !

R. BROWNING. *Straford*. Act i. Sc. 2.

The same heart beats in every human  
breast.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life*.  
1. 23.

Look, then, into thine heart and write.

LONGFELLOW. *Voices of the Night*. *Pre-  
lude*. St. 19.

Fool! said my muse to me, look in  
thy heart, and write.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY. *Astrophel and  
Stella*. i.

Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,  
Heart's love will meet thee again.

EMERSON.

Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

TENNYSON. *The Vision of Sin*.

## HEAT.

Bright-flaming, heat-full fire,  
The source of motion.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*.  
First week. Second day. (J. SYL-  
VESTER, trans.)

[John Tyndall, in 1863, published a treatise  
entitled *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*.]

*Timon*. 'Tis lack of kindly warmth.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 226.

"Heat, ma'am!" I said; "it was so  
dreadful here, that I found there was  
nothing left for it but to take off my  
flesh and sit in my bones.

SYDNEY SMITH. Quoted in Lady Hol-  
land's *Memoir*. Vol. i.

You should hammer your iron when  
it is glowing hot.

PUBLIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 262.

(See under OPPORTUNITY.)

## HEAVEN.

In my Father's house are many man-  
sions.

*New Testament*. John xiv. 2.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, in-  
herit the kingdom prepared for you  
from the foundation of the world.

*Ibid*. Matthew xxv. 34.

For as one star another far exceeds,  
So souls in heaven are plac'd by their  
deeds.

ROBERT GREENE. *A Maiden's Dream*.

There is one glory of the sun, and another  
glory of the moon, and another glory of the  
stars, for one star differeth from another  
star in glory.

*New Testament*. I. Corinthians xv. 41.

And is there care in Heaven? And is  
there love

In heavenly spirits to these Creatures  
bace?

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto  
8. St. 1.

Constance. And, father cardinal, I have  
heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends  
in heaven :  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first  
male child,  
To him that did but yesterday expire,  
There was not such a gracious creature  
born.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 76.

Oh, when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?  
SOUTHEY. *Curse of Kehama*. Canto x.  
St. 11.

*Le Beau*. Sir, fare you well ;  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge  
of you.  
SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 296.

There is another, and a better world.  
AUGUST F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. *The  
Stranger*. Act i. Sc. 1.

For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above  
Is, that they sing, and that they love.  
WALLER. *While I Listen to Thy Voice*.

This much, and this is all, we know,  
They are supremely blest,  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.  
JOHN NEWTON. *Olney Hymns*.

What know we of the blest above  
But that they sing and that they love ?  
WORDSWORTH. *Scene on the Lake of  
Brientz*. l. 1.

[Wordsworth puts this couplet in quotation marks as an acknowledgement of his indebtedness to Waller.]

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
WATTS. *Hymn 66*.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair,  
In the land o' the leal.  
LADY NAIRNE. *The Land o' the Leal*.

And yet, as angels in some brighter  
dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our  
wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.  
HENRY VAUGHAN. *They are All Gone*.  
St. 7.  
Nor can his blessed soul look down from  
heaven,  
Or break the eternal Sabbath of his rest.  
DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*. Act v.  
Sc. 2.

He sins against this life, who slights  
the next.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 399.

When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.  
ISAAC WATTS. *Hymn 65*.

Just knows, and knows no more, her  
Bible true—

And in that charter reads with spark-  
ling eyes  
Her title to a treasure in the skies.  
COWPER. *Truth*. l. 329.

I have been there, and still would go ;  
'Tis like a little heaven below.  
ISAAC WATTS. *Song 28. For the Lord's  
Day Evening*.

A heaven on earth.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 208.

That prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes  
of all.  
T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. i.

A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made :  
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.  
*Ibid*. *Intercepted Letters*. Letter vi.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will paradise be found !  
J. MONTGOMERY. *The Earth Full of God's  
Goodness*.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.  
*Ibid*. *The Issues of Life and Death*.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
And naught beyond, O Earth!  
MRS. HEMANS. *Graves of a Household.*

Into the silent land!  
Ah, who shall lead us thither?  
J. G. VON SALIS. *The Silent Land.* (LONG-  
FELLOW, trans.)

Where imperfection ceaseth, heaven  
begins.  
Where sin ends, bliss.  
P. J. BAILEY. *Festus.* ii.

There's a further good conceivable  
Beyond the utmost earth can realise.  
R. BROWNING. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwanz-  
gau.*

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of  
gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's  
tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.  
LOWELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*  
Prelude to Pt. i. l. 26.

### HEIR; HERITAGE.

(See HEREDITY.)

Heredis fletus sub persona risus est.

The tears of an heir are laughter  
under a vizard.

PUBLIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 187. (BACON,  
trans.)

*Macbeth.* He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king  
upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then,  
prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of  
kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless  
crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal  
hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 57.

The fool inherits, but the wise must  
get.

CARTWRIGHT. *The Ordinary.* Act iii.  
Sc. 6.

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,  
Childness with all her children, wants  
an heir;

To heirs unknown descends the un-  
guarded store,  
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.  
POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epistle ii. l. 147.

For me your tributary stores combine:  
Creation's heir, the world—the world is  
mine!  
GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 49.

*King.* And make us heirs of all eternity.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 7.

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost  
files of time.  
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.* l. 178.

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the im-  
patient heir,  
And sighs for sables which he must not  
wear.

BYRON. *Lara.* Canto i. St. 3.

### HELL.

Fear not them which kill the body,  
but are not able to kill the soul; but  
rather fear Him which is able to destroy  
both soul and body in hell.

*New Testament.* Matthew x. 28.

Do not be troubled by Saint Bernard's  
saying that hell is full of good inten-  
tions and wills.

FRANCIS DE SALES. *Spiritual Letters.*  
Letter xii.

Hell is full of good meanings and wish-  
ings.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.

[So Dr. Johnson quotes the proverb in  
*Boswell's Life*, April 14, 1775. The German  
form, "The road to hell is paved with good  
intentions," seems better than any of the  
English forms.]

Wide is the gate and broad is the way  
that leadeth to destruction, and many  
there be which go in thereat: Because  
strait is the gate and narrow is the way  
which leadeth unto life, and few there  
be that find it.

*New Testament.* Matthew vii. 13, 14.

Facilis descensus Averno;  
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;  
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere  
ad auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Smooth the descent and easy is the way ;  
(The Gates of Hell stand open night and  
day) :

But to return, and view the cheerful skies,  
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Bk. vi. l. 126. (DRY-  
DEN, trans.)

The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n.

QUARLES. *Emblems.* Bk. ii. Emblem xi.

*Ophelia.* The primrose path of dalliance.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 50.

A passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. x. l. 304.

Long is the way  
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 432.

*Porter.* I had thought to have let in' some  
of all professions that go the primrose way  
to the everlasting bonfire.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 21.

Horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the  
bottom stir

The hell within him; for within him  
hell

He brings, and round about him, nor  
from hell

One step, no more than from himself,  
can fly

By change of place: now conscience  
wakes despair

That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must  
be

Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings  
must ensue.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 18.

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of  
heaven.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 253.

Myself am hell ;

And in the lowest deep a lower deep,  
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide;  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 75.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd  
In one self-place; for where we are is Hell;  
And where Hell is, there must we ever be;  
And to conclude, when all the world dis-  
solves,

And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.

MARLOWE. *Fuustus.* l. 540.

The heart of man is the place the Devil  
dwells in: I feel sometimes a hell within  
myself.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.*  
Pt. i. Sec. 51.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell :  
And by and by my Soul return'd to  
me,

And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n  
and Hell."

OMAR KHAYYÂM. *The Rubáiyat.* l. xvi.  
(FITZGERALD, trans.)

That's the greatest torture souls feel in  
hell,

In hell, that they must live, and cannot  
die.

JOHN WEBSTER. *Duchess of Malfi.* Act  
iv. Sc. 1. l. 84.

'Tis not where we be, but whence  
we fell ;

The loss of heaven's the greatest pain in  
hell.

SIR S. TUKE. *The Adventures of Five  
Hours.* Act v.

*Ariel.* "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2. l.  
214.

[*Ariel* is repeating the words of Ferdinand  
as he leapt into the sea.]

*Helena.* I'll follow thee, and make a  
heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.  
*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 243.

*Dogberry.* O villain! thou wilt be con-  
demned into everlasting redemption for  
this.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 59.

Quod si mea numina non sunt  
Magna satis, dubitem haud equidem  
implorare quod usquam est.

Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta  
movebo.

If strength like mine be yet too weak,  
I care not whose the aid I seek :  
What choice 'twixt under and above ?

If heaven be firm, the shades shall move.  
VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Bk. vii. l. 494. (CON-  
INGTON, trans.)

[Or, in other words, if the gods of Elysium  
will not help me, I must have recourse to  
the powers of the lower world. This is the  
speech of Juno, when she turned to the

Furies to stay the onward progress of Æneas. The words have been applied to any appeal from a higher to a lower tribunal.]

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from  
those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never  
comes

That comes to all; but torture without  
end.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 61.

Hail, horrors, hail,  
Infernal world! and thou profoundest  
hell,

Receive thy new possessor.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 250.

This huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
Barred over us prohibit all egress.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 434.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual  
storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on  
firm land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin  
seems

Of ancient pile: all else, deep snow and  
ice,

A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the  
parching air

Burns frore, and cold performs the effect  
of fire.

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,  
At certain revolutions all the damned  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bit-  
ter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change  
more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to  
pine

Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,  
Periods of time; thence hurried back to  
fire.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 587.

Wherefore with thee

Came not all hell broke loose.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 917.

Here we may reign secure; and in my  
choice

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.  
Better to reign in hell than serve in  
heaven.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 261.

[The devil of Stafford's *Niobe* (published in 1611) anticipated the devil of Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

Now forasmuch as I was an Angel of  
Light, it was the Will of Wisdom to confine  
me to Darkness, and make me Prince  
thereof; so that I, that could not obey in  
Heaven, might command in Hell; and  
believe me, I had rather rule within my  
dark domain than to rehabit Coelum  
Imperium, and there live in subjection  
under check, a slave of the Most High.

There is also a parallel passage in Fletcher's *Purple Island*, Canto vii.:

In heaven they scorn to serve, so now in  
hell they reign.]

Lives there who loves his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose  
from hell,

Though thither doom'd?

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 888.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite.  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iv. l. 149.

In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy  
divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself  
to the auditory at the conclusion of his ser-  
mon: "In short, if you don't live up to the  
precepts of the gospel, but abandon your-  
selves to your irregular appetites, you must  
expect to receive your reward in a certain  
place which 'tis not good manners to men-  
tion here."

TOM BROWN. *Laconics*.

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *London*. l. 116.

[A poor imitation of Juvenal's line:  
Græculus esuriens in coelum, jusseris, ibit.]

Time flies, death urges, knells call,  
Heaven invites,

Hell threatens.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 291.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;  
Give ample room, and verge enough,  
The characters of hell to trace.

GRAY. *The Bard*. l. 49.

Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken,  
To the dismal news I tell,  
How your friends are all embarking  
For the fiery gulf of hell.  
CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY. *New Bath Guide*.  
xiv. 1.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But whar ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that aye be your border.  
BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend*. St. 8.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
Thou might hae plunged me in Hell,  
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,  
In burnin' lake,  
Whar damned devils roar and yell,  
Chain'd to a stake.  
*Ibid.* *Holy Willie's Prayer*. St. 4.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,  
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,  
Wha's raging flame an' scorching heat,  
Wad melt the hardest whunstane  
The half asleep start up wi' fear,  
An' think they hear it roarin',  
When presently it does appear  
'Twas but some neebor snorin',  
Asleep that day.  
*Ibid.* *The Holy Fair*. St. 22.

Hell is more bearable than nothing-  
ness.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. Heaven.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled  
Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire.  
OMAR KHAYYAM. *Rubāiyat*. St. 67.  
(FITZGERALD, trans.)

## HELP.

*Timon*. 'Tis not enough to help the  
feeble up,  
But to support him after.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. 1. 107.

*Cassius*. But ere we could arrive the  
point proposed,  
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I  
sink!"  
*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 111.

Like him in Æsop, he whipped his  
horses withal, and put his shoulder to  
the wheel.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. ii.  
Sec. 1. Memb. 2.

Try first thyself, and after call in God;  
For to the worker God himself lends aid.  
EURIPIDES. *Hippolytus*. Fragment 435.

Help thyself and God will help thee.  
GEORGE HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera.

Help yourself and Heaven will help you.  
LAFONTAINE. *Fables*. Bk. vi. Fable 18.

God helps those who help themselves.  
ALGERNON SIDNEY. *Discourse Concerning Government*. Ch. ii. Pt. xxxiii.

Help your lame dog o'er a stile.  
SWIFT. *Whig and Tory*.

He that wrestles with us strengthens  
our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our  
antagonist is our helper.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

Help refused  
Is hindrance sought and found.  
BROWNING. *Ferishtah's Fancies, Two Camels*.

To look up and not down,  
To look forward and not back,  
To look out and not in, and  
To lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. *Rule of the "Harry Wadsworth Club"* (from *Ten Times One is Ten*).

## HEREDITY.

The fathers have eaten a sour grape,  
and the children's teeth are set on edge.  
*Old Testament*. Jeremiah xxxi. 29.

I the Lord thy God am a jealous God,  
visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon  
the children unto the third and fourth  
generation of them that hate me.

*Ibid.* Exodus xx. 5.

The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon  
the children.

EURIPIDES. *Phrixus*. Fragment 970.

*Constance*. This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. 1. 177.

*Worcester*. Treason is but trusted like  
the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and  
lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 9.

It will not out of the flesh, that is bred in the bone.

J. HEYWOOD. Pt. ii. Ch. viii.

*Belarius.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou  
blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are  
as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as  
rough,

Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest  
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain  
pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis  
wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame  
them

To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other; valour,

That wildly grows in them, but yields a  
crop

As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's  
strange,

What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2.  
1. 169.

*King Philip.* Look here upon thy  
brother Geoffrey's face;

These eyes, these brows, were moulded  
out of his;

This little abstract doth contain that  
large,

Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand  
of time,

Shall draw this brief into as huge a  
volume.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 99.

*Gloster.* Oh, 'tis a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 154.

*Paulina.* Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole  
matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay,  
the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek;  
his smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail,  
finger.

*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 97.

Yet in my lineaments they trace  
Some features of my father's face.

BYRON. *Parisina*. St. 13. 1. 63.

Prodigious actions may as well be done  
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.

DRYDEN. *Abalom and Achitophel*. Pt.  
i. 1. 638.

The booby father craves a booby son;  
And by Heaven's blessing thinks him-  
self undone.

YOUNG. *Satires*. ii. 1. 165.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous  
race;

No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

RICHARD SAVAGE. *The Bastard*. 1. 7.

He was not merely a chip of the old  
block, but the old block itself.

EDMUND BURKE. *On Pitt's First Speech*,  
February 26, 1781. (From *Wraxall's*  
*Memoirs*. First series, vol. i.)

I look upon you as gem of the old rock.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Urn-burial: Dedi-*  
*cation*.

## HERMIT.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell

On a rock or in a cell?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *Poem*. (Quoted  
in *Cayley's Life of Raleigh*. Vol. i.)

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit  
grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble  
cell,

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal  
well:

Remote from man, with God he pass'd  
the days;

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure  
praise.

PARNELL. *The Hermit*. St. 1.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale,

And guide my lonely way

To where yon taper cheers the vale

With hospitable ray.

GOLDSMITH. *The Hermit*.

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell

Wearing out life's evening gray;

Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell

What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed;—

Scarce repressed the starting tear;—

When the smiling sage replied,

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. September  
18, 1777.

Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.  
Canto 1. St. 20.

## HERO.

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. xv. l. 157.

But when religion does with virtue join,

It makes a hero like an angel shine.

WALLER. *A Fragment on Ovid*.

See the conquering hero comes!  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums!

DR. THOMAS MORELL.

[Dr. Morell wrote the text for Handel's oratorios, *Joshua* and *Judas Maccabeus*, in both of which this song was used. It was also interpolated into the later stage versions of Lee's *Rival Queens*.]

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto ii. St. 19.

Il n'ya pas de héros pour son valet-de-chambre.

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre.

MME. CORNUEL. (According to MDLLE. AISSÉ, *Lettres*. p. 166.)

[Marshal Catinat had already said, "A man must indeed be a hero to appear such to his valet." Other remoter anticipations of the thought may be quoted:

The nearer one approaches to great persons, the more one sees that they are but men. Rarely are they great in the eyes of their valets.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Caractères*.

Many a man has seemed to the world to be a miracle, in whom his wife and his valet have not seen anything remarkable. Few men have been admired by their servants.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. ii.

When Hermodorus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Hélios, "my body-servant," said he, "is not aware of this."

PLUTARCH. *Of Isis and Osiris*.]

Combien de héros, glorieux, magnanimes, ont vécu trop d'un jour!

How many illustrious and noble heroes have lived too long by one day!

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,  
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto v. St. 9.

Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that saying of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or, if so, it is not the hero's blame, but the valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean valet-soul.

CARLYLE. *Hero Worship*. *The Hero as Man of Letters*.

No one, it is said, is a hero to his own servant; but that arises simply from the circumstance that a hero can only be known by heroes. The servant would probably be able to appreciate those like himself.

GOETHE. *Maxims*. Vol. iii. p. 204.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find

Or make an enemy of all mankind!

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 219.

Who'er excels in what we prize,

Appears a hero in our eyes.

SWIFT. *Cadenus and Vanessa*. l. 729.

Toll for the brave!—

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

COWPER. *On the Loss of the Royal George*.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,

When every year and month sends forth a new one.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 1.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto iii.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung

guitar,

And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,

Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?

And she, whom once the semblance of a  
scar

Appall'd, an owlet's 'larum chill'd with  
dread,

Now views the column-scattering bay'net  
jar,

The falchion flash, and o'er the yet  
warm dead,

Stalks with Minerva's step where  
Mars might quake to tread.

BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.  
Canto i. St. 54.

The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but him had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck

Shone round him o'er the dead.

MRS. HEMANS. *Cassabianca*.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,

And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris*.  
St. 6.

In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Be a hero in the strife!

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*. St. 5.

There needs not a great soul to make  
a hero; there needs a God-created soul  
which will be true to its origin; that  
will be a great soul.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship*.  
*The Hero as Priest*.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;

Vain, those all-shattering guns;

Unless proud England keep, untamed,

The strong heart of her sons.

So let his name through Europe ring—

A man of mean estate,

Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,

Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE. *The Pri-  
vate of the Buffs*. St. 5.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!

Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on  
high,

Under the dome of the Union sky,—

The American soldier's Temple of  
Fame,—

There with the glorious General's name

Be it said in letters both bold and  
bright:

"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. *Sheridans'  
Ride*. Concluding lines.

The characteristic of genuine heroism  
is its persistency. All men have wan-  
dering impulses, fits and starts of gen-  
erosity. But when you have resolved  
to be great, abide by yourself, and do  
not weakly try to reconcile yourself with  
the world. The heroic cannot be the  
common, nor the common the heroic.

EMERSON. *Essays: Heroism*.

Go with mean people and you think  
life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and  
the world is a proud place, peopled  
with men of positive quality, with heroes  
and demigods standing around us, who  
will not let us sleep.

*Ibid*. *Representative Men*. *Plutarch*.

## HESITATION.

How long halt ye between two  
opinions.

*Old Testament*. I. Kings xviii. 21.

Deliberando sæpe perit occasio.

Opportunity is often lost through del-  
iberation.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 185.

Cf. Dum deliberamus quando incipien-  
dum, incipere jam serum fit.

While we are considering when to begin,  
it becomes already too late to do so.

QUINT. 12, 6, 3.

(See OPPORTUNITY.)

Deliberandum est sæpe, statuendum  
est semel.

Deliberate as often as you please, but  
when you decide it is once for all.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 132.

And while I at length debate and beate  
the bush

There shall steppe in other men and  
catch the burdes.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. iii.

While between two stools my taile  
goe to the ground.

*Ibid*. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. iii.

[In a French MS. in the Bodecian Library, *Les Proverbes del Vilain* (circa 1303), the proverb appears in this form, "Entre deux arcouus chet cul à terra."]

King. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this  
would changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as  
many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are  
accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spend-  
thrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7.  
l. 119.

*Hamlet*. Now whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quartered, hath but  
one part wisdom,

And ever three parts coward—I do not  
know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to  
do";

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength  
and means

To do't.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 40.

*Lady Macbeth*. Glamis thou art, and  
Cawdor; and shalt be

What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear  
thy nature;

It is too full of the milk of human kind-  
ness

To catch the nearest way. Thou  
would'st be great;

Art not without ambition: but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou

would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not  
play false,

And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst  
have, great Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if  
thou'dst have it*;

And that which rather thou dost fear to  
do,

Than wishest should be undone.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 16.

*Macbeth*. If it were done, when 'tis  
done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassina-  
tion

Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch

With his surcease, success; that but this  
blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of  
time,—

We'd jump the life to come. But, in  
these cases,

We still have judgment here; that we  
but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return

To plague the inventor: This even-  
handed justice

Commend the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7.  
l. 1.

*Macbeth*. But now I am cabin'd,  
cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 24.

*Hamlet*. Like a man to double busi-  
ness bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 41.

Wer gar zu viel bedenkt wird wenig  
leisten.

He who considers too much will perform  
little.

SCHILLER. *Wühelm Tell*. iii. 1.

Dum dubius fluit hac aut iliac, dum timet  
anceps,

Ne male quid faciat, nil bene Quintus agit.  
Now this, now that way torn, Quintus, in  
doubt

And fear of doing ill, does nothing well.

ETIENNE PASQUIER (PASCHASIUS). *Epi-  
grammata*. ii. 63.

Time was, I shrank from what was right  
For fear of what was wrong:

I would not brave the sacred fight,  
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense  
And sorer shame aside:  
Such dread of sin was indolence,  
Such aim at heaven was pride.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

When love once pleads admission to our  
hearts,

In spite of all the virtue we can boast,  
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,  
And think they're virtuous if not grossly  
lewd,

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—  
In part she is to blame that has been tried.  
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *The  
Lady's Resolve.*

Woman's behavior is a surer bar  
Than is their No! That fairly doth deny  
Without denying. Thereby kept they are  
Safe even from hope. In part to blame is  
she

Which hath without consent been only  
tried.

He comes too near that comes to be denied.  
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. *A Wife.* St. 36.

She half consents who silently denies.  
OVID. *Helen to Paris.* (DRYDEN and  
MUSGRAVE, trans.)

And whispering "I will ne'er consent,"—  
consented.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 117.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,  
Assert the nose upon his face his own.  
COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 121.

In such a strait the wisest may well be  
perplexed and the boldest staggered.

BURKE. *Thoughts on the Cause of the  
Present Discontents.* Vol. 1.

Far better never to have heard the name  
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
Baffled and plagued by a mind that  
every hour

Turns recreant to her task: takes heart  
again,

Then feels immediately some hollow  
thought

Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude, Book First.*  
l. 255.

He who dallies is a dastard,  
He who doubts is damned.

UNKNOWN.

[These lines are said to have been quoted by James Hamilton, of South Carolina, at a banquet in Charleston when he was Governor of the State (between 1830 and 1832) and during the excitement of the nullification period. They were again quoted by J. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, in a speech made in Congress in the winter of 1876-77. The whole country was on fire over the question of the Hayes-Tilden disputed election. Henry Watterson had offered his inflammatory proposition that 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians should march on Washington and seat Mr. Tilden. Mr. Blackburn seconded him by summoning every Democrat to the deadly breach and repeating the couplet.]

## HISTORY.

The long historian of my country's  
woes.

HOMER. *Odyssey.* Bk. iii. l. 142. (POPE,  
trans.)

I have read somewhere or other—in  
Dionysius of Halicarnassus I think—  
that History is Philosophy teaching by  
examples.

BOLINGBROKE. *On the Study and Use of  
History.* Letter ii.

[Dionysius' words are "Ἱστορία φιλοσοφία  
ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειχμάτων" (*Art of Rhetoric*, xi. 2),  
which, literally translated, would be "His-  
tory is Philosophy learned from examples." He  
credits the phrase to Thucydides. It is,  
in fact, a paraphrase of a passage from  
Thucydides. Bk. i. 22.]

Before philosophy can teach by experi-  
ence, the philosophy has to be in readiness,  
the experience must be gathered and intel-  
ligibly recorded.

CARLYLE. *Essays. On History.*

I shall be content if those shall pro-  
nounce my History useful who desire to  
give a view of events as they did really  
happen, and as they are very likely, in  
accordance with human nature, to repeat  
themselves at some future time—if not  
exactly the same, yet very similar.

THUCYDIDES. *Historia.* i. 2, 2.

[Hence the phrase, "History repeats  
itself."]

It is no great wonder if in long process of  
time, while fortune takes her course hither  
and thither, numerous coincidences should  
spontaneously occur. If the number and  
variety of subjects to be wrought upon be  
infinite, it is all the more easy for fortune,  
with such an abundance of material, to  
effect this similarity of results.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Sertorius.*

'Tis one and the same Nature that rolls  
on her course, and whoever has sufficiently  
considered the present state of things might  
certainly conclude as to both the future and  
the past.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays.* Bk. ii. Ch. xii.  
*Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

And history, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but one page.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 108.

History hath triumphed over Time,  
which, besides it, nothing but Eternity  
hath triumphed over.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *The History of  
the World.* Preface.

*Katharine.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act iv.  
SC. 2. l. 69.

How many great ones may remembered  
be  
Which in their daies most famouslie did  
flourish,  
Of whom no word we hear nor sign we  
see  
But as things wipt out with a sponge do  
perishe,  
Because they living cared not to cherishe  
No gentle wits, thro' pride or covetize,  
Which might their name forever mem-  
orize.

SPENSER. *Ruines of Time.* l. 358.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi: sed omnes illacrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Many heroes lived before Agamemnon,  
but they are all unarmoured and consigned  
to a long night of oblivion, because they  
lacked a sacred bard.

HORACE. *Odes.* Bk. iv. Ode 9. l. 25.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon,  
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
A good deal like him too, though quite the  
same, none;

But then they shone not on the poet's page,  
And so have been forgotten.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 5.

There is a saying among men, that a  
noble deed ought not to be buried in the  
silent grave. It is the divine power of song  
that is suited to it.

PINDAR. *Epinicia.* ix. 13.

✓ The love of history seems inseparable  
from human nature because it seems in-  
separable from self-love.

LORD BOLINGBROKE. *On the Study of  
History.* Letter i.

History is only a confused heap of  
facts.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letters to His Son.*  
February 5, 1750.

So very difficult a matter is it to trace  
and find out the truth of anything by  
history.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Themistocles.*

Anything but history, for history must be  
false.

*Walpoliana.* No. 141.

[Sir Robert Walpole's answer to his secre-  
tary when asked what he wished read to  
him as he lay on a sick-bed.]

Il a inventé l'histoire.

He has invented history.

MME. DU DEFFAND.

[A friend defending Voltaire's historical  
accuracy in the presence of Mme. du Def-  
fand, and maintaining that he *invented*  
nothing, "Rien," repliquait-elle, "et que  
voulez-vous donc de plus? Il a inventé l'his-  
toire!"

FOURNIER. *L'Esprit Dans L'Histoire.*  
191.]

Some write a narrative of wars and feats,  
Of heroes little known, and call the rant  
A history. Describe the man, of whom  
His own coevals took but little note,  
And paint his person, character and views,  
As they had known him from his mother's  
womb.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iii. l. 139.

Where history's pen its praise or blame sup-  
plies,  
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.

BYRON. *Lara.* Canto i. St. 11.

What want these outlaws conquerors should  
have

But History's purchased page to call them  
great?

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 48.

History a distillation of Rumour.

CARLYLE. *The French Revolution.* Pt. i.  
Bk. vii. Ch. v.

All those instances to be found in his-  
tory, whether real or fabulous, of a  
doubtful public spirit, at which morality  
is perplexed, reason is staggered, and  
from which affrighted Nature recoils,  
are their chosen and almost sole ex-  
amples for the instruction of their youth.

BURKE. *On a Regicide Peace.*

The reign of Antoninus is marked by  
the rare advantage of furnishing very  
few materials for history, which is indeed  
little more than the register of the  
crimes, follies, and misfortunes of man-  
kind.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman  
Empire* (1776). Ch. iii.

L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes  
et des malheurs.

History is only the register of crimes and  
misfortunes.

VOLTAIRE. *L'Ingénu.* Ch. x.

A paradoxical philosopher carrying  
to the utmost length that aphorism of  
Montesquieu's "happy the people whose

annals are tiresome" has said "Happy the people whose annals are vacant."

CARLYLE. *The French Revolution*. Bk. ii. Ch. i.

Happy the people whose Annals are blank in History-books.

*Ibid.* *Life of Frederick the Great*. Bk. xvi. Ch. i.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss*. Bk. vi. Ch. iii.

How the best state to know?—it is found out

Like the best woman;—that least talked about.

SCHILLER. *Votive Tablets. Best Governed State*.

He is happiest of whom the world says least, good or bad.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Letter to John Adams*. 1786.

The dignity of history.

LORD BOLINGBROKE (Henry St. John). *On the Study and Use of History*. Letter v.

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.

MACAULAY. *History of England*. Vol. i. Ch. i.

Der Historiker ist ein rückwärts gekehrter Prophet.

The historian is a prophet looking backwards.

SCHLEGEL. *Athenæum. Berlin*. i. 2, 20.

History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.

CARLYLE. *Essays. On History*.

### HOLIDAYS.

Prince. If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 228.

Iris. You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow and be merry:

Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one

In country footing.

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 134.

*Rosalind*. For now am I in a holiday humor.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 69.

The red-letter days now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days.

LAMB. *Oxford in the Vacation*.

There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 141.

### HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water, In which men live as in the hold of nature;

And when the sea does in upon them break,

And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes, And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.

A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,

In which they do not live, but go aboard.  
SAMUEL BUTLER. *Description of Holland*.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,

As but the off-scouring of the British sand;

And so much earth as was contributed By English pilots, when they heaved the lead.

ANDREW MARVELL. *The Character of Holland*. l. 1.

How did they rivet with gigantic piles Through the centre their new-catched miles;

And to the stake a struggling country bound,

Where barking waves still bait the forced ground.

*Ibid.* *The Character of Holland*. l. 17.

Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,

Him they their lord and country's father speak;

To make a bank was a great plot of state;—

Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

ANDREW MARVELL. *The Character of Holland*. l. 45.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies.

LEIGH HUNT. *The Indicator*. *Ludicrous Exaggeration*.

Embosomed on the deep where Holland lies,

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,

Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 282.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go  
And see the ocean leaning on the sky.

DRYDEN. *On the Royal Society*.

### HOME.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage.

*Old Testament*. Psalm xvi. 6.

[The Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer translates the first part of this text, "The lot is fallen to me in a fair ground."]

He shall return no more to his house,  
Neither shall his place know him any more.

*Ibid*. Job vii. 10.

Gallum in suo sterquilino plurimum  
posse intellexit.

He knew that every cock fights best  
on his own dung-hill.

SENECA. *Ludus de Morte Claudii*. vii. 3.

Hic domus, haec patria est.

Here is our country, here our home.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. Bk. vii. 122. l. 197.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)

Pro aris et focis.

For altars and hearths.

CICERO. *Pro Roscio Amerino*. v.

[For hearth and home. A common saying, meaning the defence of one's nearest and dearest. Amongst the Romans, the family or household-gods (*Penates*) had their altars (*aræ*) in the open court, and the tutelar deities of each dwelling (*Lares*) their niches round the hearth or ingle-nook (*foci*) of every house.]

Pro patria, pro liberis, pro aris atque focis  
cernere.

To fight for their country, their children,  
their hearth and home.

SALLUST. *Catilina*. 59.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;

Strike—for the green graves of your sires;

God and your native land!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris*.  
l. 34.

Dulce domum resonemus.

Let us make the sweet song of  
"Home" to resound.

ANON.

[Burden of the *Domum*, or well-known school song, "Concinamus, O Sodales," etc., ("Comrades, Let Us Sing Together"), sung at Winchester and other schools on the eve of the holidays. *Dulce domum* is sometimes improperly used for "sweet home."]

Old proverbe says,

That byrd ys not honest

That fyleth hys owne nest.

JOHN SKELTON. *Poems Against Garnesche*.

It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne  
nest.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. ii. Ch. v.

For a man's house is his castle, *et*  
*domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*.

SIR EDWARD COKE. *Third Institute*. p.  
162.

The house of every one is to him as his  
castle and fortress, as well for his defence  
against injury and violence as for his repose.

*Ibid*. *Semayne's Case*, 5 Rep. 91.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid  
defiance to all the force of the Crown. It  
may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind  
may blow through it; the storms may enter,  
the rain may enter,—but the King of Eng-  
land cannot enter; all his forces dare not  
cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

BURKE. *Speech on the Excise Bill*.

*Touchstone*. When I was at home, I  
was in a better place:

But travellers must be content.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 17.

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built on  
another man's ground.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 224.

The next way home's the farthest way  
about.

QUARLES. *Emblems.* Bk. iv. Pt. ii. Ep. 2.

Far from all resort of mirth  
Save the cricket on the hearth.

MILTON. *Il Penserosa.* l. 81.

His native home deep imaged in his  
soul.

HOMER. *The Odyssey.* Bk. xiii. l. 38.  
(POPE, trans.)

For them no more the blazing hearth  
shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening  
care;

No children run to lisp their sire's re-  
turn,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
share.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
l. 21.

Nam jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque  
uxor

Optuma, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati  
Fræripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tan-  
gent.

No more shall thy family welcome thee  
home

Nor around thee thy wife and sweet little  
ones come,

All clamouring joyous to snatch the first  
kiss,

Transporting thy bosom with exquisite  
bliss.

LUCRETIVS. *De Rerum Natura.* 3, 907.  
(W. M. F. KING, trans.)

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,  
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.

His little children, climbing for a kiss,  
Welcome their father's late return at night;  
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste  
delight.

VIRGIL. *Georgics.* ii. 524. (DRYDEN,  
trans.)

At night returning, every labor sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed:  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round sur-  
veys

His children's looks, that brighten at the  
blaze;

While his loved partner, boastful of her  
hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 193.

At length his lonely cot appears in view  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher  
through  
To meet their dad, wi' fichterin' noise  
an' glee.

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 3.

To make a happy fireside clime

To weans and wife,

That's the true pathos and sublime

Of human life.

*Ibid.* *Epistle to Dr. Blacklock.* St. 9.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests  
retire

To pause from toil, and trim their even-  
ing fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain  
repair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty

crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never  
fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his

food,

And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 13.

To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,

Blest with that charm, the certainty to  
please.

SAMUEL ROGERS. *Human Life.* l. 347.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss

Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iii. l. 41.

And say, without our hopes, without  
our fears,

Without the home that plighted love  
endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty  
won,

Oh! what were man?—a world without  
a sun.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. ii.  
l. 21.

The stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land.

MRS. HEMANS. *The Homes of England.*

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad  
I be,

An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
countrie!

When the flower is i' the bud and the  
leaf is on the tree,  
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain  
countrie;

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad  
I be,

An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
countrie!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. *It's Hame and It's  
Hame.*

My foot is on my native heath, and  
my name is MacGregor.

SCOTT. *Rob Roy*. Ch. xxxiv.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we  
may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place  
like home;

A charm from the skies seems to hallow  
us there,

Which sought through the world is ne'er  
met with elsewhere.

An exile from home splendour dazzles  
in vain,

Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage  
again;

The birds singing gayly, that came at  
my call,

Give me them, and that peace of mind  
dearer than all.

*Home, Sweet Home.* (From the opera of  
"Clari, the Maid of Milan.")

Home is home, though it be never so  
homely.

CLARKE. *Paræmiologia*. p. 101.

If solid happiness we prize,

Within our breast this jewel lies,

And they are fools who roam.

The world has nothing to bestow;

From our own selves our joys must flow,

And that dear hut, our home.

NATHANIEL COTTON. *The Fireside*. St. 3.

Horses, oxen, have a home

When from daily toil they come;

Household dogs, when the wind roars,

Find a home within warm doors;

Asses, swine, have litter spread,

And with fitting food are fed;

All things have a home but one—

Thou, O Englishman, hast none!

SHELLEY. *The Masque of Anarchy*. St. 50.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the  
air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not  
where to lay his head.

*New Testament*. Matthew viii. 20.

And homeless near a thousand homes, I  
stood,

And near a thousand tables pined and  
wanted food.

WORDSWORTH. *Guilt and Sorrow*. St. 41.

Oh, it was pitiful!

Near a whole city full

Home she had none.

HOOD. *Bridge of Sighs*. St. 10.

Who hast not felt how sadly sweet

The dream of home, the dream of  
home,

Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,

When far o'er sea or land we roam?

THOMAS MOORE. *The Dream of Home*.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,

When hastening fondly home,

Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies

Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and  
light,

Above all low delay,

Where nothing earthly bounds her flight

Nor shadow dims her way.

*Ibid.* *Oh! That I Had Wings*.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of  
pleasure.

MARTIN F. TUPPER. *Of Education*.

The many make the household,

But only one the home.

LOWELL. *The Dead House*. St. 9.

Where we love is home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not  
our hearts.

O. W. HOLMES. *Homesick in Heaven*. St. 5.

Bachelor's Hall! what a quare-lookin'  
place it is!

Kape me from sich all the days of my  
life!

JOHN FINLEY. *Bachelor's Hall*.

## HOMER.

Et idem

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat  
Homerus.

Verum operi longo fas est obrepere  
somnum.

While e'en good Homer may deserve a  
nap,

If as he does, he drop his head and nap.

Yet when a work is long, 'twere somewhat hard

To blame a drowsy moment in a bard.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*. l. 358. (CONINGTON, trans.)

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. i. l. 179.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

ANONYMOUS.

Seven cities vied for Homer's birth with emulation pious:

Salamis, Samos, Calophon, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Chios.

*Greek Anthology*.

Great Homer's birthplace seven rival cities claim,

Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.

THOMAS SEWARD. *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon*.

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead; Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*.

I can no more believe old Homer blind, Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;

The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he

Could not want sight who taught the world to see.

DENHAM. *Progress of Learning*.

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,

By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey

Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLERIDGE. *Fancy in Nubibus*. Concluding lines.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos*. Canto ii. St. 2.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,

For all books else appear so mean, so poor,

Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,

And Homer will be all the books you need.

JOHN SHEFFIELD (Duke of Buckinghamshire). *An Essay on Poetry*. l. 323.

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his

demesne,

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific, and all his men

Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS. *On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer*.

## HONESTY.

Honesty is the best policy.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. xxxiii.

"Honesty is the best policy," but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY. *Thoughts and Apothegms*. Pt. ii. Ch. xviii. *Pious Frauds*.

*Mariana*. No legacy is so rich as honesty.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 13.

*Lucullus*. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

*Ibid*. *Timon of Athens*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 29.

*Touchstone*. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 62.

*Helena.* My friends were poor but honest.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 201.

*Gobbo.* An honest exceeding poor man.  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 54.

*Clown.* Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 97.

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin, Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

COWPER. *Epistle to Joseph Hill.* Concluding lines.

*Hamlet.* I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 124.

*Hamlet.* What's the news?

*Rosencrantz.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Hamlet.* Then is doomsday near.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 240.

*Hamlet.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 178.

*Iago.* Take note, take note, O world, To be direct and honest is not safe.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 378.

*Gloster.* Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive,  
and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abused

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 47.

*Brutus.* There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 66.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can

Render an honest and a perfect man

Commands all light, all influence, all fate.

Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

JOHN FLETCHER. *Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."*

Man is his own star; and that soul that can

Be honest is the only perfect man.

*Ibid.* *Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 247.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

BURNS. *Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 19.

A king can make a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might.

Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

*Ibid.* *For a' That and a' That.* St. 4.

Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more

Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

NICHOLAS ROWE. *Jane Shore.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 261.

To strictest justice many ills belong,

And honesty is often in the wrong.

*Lucan's Pharsalia.* Bk. viii. l. 657.

(ROWE, trans.)

How happy is he born and taught

That serveth not another's will;

Whose armour is his honest thought

And simple truth his utmost skill.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *The Character of a Happy Life.*

The modest front of this small floor,  
Believe me, reader, can say no more  
Than many a braver marble can,—  
“Here lies a truly honest man.”

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in  
place,

And men are always honest in disgrace.

DEFOE. *The True-born Englishman. Introduction.* 1. 7.

A rich man is an honest man, no  
thanks to him, for he would be a double  
knave to cheat mankind when he had  
no need of it.

DANIEL DEFOE. *Serious Reflections.*

### HONOUR.

This day beyond its term my fate ex-  
tends,

For life is ended when our honour ends.

*A Prologue spoken by the Poet LABERIUS.  
Translated by GOLDSMITH from the  
Latin of Macrobius.*

*Hector.* Life every man holds dear; but the  
dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than  
life.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.*  
Act v. Sc. 3. 1. 27.

*Brutus.* Set honour in one eye and death i'  
the other

And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 86.

*Antony.* If I lose mine honour  
I lose myself.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iii. Sc.  
4. 1. 20.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
Than wound my honour.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act i. Sc. 4.

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;  
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

GARTH. *The Dispensary.* Canto v. 1. 321.

*Hotspur.* By heaven, methinks, it  
were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-  
faced moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch  
the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the  
locks:

So he, that doth redeem her thence,  
might wear,  
Without co-rival, all her dignities.

SHAKESPEARE. *1. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc.  
3. 1. 202.

*King.* Honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them  
derive

Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a  
slave

Debosh'd on every tomb; on every  
grave,

A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the  
tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act ii.  
Sc. 3. 1. 142.

*King Henry.* By Jove, I am not covet-  
ous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my  
cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments  
wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my  
desires;

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 24.

*Achilles.* Not a man, for being simply  
man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those  
honours

That are without him, as place, riches,  
favor,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which, when they fall, as being slippery  
standers,

The love that leaned on them as slippery  
too,

Do one pluck down another, and  
together

Die in the fall.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iii. Sc.  
3. 1. 81.

*Second Lord.* The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep  
unshak'd

That temple, thy fair mind.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 68.

*Cassius.* Well, honour, is the subject  
of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 92.

*Falstaff*. Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on ; how then ? Can honour set to a leg ?—No. Or an arm ?—No. Or take away the grief of a wound ?—No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ?—No. What is honour ?—A word ? What is that word ?—Honour. What is in that honour ?—Air. A trim reckoning ! Who hath it ?—He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ?—No. Doth he hear it ?—No. Is it insensible then ?—Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ?—No. Why ?—Detraction will not suffer it :—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 131.

Honour is a public enemy, and conscience a domestic ; and he that would secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t'other.

CONGREVE. *Love for Love*. Act iii. Sc. 14.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and unexperienced men  
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Honour is a baby's rattle.

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking Glass*  
(*Micropsychus*). Act iii. Sc. 2.

Honour is like a widow, won  
With brisk attempt and putting on.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 913.

Honours are shadows, which from seekers fly ;

But follow after those who them deny.

R. BAXTER. *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise*. Pt. ii.

I sent to know from whence, and where  
These hopes and this relief ?

A spy inform'd, Honour was there,  
And did command in chief.

"March, march," quoth I ; "the word  
straight give,

Let's lose no time, but leave her ;

That giant upon air will live,

And hold it out for ever.

SIR J. SUCKLING. *The Siege*.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

R. LOVELACE. *To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*. Concluding lines.

Honour alone we cannot, must not lose ;  
Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,  
That above nature makes mankind  
aspire ;

Ennobles the rude passions of our frame  
With thirst of glory, and desire of fame :  
The richest treasure of a generous breast,  
That gives the stamp and standard to  
the rest.

HALIFAX. *The Man of Honour*.

Honour and shame from no condition  
rise ;

Act well your part, there all the honour  
lies.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 193.

King. From lowest place when virtuous  
things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :  
Where great additions swell, and virtue  
none,

It is a dross'd honour : good alone  
Is good, without a name : vileness is so ;  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 133.

If honour calls, where'er she points the  
way,

The sons of honour follow and obey.

CHURCHILL. *Farewell*. l. 67.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely  
true.

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King. Lancelot  
and Elaine*.

## HOPE.

Vain hopes are often like the dreams  
of those who wake.

QUINTILIAN. *Ars Rhetorica*. vi. 2, 30.

[Diogenes Laertius tells us that Aristotle, being asked what hope was, answered, "The dream of a waking man."]

For hope is but the dream of those that  
wake !

PRIOR. *Solomon on the Vanity of the  
World*. Bk. iii. l. 102.

'Ελπίδες ἐν ζωοισιν, ἀελπίστοι δὲ  
θανόντες.

There is hope for the living, but none  
for the dead.

THEOCRITUS. *Idyl* iv. 42.

Aegrotō, dum anima est spes esse dicitur.

As the saying is, while the patient has life there is hope.

CICERO. *Ad Atticum*. ix. 10, 3.

Is there no hope? the sick man said;  
The silent doctor shook his head.

While there is life there's hope (he cried),  
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died.

GAY. *Fable xxviii. The Sick Man and The Angel*.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.  
*Old Testament*. Proverbs xiii. 12.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement: and felt what kind of sickness of heart it was which arises from hope deferred.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey. The Captive*.

The sickening pang of hope deferred.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto iii. St. 22.

Who against hope believed in hope.  
*New Testament*. Romans iv. 18.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.  
MONTGOMERY. *The World Before the Flood*.  
Canto v. l. 162.

It is to hope, though hope were lost.

BARBAULD. *Come Here, Fond Youth*.

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

DANTE. *Inferno*. Canto iii. l. 9. (CARY, trans.)

[Dante feigns that he beheld these words "written in sombre colors" on the gate through which he entered Hell. Longfellow translates the line: "All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"]

Pandite atque aperite propere janua hanc

Orci, obsecro!

Nam equidem haud aliter esse duco, quippe

quo nemo advenit,

Nisi quem spes reliquere omnes, esse ut frugi possiet.

Quick, open, open wide this gate of hell;

For I in truth can count it nothing less.

No one comes here who has not lost all hope  
Of being good.

PLAUTUS. *Bacchides*. Act iii. Sc. 1, 1.  
(BONNELL THORNTON, trans.)

Where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 65.

All hope is lost

Of my reception into grace; what worse?

For where no hope is left, is left no fear.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iii. l. 204.

The darkest hour is just before dawn.

[An old English proverb which finds its analogue in every language. It is based on physical fact, for, as a rule, the darkest hour in the night is when the moon has reached far on to the western horizon, while the sun is still below the eastern horizon.]

But the nearer the dawn the darker the night,

And by going wrong all things come right;  
Things have been mended that were worse,  
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.  
*The Baron of St. Castine*. l. 265.

Quamquam longissimus, dies cito conditur.

The longest day soon comes to end.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Epistola*. ix. 36.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

*Old Testament*. Psalm xxx. 5.

There is in the worst of fortune the best of chances for a happy change.

EURIPIDES. *Iphigenia in Taurus*. 721.

Spes fovet, et fore cras semper ait melius.

Hope ever urges on, and tells us to-morrow will be better.

TIBULLUS. *Carmina*. ii. 6, 20.

Edgar. The worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

SHAKESPEARE. *Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 29.

Ross. Things at the worst will cease,  
or else climb upward

To what they were before.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 24.

Macbeth. Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 147.

Malcolm. Receive what cheer you may

The night is long that never finds the day.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 240.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.  
COWPER. *The Needless Alarm*. Concluding lines.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,

Adorns and cheers our way;

And still, as darker grows the night,

Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH. *The Captivity*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

[Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,  
Adorns the wretch's way.

*Original MS.*]

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And looks around in fear and doubt.  
But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so cheering  
As that light which Heaven sheds.  
THOMAS MOORE. *I'd Mourn the Hopes.*

In man's most dark extremity  
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.  
SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles.* Canto i. St. 20.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Rainy Day.* Concluding lines.

*Pandulph.* Before the curing of a  
strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils that take  
leave,  
On their departure most of all shew  
evil.  
What have you lost by losing of this  
day?

*Lewis.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pandulph.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no, when Fortune means to men  
most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening  
eye.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 112.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the  
night?

MILTON. *Comus.* l. 221.

[Hence, probably, the phrase, "A cloud with a silver lining."]

Now let us thank the Eternal Power :  
convinced  
That Heaven but tries our virtue by  
affliction,—  
That oft the cloud which wraps the present  
hour  
Serves but to brighten all our future  
days.

JOHN BROWN. *Barbarossa.* Act v. Sc. 3.

*Biron.* How low so ever the matter,  
I hope in God for high words.

*Longaville.* A high hope for a low  
heaven<sup>1</sup>; God grant us patience!

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 193.

Be the day short or never so long,  
At length it ringeth to even song.

FOX. *Book of Martyrs.* Ch. vii.

[Quoted in this form at the Stake by  
George Tankerfield (1555).]

*Queen.* Cozening Hope,—he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands  
of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 69.

*L. Bard.* Who lined himself with  
hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself in project of a  
power

Much smaller than the smallest of his  
thoughts:

And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to  
death,

And, winking, leap'd into destruction.  
*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 27.

Hope is the fawning traitor of the  
mind, while under colour of friendship,  
it robs it of its chief force of resolution.  
SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia.* Bk. iii.

Far greater numbers have been lost by  
hopes,

Than all the magazines of daggers,  
ropes,

And other ammunitions of despair,  
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

BUTLER. *Miscellaneous Thoughts.* l. 483.

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our  
joy,

All present blessings treading under  
foot,

Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night vii.

<sup>1</sup> "Having" in the Folio. Some commentators suggest "hearing."

Be the day never so long,  
Evermore at last they ring to evensong.  
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbes*. Pt. ii. Ch. vii.

Worse than despair,  
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope.  
SHELLEY. *The Cenci*. Act v. Sc. 4.

*King Henry*. He that mounts him on  
the swiftest hope,  
Shall often run his courser to a stand.  
Richard III. (altered by COLLEY CIBBER).  
Act i. Sc. 1.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.  
HEBER. *On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope*.

Hope tells a flattering tale,  
Delusive, vain, and hollow.  
Ah! let not hope prevail,  
Lest disappointment follow.  
MISS — WROTHER. *The Universal Songster*.

Hope told a flattering tale,  
That Joy would soon return,  
Ah! naught my sighs avail,  
For Love is doomed to mourn.  
ANONYMOUS (air by Giovanni Paisiello,  
1741-1816). *Universal Songster*. Vol.  
i. p. 320.

'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;  
It pays our hopes with something still  
that's new.  
DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Hope humbly then; with trembling  
pinions soar;  
Wait the great teacher Death; and God  
adore.  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to  
know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing  
now,  
Hope springs eternal in the human  
breast;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy and confined, from  
home,  
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.  
POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 91.

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus  
unquam.

We are always beginning to live, but are  
never living.

MANILIUS. *Astronomica*. iv. 899.

Thus we never live, but we hope to live,  
and always disposing ourselves to be happy;  
it is inevitable that we never become so.  
PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. v. 2.

Hope, deceitful as it is, serves at least to  
lead us to the end of life along an agreeable  
road.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxims*. 168.

Like strength is felt from hope and  
from despair.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Ch. xv. l. 852.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 1.

None without hope e'er loved the  
brightest fair,

But love can hope, where reason would  
despair.

LORD LYTTLETON. *Epigram*.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.

GRAY. *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.  
St. 5.

To the last moment of his breath,

On hope the wretch relies;  
And even the pang preceding death  
Bids expectation rise.

GOLDSMITH. *The Captivity*. Act ii. l. 33.

[The wretch condemn'd with life to part

Still, still on hope relies;  
And every pang that rends the heart  
Bids expectation rise.

Original MS.]

The heart bowed down by weight of woe  
To weakest hope will cling.

ALFRED BUNN. *Song*.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance  
hail!

COLLINS. *The Passions*. l. 29.

Things past belong to memory alone;  
Things future are the property of hope.  
HOME. *Agis*. *Lysander*. Act ii.

Hope springs exulting on triumphant  
wing.

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. St.  
16.

Congential Hope! thy passion kindling  
power,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's un-  
troubled hour!

On yon proud height, with Genius hand  
in hand,  
I see thee light, and wave thy golden  
wand.

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i.  
l. 121.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden  
grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every  
woe.

*Ibid.* *The Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l. 45.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer in my  
mind,  
But leave,—oh! leave the light of Hope  
behind!

What though my winged hours of bliss  
have been,

Like angel-visits, few and far between.

*Ibid.* *The Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii. l. 375.  
(See under ANGELS.)

Every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual  
breath.

WORDSWORTH. Sonnet xx. *These Times*  
*Strike Monied Wordlings*.

But hope will make thee young, for  
Hope and Youth

Are children of one mother, even Love.  
SHELLEY. *Revolt of Islam*. Canto viii.  
St. 27.

And hope is brightest when it dawns  
from fears.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto iv. St. 1.

So, when dark thoughts my boding  
spirit shroud,

Sweet Hope! celestial influence round  
me shed,

Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.  
KEATS. *To Hope*. Concluding lines.

I hope, for hope hath happy place for  
me.

If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea.  
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. *A Poet's*  
*Hope*.

Oh never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar.  
BROWNING. *Waring*. St. 2.

Nor sink those stars in empty night;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.  
JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Friends*. Con-  
cluding lines.

Not in vain the distance beacons. For-  
ward, forward let us range.

Let the great world spin forever down  
the ringing grooves of change.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. St. 91.

Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall,

At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. liv.

Some novel power

Sprang up forever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too  
much

In watching thee from hour to hour.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. cxii.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,  
And to-day the hard peril and pain—  
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,  
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.  
Merciful Father, I will not complain,  
I know that the sunshine shall follow the  
rain.

JOAQUIN MILLER. *For Princess Maud*.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER. *Maud Muller*. Concluding  
lines.

'Tis always morning somewhere in  
the world.

R. H. HORNE. *Orion*. Bk. iii. Canto ii.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to  
shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Birds of Killingworth*.  
St. 16.

Ἐλπὶς ἐν ἀνθρώποις μόνη θεὸς ἐσθλὴ  
ἐνεστιν,

ἄλλοι δ' Οὐλύμπῶνδ' ἐκπρολιπόντες ἔβαν.

Alone 'mongst mortals dwelleth kindly  
Hope;

The other gods are to Olympus fled.

THEOGNIS. *Sententiae*. 1135.

When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the  
plain,  
Spring on the viewless winds to heaven  
again:

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i.  
l. 37.

*Claudio.* The miserable have no other  
medicine

But only hope:

I've only hope to live, and am prepared  
to die.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.*  
Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 2.

*Richmond.* True hope is swift, and  
flies with swallow's wings:

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creat-  
ures kings.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 23.

'Tis fate that flings the dice, and as she flings  
Of kings makes peasants, and of peasants  
kings.

DRYDEN. *Jupiter Cannot Alter the Decrees*  
*of Fate.*

So farewell hope, and, with hope, fare-  
well fear,

Farewell remorse: all good to me is  
lost.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 108.

Yet, where an equal poise of hope and  
fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

*Ibid.* *Comus.* l. 410.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. *The Mistress.* For  
*Hope.*

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.

Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the  
deceit;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will  
repay.

To-morrow's falser than the former  
day;

Lies worst, and while it says we shall  
be blest

With some new joys, cuts off what we  
possessed.

Strange cozenage! none would live past  
years again,

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet re-  
main;

And from the dregs of life think to re-  
ceive

What the first sprightly running could  
not give.

DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

## HORSE.

Hast thou given the horse strength?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with  
thunder?

*Old Testament.* Job xxxix. 19.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha,  
ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off,  
the thunder of the captains and the  
shouting.

*Ibid.* Job xxxix. 25.

*Dauphin.* I will not change my horse  
with any that treads but on four pas-  
terns. *Ca, ha!* he bounds from the  
earth, as if his entrails were hairs, *le*  
*cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les*  
*narines de feu!* When I bestride him,  
I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air;  
the earth sings when he touches it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act lii. Sc. 7.  
l. 11.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks  
shag and long,

Broad breast, full eye, small head, and  
nostril wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and  
passing strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,  
tender hide:

Look, what a horse should have he did  
not lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis.* l. 295.

*King Richard.* A horse! a horse! my  
kingdom for a horse.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 7.

*Imogen.* O for a horse with wings!

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 47.

Villain, a horse—Villain, I say, give me a  
horse to fly,

To swim the river, villain, and to fly.

GEORGE PEELE. *Battle of Alcazar.* Act  
v. l. 104.

*Richard.* Give me another horse: bind  
up my wounds.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act v. Sc.  
3. l. 177.

*Maria.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse  
of that color.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 181.

Better go on foot than ride and fall.

MIDDLETON. *Micro-Cynicon.* Satire v

## Behind her Death

Close following pace for pace, not  
mounted yet

On his pale horse.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. x. l. 588.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

HORACE and JAMES SMITH. *Rejected Ad-  
dresses*. *The Baby's Début*. St. 6.

The first favourite was never heard  
of, the second favourite was never seen  
after the distance post, all the ten-to-  
ners were in the rear, and a dark horse  
which had never been thought of, and  
which the careless St. James had never  
even observed in the list, rushed past  
the grand stand in sweeping triumph.

DISRAELI. *The Young Duke*. Bk. i. Ch. v.

*Nerissa*. First, there is the Neapolitan  
prince.

*Portia*. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for  
he doth nothing but talk of his horse;  
and he makes it a great appropriation  
to his own good parts, that he can shoe  
him himself. I am much afraid, my  
lady, his mother play'd false with a  
smith.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
i. Sc. 2. l. 35.

How can he get wisdom that holdeth the  
plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that  
driveth oxen, and is occupied in their  
labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?

*Apocrypha*. *Ecclesiasticus xxxviii*. 25.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall  
have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little  
dearer than his horse.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. St. 25.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to  
rack,

Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in  
sack;

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries, No  
words!

Or with his hound comes hallooing from  
the stable,

Makes love with nods and knees beneath a  
table;

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests  
are coarse,

And loves you best of all things—but his  
horse.

POPE. *Epistle to Miss Blount on Her Leav-  
ing Town*. l. 23.

## HOSPITALITY.

Χρῆ ξείνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ  
πεμπεῖν.

True friendship's laws are by this rule  
express,—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting  
guest.

HOMER. *Odyssey*, xv., Pope's trans., l.  
74 in Homer, l. 83 in Pope.

For I, who holds sage Homer's rule the best,  
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

POPE. *Imitation of Horace*. *Satire ii*.  
Bk. ii. l. 159.

*Ulysses*. Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by  
the hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would  
fly,

Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 165.

Verumque illud est quod dicitur,  
multos modios salis simul edendos esse,  
ut amicitiae munus expletum sit.

It is a true saying that we must eat  
many measures of salt together to be  
able to discharge the functions of friend-  
ship.

CICERO. *De Amicitia*. xix. 67.

Before you make a friend eat a bushel of  
salt with him.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba ma-  
gistri,

Quo me cunq̄e rapit tempestas, de-  
feror hospes.

Unforced to swear by the opinions of  
any master I present myself a guest at  
the door of any house to which the  
storm may carry me.

HORACE. *Epistles*. Bk. I. Ep. 1.

[Imitated by Pope:

Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;  
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,  
And house with Montaigne, and now with  
Locke.]

*Corin*. My master is of churlish dis-  
position,  
And little recks to find the way to  
heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 81.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste,

She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring

Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 331.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;

Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.

THOMAS O. DAVIS. *The Welcome*.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 123.

### HOUR.

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 24.

[Jaques' report of a conversation with Touchstone. See under MORTALITY.]

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

TENNYSON. *Circumstance*. l. 19.

*Banquo*. I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 26.

*Falstaff*. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 228.

*Theseus*. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;

Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost fairy time.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 370.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time

But from its loss; to give it then a tongue is wise in man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 55.

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,  
Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

BURNS. *Death and Dr. Hornbook*. Concluding lines.

All at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers.

One after one.

TENNYSON. *Godiva*. l. 73.

And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 66.

Die Uhr schlägt keinem Glücklichen.

The clock does not strike for the happy.

SCHILLER. *Piccolomini*. 3. 3.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

EMERSON. *Quatrains*. *Nature*.

### HUMILITY.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

*New Testament*. Luke xviii. 13.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

*Ibid.* Luke xiv. 11.

God hath sworn to lift on high Who sinks himself by true humility.

KEBLE. *Miscellaneous Poems*. *At Hooker's Tomb*.

None shall rule but the humble,

And none but Toil shall have.

EMERSON. *Boston Hymn*. 1863.

Rather to bowe than breke is profitable;  
Humylite is a thing commendable.

*The Morale Proverbs of Cristyne*. (Translated from the French (1390) by EARL RIVERS, and printed by CAXTON in 1478.)

*King*. His tongue obey'd his hand:  
and who below him

He used as creatures of another place:

And bow'd his eminent top to their low  
ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act i. Sc. 2. l. 43.

*Shylock*. Shall I bend low, and in a  
bondman's key

With bated breath and whispering hum-  
bleness.

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 118.

*Arthur*. Good my mother, peace:

I would that I were low-laid in my  
grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for  
me.

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 163.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none  
practise; and yet everybody is content  
to hear.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table-Talk*. *Humility*.

That very thing so many Christians want—  
Humility.

HOOD. *Ode to Rae Wilson*. l. 218.

To know

That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 192.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume Thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way!

POPE. *The Universal Prayer*. St. 7.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward  
shame,

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it  
Fame.

*Ibid*. *Epilogue to Satires*. Dialogue i.  
l. 136.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-  
house,

A cottage of gentility!

And the Devil did grin, for his darling  
sin

Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE. *Devil's Thoughts*. St. 6.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-  
house,—

A cottage of gentility;

And he owned with a grin,  
That his favourite sin  
Is pride that apes humility.

SOUTHEY. *The Devil's Walk*. St. 8.

They are proud in humility, proud in  
that they are not proud.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. ii.  
Sec. 2. Subsec. 14.

One may be humble out of pride.

MONTAIGNE. Bk. ii. Ch. xvii. *Of Pre-  
sumption*.

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than  
he."

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 10.

Soft is the music that would charm for-  
ever;

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and  
lowly.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet*. *Not Love, Not  
War*.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we  
stoop

Than when we soar.

*Ibid*. *The Excursion*. Bk. iii. l. 232.

Humility, that low, sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

MOORE. *Loves of the Angels*. *Third  
Angel's Story*. l. 171.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue,  
And he who goes the lowest builds the  
safest.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *Home*.

My favored temple is an humble heart.

*Ibid*. *Festus*. Sc. *Colonnade and Lawn*.

I am well aware that I am the  
'umblest person going . . . let the  
other be where he may.

DICKENS. *David Copperfield*. Vol. i.  
Ch. xvi.

'Umble we are, 'umble we have been,  
'umble we shall ever be.

*Ibid*. *David Copperfield*. Vol. i. Ch. xvii.

Ay, do despise me! I'm the prouder  
for it; I like to be despised.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *The Hypocrite*. Act  
v. Sc. 1.

## HUNTING.

*Theseus*. We will, fair queen, up to  
the mountain's top  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hippolyta.* I was with Hercules and  
Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I  
hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the  
groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region  
near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never  
heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 114.

*Duke Senior.* Come, shall we go and  
kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled  
fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert  
city,—  
Should, in their own confines, with  
forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 22.

*First Lord.* To the which place a poor  
sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a  
hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my  
lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such  
groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his  
leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round  
tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent  
nose  
In piteous chase.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 35.

*Hamlet.* Why, let the stricken deer go  
weep!  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 282.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
Long since: with many an arrow deep in-  
fixed  
My panting side was charged, when I with-  
drew  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iii. l. 108.

A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the  
hunter's dart.  
SHELLEY. *Adonais.* St. xxxiii.

Fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart,—he stands at bay:  
The big round tears run down his dappled  
face;  
He groans in anguish.  
THOMSON. *Autumn.* v. 451.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain  
A course, till tired before the dog she lay;  
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the  
plain,  
Past power to kill, as she to get away.  
With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his  
prey,  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she  
lies;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground  
away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching  
eyes.  
DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis.* l. 521.

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.  
POPE. *Windsor Forest.* l. 62.

He was a mighty hunter before the Lord;  
wherefore it is said, even as Nimrod the  
mighty hunter before the Lord.  
*Old Testament.* Genesis x. 9.

Hunting was the labor of the savages  
of North America, but the amusement  
of the gentlemen of England.  
JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana.*

The hunter and the deer a shade.  
PHILIP FRENEAU. *The Indian Burying-  
Ground.*

[Campbell appropriated this line in *O'Con-  
nor's Child*, St. 5.]

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn  
is breaking,  
The horn of the hunter is heard on the  
hill.  
ANNE CRAWFORD. *Kathleen Mavourneen.*

Though the fox he follows may be  
tamed,  
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed.  
COWPER. *Conversation.* l. 409.

## HUSBAND.

(See MARRIAGE; WIFE.)

*Katherine.* Thy husband is thy lord,  
thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares  
for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his  
body  
To painful labor, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day  
in cold,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure  
and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy  
hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*.  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 146.

*Katherine*. Such duty as the subject  
owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her hus-  
band ;  
And, when she's froward, peevish, sul-  
len, sour,  
And, not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving  
lord ?  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel  
for peace ;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and  
obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our  
hearts,  
Should well agree with our external  
parts ?  
*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Act v. Sc.  
2. l. 155.

*Luciana*. Men, more divine, the mas-  
ters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery  
seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and  
fowls,  
Are masters to their females and their  
lords.  
*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 20.

*Agrippa*. No worse a husband than  
the best of men.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc.  
2. l. 131.

And to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall  
rule.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. x. l. 195.

God is thy law, thou mine.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l.  
637.

The wife, where danger or dishonour  
lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband  
stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst  
endures.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 267.

With thee goes  
Thy husband, him to follow thou art  
bound ;  
Where he abides, think there thy native  
soil.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 290.

She who ne'er answers till a husband  
cools,  
Or if she rules him, never shows she  
rules.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. ii. l. 261.

The lover in the husband may be lost.  
LORD LYTTLETON. *Advice to a Lady*.  
And truant husband should return and  
say,  
"My dear, I was the first who came  
away."  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 141.

As the husband is the wife is ; thou art  
mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have  
weight to drag thee down.  
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. St. 24.

## HYPOCRISY.

(See APPEARANCE.)

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees,  
hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited  
sepulchres, which indeed appear beauti-  
ful outward, but are within full of dead  
men's bones, and of all uncleanness.  
*New Testament*. Matthew xxiii. 27.

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat  
and swallow a camel.  
*Ibid.* Matthew xxiii. 24.

To hold with the hare and run with  
the hound.  
JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. x.  
[An old proverb quoted also in Humphrey  
Robert's *Complaint for Reformation*, 1572 ;  
*Lily's Euphues*, 1579 (Arber's reprint), p. 107.]

O what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out  
thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every  
blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can  
see!

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet xciv.*

*Claudio.* O, what authority and show  
of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 36.

*Duchess.* Oh, that deceit should steal  
such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous vizard hide foule  
guile.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 27.

*Macbeth.* Away and mock the time  
with fairest show;  
False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7. l. 52.

*Bassanio.* There is no vice so simple,  
but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward  
parts.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 81.

*Antonio.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his pur-  
pose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 99.

*Gloster.* But then I sigh, and with a piece  
of Scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for  
evil;  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy  
writ:  
And seem a saint, when I most play the  
devil.

*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 334.

*Claudio.* The priestly Angelo!  
*Isabella.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In priestly garb.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 96.

*Duke.* O, what may man within him  
hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 285.

*Isabella.* This outward sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate  
word

Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth  
emmew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.  
*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 89.

*Luciana.* Apparel vice like virtue's  
harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart  
be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.  
*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 12.

*Lady Macbeth.* Your face, my Thane,  
is as a book, where men

May read strange matters.—To beguile  
the time,

Look like the time; bear Welcome in  
your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the  
innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 63.

*Juliet.* O serpent heart, hid with a  
flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening  
lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honorable villain!  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 73.

*Hamlet.* My tables,—meet it is I set  
it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be  
a villain;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Den-  
mark.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 107.

*Gloster.* Why, I can smile and murder  
while I smile

And cry content to that which grieves my  
heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears  
And frame my face to all occasions.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 182.

For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By His permissive will, through Heaven  
and Earth;  
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Sus-  
picion sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness  
thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 682.

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le  
vice rend à la vertu.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to  
virtue.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 218.

There is some virtue in almost every vice,  
except hypocrisy: and even that, while it  
is a mockery of virtue, is at the same time  
a compliment to it.

HAZLITT. *Characteristics*. No. 274.

Savoir dissimuler est le savoir des rois.

Dissimulation is the art of kings.

RICHELIEU. *Moraine*.

The rigid saint by whom no mercy's  
shown

To saints whose lives are better than his  
own.

CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*. l. 25.

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood  
In naked ugliness. He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in.

POLLOK. *Course of Time*. Bk. viii. l. 615.

*Iago*. Divinity of hell!

When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly  
shows.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 339.

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,  
Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colours hid be,  
Just for a screen.

BURNS. *Epistle to Rev. John M' Math*.  
St. 8.

With one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other took a shilling out.  
POLLOK. *Course of Time*. Bk. viii. l. 632.

A man may cry Church! Church! at  
ev'ry word,

With no more piety than other people—  
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.  
HOOD. *Ode to Rae-Wilson*. l. 171.

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be  
Not what you *seem* but always what you  
*see*.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xi. St. 86.

Oh, for a *forty-parson* power to chant  
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh, for a  
hymn

Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly  
vaunt,

Not practise!

*Ibid*. *Don Juan*. Canto x. St. 34.

Paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,  
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. iv. l. 131.

## IGNORANCE.

(See KNOWLEDGE.)

It is better to be unborn than un-  
taught: for ignorance is the root of mis-  
fortune.

PLATO.

A chyld were beter to be unborne, than to  
be untaught.

SYMON. *Lessons of Wysedome for All  
Maner Chyldryn*. ii.

Better unborn than untaught.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. x.

A man without knowledge, and I have read,  
May well be compared to one that is dead.

THOMAS INGELEND. *The Disobedient  
Child*.

(See under EDUCATION.)

*Say*. Ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly  
to heaven.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI*. Act iv.  
Sc. 7. l. 78.

*Clown*. Madam, thou errest: I say,  
there is no darkness but ignorance; in  
which thou art more puzzled, than the  
Egyptians in their fog.

*Ibid*. *Twelfth Night*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 44.

*Holofernes*. O thou monster, Igno-  
rance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 21.

*King* (reads) —“That unletter'd  
small-knowing soul.”

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 253.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *To a Person Newly Con-  
verted to the Church of England*. 1657.

For your ignorance is the mother of your  
devotion to me.

DRYDEN. *The Maiden Queen*. Act i. Sc. 2.

For “ignorance is the mother of devo-  
tion,” as all the world knows.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 4. Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.

By ignorance we know not things  
necessary; by error we know them  
falsely.

*Ibid.* *Anatomy of Melancholy: Democ-  
ritus to the Reader*.

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their  
wants may view,

The learned reflect on what before they  
knew.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. l. 180.

[President Henault, of the French Acad-  
emy, turned this couplet into a very neat  
Latin line:

Indocti discant, et ament meminisse  
periti.

*Abrégé Chronologique*. 1749.]

Unlearned men of books assume the  
care,

As eunuchs are the guardians of the  
fair.

YOUNG. *Satire* ii. l. 83.

He that voluntarily continues in igno-  
rance, is guilty of all the crimes which  
ignorance produces.

DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mr. W. Drum-  
mond*. 13th August, 1766.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er  
unroll;

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the  
soul.

GRAY. *Elegy*. St. 13.

Rich with the spoils of nature.

SIR T. BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Pt. i.  
Sec. 13.

Yet, ah, why should they know their  
fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?  
Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more;—where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY. *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton  
College*. Concluding lines.

In much wisdom is much grief; and he  
that increaseth knowledge increaseth sor-  
row.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes i. 18.

But ask not bodies (doomed to die),

To what abode they go;

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.

DAVENANT. *The Just Italian*. Act v. Sc.  
1. *Song*.

The fool is happy that he knows no more.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 264.

Better be happie than wise.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. vi.

If we see right, we see our woes;

Then what avails it to have eyes?

From ignorance our comfort flows:

The only wretched are the wise.

PRIOR. *Epistle to the Hon. Chas. Montague*.  
St. 9.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge  
leads to woe.

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel*. Bk. ii. St. 30.

Grief should be the instructor of the wise;  
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the  
most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON. *Manfred*. Act i. Sc. 1.

A sadder and a wiser man

He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Con-  
cluding lines.

It was a childish ignorance,

But now 'tis little joy,

To know I'm further off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

HOOD. *I Remember*. Concluding lines.

Ignorance is not innocence but sin.

R. BROWNING. *The Inn Album*. St. v.

## ILLUSION.

*Antipholus of Syracuse*. And here we  
wander in illusions;

Some blessed power deliver us from  
hence!

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act  
iv. Sc. 3. l. 42.

*Hippolyta*. This is the silliest stuff  
that e'er I heard.

*Theseus*. The best in this kind are but

shadows ; and the worst are no worse if  
imagination amend them.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 214.

Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a  
breath,  
And life an ill whose only cure is death.  
PRIOR. *Epistle to Dr. Sherlock*. l. 26.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with  
the view,  
That, like the circle bounding earth and  
skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 25.

"Did you ever taste orange-peel and  
water?"

Mr. Swiveller replied that he had  
never tasted that ardent liquor. . . .

"If you make believe very much, it's  
quite nice," said the small servant, "but  
if you don't, you know, it seems as if it  
would bear a little more seasoning, cer-  
tainly."

DICKENS. *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Ch. 64.

What youth deemed crystal, age finds  
out was dew,  
Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon  
quick dried,  
While youth bent gazing at its red and  
blue,  
Supposed perennial, — never dreamed the  
sun  
Which kindled the display would quench  
it too.

R. BROWNING. *Jocoseria, Jochanan Hak-  
kedosh*.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word  
that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where  
the anchor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what  
the world calls illusions.  
LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline*. Pt. ii. Canto  
ii. l. 112.

### IMAGINATION.

*Theseus*. The lunatic, the lover, and  
the poet  
Are of imagination all compact :

One sees more devils than vast hell can  
hold,

That is, the madman : the lover, all as  
frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of  
Egypt :

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
earth to heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's  
pen

Turns them to shape, and gives to airy  
nothing

A local habitation and a name.  
SHAKESPEARE. *A Midsummer Night's  
Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 7.

*Theseus*. Such tricks hath strong  
imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some  
joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that  
joy ;

Or in the night imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

*Ibid.* *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 18.

*Bolingbroke*. O, who can hold a fire  
in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast ?  
Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the  
worse :

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle  
more

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the  
sore.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 295.

*King Henry*. Oh ! who can hold a fire in  
his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
Or wallow naked in December's snow,  
By bare remembrance of the summer's  
heat ?

*Richard III*. *Altered* by COLLEY CIBBER.  
Act i. Sc. 1.

*Hamlet*. And my imaginations are as  
foul

As Vulcan's stithy.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 88.

Don't let us make imaginary evils,  
when you know we have so many real  
ones to encounter.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*. Act  
i. Sc. 1.

The surest road to health, say what they  
will,

Is never to suppose we shall be ill.

Most of those evils we poor mortals  
know,

From doctors and imagination flow.

CHURCHILL. *Night*. 1. 69.

The gloomy comparisons of a dis-  
turbed imagination, the melancholy  
madness of poetry without the inspira-  
tion.

LETTERS of JUNIUS. Letter vii. *To Sir W.*  
*Draper*.

It has all the contortions of the sibyl  
without the inspiration.

EDMUND BURKE. *Prior's Life*.

(See under JOHNSON, SAMUEL.)

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,  
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

MARK AKENSIDE. *The Virtuoso*. St. 10.  
Concluding lines.

But thou, who didst appear so fair

To fond imagination,

Didst rival in the light of day

Her delicate creation.

WORDSWORTH. *Yarrow Visited*. St. 6.

Never yet was shape so dread,

But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,

And by such sounds of horror fed,

Could frame more dreadful of her own.

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. vii.

When I could not sleep for cold

I had fire enough in my brain,

And builded with roofs of gold

My beautiful castles in Spain.

LOWELL. *Aladdin*. St. 1.

[Castle in the air, visionary project or  
scheme, day dream, idle fancy. Common  
since 1575, varied occasionally with castle  
in the skies and the like; castle in Spain=  
Fr. château au Espagno, is found 1400-1600,  
and occasionally as a Gallicism in modern  
writers.

MURRAY. *New English Dictionary*.]

Thou shalt make castles thanne in Spayne,  
And dreme of joye, alle but in vayne.

UNKNOWN. *Romaunt of the Rose*. 1. 2573.

## IMMORTALITY.

'Tis true; 'tis certain; man though dead  
retains

Part of himself; the immortal mind  
remains.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xxiii. l. 122. (POPE,  
trans.)

Non omnis moriar, multaue pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam.

I shall not wholly die; large residue

Shall 'scape the queen of funerals.

HORACE. *Odes*. iii. 30, 6. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses  
are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the  
tomb.

BEATTIE. *The Hermit*. St. 6. Conclud-  
ing lines.

One short sleep past we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more. Death,  
thou shalt die.

DONNE. *Sonnet*. xvii.

'Tis immortality to die aspiring,

As if a man were taken quick to heaven.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Byron's Conspiracy*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 254.

*Northumberland*. Even through the  
hollow eyes of death

I spy life appearing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. l. 270.

There is nothing strictly immortal  
but immortality. Whatever hath no  
beginning may be confident of no end,  
which is the peculiar of that necessary  
essence that cannot destroy itself; and  
the highest strain of omnipotency, to be  
so powerfully constituted as not to suffer  
even from the power of itself; all others  
have a dependent being, and within the  
reach of destruction.

SIR T. BROWNE. *Hydriotaphia. Urn*  
*Burial*. Ch. 5.

But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

HENRY VAUGHAN. *The Retreat*.

They eat, they drink, and in communion  
sweet

Quaff immortality and joy.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 637.

By labour and intent study (which I  
take to be my portion in this life),  
joined with the strong propensity of

nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die.

MILTON. *The Reason of Church Government. Introduction.* Bk. ii.

*Cato.* It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1.

*Cato.* I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.  
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me:  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

*Ibid.* *Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance, and flourishing in an immortal youth.

ISAAC BARROW. *Thanksgiving. Works.* Vol. i.

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!  
Morn without eve! A race without a goal!  
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!

Futurity forever future! Life  
Beginning still, where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a Deity!  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night vi. l. 542.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?  
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

*This* is a miracle, and *that* no more.  
*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts.* Night vii. l. 1396.

One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.  
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris.*  
Concluding lines.

He ne'er is crown'd  
With immortality, who fears to follow  
Where airy voices lead.  
KEATS. *Endymion.* Bk. ii. l. 211.

When the good man yields his breath  
(For the good man never dies).  
MONTGOMERY. *The Wanderer of Switzerland.* Pt. v. St. 1.

A good man never dies.  
CALLIMACHUS. *Epigrams.* x.

Great spirits never with their bodies die.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 549. *Great Spirits*  
*Supervive.*

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:  
Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this:  
I am not the thing you kiss.  
Cease your tears and let it lie;  
It was mine—it is not I.  
EDWIN ARNOLD. *He Who Died at Azan.*

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.  
LONGFELLOW. *Resignation.* St. 7.

Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither.  
WORDSWORTH. *Ode on the Intimation of*  
*Immortality.* St. 9.

And then he thinks he knows  
The Hills where his life rose,  
And the Sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life.*

Fool! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God  
stand sure:

What entered into thee,  
*That was, is, and shall be:*  
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter  
and clay endure.

BROWNING. *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

I swear I think there is nothing but  
immortality.

WALT WHITMAN. *To Think of Time.*

It is but crossing with a bated breath,  
A white, set face, a little strip of sea—  
To find the loved one waiting on the  
shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than be-  
fore.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[These lines were inscribed upon a wreath  
sent by the Princess of Wales (now Queen  
Alexandra) to be laid on the coffin of Mrs.  
William Ewart Gladstone, in June, 1900.]

### IMPOSSIBLE.

A cœur vaillant rien d'impossible.

Nothing is impossible to a valiant  
heart.

*Motto of JEANNE D'ALBRET of Navarre,  
mother of Henry IV., and adopted by  
him as his own devise.*

Impossible is a word I never use.

COLIN A'HARLEY. *Malice Pour Malice.*  
i. 8.

Impossible is not a French word.

*Ascribed to NAPOLEON I.*

Hope not for impossibilities.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States.*  
Maxim i.

Few things are impossible to diligence  
and skill.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Rasselas.* Ch. xii.

And what's impossible, can't be,  
And never, never comes to pass.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *The  
Maid of the Moor.*

It is not a lucky word, this same im-  
possible; no good comes of those that  
have it so often in their mouth.

CARLYLE. *French Revolution.* Pt. iii.  
Bk. iii. Ch. x.

### INCOMPLETENESS.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

LONGFELLOW. *Something Left Undone.*

Something there was in her life incom-  
plete, imperfect, unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its  
music and sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fad-  
ing, slowly descended

Into the east again, from whence it late  
had arisen.

*Ibid.* *Evangeline.* Pt. ii. St. 1. l. 24.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,

Which at its topmost speed let fall the  
pen,

And left the tale half told,

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic  
power,

And the lost clew regain?

The unfinished window in Aladdin's  
tower

Unfinished must remain!

*Ibid.* *Hawthorne.* Concluding lines.

Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incom-  
plete!

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book.*  
xi. l. 1560.

O me! for why all around us here

As if some lesser God had made the  
world,

But had not force to shape it as he  
would?

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur.* l. 13.

### INCONSISTENCY.

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the  
wise;

The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the  
gout;

Alone, in company; in place, or out;

Early at business, and at hazard late;

Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;

Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;

Friendly at Hackney, faithless at White-  
hall!

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a  
knave,  
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no  
doubt,  
A rogue with venison to a saint without.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 69.

Not always actions show the man; we  
find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore  
kind.  
*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 109.  
(See under APPEARANCE.)

With that dull, rooted, callous impu-  
dence  
Which dead to shame, and every nicer  
sense,  
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's  
snares,  
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.  
CHURCHILL. *Rosciad*. l. 135.

## INCONSTANCY.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not  
excel.  
*Old Testament*. Genesis xlix. 4.

Carried about with every wind of  
doctrine.  
*New Testament*. Ephesians iv. 14.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown  
to and fro as this multitude?  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iv.  
Sc. 8. l. 57.

Blown about with every wind of criticism.  
DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Ch. x. 1784.  
I am the very slave of circumstance  
And impulse,—borne away with every  
breath!  
BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

It's gude to be merry and wise,  
It's gude to be honest and true,  
And afore you're off wi' the auld love  
It's best to be on wi' the new.  
Old Scotch Song. *It's Gude to be Merry  
and Wise*.

'Tis well to be merry and wise,  
'Tis well to be honest and true;  
'Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.  
MATURIN. *Bertram Motto*.

My merry, merry, merry roundelay  
Concludes with Cupid's curse:  
They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods, they change for worse!  
GEORGE PEELE. *Cupid's Curse*.

*Juliet*. O, swear not by the moon, the  
inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled  
orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise vari-  
able.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 109.

*Posthumus*. They are not constant, but  
are changing still.  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 30.

*Lucius*. Briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls  
and boys.  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 106.

*Balthasar*. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh  
no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never.  
*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 64. See also THOMAS PERCY.  
*The Friar of Orders Gray*.

Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm  
a gay deceiver."  
GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Unfor-  
tunate Miss Bailey*.

Ladies, like variegated tulips show;  
'Tis to their changes half their charms  
they owe;  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy spots the nice admirer  
take.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. l. 41.

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades!—"How charming  
is a park!"  
A park is purchased, but the fair he  
sees  
All bathed in tears—"O odious, odious  
trees!"  
*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. l. 37.

Yet do not my folly reprove;  
She was fair—and my passion begun;  
She smiled—and I could not but love;  
She is faithless—and I am undone.  
SHENSTONE. *Pastoral Ballad*. Pt. iv.  
l. 5.

There are three things a wise man will  
not trust,—  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted faith. I have  
beheld

The weathercock upon the steeple-point  
Steady from morn till eve; and I have  
seen

The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
Secure the sunshine will not end in  
showers;

But when was woman true?

SOUTHEY. *Madoc in Azlan*. Pt. ii. *The Tidings*. l. 51.

Woman's love is but a blast,  
And turneth like the wind.

SIR T. WYATT. *The Careful Love Complaineth*.

He waters, plows, and soweth in the sand,  
And hopes the flick'ring wind with net to  
hold,  
Who hath his hopes laid upon woman's  
hand.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. ii. *Eclogues*,  
*Geron and Philisides*.

Woman! thy vows are traced in sand.

BYRON. *Hours of Idleness, To Woman*.  
Concluding lines.

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Betrothed*. *Song*.  
Ch. xx.

## INDEPENDENCE.

*Banquo*. Speak then to me, who neither  
beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 60.

The man who by his labour gets  
His bread, in independent state,  
Who never begs, and seldom eats,  
Himself can fix or change his fate.

PRIOR. *The Old Gentry*. St. 5.

All we ask is to be let alone.

JEFFERSON DAVIS. *First Message to the Confederate Congress*. April 29, 1861.

Hail! Independence hail! heaven's next  
best gift,

To that of life and an immortal soul!

The life of life! that to the banquet high  
And sober meal gives taste; to the  
bow'd roof

Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage  
charms.

THOMSON. *Liberty*. Pt. v. l. 124.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,

Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

Nor heed the storm that howls along  
the sky.

SMOLLETT. *Ode to Independence*.

But while

I breathe Heaven's air, and Heaven  
looks down on me,

And smiles at my best meanings, I re-  
main

Mistress of mine own self and mine own  
soul.

TENNYSON. *The Foresters*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

When in the course of human events,  
it becomes necessary for one people to  
dissolve the political bands which have  
connected them with another, and to  
assume among the powers of the earth  
the separate and equal station to which  
the laws of nature and of nature's God  
entitle them, a decent respect to the  
opinions of mankind requires that they  
should declare the causes which impel  
them to the separation.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Declaration of Inde-  
pendence*.

Its constitution the glittering and  
sounding generalities of natural right  
which make up the Declaration of Inde-  
pendence.

R. CHOATE. *Letter to the Maine Whig  
Committee*. 1856.

Yesterday the greatest question was  
decided which ever was debated in  
America; and a greater perhaps never  
was, nor will be, decided among men.  
A resolution was passed without one  
dissenting colony, that those United  
Colonies are, and of right ought to be,  
free and independent States.

JOHN ADAMS. *Letter to Mrs. Adams*.  
July 3, 1776.

The second day of July, 1776, will be  
the most memorable epocha in the his-  
tory of America. I am apt to believe  
that it will be celebrated by succeeding  
generations as the great anniversary  
festival. It ought to be commemorated  
as the day of deliverance, by solemn  
acts of devotion to God Almighty. It  
ought to be solemnized with pomp and  
parade, with shows, games, sports, guns,  
bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from  
one end of this continent to the other,  
from this time forward for evermore.

*Ibid.* *Letter to Mrs. Adams*. July 3, 1776.

On the day of his (John Adams') death,  
hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he  
asked the occasion. On being reminded

that it was "Independent Day," he replied, "Independence forever."

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Works*. Vol. i.

It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independence now and Independence forever.

*Ibid.* *Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*. August 2, 1826.

Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. *Hail, Columbia!*

## INDEX.

An index is a necessary *implement*, and no *impediment*, of a book, except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed *impediments*. Without this a large author is but a labyrinth without a clew to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning, which is only *indical*; where scholars (like adders which only bite the horse heels) nibble but at the tables, which are called *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But, though the idle deserve no crutches (let not a staff be used *by* them, but *on* them), pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to condemn it.

THOMAS FULLER. *History of the Worthies of England*. Norfolk. *Writers*. Alan of Llyn.

The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as men do lords,—learn their titles exactly and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is, indeed, the choicer, the profounder and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms, therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. . . . For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern

fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labor is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

SWIFT. *A Tale of a Tub*. *A Digression in Praise of Digressions*.

Index-learning turns no student pale,  
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 279.

So essential did I consider an index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book without an index of the privilege of copyright, and, moreover, to subject him for his offence to a pecuniary penalty.

LORD CAMPBELL. *Lives of the Chief Justices of England*. Vol. iii. *Preface*.

## INDIAN.

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 99.

Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;  
But all uncultivated lay  
Out of the solar walk and heaven's highway.  
DRYDEN. *Threnodia Augustatis*. Canto xii. l. 351.

As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:  
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:  
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,  
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook  
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—  
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

CAMPBELL. *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Pt. i. St. 23.

Wild roved an Indian girl,

Bright Alfarata,

Where sweep the waters

Of the blue Juniata.

Swift as an antelope,

Through the forest going,

Loose were her jetty locks

In waving tresses flowing.

MRS. MARION DIX SULLIVAN. *The Blue Juniata*.

### INDOLENCE.

Why stand ye here all the day idle ?

*New Testament. Matthew xx. 6.*

I live an idle burden to the ground.

HOMER. *Iliad. Bk. xviii. l. 134.* (POPE, trans.)

Olim nescio, quid sit otium, quid  
quies, quid denique illud iners quidem,  
jucundum tamen, nihil agere, nihil esse.

For some time past I have not known  
the meaning of leisure, of repose, of that  
indolent yet delightful doing nothing,  
being nothing.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Epistolæ. viii. 9.*

[The possible original of the pseudo-Italian phrase, "Dolce far' niente"—i. e., the sweet do-nothing.]

Eschewe the ydle life,

Flee, flee from doing nought :

For never was there ydle braine

But bred an ydle thought.

G. TUBERVILLE. *The Love to Cupid for Mercie. cix.*

*Prince Henry. The unyoked humour  
of your idleness.*

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 220.*

*Hamlet. What is a man;*

If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed ? A beast, no  
more.

Sure, He, that made us with such large  
discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unused.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 34.*

For idleness is an appendix to nobility.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt. i. Sec. 2. Memb. 2. Subsec. 6.*

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel. Pt. i. l. 168.*

Narcissus is the glory of his race ;

For who does nothing with a better  
grace !

YOUNG. *Love of Fame. Sat. iv. l. 85.*

For sluggard's brow the laurel never  
grows ;

Renown is not the child of indolent  
repose.

THOMSON. *The Castle of Indolence. Canto ii. St. 50.*

A pleasing land of drowsyshead it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-  
shut eye ;

And of gay castles in the clouds that  
pass,

Forever flushing round a summer sky :  
There eke the soft delights that witch-  
ingly

Instil a wanton sweetness through the  
breast,

And the calm pleasures always hover'd  
nigh ;

But whate'er smack'd of noyance or  
unrest

Was far, far off expell'd from this de-  
licious nest.

*Ibid. The Castle of Indolence. Canto. i. St. 6.*

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seem'd always afternoon,  
All round the coast the languid air did  
swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender  
stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause, and pause  
and fall did seem.

TENNYSON. *The Lotus-eaters. l. 3.*

Their only labor was to kill the time

(And labor dire it is and weary woe.)

They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle  
rhyme,

Then, rising sudden, to the glass they  
go

Or saunter forth with tottering step  
and slow.

THOMSON. *Castle of Indolence. Canto i. St. 72.*

In lazy apathy let stoics boast

Their virtues fixed: 'tis fixed as in a frost ;  
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;  
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

POPE. *Essay on Man. Epistle ii. l. 101.*

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess

The pains and penalties of idleness.

*Ibid. The Dunciad. Bk. iv. l. 342.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find  
 Are rapture to the dreary void,  
 The leafless desert of the mind,  
 The waste of feelings unemployed.  
 BYRON. *Giaour*. l. 957.

The gloomy calm of idle vacancy.  
 JOHNSON. *Letter to Boswell*. December  
 8, 1763.

In indolent vacuity of thought.  
 COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. l. 297.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use,—  
 As tho' to breathe were life!  
 TENNYSON. *Ulysses*. l. 22.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard  
 him complain,  
 "You have wak'd me too soon, I must  
 slumber again."  
 ISAAC WATTS. *The Sluggard*.

In works of labor, or of skill,  
 I would be busy too,  
 For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.  
*Ibid.* *Hymns*. No. xx. *Against Idleness  
 and Mischief*.

Was sluggish idleness, the nurse of sin.  
 SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto  
 iv. St. 18.  
 (See under DEVIL.)

An idler is a watch that wants both  
 hands;  
 As useless if it goes as when it stands.  
 COWPER. *Retirement*. l. 681.

Absence of occupation is not rest,  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind dis-  
 tress'd.  
*Ibid.* *Retirement*. l. 623.

How various his employments whom  
 the world  
 Calls idle; and who justly in return  
 Esteems that busy world an idler too!  
*Ibid.* *The Task*. Bk. iii. *The Garden*.  
 l. 342.

Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
 GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 256.

Of other tyrants short the strife,  
 But Indolence is King for life.  
 HANNAH MORE. *Florio*. Pt. i.

The Commons, faithful to their system,  
 remained in a wise and masterly in-  
 activity.  
 SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. *Vindiciæ Gal-  
 licæ*.

Disciplined inaction.  
*Ibid.* *Causes of the Revolution of 1688*.  
 Ch. vii.

INGRATITUDE.

*Lear*. Ingratitude, thou marble-  
 hearted fiend!

More hideous when thou show'st thee  
 in a child

Than the sea-monster!  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 281.

*Lear*. How sharper than a serpent's  
 tooth it is

To have a thankless child!  
*Ibid.* *Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 310.

That man may last, but never lives  
 Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
 Whom none can love, whom none can  
 thank,  
 Creation's blot, creation's blank!  
 THOMAS GIBBONS. *When Jesus Dwelt*.

A man is very apt to complain of the  
 ingratitude of those who have risen far  
 above him.  
 SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Ch.  
 iv. 176.

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but  
 one,  
 All other crimes may pass for virtue in  
 him.  
 YOUNG. *Busiris*.

INJUSTICE.

Injustice swift, erect and unconfin'd,  
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples  
 o'er mankind.  
 HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. ix. l. 628. (POPE,  
 trans.)

A good man should and must  
 Sit rather down with loss, than rise  
 unjust.  
 BEN JONSON. *Sejanus*. Act iv. Sc. 3.

*Hero*. Why, you speak truth: I never  
 yet saw man,  
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely  
 featured,  
 But she would spell him backward: if  
 fair fac'd,  
 She would swear the gentleman should  
 be her sister;  
 If black, why nature, drawing of an  
 antique,  
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance, ill  
 headed;  
 If low, an agate very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;

And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 59.

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 112.

### INN.

*Falstaff*. Shall I not take mine ease  
at mine inn ?

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3. l. 93.

These great rich men take their ease i'  
their inn.

MIDDLETON. *The World Tost at Tennis*.

There is no private house in which people  
can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital  
tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty  
of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever  
so much elegance, ever so much desire that  
everybody should be easy, in the nature of  
things it cannot be: there must always  
be some degree of care and anxiety. . . .  
There is nothing which has yet been con-  
trived by man, by which so much happiness  
is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. March  
21, 1776.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

SHENSTONE. *Written on a Window of an  
Inn*.

[The inn was at Henley. It is interesting  
to note that Johnson and Böswell slept on  
the night of March 21, 1776, at this inn.]

He who has not been at a tavern knows  
not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern!  
O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no  
carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor  
pain; and miraculous, because of the spits,  
which of themselves turn round and round !

ARETINO. (Quoted by Longfellow in  
*Hyperton*.) Bk. iii. Ch. ii.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we  
tend ;

The world's an inn, and death the jour-  
ney's end.

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*. Bk. iii.  
l. 887.

[Palamon and Arcite is one of Dryden's  
modernized paraphrases from *The Canterbury*

*Tales*. The corresponding lines in Chaucer  
are as follows :

This world nys but a thurghfare ful of wo,  
And we been pilgrymes passynge to and fro.  
Death is an end of every worldly soore.]

Our life is nothing but a winter's day :  
Some only break their fast, and so away :  
Others stay dinner and depart full-fed :  
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed :  
He's most in debt that lingers out the day :  
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.  
FRANCIS QUARLES. *Divine Fancies*.

For the world I count it not an inn, but  
an hospital, and a place not to live, but to  
die in.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

He (Archbishop Leighton) used often to  
say that if he were to choose a place to die  
in, it should be an inn; it looking like a  
pilgrim's going home, to whom this world  
was all as an inn, and who was weary with  
the noise and confusion in it. . . . And he  
obtained what he desired, for he died at the  
Bell Inn in Warwick Lane.

GILBERT BURNET. *History of My Own  
Times*.

Born for a very brief space of time, we  
regard this life as an inn which we are soon  
to quit that it may be made ready for the  
coming guest.

SENECA. *Minor Dialogues*. Bk. vi. *Of  
Consolation*. Ch. xxi. (STEWART,  
trans.)

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's  
o'er,

The dreadful reckoning; and men smile  
no more.

JOHN GAY. *The What D'Ye Call It?*  
Act ii. Sc. 9.

Reckoners without their host must reckon  
twice.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. viii.

He reckoneth without his Hostesse. Love  
knoweth no laws.

JOHN LYLY. *Euphuus*. p. 84.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on  
high,

Where once the sign-post caught the  
passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown  
draughts inspired,

Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil  
retired,

Where village statesmen talk'd with  
looks profound,

And news much older than their ale  
went round.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 219.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

KEATS *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.*

Would you have each blessing full,  
 Hither fly and live with Bull,  
 Feast for body, feast for mind,  
 Best of welcome, taste refin'd,  
 Bull does nothing here by halves,  
 All other landlords are but calves.

LORD ERSKINE. *Notes and Queries.* September 8, 1866.

### INNOCENCE.

*Polixenes.* We were as twinn'd lambs  
 that did frisk i' the sun,  
 And bleat the one at the other; what  
 we chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew  
 not

The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
 That any did.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 67.

*Macbeth.* Be innocent of the knowl-  
 edge, dearest chuck,  
 Till thou applaud the deed.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 45.

What can innocence hope for,  
 When such as sit her judges are cor-  
 rupted!

MASSINGER. *Maid of Honor.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Her wit was more than man, her in-  
 nocence a child.

DRYDEN. *Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew.* l. 70.  
 (See under JOHN GAY.)

There is no courage but in innocence;  
 No constancy but in an honest cause.

SOUTHERN. *The Fate of Capua.*

To dread no eye, and to suspect no  
 tongue, is the greatest prerogative of in-  
 nocence: an exemption granted only to  
 invariable virtue.

DR. JOHNSON. *The Rambler.* No. 68.

Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though  
 free:

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;  
 Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

JAMES BEATTIE. *The Minstrel.* Bk. 1.  
 St. 11.

O Mirth and Innocence! O milk and  
 water!

Ye happy mixtures of more happy days.

BYRON. *Beppo.* St. 80.

Calmness is not

Always the attribute of innocence.

*Ibid.* *Werner.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind  
 A thing most sacred in the eye of  
 Heaven.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. 6. l. 177.

Innocence and youth should ever be  
 unsuspecting.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations.* Beni-  
 owski and Aphanasia.

Innocence is as an armed heel  
 To trample accusation.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci.* Act iv. Sc. iv.

O, white innocence.

That thou shouldst wear the mask of  
 guilt to hide

Thine awful and serenest countenance  
 From those who know thee not!

*Ibid.* *The Cenci.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 24.

### INQUISITIVENESS.

No state sorrier than that of the man  
 who keeps up a continual round, and  
 pries into "the secrets of the nether  
 world," as saith the poet, and is curious  
 in conjecture of what is in his neigh-  
 bour's heart.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* ii. 13.

*Buckingham.* The Devil speed him,  
 no man's pie is freed  
 From his ambitious finger.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc.  
 1. l. 52.

[Possibly the origin of the proverbial  
 phrase, "He would have a finger in every  
 man's pie."]

*Tamora.* Sancy controller of my pri-  
 vate steps!

Had I the power that, some say, Dian  
 had,

Thy temples should be planted presently  
 With horns, as were Actæon's; and the  
 hounds

Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 64.

I hope I don't intrude.

JOHN POOLE. *Paul Pry*.

[An apology ever on the lips of the inquisitive and intrusive Paul Pry, especially in his most intrusive moments. The same phrase, used under similar circumstances but without similar iteration, may be found in the anonymous comedy of *The Maid of the Oaks*, Act ii.]

### INSANITY.

Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

Whom God will ruin He first deprives of his senses.

UNKNOWN.

[This Latin line was found on the table of a gentleman of fashion, Sir D. O.—his full name is not recorded—who committed suicide about the middle of the eighteenth century. He had scribbled the words on a scrap of paper, probably as an explanation of his action. Some years afterward Boswell, who, like his friend, Dr. Johnson, had been anxious to trace the quotation to its source, was informed that a Mr. Pitts had found it among the fragments of Euripides. Mr. Pitts, presumably on hoaxing bent, sent Boswell what purported to be the original Greek, saying that he had taken it from Barnes' edition of Euripides:]

Whom God wishes to destroy he first phrenzies.

No such line is to be found among the *Fragments* of Euripides. Pitts had evidently concocted the Greek out of the Latin. Yet, after all, the line was no doubt based on one of the *Fragments*, which runs thus:

\*Οταν δ' ὁ δαίμων ἀνδρὶ πορνήν κακὰ τὸν νοῦν ἐβλαψε πρῶτον, ὧ βουλεύεται.

But when Divine Power plans evils for a man it first injures his mind.

*The Scholiast on Sophocles: Antigone*. 620.

This was, no doubt, what the suicide had in memory. The Latin version, or rather paraphrase, was his own, and so this poor suicide became the author of a quotation which was to prove one of the most famous in the world.]

\*Οταν γὰρ ὀργὴ δαιμόνων βλάπτῃ τινὰ, τοῦτ' αὐτὸ πρῶτον ἐξαφαιρέται φρενῶν τὸν νοῦν τὸν ἐσθλόν, εἰς δὲ τὴν χειρὸν τρέπει γνώμην, ἵν' εἰδῆ μηδὲν ὦν ἀμαρτάνει.

When falls on man the anger of the gods, First from his mind they banish understanding,

And make the better judgment seem the worse,  
So that he may not know wherein he errs.  
LYCURGUS. *In Leocratem*. 92. (Cap. xxi.).  
(Quoted as "from one of the old poets.")

Stultum facit fortuna quem vult perdere.  
Fortune makes him a fool whom she desires to ruin.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 479.

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,  
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.  
DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt. iii. l. 1094.

Hei mihi, insanire me aiunt, ultro cum ipsi insaniunt.

Woe is me, they call me insane when they themselves are insane.

PLAUTUS MENECHMI. v. 2.

A Mad World, my Masters.

[A proverbial phrase of unknown origin which Middleton took as the title of one of his plays (1608). Over forty years later (1649) John Taylor, the water poet, wrote these lines:]

'Tis a mad world (my masters) and in sadness

I travail'd madly in these dayes of madnes.  
JOHN TAYLOR. *Wandering to See the Wonders of the West*.]

Polonius. Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 208.

Ac si

Insanire parēt certā ratione modoque.

He would try to be mad with a certain reason and method.

HORACE. *Satires*. Bk. ii. Sat. 3. l. 270.

*Hamlet*. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 395.

*Ophelia*. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign  
reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and  
harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of  
blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 158.

*King*. Madness in great ones must not  
unwatch'd go.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 189.

*Hamlet*. My pulse, as yours, doth tem-  
p'rately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not  
madness,  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which  
madness  
Would gambol from.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 140.

*Banquo*. Were such things here as we  
do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 83.

*Macbeth*. How does your patient,  
Doctor?

*Doctor*. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming  
fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macbeth*. Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind dis-  
eas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the  
brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that peril-  
ous matter

Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doctor*. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macbeth*. Throw physic to the dogs;  
I'll none of it.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 37.

Nature, too unkind,  
That made no medicine for a troubled mind.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Philaster*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Lear*. That way madness lies.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 21.

There is a pleasure sure  
In being mad, which none but madmen  
know.

DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
Which only poets know.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. ii. l. 283.

Men are mad so unavoidably that not  
to be mad would constitute one a mad-  
man of another order of madness.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. xiv.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight  
not so awful as that of the human mind  
in ruins.

SCROPE DAVIES. *Letter to Thomas Raikes*.  
May 25, 1835.

Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a  
spectacle.

ADDISON. *Spectator*. No. 421.

## INSTINCT.

*Falstaff*. Instinct is a great matter; I  
was now a coward on instinct.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc.  
4. l. 299.

*Coriolanus*. I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but  
stand,

As if a man were author of himself  
And knew no other kin.

*Ibid.* *Coriolanus*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 34.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely  
fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the  
line:

In the nice bee what sense, so subtly  
true

From poisonous herbs extracts the heal-  
ing dew?

How instinct varies in the grov'ling  
swine,

Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with  
thine!

'Twixt that and reason what a nice  
barrier!

Forever sep'rate, yet forever near.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 217.  
(See under SPIDER.)

But honest instinct comes a volunteer;  
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;  
While still too wide or short is human  
wit.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 88.

Learn from the birds what food the  
thickets yield;  
Learn from the beasts the physic of the  
field;  
The arts of building from the bee re-  
ceive;  
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm  
to weave;  
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driv-  
ing gale.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 173.

Instinct and reason how can we divide?  
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the ped-  
ant's pride.

PRIOR. *Solomon on the Vices of the World*.  
Bk. i. l. 231.

A few strong instincts and a few plain  
rules.

WORDSWORTH. *Alas! What Boots the  
Long Laborious Quest?*

Instinct is intelligence incapable of  
self-consciousness.

JOHN STERLING. *Essays and Tales*.  
*Thoughts. Thoughts and Images.*

### INTEREST.

*Antonio*. When did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act i. Sc. 3. l. 128.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure  
frets,  
But gold that's put to use, more gold  
begets.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*. St. 128.

Money, says the proverb, makes  
money.

ADAM SMITH. *Wealth of Nations*. Bk. i.  
Ch. ix.

Money can beget money, and its offspring  
can beget more, and so on.

BEN. FRANKLIN. *Letters. Advice to a  
Young Tradesman*.

The elegant simplicity of the three  
per cents.

LORD ELDON. (See Campbell's *Lives of  
the Lord Chancellors*. Vol. x. Ch.  
ccxii. p. 218.)

The sweet simplicity of the three per  
cents.

BEN. DISRAELI. *Endymion*. Ch. xcvi.

I don't believe in princerule,  
But oh I *du* in interest!

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers*. First series.  
No. 6. *The Pious Editor's Creed*.

### INVENTION.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each how  
he  
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it  
seem'd,  
Once found, which yet unfound most  
would have thought  
Impossible!

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 498.

A weak invention of the enemy.

CIBBER. *Richard III.* (altered). Act v.  
Sc. 3.

[Shakespeare's line runs:

A thing devised by the enemy.  
*Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 306.]

A tool is but the extension of a man's  
hand, and a machine is but a complex  
tool. And he that invents a machine  
augments the power of a man and the  
well-being of mankind.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. *Proverbs from  
Plymouth Pulpit. Business*.

### INVOCATION.

*Lady Macbeth*. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe,  
top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to re-  
morse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace  
between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's  
breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you mur-  
thering ministers.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
41.

*Glendower*. I can call spirits from the  
vasty deep.

*Hotspur*. Why, so can I, or so can any  
man;

But will they come when you do call for  
them?

*Glendower*. Why, I can teach you,  
cousin, to command the devil.

*Hotspur*. And I can teach thee, coz,  
to shame the devil;

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame  
the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring  
him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to  
shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame  
the devil.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 52.

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal  
taste

Brought death into the world and all  
our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse!

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 1.

Or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook  
that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to

soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pur-  
sues

Things unattempted yet in prose or  
rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost  
prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,

Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou  
from the first

Wast present, and with mighty wings  
outspread

Dove-like satst brooding on the vast  
abyss,

And madest it pregnant; what in me is  
dark

Illumine; what is low raise and sup-  
port;

That to the height of this great argu-  
ment

I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 10.  
(See under GOD.)

### IRELAND.

When Erin first rose from the dark-  
swelling flood

God blessed the green island, he saw it  
was good.

The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it  
shone

In the ring of this world, the most pre-  
cious stone.

DR. WILLIAM DRENNEN. *Erin.*

Arm of Erin, prove strong, but be gentle  
as brave,

And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to  
save;

Nor one feeling of vengeance presume  
to defile

The cause or the men of the Emerald  
Isle.

*Ibid.* *Erin.*

[This has sometimes been held to be the  
origin of the phrase, "The Emerald Isle."  
But Dr. Drennen himself, in an introduc-  
tion to this poem (1815), expressly states  
that the epithet was first used in *Erin, to  
Her Own Tune*, a "party song written with-  
out the rancor of party in the year 1795."  
Drennen was certainly anticipated by  
Horace Smith in the *Rejected Addresses*  
(1812):

And flourish ye pillars as green as the  
rushes

That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald  
Isle.]

Old Dublin city there is no doubtin'

Bates every city upon the say,

'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin'

And Lady Morgan makin' tay.

For 'tis the capital of the finest na-  
tion

With charmin' pisintry upon a fruit-  
ful sod,

Fightin' like divils for conciliation,

And hatin' each other for the love of  
God.

UNKNOWN. *Dublin City.*

[The song is sometimes attributed to  
Charles Lever. Lady Morgan says she was  
familiar with it in 1828, but it was probably  
written earlier, when Lever was a mere  
boy. It is one of the many humorous street  
songs of the period which were never  
claimed and whose authorship it is now  
impossible to trace.]

There came to the beach a poor Exile  
of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill;

For his country he sigh'd, when at twi-  
light repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad  
devotion,  
For it sang o'er his own native isle of  
the ocean,  
Where once in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-  
bragh!

CAMPBELL. *The Exile of Erin.*

### ITALY.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects  
rise.

Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic  
ground.

ADDISON. *Letter from Italy.*

[Malone states that this was the first use  
of the phrase "classic ground," now so com-  
mon. It was ridiculed by some contem-  
poraries as quaint and affected.]

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen  
blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen  
glühn,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel  
weht  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer  
steht?

Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin,  
Möcht ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter,  
zieh'n.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-  
trees bloom,  
Where the gold orange glows in the  
deep thicket's gloom,  
Where a wind ever soft from the blue  
heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle  
and rose?

GOETHE. *Wilhelm Meister.* Bk. iii. Ch.  
i. *Mignon's Song.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and  
myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in  
their clime;  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of  
the turtle.

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to  
crime?

BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos.* Canto i.  
St. 1.

For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over  
and gone; the flowers appear on the earth;

the time of the singing of birds is come, and  
the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.  
*Old Testament.* The Song of Solomon.  
ii. 11.

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they  
twine.

And all save the spirit of man is divine?  
BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos.* Canto i.  
St. 1.

That soft bastard Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female  
mouth.

*Ibid.* *Beppo.* St. 44.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which be-  
came

A funeral dower of present woes and  
past,

On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd  
by shame,

And annals graved in characters of  
flame.

Oh God! that thou wert in thy naked-  
ness

Less lovely or more powerful, and  
could'st claim

Thy right, and awe the robber's band  
who press

To shed thy blood, and drink the tears  
of thy distress.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 42.

[Byron, in this stanza, paraphrases with-  
out acknowledgment a famous sonnet by  
the Italian poet, Filicaja, beginning:

Italy! Italy! thou who'rt doomed to wear  
The fatal gift of beauty and possess  
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness  
Written upon thy forehead by despair.

Ah, would that thou wert stronger or less  
fair

That they might fear thee more or love  
thee less.

FILICAJA. *Sonnet.* (LONGFELLOW, trans.)]

Italy, my Italy!  
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—  
(When Fortune's malice  
Lost her Calais)—

Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

ROBERT BROWNING. *Men and Women.*  
"De Gustibus." 2.

And we slope to Italy at last  
And youth, by green degrees.  
I follow wherever I am led,  
Knowing so well the leader's hand—

Oh, woman-country, wooed, not wed,  
 Loved all the more by earth's male-lands  
 Laid to their hearts instead !  
 ROBERT BROWNING. *By the Fireside*.  
 St. 6.

IVY.

Bring, bring the madding bay, the  
 drunken vine ;  
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.  
 POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 303.  
 Round broken columns clasping ivy  
 twin'd.

*Ibid.* *Windsor Forest*. l. 69.

Where round some mould'ring tow'r  
 pale ivy ereeps,  
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding  
 o'er the deeps.

*Ibid.* *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 243.

As creeping ivy elings to wood or stone,  
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.  
 COWPER. *The Progress of Error*. l. 285.

Oh ! how could fancy crown with thee,  
 In ancient days the God of Wine,  
 And bid thee at the banquet be  
 Companion of the vine ?

Ivy ! thy home is where each sound  
 Of revelry hath long been o'er ;  
 Where song and beaker once went  
 round,  
 But now are known no more.

MRS. HEMANS. *Ivy Song*.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,  
 That ereepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I  
 ween,

In his cell so lone and cold.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.  
 DICKENS. *Pickwick Papers*. Ch. vi.

JEALOUSY.

Love is strong as death ; jealousy is  
 cruel as the grave.  
*Old Testament*. Song of Solomon. viii. 6.

*Luciana*. How many fools serve mad  
 jealousy.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act  
 ii. Sc. 1. l. 106.

*Luciana*. Self-harming jealousy.  
*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l.  
 102.

*Abbess*. The venom clamours of a  
 jealous woman  
 Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's  
 tooth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act v.  
 Sc. 1. l. 69.

*Iago*. Beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
 It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth  
 mock

The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives  
 in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his  
 wronger ;

But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he  
 o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet  
 strongly loves !

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 165.

*Othello*. O curse of marriage,  
 That we can call these delicate creatures  
 ours,

And not their appetites ! I had rather  
 be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For others' uses.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 272.

*Iago*. Trifles, light as air,  
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
 As proofs of Holy Writ.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 326.

O jealousy thou magnifier of trifles !  
 SCHILLER. *Fiesco*. Act i. Sc. 1. (BOHN,  
 trans.)

A jealous woman believes everything her  
 passion suggests.

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature,  
 To swell small things to great, nay, out of  
 nought,  
 To conjure much ; and then to lose its  
 reason

Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.  
 YOUNG. *The Revenge*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Othello*. Nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must  
 you speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;  
 Of one, not easily jealous, but being  
 wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose  
 hand

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
 Richer than all his tribe.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. l.  
 345.

Nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 449.

He makes a false wife that suspects a true.

NATH. FIELDS. *Amends for Ladies*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousy, as drinking in a fever quenches the thirst.

WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood*. Act iv. Sc. 5.

Hunger, revenge, to sleep are petty foes,  
But only Death the jealous eyes can close.

*Ibid.* *Love in a Wood*. Act i. Sc. 4.

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

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections*. No. 361.

Jealousy lives upon doubt, and comes to an end or becomes a fury as soon as it passes from doubt to certainty.

*Ibid.* *Reflections*. No. 32.

In jealousy there is more self-love than love.

*Ibid.* *Reflections*. No. 344.

Can't I another's face commend,  
And to her virtues be a friend,  
But instantly your forehead lowers,  
As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours*?

EDWARD MOORE. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*. Fable ix.

Jealousy is the bellows of the mind;  
Touch it but gently, and it warms desire,  
If handled roughly, you are all on fire.

D. GARRICK. *Epilogue to Horne's Alonzo*.

A jealous love lights his torch from the firebrands of the furies.

BURKE. *Speech on the Plan for Economic Reform*. February 11, 1780.

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,

You might be sure she was a perfect fright.

She did this during even her husband's life—

I recommend as much to every wife.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Cantó i. St. 48.

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,

For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 65.

What effect

Hath jealousy, and how befolding men,  
It makes false true, abuses eye and ear,  
Turns mere mist adamant, loads with sound

Silence, and into void and vacancy  
Crowds a whole phalanx of conspiring foes?

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*. Bk. ix. l. 385.

## JEST.

(See RIDICULE; WIT.)

To offend, we should always be unwilling; and the inclination to lose a friend rather than a joke should be far from us.

QUINTILIAN. *Institutes of Oratory*. Bk. vi. Ch. iii. (WATSON, trans.)

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*. Of *Jesting*. Maxim viii.

*Rosaline*. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 871.

*Biron*. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,

And utters it again when Jove doth please;

He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares

At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 315.

*Regan*. Jesters do oft prove prophets.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 71.

*Speed*. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor,

O excellent device! was there ever heard  
a better?

That my master, being scribe, to him-  
self should write the letter?

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 141.

*Hamlet*. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew  
him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest,  
of most excellent fancy.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 204.

Laugh not too much; the witty man  
laughs least:

For wit is news only to ignorance:  
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in  
the jest

Thy person share, and the conceit ad-  
vance.

Make not thy sport abuses: for the fly  
That feeds on dung is colored thereby.

HERBERT. *Temple Church Porch*. St. 39.

A joke's a very serious thing.

CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*. Bk. iv. l. 1386.

## JEW.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

SCOTT. *Ivanhoe*. Ch. xxxix.

*Salar*. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit,  
thou wilt not take his flesh? What's  
that good for?

*Shylock*. To bait fish withal; if it will  
feed nothing else it will feed my re-  
venge. He hath disgraced me, and  
hindered me half a million; laughed at  
my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned  
my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled  
my friends, heated mine enemies; and  
what's his reason? I am a Jew.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 53.

*Shylock*. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath  
not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,  
senses, affections, passions? fed with the  
same food, hurt with the same weapons,  
subject to the same disease, healed by  
the same means, warmed and cooled by  
the same winter and summer, as a Chris-  
tian is? if you prick us, do we not  
bleed? if you tickle us, do we not  
laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?

and if you wrong us, shall we not re-  
venge? If we are like you in the rest,  
we will resemble you in that.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 60.

*Falstaff*. I am a Jew else, an Ebrew  
Jew.

*Ibid.* *1. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 198.

A people still, whose common ties are  
gone;

Who, mixed with every race, are lost in  
none.

CRABBE. *The Borough*. Letter iv.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's  
dark sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are  
free.

T. MOORE. *Sacred Songs*. *Sound the Loud  
Timbrel*.

This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew.

*Ascribed to POPE.*

On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin  
established his fame as an actor in the  
character of Shylock, in the *Merchant of  
Venice*. . . . Macklin's performance of this  
character so forcibly struck a gentleman in  
the pit that he, as it were involuntarily,  
exclaimed,—

"This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew!"

It has been said that this gentleman was  
Mr. Pope, and that he meant his paucyric  
on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lans-  
downe.

*Biographica Dramatica*. Vol. i. Pt. ii.

It is curious to see a superstition dying  
out. The idea of a Jew (which our  
pious ancestors held in horror) has noth-  
ing in it now revolting. We have found  
the claws of the beast, and pared its  
nails, and now we take it to our arms,  
fondle it, write plays to flatter it: it is  
visited by princes, affects a taste, patron-  
izes the arts, and is the only liberal and  
gentleman-like thing in Christendom.

LAMB. *Specimens of the English Dramatic  
Poets*. Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*.

## JEWELS.

*Barabas*. Bags of fiery opals, sapphires,  
amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass green emer-  
alds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,

And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,

As one of them, indifferently rated,  
And of a carat of this quality,  
May serve in peril of calamity  
To ransom great kings from captivity,  
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth :

And thus, methinks, should men of judgment frame

Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,

And, as their wealth increases, so inclose  
Infinite riches in a little room.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. *The Rich Jew of Malta*. Act i.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,

Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. lii.

*Valentine*. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

IBID. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 89.

Jewels, orators of Love,  
Which, ah! too well men know, do women move.

S. DANIEL. *Complaint of Rosamond*. St. 52.

*Othello*. One entire and perfect chrysolite.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 148.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

POPE. *The Rape of the Lock*. Canto ii. l. 7.

### JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL.

That great Cham of literature.

SMOLLETT. *Letter to Wilkes*. March 16, 1759.

Here lies poor Johnson! Reader have a care;

Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear!

Religious, moral, generous and humane  
He was, but self-sufficient, rude and vain,

Ill-bred and over-bearing in dispute,  
A scholar and a Christian and a brute.

Attributed to SOAME JENYNS.

Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed

Whom to have bred, may well make England proud;

Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,

The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;  
Whose verse many claim—grave masculine and strong,

Superior praise to the mere poet's song  
Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed

And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.

Oh man, immortal by a double prize  
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies!

COWPER. *Epitaph on Dr. Johnson*.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,  
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,

Casts of manure a wagon-load around  
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;  
Uplifts the club of Hercules, for what?  
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat!

Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,  
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.

Alike in every theme his pompous art,  
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

DR. JOHN WOLCOT. *On Dr. Samuel Johnson*.

When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he [Burke], "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."

PRIOR. *Life of Burke*.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 7.

The great English moralist. Never was a descriptive epithet more nicely appropriate than that! Dr. Johnson's morality was as English an article as a beefsteak.

HAWTHORNE. *Our Old Home. Lichfield and Utotzeter.*

## JOY.

(See HAPPINESS; MIRTH.)

Every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet. xci.*

Gladness in every face express'd,  
Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.

Men met each other with erected look,  
The steps were higher that they took;  
Friends to congratulate their friends  
made haste,

And long inveterate foes saluted as they  
pass'd.  
DRYDEN. *Threnodia Augustalis. 1. 122.*

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble,  
Joy.

POPE. *Essay on Man. Epistle ii. 1. 288.*

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts  
decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be  
joy.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village. 1. 263.*

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous  
cloud.

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or  
ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light.  
COLERIDGE. *Dejection. An Ode. St. 5.*

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.  
*Ibid. A Christmas Carol. viii.*

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight!

Wherefore hast thou left me now

Many a day and night?

Many a weary night and day

'Tis since thou art fled away.

SHELLEY. *Song.*

But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passing joy?

KEATS. *Stanzas. In Drear-nighted December. 1. 19.*

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how.

J. R. LOWELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal. Prelude to Pt. i. 1. 80.*

Joy too exquisite to last,  
And yet more exquisite when past.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *The Little Cloud. 1. 159.*

## Joys

Are bubble-like—what makes them,  
bursts them too.

BAILEY. *Festus. Sc. A Library and Balcony. 1. 62.*

## JUDGE.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolutur.

The judge is condemned when the  
criminal is acquitted.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim 407.*

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,  
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest  
guilt.

DENHAM. *On Justice. 1. 81.*

It is better that a judge should lean  
on the side of compassion than severity.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote. Pt. ii. Ch. xliiii. (JARVIS, trans.)*

Judges must beware of hard constructions  
and strained influences; for there  
is no worse torture than the torture of  
laws: specially in case of laws penal,  
they ought to have care, that that which  
was meant for terror be not turned into  
rigor.

BACON. *Essays. Of Judicature.*

*Lear.* A man may see how this world  
goes with no eyes. Look with thine  
eyes: see how yond justice rails upon  
yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear:  
change places; and, handy-dandy, which  
is the thief, which is the thief?

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear. Act iv. Sc. 6. 1. 153.*

*Angelo.* Thieves for their robbery have  
authority,

When judges steal themselves.

*Ibid. Measure for Measure. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 176.*

*Shylock.* A Daniel come to judgment!  
yea, a Daniel!

O, wise young judge, how I do honor  
thee!

*Ibid. The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 224.*

*Gratiano.* Oh Jew, an upright judge,  
a learned judge!

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 323.

*Gratiano.* A second Daniel, a Daniel,  
Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 333.

*Portia.* To offend, and judge, are dis-  
tinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act ii.  
Sc. 9. l. 61.

*Jaques.* And then the justice  
In fair round belly with good capon  
lined.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7. l.  
153.

It is not permitted to the most equita-  
ble of men to be a judge in his own  
cause.

PASCAL. *Thoughts.* Ch. iv. 1.

No one should be judge in his own cause.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 545.

During good behaviour.

That after the said limitation shall  
take effect, . . . judge's commissions  
be made *quando se bene gesserit*.

*Statutes 12 and 13, William III.* c. 2. sec. 3.

'Tis but half a judge's task to know.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. iii. l. 2.

A justice with grave justices shall sit ;  
He praise their wisdom, they admire his  
wit.

GAY. *The Birth of the Squire.* 1. 77.

The cold neutrality of an impartial  
judge.

BURKE. *Preface to Brissot's Address.*  
*Works.* Vol. v. p. 67.

## JURY.

*Angelo.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted,  
Éscalus,

Another thing to fall. I do not deny  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief  
or two

Guiltier than him they try: what's open  
made to justice,

That justice seizes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 19.

The hungry judges soon the sentence  
sign,

And wretches hang, that jurymen may  
dine.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto iii. l. 21.

Will make haste to give up thy verdict  
because thou wilt not lose thy dinner.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One.*  
Act iv. Sc. 5.

For twelve honest men have decided the  
cause,

Who are judges alike of the facts and  
the laws.

WILLIAM PULTENEY. *The Honest Jury.*

In my mind, he was guilty of no error,  
he was chargeable with no exaggeration,  
he was betrayed by his fancy into no  
metaphor, who once said that all we see  
about us, kings, lords, and Commons,  
the whole machinery of the State, all  
the apparatus of the system, and its  
varied workings, end in simply bringing  
twelve good men into a box.

LORD BROUGHAM. *Present State of the  
Law.* February 7, 1828.

## JUSTICE.

Fiat justitia et pereat mundus.

Let justice be done though the world  
perish.

*Motto of FERDINAND I., Emperor of Ger-  
many.* (*Johannes Mantius, "Loci Com-  
munes," II., Octavum præceptum.*)

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.

Let justice be done though the heavens  
fall.

LORD MANSFIELD. *In "Rez v. Wilkes."*  
*Burrows' Reports.* iv. 2562.

[Lord Mansfield gave currency to a quo-  
tation of post-classical origin, whose first  
recorded appearance in English literature  
is in Prynne's *First Discovery of Prodigious  
New Wandering Blazing Stars* (1646). In re-  
versing the sentence of outlawry passed  
upon John Wilkes for the publication of the  
*North Briton*, Mansfield says, "The constitu-  
tion does not allow reasons of state to influ-  
ence our judgment. God forbid it should!  
We must not regard political consequences,  
however formidable they might be; if re-  
bellion was the certain consequence, we are  
bound to say, 'Justitia fiat, ruat cælum.'"]

Fundamenta justitiæ sunt, et ne cui no-  
ceatur, deindé ut communi utilitati serve-  
atur.

The foundations of justice are that no one  
shall be harmed, and next that the common  
weal be served.

CICERO.

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.

Though the sky fall, let Thy will be done.  
SIR T. BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Pt. ii.  
Sec. 11.

*Lear*. Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless  
breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth  
pierce it.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc.  
6. l. 165.

*Hotspur*. The arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.  
*Ibid*. I. *Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 89.

The weakest arm is strong enough that  
strikes  
With the sword of justice.  
JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi*.  
Act v. Sc. 2.

*Duke*. Our decrees  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are  
dead;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
i. Sc. 3. l. 27.

*King*. Where the offence is, let the  
great axe fall.  
*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 210.

Where the fault springs, there let the judg-  
ment fall.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 608.

He that is void of fear, may soon be  
just;  
And no religion binds men to be trai-  
tors.  
BEN JONSON. *Catiline*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

A prince's favours but on few can fall,  
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.  
DRYDEN. *Britannia Rediviva*. l. 337.

Justice is blind, he knows nobody.  
*Ibid*. *The Wild Gallant*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Justice may wink a while, but see at last.  
MIDDLETON. *The Mayor of Queenborough*  
(*Simon*). Act v. Sc. 1.

Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto ii. Con-  
cluding lines.

Justice is lame as well as blind, amongst  
us.  
OTWAY. *Venice Preserved*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Justice indeed

Should ever be close-ear'd and open-  
mouth'd;  
That is, to hear a little, and speak  
much.

MIDDLETON. *The Old Law* (*Simonides*).  
Act v. Sc. 1.

Justice is what is established; and  
thus all our established laws will be re-  
garded as just, without being examined,  
since they are established.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. vii. vi.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
Where in nice balance truth with gold  
she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise.  
POPE. *The Dunciad*. l. 52.

Hard is the task of justice, where dis-  
tress  
Excites our mercy, yet demands redress.  
COLLEY CIBBER. *The Heroick Daughter*.  
Act iii. last lines.

The love of justice is simply, in the  
majority of men, the fear of suffering  
injustice.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 78.

Amongst the sons of men how few are  
known  
Who dare be just to merit not their  
own?  
CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*. l. 1.

It looks to me to be narrow and pe-  
dantic to apply the ordinary ideas of  
criminal justice to this great public con-  
test. I do not know the method of  
drawing up an indictment against a  
whole people.

BURKE. *Speech on Conciliation with  
America*.

I tremble for my country when I re-  
flect that God is just; that his justice  
cannot sleep forever; that considering  
numbers, nature, and natural means  
only, a revolution of the wheel of for-  
tune, an exchange of situation, is among  
possible events; that it may become  
probable by supernatural interference!  
The Almighty has no attribute which  
can take side with us in such a contest.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Notes on Virginia*.  
*Query xviii*. *Manners*.

He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice  
Pronounces, ne'er abandons charity.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*  
Pt. ii. l. 1.

Truth is its [justice's] handmaid,  
freedom is its child, peace is its companion,  
safety walks in its steps, victory follows  
in its train; it is the brightest emanation  
from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God.

SIDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir.*

A man's vanity tells him what is honour,  
a man's conscience what is justice.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,  
As round and round we run;  
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
And justice shall be done.

CHARLES MACKAY. *Eternal Justice.* St. 4.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong.

WHITTIER. *Mantle of St. John De Matha.*  
St. 21.

Justice is like the kingdom of God—  
it is not without us as a fact, it is within  
us as a great yearning.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola.* Bk. iii. Ch. lxvii.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
Justice conquers evermore.

EMERSON. *Voluntaries.*

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,  
Rests never on the track until it reach  
Delinquency.

R. BROWNING. *Cenci*aja.

We love justice greatly, and just men  
but little.

JOSEPH ROUX. *Meditations of a Parish Priest. Mind, Talent, Character.* No. 10. (HAPGOOD, trans.)

### KEATS, JOHN.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has  
perished,  
The nursling of thy widowhood, who  
grew

Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
cherished,  
And fed with true love tears instead of  
dew,  
Most musical of mourners weep anew!

SHELLEY. *Adonais.* St. 6.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his  
song  
In sorrow.

*Ibid.* *Adonais.* St. xxx.

[The reference probably is to Byron mourning over Keats's tomb.]

John Keats—who was killed off by one  
critique,  
Just as he really promised something  
great,  
If not intelligible without Greek,  
Contrived to talk about the gods of  
late  
Much as they might have been supposed  
to speak.

Poor fellow! His was an untoward  
fate;

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery  
particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an  
article.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 60.

### KING.

Nec posse dari regalibus usquam  
Secretum vitiis: nam lux altissima fati  
Occultum nihil esse sinit, latebrasque  
per omnes  
Intrat et abstrusos explorat fama recessus.

Kings can have

No secret vices, for the light that shines  
On those who've climbed to Fortune's  
highest peaks  
Leaves naught in darkness; every lurking-place  
Fame enters, and its hidden nooks explores.

CLAUDIANUS. *De Quarto Consulatu Honorii.* 272.

'Tis so much to be a king, that he only is  
so by being so. The strange lustre that surrounds  
him conceals and shrouds him from us;  
our sight is there broken and dissi-

pated, being stopped and filled by the prevailing light.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays. Of the Inconveniences of Greatness.*

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

TENNYSON. *Dedication to Idylls of the King.* 1. 26.

Kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece.* 1. 609.

*King Henry.* Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 186.

*King Henry.* The slave, a member of the country's peace, enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots what watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant enjoys.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 299.

*King Henry.* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 5. 1. 45.

*King Richard.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,  
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,

No, not that name was given me at the font,

But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself!

Oh! that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops!

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 254.

*King Henry.* And what have kings that privates have not too?

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 234.

*King Richard.* Not all the water in the rough-rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 55.

*King.* There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5. 1. 120.

*King.* Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 285.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.

BACON. *Essay xix. Of Empire.*

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have

The worship of the world, but no repose.

SHELLEY. *Hellas.* Mahmud.

The greatest king is he who is the king  
Of greatest subjects.

G. WEST. *Institution of the Garter.* 1. 302.

A crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,

To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies,

For therein stands the office of a king,—  
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,—

That for the public all this weight he bears.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. ii. 1. 458.

This 'tis to be a monarch when alone  
He can command all, but is awed by none.

MASINGER. *The Roman Actor.* Act i. Sc. 4.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *On the King.*

And kind as kings upon their coronation day.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*.  
Pt. i. l. 271.

Never king dropped out of the clouds.  
JOHN EVELYN. *Table-Talk*.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. iv. l. 188.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear

The public burden of the nation's care.  
PRIOR. *Solomon*. Bk. iii. l. 275.

Ce sont là jeux de prince :

On respecte un moulin, on vole une province !

Such is the sport of princes ; they spare a windmill and steal a province.

ANDRIEUX. *Meunier de Sans Souci*.

[The king, Frederick II., had threatened to seize his neighbor, the miller's, windmill, to which the latter replies, "Oui, si nous n'avions pas de juges à Berlin" ; in the end the mill is spared.]

Ces malheureux rois

Dont on dit tant de mal, ont du bon quelquefois.

These miserable kings of whom so much evil is said, have their good points sometimes.

*Ibid.* *Meunier de Sans Souci*.

So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;

And so two citizens who take the air,  
Close packed and smiling in a chaise and one.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. i. *The Sofa*.  
l. 78.

Le roi regne et ne gouverne pas.

The King reigns but does not govern.

[*Mot* of Thiers in the *National* newspaper of July 1, 1830, relating to the accession of Louis Philippe. Zamoyski had already said in a speech in the Polish Diet : "Rex regnat sed non gubernat."]

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.

WILLIAM PITT (Earl of Chatham). *Chatham Correspondence*. *Speech*, March 2, 1770.

[Hence the phrase, "The power behind the throne."]

## KING'S FAVORITES.

*Wolsey*. O Cromwell, Cromwell !

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, He would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 455.

[According to Hume, who gives Cavendish as his authority, *Wolsey*, a little before he expired, addressed the following words to Sir William Kingston, constable of the town, who had him in custody : "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."]

*History of England*. Ch. xxx. *Henry VIII*. 1530.]

Whoever prefers the service of princes before his duty to his Creator, will be sure, early or late, to repent in vain.

PILPAY. *Fables*. *The Prince and His Ministers*.

Near Death he stands, that stands too near a crown.

S. DANIEL. *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1.

Who are so high above,  
Are near to lightning, that are near to Jove.

*Ibid.* *Tragedy of Philotas*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

*King John*. It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life,

And, on the winking of Authority,  
To understand a law ; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance,  
it frowns

More upon humor than advised respect.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 208.

*Wolsey*. O how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their  
ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or  
women have.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 367.  
(See under FALL.)

Put not your trust in princes.  
*Old Testament.* Psalm cxlvi. 3.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's  
glory,  
Yet loved by both, and trusted and trust-  
worthy,  
Is more than to be king.

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya.* Pt. i.

### KISS.

The kisses of an enemy are deceitful.  
*Old Testament.* Proverbs xxvii. 6.

*Julia.* Fie, fie! How wayward is this  
foolish love,  
That like a testy babe will scratch the  
nurse  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*  
Act i. Sc. 2. l. 58.

[In the *History of Reynard the Fox* (Ch. xii.  
*How Reynard Shroef Him*), Reynard is en-  
joined by Grimbert to kiss the rod as part  
of the penance imposed on him.]

*Queen.* Wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act v. Sc.  
1. l. 32.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;  
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
POPE.

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,

bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
seal'd in vain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iv. Sc. 1. l. 1.

[This song, with slight verbal alterations,  
appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The  
Bloody Brother*, Act v., Sc. 2. Probably it  
was a current song of anonymous author-  
ship and merely introduced into both plays.  
In *The Bloody Brother* the following addi-  
tional stanza is given:

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears!  
But first set my poor heart free  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.]

*Iago.* Then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 422.

*Gloster.* Teach not thy lips such scorn;  
for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 173.

*Romeo.* They may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's  
hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her  
lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses  
sin.  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 34.

Kissing goes by favour.  
FARQUHAR. *Love and a Bottle.* Act i.  
Sc. 1.  
[A proverb of great antiquity.]

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-  
long maid.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons.* *Winter.* l. 625.

A man may kiss a bonny lass,  
And ay be welcome back again.  
BURNS. *Duncan Davison.* Concluding  
lines.

GIN a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
GIN a body kiss a body  
Need a body cry?  
*Comin' Through the Rye.* Author Un-  
known.

Kissin' is the key o' love,  
An' clappin' is the lock.  
BURNS. *O Can Ye Labour Lea, Young  
Man?*

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in:  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have  
miss'd me,  
Say I am growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.  
LEIGH HUNT. *Jennie Kissed Me.*

When age chills the blood, when our  
pleasures are past—

For years fleet away with the wings of  
the dove—

The dearest remembrance will still be  
the last,

Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of  
love.

BYRON. *The First Kiss of Love*. St. 7.

I love the sex, and sometimes would  
reverse

The tyrant's wish, "That mankind only  
had

One neck, which he with one fell stroke  
might pierce."

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole  
than fierce;

It being (not now, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy  
mouth,

To kiss them all at once from north to  
south.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 27.

A long, long kiss,—a kiss of youth  
and love.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 186.

"Kiss" rhymes to "bliss" in fact, as  
well as verse.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 59.

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave  
their nest,

Bid man be valiant ere he merit such.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto i. l. 58.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,

And the waves clasp one another;

No sister flower would be forgiven

If it disdained its brother;

And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea;

What are all these kissings worth,

If thou kiss not me?

SHELLEY. *Love's Philosophy*. St. 2.

First time he kissed me, he but only  
kiss'd

The fingers of this hand wherewith I  
write;

And ever since it grew more clean and  
white.

MRS. BROWNING. *Sonnets from the Portu-  
guese*. Sonnet xxxviii.

All the breath and the bloom of the year  
in the bag of one bee:

All the wonder and wealth of the mine  
in the heart of one gem:

In the core of one pearl all the shade  
and the shine of the sea:

Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—  
wonder, wealth, and—how far above  
them—

Truth, that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl—

Brightest truth, purest trust in the uni-  
verse—all were for me

In the kiss of one girl.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Summum Bonum*.

Many an evening by the waters did we  
watch the stately ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the  
touching of the lips.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. l. 37.

O love! O fire! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul through  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

*Ibid.* *Fatima*. St. 3.

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a  
kiss!

Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it  
flies!

MARLOWE. *Faustus*.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
feign'd

On lips that are for others.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. iv. *Song*.  
*Tears, Idle Tears*. St. 4.

Kisses balmier than half-opening buds  
Of April.

*Ibid.* *Tithonus*. l. 59.

## KNOWLEDGE.

(See LEARNING; IGNORANCE.)

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of  
knowledge increaseth strength.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxiv. 5.

*Ipsa scientia potestas est.*

Knowledge itself is power.

BACON. *Meditationes Sacræ*. *De Haeristi-  
bus*.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to  
force.

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xiii.

To be great, be wise:

Content of spirit must from science flow,  
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

PRIOR. *Solomon*. Bk. l. l. 41.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

WEBSTER. *Bunker Hill Monument Address*. 1825.

Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet.

A learned man has always riches in himself.

PHÆDRUS. Bk. iv. Fable 22, 1.

Knowledge of itself is riches.

SAADI. *The Gulistan*. Tale ii. *Of the Effects of Education*.

A man is but what he knoweth.

BACON. *In Praise of Knowledge*.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, and the other inspired by divine revelation.

*Ibid.* *The Advancement of Learning*. Bk. ii.

E cælo descendit γῶθι σεαυτὸν.

From heaven descended the precept "Know thyself."

JUVENAL. *Satires*. xi. 27.

[This precept was inscribed on the temple of Apollo at Memphis, and was sometimes ascribed to Apollo himself, sometimes to Chilo or Plato or Socrates, but most frequently to Thales, one of the so-called Wise Men of Greece. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Lives and Opinions of Celebrated Men*, s. v. *Thales*, ix., says: "The apothegm 'Know thyself' is his." And again, "When Thales was asked what was difficult, he said, 'To know one's self.' And what was easy? 'To give advice.'"]

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. xlii.

Full wise is he that can himself knowe.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*. *The Monkes Tale*. l. 1449.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;

The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 1. (See under MAN.)

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. Concluding lines.

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 20.

On wind and wave the boy would toss,  
Was great, nor knew how great he was.

COLERIDGE. *William Tell*.

Unknown to Cromwell as to me  
Was Cromwell's measure or degree;  
Unknown to him as to his horse,  
If he than his groom is better or worse.

EMERSON. *Fate*. l. 3.

Illi mors gravis incubat,  
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,  
Ignotus moritur sibi.

Ah, heavily weighs death on him  
Who, known to others all too well,  
Dies to himself unknown.

SENECA. *Thyestes*. 401. (*Chorus*.)

Il connaît l'univers et ne se connaît pas.  
He knows the universe yet does not know himself.

LA FONTAINE. *Fables*. Bk. viii. 26.

Cf. Il meurt connu de tous et ne se connaît pas.

He dies known by all, and yet unknown to himself.

*Addition à la vie et aux œuvres de Vauquelin des Yveltaux*. 1856. p. 12.

I know everything except myself.

VILLON. *Autre Ballade*. i.

Not if I know myself at all.

CHARLES LAMB. *The Old and New Schoolmaster*.

Xenophanes speaks thus:

And no man knows distinctly anything,  
And no man ever will.

DIAGENES LAERTIUS. *Pyrrho*. viii.

The wisest saying of all was that the only true wisdom lay in not thinking that one knew what one did not know.

CICERO. *Academica*. i. 4. 16.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it: this is knowledge.

CONFUCIUS. *Analects*. Bk. ii. Ch. xvii. (LEGGE, trans.)

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.

SOCRATES. (Reported by PLATO. *Phædrus*. Sec. 235.)

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!  
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."

BYRON. *Child Harold*. Canto ii. St. 7.

Do not they bring it to pass by knowing that they know nothing at all.

TERENCE. *Andria*. *The Prologue*. 17.

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 598.

*Touchstone.* The fool doth think that he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 34.

What is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;  
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.  
POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle iv. l. 260.

Now learn too late

How few sometimes may know, when thou-  
sands err.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vi. l. 148.

This world, where much is to be done and  
little to be known.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Prayers and Medita-  
tions. Against Inquisitive and Per-  
plexing Thoughts.*

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a  
great step to knowledge.

DISRAELI. *Sybil.* Bk. i. Ch. v.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the  
malady of the ignorant.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT. *Table Talk.* vi.  
*Discourse. Conversation.*

All things I thought I knew ; but now con-  
fess

The more I know I know, I know the less.  
OWEN. *Works.* Bk. vi. 39.

The more we study, we the more discover  
our ignorance.

SHELLEY. *Scenes from the Magico Pro-  
digioso of Calderon.* Sc. 1.

The greatest clerkes ben not the wisest  
men.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. The Reves  
Tale.* l. 4051.

*Biron.* Too much to know is to know  
naught but fame.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 92.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temprance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well con-  
tain ;

Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. l. 126.

So by false learning is good sense defac'd ;  
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
And some made coxcombs Nature meant  
but fools.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. i. l. 25.

Learning itself, received into a mind  
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,  
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,  
Where children would with ease discern  
the way.

COWPER. *Progress of Error.* l. 431.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being  
one,  
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge  
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other  
men ;

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom  
builds,

Till smooth'd and squared, and fitted to its  
place,

Does but encumber whom it seems to en-  
rich.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so  
much ;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. vi. l. 88.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.* l. 141.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.

DONNE. *The Triple Fool.*

Nor will life's stream for observation  
stay,

It hurries all too fast to mark their  
way :

In vain sedate reflections we would  
make,

When half our knowledge we must  
snatch, not take.

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epistle i. l. 37.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er  
unroll ;<sup>1</sup>

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the  
soul.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
St. 13.

<sup>1</sup> Rich with the spoils of Nature.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.*  
Pt. i. Sec. 13.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Dif-  
ficulties.

GEORGE L. CRAIK.

[Title of a book by Craik, published (2  
vols., 1830-31) under the auspices of the  
"Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowl-  
edge." Craik had originally intended to  
call it *The Love of Knowledge Overcoming Dif-  
ficulties in its Pursuit.* The improvement  
is said to have been suggested by Lord  
Brougham.]

Diffused knowledge immortalizes  
itself.

JAMES MACKINTOSH. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

I have not the Chancellor's<sup>1</sup> encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half* knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.

MACAULAY. *Letter to Macvey Napier*.  
December 17, 1830.

<sup>1</sup>Henry, Lord Brougham.

Let knowledge grow from more to more.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam. Prologue*. 1.  
25.

O lift your natures up :  
Embrace our aims ; work out your freedom. Girls,

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed :

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave ;  
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite  
And slander, die. Better not be at all  
Than not be noble.

*Ibid.* *The Princess*. ii. 1. 88.

The tree of knowledge in your garden grows,

Not single, but at every humble door.

O. W. HOLMES. *Wind Clouds and Star Drifts*. viii. 1. 46.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

*Ibid.* *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*. vi.

Simple as it seems, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge could turn both ways, that it could open, as well as lock, the door of power to the many.

LOWELL. *Among My Books. New England Two Centuries Ago*.

## LABOR.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground ; for out of it wast thou taken.

*Old Testament. Genesis* iii. 19.

[Frequently misquoted "in the sweat of thy brow." The error may have been originally a reminiscence of Milton's phrase, "Let us go forth and resolutely dare with sweat of brow to toil our little day."  
*Tractate of Education.*]

Thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

*New Testament. Matthew* xx. 12.

To labour is the lot of man below ;  
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. x. l. 78. (POPE, trans.)

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

What region of the earth is not full of our travails ?

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. i. 460.

Labor omnia vicit

Improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Stubborn labor conquers all things and [so does] want ever urgent in hard times.

*Ibid.* *Georgics*. i. 145.

Limæ labor et mora.

The labor and tediousness of polishing (any work of art, poetry, painting, etc.) as though with a file.

HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. l. 291.

Laborare est orare.

To labor is to pray.

[This is the ancient maxim of the Benedictine monks. It may be a misquotation from the Vulgate's "laborare et orare" in the text from Jeremiah (*Lamentations*, iii. 41) which the authorized version translates, "Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens." The Pseudo-Bernard, referring to Jeremiah, has "Qui orat et laborat, cor levat ad Deum cum manibus" ("Who prays and works lifts up to God his heart with his hands") (ST. BERNARD, *Opera*, Vol. ii. Col. 866, Paris, 1690). "Orando laborando" ("Praying at work") is the motto of Rugby School in England.]

Honest labour bears a lovely face.

THOS. DEKKER. *Patient Grissell*. Act i. Sc. 1.

*Pandarus*. I have had my labour for my travail ; ill-thought on of her, and ill thought on of you ; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. Sc. 1. l. 69.

They can expect nothing but their labour, for their pains.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote. The Author's Preface*. (LOCKHART, trans.)

They have nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their swcate, and (to

bring it to our English prouerbe) their labour for their trouaille.

THOMAS NASH (1589). *To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities*. (Introductory to Robert Greene's *Mena-phon*.)

The labour we delight in physics pain.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 48.

*Falstaff*. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation.  
Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Ibid.* I. *Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 116.

*Falstaff*. Well, I cannot last ever.  
. . . I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 200.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out."

HORNE. *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth*.

BOSWELL. *Tour to the Hebrides*. p. 18. Note.

Better owe

A yard of land to labour, than to chance  
Be debtor for a rood!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Hunchback*.  
Act i. Sc. 1.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath  
the sun

The many still must labour for the one.  
BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 8.

Many faint with toil,  
That few may know the cares and woe of  
sloth.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. iii. l. 116.

Men of England, wherefore plough  
For the lords who lay ye low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

*Ibid.* *Song*. *To the Men of England*. St. 1.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,  
The protest of the weak against the strong.  
F. W. FABER. *The Sorrowful World*.

Well, let the world change on,—still must  
endure

While earth is earth, one changeless race,  
the poor!

SIR E. BULWER LYTON. *The New Timon*.  
Pt. i. St. 1.

And besides, the problem of land, at its worst, is a by one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable—Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief word, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest, and for what pay? Who

is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do no work, and for what pay?

RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies*. *Of King's Treasuries*.

Labour in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labour.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*, April, 1824.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rage  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

HOOD. *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 1.

O men with sisters dear!  
O men with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives.

*Ibid.* *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 4.

It's no fish ye're buying,—it's men's lives.  
SCOTT. *The Antiquary*. Ch. xi.

Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

HOOD. *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 4.

O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

*Ibid.* *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 5.

No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief.

*Ibid.* *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 10.

My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread.

*Ibid.* *The Song of the Shirt*. St. 10.

For men must work and women must  
weep—

And the sooner it's over the sooner to  
sleep—

And good-bye to the bar and its moan-  
ing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *The Three Fishers*.  
Concluding lines.

Labour, wide as the earth, has its sum-  
mit in heaven.

CARLYLE. *Essays*. *Work*.

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman  
Hev one glory an' one shame.  
Ev'ry thin' thet's done inhuman  
Injers all on 'em the same.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers*. First  
series. No. 1. St. 10.

No man is born into the world whose  
work  
Is not born with him ; there is always  
work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who  
will ;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.  
LOWELL. *A Glance Behind the Curtain*.  
l. 201.

Nature fits all her children with  
something to do.  
*Ibid.* *A Fable for Critics*. 24th line from  
the end.

Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.  
LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*. Con-  
cluding lines.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done—  
Has earned a night's repose.  
*Ibid.* *The Village Blacksmith*. St. 7.

Death is the end of life ; ah why  
Should life all labor be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.

Let us alone. What pleasure can we  
have  
To war with evil ? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
TENNYSON. *The Lotus Eaters*. *Choric*  
*Song*. St. 4.

### LANGUAGE.

*Moth*. They have been at a great feast  
of languages and stolen the scraps.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 40.

*First Gentleman*. There was speech in  
their dumbness, language in their very  
gesture.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 12.

For though thou hadst small Latin,  
and less Greek.  
BEN JONSON. *To the Memory of Shakes-  
peare*.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,  
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our  
yoke.  
EDMUND WALLER. *Upon the Death of the*  
*Lord Protector*.

Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs squeak ;  
That Latin was no more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 51.

He Greek and Latin speaks with greater  
ease  
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons  
peas.  
CRANFIELD. *Panegyric on Tom Coriate*.

He that is but able to express  
No sense at all in several languages,  
Will pass for learned than he that's  
known  
To speak the strongest reason in his own.  
BUTLER. *Satire Upon the Abuse of Learn-  
ing*. Pt. i. l. 65.

A Babylonish dialect  
Which learned pedants much affect.  
*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 93.

Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod.  
GAY. *The Birth of the Squire*. l. 46.

Language is the dress of thought.  
DR. JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets*: Cowley.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange  
tongue

By female lips and eyes—that is, I  
mean,

When both the teacher and the taught  
are young,  
As was the case, at least, where I have  
been ;

They smile so when one's right ; and  
when one's wrong

They smile still more.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 164.

I love the language, that soft bastard  
Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female  
mouth.  
*Ibid.* *Beppo*. St. 44.

The Tuscan's siren tongue ?  
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
The poetry of speech.  
*Ibid.* *Child Harold*. Canto iv. l. 58.

Language is a city, to the building of  
which every human being brought a  
stone.

EMERSON. *Letters and Social Aims*. *Quo-  
tation and Originality*.

### LARK.

The busy lark, the messenger of day.  
CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*. l. 1493.

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, he kept the moon from the wolves, and was ready to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. i. Ch. xi.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 6.

Romeo. The lark whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven, so high above our heads.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 21.

And now the herald lark Left his ground-nest, high towering to descrie The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. ii. l. 279.

Up springs the lark, Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn; Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts Calls up the tuneful nations.

THOMSON. *Seasons*. *Spring*. l. 590.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet arise;

Arise, arise!

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act ii. Sc. 3. *Song*. l. 21.

None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.  
LYLY. *Cupid and Campaspe*. Act v. Sc. 1.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*. l. 853.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,  
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;  
He takes this window for the east,  
And to implore your light, he sings.

DAVENANT. *Morning Song*.

Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Song*). Act v. Sc. 2. l. 891.

*Juliet*. It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps,

Some say the lark makes sweet division.  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 27.

To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing, startle the dull night,  
From his watchtower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 41.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and  
lea!

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!  
HOGG. *The Skylark*.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
SHELLEY. *To a Skylark*. i.

Up with me! up with me, into the clouds:

For thy song, Lark, is strong;  
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!

Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me, till I find  
That spot that seems so to thy mind.

WORDSWORTH. *To a Skylark*.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where  
cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and  
eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy  
ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at  
will,

Those quivering wings composed that  
music still!

*Ibid.* *To a Skylark*.

Leave to the nightingale her shady  
wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine:  
When thou dost pour upon the world  
a flood

Of harmony with instinct more  
divine:

Type of the wise who soar but never  
roam:

True to the kindred points of Heaven  
and Home.

WORDSWORTH. *To a Skylark*. St. 3.

The bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest:  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. *Humility*.

The music soars within the little lark,  
And the lark soars.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. iii.  
l. 151.

### LATE.

So the last shall be first, and the first  
last, for many be called, but few chosen.

*New Testament*. Matthew xx. 16.

Ἄψιμαθῆ ἢ ἄμαθῆ.

Better learn late than never.

CLEOBULUS. (*Stobæus*, *Florilegium*. iii.  
79, x.)

Better late than never.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. x.  
TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry*.

Though last, not least.

SPENSER. *Colin Clout*. l. 444.

*Lear*. Although the last, not least.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 86.

*Antony*. Though last, not least in love,  
yours.

*Ibid*. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 81.

Spät kommt ihr—doch ihr kommt!

You come late, yet you come!

SCHILLER. *Piccolomini*. i. l. 1.

### LAUGHTER.

As the crackling of thorns under a  
pot, so is the laughter of the fool.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes vii. 6.

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes  
the skies.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. i. l. 771. (POPE,  
trans.)

[Also l. 366, Bk. viii., in Pope's translation  
of the *Odyssey*.]

The fool will laugh though there be  
nought to laugh at.

MENANDER. *Monosticha*. 108.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis,  
amici?

Being admitted to the sight, could you,  
my friends, restrain your laughter?

HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. 5.

Solvuntur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.

O, then a laugh will cut the matter  
short:

The case breaks down, defendant leaves  
the court.

*Ibid*. *Satires*. Bk. ii. Satire i. l. 86.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)

["Solvuntur risu tabulæ" is said of any  
question which only succeeds in raising  
general laughter, and is so dismissed. The  
matter or case is "laughed out of court."]

To laugh, if but for an instant only,  
has never been granted to man before  
the fortieth day from his birth, and then  
it is looked upon as a miracle of pre-  
cocity.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk.  
vii. Sec. 2. (HOLLAND, trans.)

Take my word for it, it is no laughing  
matter.

CICERO. *Letter to Atticus*.

Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

Why do you laugh? Change but the  
name, and the story is told of yourself.

HORACE. *Satires*. Bk. i. Satire i. l. 69.

One inch of joy surmounts of grief a  
span,

Because to laugh is proper to the man.

RABELAIS. *To the Reader*.

Laughter almost ever cometh of  
things most disproportioned to ourselves  
and nature: delight hath a joy in it  
either permanent or present; laughter  
hath only a scornful tickling.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *The Defence of  
Poësy*.

Laugh, and be fat, sir, your penance is known.

They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,

'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.

BEN JONSON. *Entertainments. The Penates.*

Laugh and be fat.

JOHN TAYLOR. *Title of a Tract.* 1615.

*Falstaff.* The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 6.

*Othello.* They laugh that win.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 124.

*Salanio.* Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper: And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 51.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:

For wit is news only to ignorance.

Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest

Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

HERBERT. *The Temple. Church Porch.* St. 39.

Der Spass verliert Alles, wenn der Spassmacher selber lacht.

A jest loses its point when the jester laughs himself.

SCHILLER. *Fiesco.* i. 7.

Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles, Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.* l. 27.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro.* l. 31.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

FARQUHAR. *The Beau's Stratagem.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

We must laugh before we are happy, or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Characters. Of the Heart.* (ROWE, trans.)

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace.* Epistle vi. Bk. i. l. 129.

Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore

So much the better, you may laugh the more.

*Ibid.* *Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue i. l. 55.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

*Ibid.* *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* l. 35.

Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it; and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners: it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry. In my mind there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible laughter.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letters to His Son.* Bath, March 9, 1748.

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night viii. l. 757.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 120.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt; And every Grin, so merry, draws one out.

JOHN WOLCOT (Peter Pindar). *Expostulatory Odes.* Ode 15.

All Nature wears one universal grin.  
FIELDING. *Tom Thumb the Great*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.  
BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*. l. 50.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and  
fear;  
And where his frown of hatred darkly  
fell,  
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd  
farewell!

BYRON. *Corsair*. Canto i. St. 9.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest,—and more  
sad,  
Because it makes us smile.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 9.

Some things are of that nature as to make  
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth  
ache.

BUNYAN. *The Author's Way of Sending  
Forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim*.  
l. 126.

*Desdemona*. I am not merry; but I do  
beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l.  
123.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 4.

I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet  
down my cruel reflections as they rise; and  
when I cannot, *I am forced to try to make  
myself laugh that I may not cry*: for one or  
other I must do; and is it not philosophy  
carried to the highest pitch for a man to  
conquer such tumults of soul as I am some-  
times agitated by, and in the very height of  
the storm to quaver out a horse-laugh?

RICHARDSON. *Clariissa Harlowe*. Letter  
84.

Laughter and tears are meant to turn the  
wheels of the same sensibility: one is wind-  
power and the other water-power, that is  
all.

HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-  
Table*. Ch. iv.

No one is more profoundly sad than he  
who laughs too much.

RICHTER. *Hesperus*. 19.

How much lies in Laughter: the  
cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the  
whole man.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. i. Ch.  
iv.

Men show their characters in nothing  
more clearly than in what they think laugh-  
able.

GOETHE. *Maxims*. Vol. iii. p. 206.

The man who cannot laugh is not  
only fit for treasons, stratagems, and  
spoils, but his whole life is already a  
treason and a stratagem.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. i. Ch.  
iv.

Besides, my prospects—don't you know  
that people won't employ

A man that wrongs his manliness by  
laughing like a boy,

And suspect the azure blossom that un-  
folds upon a shoot,

As if wisdom's old potato could not  
flourish at its root?

HOLMES. *Nux Postcarnatica*. St. 7.

A sight to shake

The midriff of despair with laughter.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. i. l. 195.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. *The Way of the  
World*.

The friends who in our sunshine live

When winter comes, are flown;

And he who has but tears to give

Must weep those tears alone.

MOORE. *Oh Thou Who Dryest the Mourn-  
er's Tear*.

## LAW.

The thing is true, according to the  
law of the Medes and Persians, which  
altereth not.

*Old Testament*. Daniel vi. 12.

But now we are delivered from the  
law, that being dead wherein we were  
held; that we should serve in newness  
of spirit, and not in the oldness of the  
letter.

*New Testament*. Romans vii. 6.

The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth  
life.

*Ibid.* II. Corinthians iii. 6.

Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.

TERENCE. *Hauton timoroumenos*. Act iv.  
Sc. 5.

Summum jus, summa injuria.

Extreme law, extreme injustice.

CICERO. *De Officiis*. i. 10. 33.

Men of most renowned virtue have some-  
times by transgressing most truly kept the  
law.

MILTON. *Tetrachordon*.

In bondage to the letter still,  
We give it power to eramp and kill,—  
To tax God's fulness with a scheme  
Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,  
His wisdom and his love with plans  
Poor and inadequate as man's.  
WHITTIER. *Miriam*. 1. 97.

Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
Who turn the good to evil,  
And steal the Bible from the Lord,  
And give it to the Devil!

Than garbled text or parchment law  
I own a statute higher;  
And God is true, though every book  
And every man's a liar.  
*Ibid.* *A Sabbath Scene*. St. 18.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.  
W. H. SEWARD. *Speech*. March 11, 1850.

The best use of good laws is to teach men  
to trample bad laws under their feet.  
WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speech*, April 12,  
1852. *Sims' Anniversary*.

No law can possibly meet the convenience of every one: we must be satisfied if it be beneficial on the whole and to the majority.  
LIVY. *Histories*. xxxiv. 3.

The law is blind, and speaks in general terms;  
She cannot pity where occasion serves.  
T. MAY. *The Heir*. Act iv.

Solon used to say that speech was the image of actions; . . . that laws were like cobwebs,—for that if any trifling or powerless thing fell into them, they held it fast; while if it were something weightier, it broke through them and was off.  
DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Solon*. x.

One of the Seven was wont to say: "That laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through."  
BACON. *Apothegms*. No. 181.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.  
SWIFT. *Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Acquit the vultures, and condemn the doves.  
JUVENAL. *Satires*. ii. 63. (GIFFORD, trans.)

Non rete accipitri tenditur, neque miluo,  
Qui male faciunt nobis: illis qui nihil faciunt tenditur.

The nets not stretched to catch the hawk,  
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for those  
Who do us none at all.

TERENCE. *Phormio*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 16.  
(*Phormio*.) (GEORGE COLMAN, trans.)

Law is nothing but a correct principle drawn from the inspiration of the gods, commanding what is honest, and forbidding the contrary.

CICERO. *Orations*. *The Eleventh Philippic*. Sec. 12. (YONGE, trans.)

There is a written and an unwritten law. The one by which we regulate our constitutions in our cities is the written law; that which arises from custom is the unwritten law.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Plato*. li.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.  
SIR EDWARD COKE. *First Institute*.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.

*Ibid.* *First Institute*.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.

SIR JOHN POWELL. *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2  
*Ed. Raym. Rep.* p. 911.

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.

DR. JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana*. Piozzi's  
*Anecdotes*. 58.

The absolute justice of the State, enlightened by the perfect reason of the State. That is law.

RUFUS CHOATE. *Addresses and Orations*.  
*Conservative Force of the American Bar*.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.

COKE. *Case of Sutton's Hospital*, 10 *Rep.* 32.

[Hence the phrase, "Corporations have no souls to save and no bodies to kick."]

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.

SELDON. *Table Talk*. *Law*.

*Falstaff*. Old father antic the law.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc.  
2. 1. 68.

*Warwick.* But in these nice sharp  
quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.  
SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 4.  
1. 17.

*Constance.* When law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 185.

*Lord Chamberlain.* Press not a falling  
man too far! 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him.  
*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 333.

*Suffolk.* Faith, I have been a truant in  
the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to  
it;  
And therefore frame the law unto my  
will.  
*Ibid.* *I. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 7.

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,  
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.  
GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Bussy D'Ambois.*  
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,  
If kings unquestioned can those laws  
destroy.  
DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i.  
l. 763.

*Sicinius.* He hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further  
trial  
Than the severity of the public power.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 267.

What is a law, if those who make it  
Become the forwardest to break it.  
BEATTIE. *The Wolf and the Shepherds.*  
l. 71.

He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law.  
BYRON. *A Very Mournful Ballad on the  
Siege and Conquest of Athama.* St. 12.

*Duke.* The bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter  
letter  
After your own sense.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3. l.  
67.

*Fabian.* Still you keep o' the windy  
side of the law.  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 181.

*Angelo.* We must not make a scare-  
crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom  
make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 1.

*Lucio.* He arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the  
statute,  
To make him an example.  
*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 67.

*Portia.* The brain may devise laws for  
the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a  
cold decree!  
*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 16.

*Portia.* It must not be; there is no  
power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state.  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 218.

*King.* In the corrupted currents of this  
world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by jus-  
tice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action  
lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves  
compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our  
faults,  
To give in evidence.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 57.

*First Clown.* Argal, he that is not  
guilty of his own death shortens not his  
own life.

*Second Clown.* But is this law?  
*First Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's  
quest law.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 23.

And he that gives us in these days  
New Lords may give us new laws.  
WITHER. *Contented Man's Morrice.*

The good needs fear no law,  
It is his safety and the bad man's awe.  
MASSINGER. *The Old Law.* v. i. l. last.

Of Law there can be no less acknowl-  
edged than that her seat is the bosom

of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage.—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

RICHARD HOOKER. *Ecclesiastical Polity*.  
Bk. i.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,

Submit to servile shame ;  
Who from consent and custom draw  
The same right to be ruled by law,  
Which kings pretend to reign ?

DRYDEN. *On the Young Statesman*.

Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience.

SELDEN. *Table Talk*. *Equity*.

Without a notion of a law-maker, it is impossible to have a notion of a law, and an obligation to observe it.

LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding*.  
Bk. i. Ch. iv. Sec. 8.

He that goes to law (as the proverb is) holds a wolf by the ears.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *Democritus to the Reader*.

Drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament.

[The saying has been traced back to Stephen Rice, who was made Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer by James II. in 1686, and removed by William III. in 1690. Gilbert Burnet, in his *History of My Own Times*, tells us that "He distinguished himself by his inveteracy against the Protestant interests, and the settlement of Ireland, having often been heard to say before he was judge that 'he would drive a coach and six horses through the Act of Settlement.'"]

Those rules of old discovered, not devis'd,

Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd:  
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd  
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Epistle i.  
1. 88.

There is but one law for all, namely, the law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of Nature and of Nations.

BURKE. *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings*.

The law of heaven and earth is life for life.

BYRON. *The Curse of Minerva*. St. 15.

Him, the same laws, the same protection yields,

Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.

SAVAGE. *Of Public Spirit*. 1. 41.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. 1. 386.

He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.

BARRY YELVERTON (LORD AVONMERE).  
*On Blackstone*.

The law.—It has honored us; may we honor it.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*. May 10, 1847.  
*Dinner of the Charleston (S. C.) Bar*.

Where law ends, there tyranny begins.

WILLIAM PITT (Earl of Chatham). *Case of Wilkes*. *Speech*. January 9, 1770.  
Last line.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT.

DICKENS. *Little Dorrit*. Bk. i. Ch. x.

The lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances.

TENNYSON. *Aylmer's Field*.

I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' business. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!

DICKENS. *Pickwick Papers*. Ch. xxxiv.  
Concluding sentence.

[Alibi, a Latin law term—*elsewhere*. Defense set up in criminal cases to show that the accused was *elsewhere* when the act with which he is charged is said to have been committed.]

After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth.

GROVER CLEVELAND. *Message*. March 1, 1886.

*Angelo.* The law hath not been dead,  
though it hath slept.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 90.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and  
let us rejoice,  
For if He thunder by law the thunder  
is yet His voice.

TENNYSON. *The Higher Pantheism.* St. 7.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

SAM'L ROGERS. *On a Tear.* St. 6.

O shall the braggart shout  
For some blind glimpse of freedom work  
itself  
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to  
law  
System and empire?

TENNYSON. *Love and Duty.*

Let a man keep the law,—any law,—  
and his way will be strewn with satisfac-  
tion.

EMERSON. *Essays. Prudence.*

I know of no method to secure the  
repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effec-  
tive as their stringent execution.

U. S. GRANT. *Inaugural Address.* March  
4, 1869.

## LAWYER.

In hominem dicendum est igitur,  
quum oratio argumentationem non  
habet.

We must make a personal attack,  
when there is no argumentative basis  
for our speech.

CICERO. *Pro Flacco.* x. 23.

[The probable origin of the phrase:

When you have no case, abuse the plain-  
tiff's attorney.]

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill  
all the lawyers.

*Cude.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not  
this a lamentable thing, that of the skin  
of an innocent lamb should be made  
parchment? that parchment, being  
scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some  
say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the  
bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a

thing, and I was never mine own man  
since.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 84.

*Princess.* Bold of your worthiness, we  
single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 28.

*Fool.* 'Tis like the breath of an unfee'd  
lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 142.

*Tranio.* Do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as  
friends.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 278.

*Isabella.* O perilous months,  
That bear in them one and the self-same  
tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof!  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their  
will,

Hooking both right and wrong to the  
appetite,

To follow as it draws.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure.* Act ii. Sc.  
4. l. 172.

*Bassanio.* In law, what plea so tainted  
and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious  
voice,

Obscures the show of evil?

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 75.

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd  
Men of your large profession, that could  
speak

To every cause, and things mere contraries,  
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.

BEN JONSON. *Volpone.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Our wrangling lawyers . . . are so  
litigious and busy here on earth, that I  
think they will plead their clients'  
causes hereafter,—some of them in hell.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democ-  
ritus to the Reader.*

"Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une  
écaille,

Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au  
Palais;

Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu.  
Vivez en paix."

There take (says Justice), take ye each  
a shell:

We live at Westminster on fools like  
you:

'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace. Adieu!  
BOILEAU. *Épître ii. (à M. l'Abbé des  
Roches).* (POPE, trans.)

The lawyer is a gentleman who rescues  
your estate from your enemies, and keeps  
it to himself.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves in cheating fools.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras. Pt. ii. Canto i. l.  
515.*

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus  
science, that smiles in yer face while it  
picks yer pocket: and the glorious un-  
certainty of it is of mair use to the pro-  
fessors than the justice of it.

CHARLES MACKLIN. *Love à la Mode. Act  
ii. Sc. 1.*

[The phrase, "The glorious uncertainty  
of the law" is said to have been first used  
as a toast by a lawyer named Wilbraham at  
a dinner given to Lord Mansfield in London  
in 1756. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, August,  
1830.]

Litigious terms, fat contentions and  
flowing fees.

MILTON. *Tractate on Education.*

These

Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing  
right;

An iron race!

THOMSON. *Seasons. Autumn. l. 1291.*

The toils of law, what dark insidious  
men

Have cumbrous added to perplex the  
truth,

And lengthen simple justice into trade.  
*Ibid. The Seasons. Winter. l. 384.*

With books and money placed for show  
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
And for his false opinion pay.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Pt. iii. Canto iii.  
l. 624.*

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are  
met,

The judges all ranged,—a terrible show!  
GAY. *Beggar's Opera. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

## LEADER.

The leader, mingling with the vulgar  
host,

Is in the common mass of matter lost.

POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer. Bk. iv. l.  
397.*

Ye are the light of the world. A city  
that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

*New Testament. St. Matthew v. 14.*

The men of England,—the men, I  
mean, of light and leading in England.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France.*

I believe there is a general wish among  
all men of light and leading in this country  
that the solution of this long-controverted  
question should be arrived at.

DISRAELI. *Speech. February 28, 1859.*

Not a public man of light and leading in  
England withheld the expression of his  
opinion.

*Ibid. Sybil. Bk. v. Ch. i.*

Lights of the world and stars of human  
race.

COWPER. *The Progress of Error. l. 97.*

The measure of a master is his suc-  
cess in bringing all men round to his  
opinion twenty years later.

EMERSON. *Conduct of Life. Culture.*

## LEARNING.

(See KNOWLEDGE.)

Much learning doth make thee mad.  
*New Testament. Acts of the Apostles:  
xxvi. 24.*

Out of too much learning become mad.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt  
iii. Sec. 4. Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.*

What we have to learn to do we learn  
by doing.

ARISTOTLE. *Ethica Nicomachea. ii. l. 4.*

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly  
teche.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. Prologue.  
l. 310.*

Men of polite learning and a liberal  
education.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries. The  
Acts. Ch. x.*

Biron. Learning is but an adjunct to  
ourself,

And where we are our learning likewise  
is.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost. Act  
iv. Sc. 3. l. 314.*

*Gremio.* O this learning, what a thing it is!

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 160.

*Dogberry.* Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 17.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?

GAY. *Shepherd and Philosopher.* l. 15.

Yet, he was kind, or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declar'd how much he knew,

'Twas certain he could write and cipher, too.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 205.

While words of learned length and thundering sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.

*Ibid.* *The Deserted Village.* l. 213.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

That one small head should carry all he knew.

*Ibid.* *The Deserted Village.* l. 215.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE. *Essays on Criticism.* Pt. ii. l. 15.

Better be ignorant of a matter than half know it.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Mazim* 865.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

BACON. *Essays.* *Of Atheism.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.

FULLER. *The True Church Antiquary.* *The Holy State.*

Not well understood, as good not known?

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. i. l. 487.

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd;

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite  
And slander, die.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.* Pt. ii. l. 90.

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

HUXLEY. *Science and Culture.* *On Elementary Instruction in Physiology.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,

And always listening to himself appears.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. iii. l. 53.

Learning without thought is labor lost;  
thought without learning is perilous.

CONFUCIUS. *Analects.* Bk. ii. Ch. xv.

*Bacon.* Study is like the heaven's glorious sun

That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books!

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 84.

Many books,

Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads

Incassantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,

And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?

Uncertain and unsettled still remains—  
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. iv. l. 321.

Better a little well kept, than a great deal forgotten.

BISHOP LATIMER. *Fifth Sermon Preached Before King Edward.*

He [Kippis] might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.

ROBERT HALL. *Gregory's Life.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;

Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night vi. l. 519.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,  
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,

Who fether reason with perplexing rules?

POMFRET. *Reason.*

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

*Ibid.* *Reason.* l. 112.

With various readings stored his empty  
skull;  
Learn'd, without sense, and venerably dull.  
CHURCHILL. *Rosciad.* l. 591.

Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And learning wiser grow without his books.  
COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. vi. *Winter*  
*Walk at Noon.* l. 85.

Learning unrefin'd,  
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.  
FALCONER. *Shipwreck.* Canto i. l. 166.

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use,  
In all these he was much and deeply read.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 40.

A reading-machine, always wound up and  
going,  
He mastered whatever was not worth the  
knowing.  
LOWELL. *A Fable for Critics.* l. 164.

Were man to live coeval with the sun,  
The patriarch pupil would be learning  
still.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night vii. l. 86.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* xxvii.

The times were hard when Rip to man-  
hood grew ;  
They always will be when there's work  
to do ;

He tried at farming—found it rather  
slow—

And then at teaching—what he didn't  
know.

O. W. HOLMES. *Rip Van Winkle, M. D.*  
l. 7.

The true knight of Learning, the world  
holds him dear—

Love bless him, Joy crown him, God  
speed his career.

*Ibid.* *A Parting Health.* To J. L. Motley.  
Concluding lines.

Go thou to thy learned task,  
I stay with the flowers of spring :

Go thou of the ages ask  
What me the hours will bring.

EMERSON. *Quatrains.* *The Botanist.*

Love not the flower they pluck and know  
it not,

And all their botany is Latin names.  
*ibid.* *Blight.* l. 21.

## LENDING.

The borrower is servant to the lender.  
*Old Testament.* Proverbs xxii. 7.

Si quis mutuum quid dederit, sit pro  
proprio perditum ;

Cum repetas, inimicum amicum benefi-  
cio invenis tuo.

Si mage exigere cupias, duarum rerum  
exoritur optio ;

Vel illud, quod credideris perdas, vel  
illum amicum amiseris.

What you lend is lost ; when you ask  
for it back, you may find a friend made  
an enemy by your kindness. If you  
begin to press him further, you have the  
choice of two things—either to lose your  
loan or your friend.

PLAUTUS. *Trinummus.* Act iv. Sc. 3.  
l. 43.

*Polonius.* For loan oft loses both itself  
and friend.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 76.

*Antonio.* If thou wilt lend this money,  
lend it not

As to thy friends ; for when did friend-  
ship take

A breed of barren metal of his friend ?

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;

Who, if he break, thou mayst with bet-  
ter face

Exact the penalty.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 133.

## LETTERS.

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi  
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

Phœnicia first, if fame be truly heard,  
Fixed in rude characters the fleeting  
word.

LUCAN. 3. 220. (KING, trans.)

[Brébeut's paraphrase of the above, which  
Corneille thought so good that he would  
have given one of his plays to have written  
it, is :

C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingénieux  
De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux.  
Et par les traits divers de figures tracées  
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux  
pensées.]

*Bassanio.* Here are a few of the un-  
pleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper !

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 255.

Je n'ai fait celle-ci plus longue que  
parce que je n'ai pas eu le loisir de la  
faire plus courte.

I have made this letter longer than  
usual, only because I had not the time  
to make it shorter.

PASCAL. *Provincial Letters*. xvi.

Heaven first taught letters for some  
wretch's aid,  
Some banished lover, or some captive  
maid.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to  
soul,  
And wait a sigh from Indus to the Pole.  
POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 51.

This comes to inform you that I am  
in a perfect state of health, hoping you  
are in the same. Ay, that's the old be-  
ginning.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *The  
Heir-at-Law*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The noblier and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 86. 10.

## LIBERTY.

(See FREEDOM; SLAVERY.)

Stand fast therefore in the liberty  
wherewith Christ hath made us free,  
and be not entangled again with the  
yoke of bondage.

*New Testament*. Galatians v. 1.

As for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free  
Who find Thy service perfect liberty!  
WHITTIER. *What of the Day?* l. 13.

*Luciana*. Why, headstrong liberty is  
lash'd with woe;  
There's nothing situate under heaven's  
eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in  
sky.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 15.

Alumna Licentiae, quam stulti libertatem  
vocabant.

License, which fools call liberty.

TACITUS. *De Oratoribus*. xl.

License they mean when they cry Liberty.  
MILTON. *Sonnet xii. On the Detraction  
which Followed*.

A liberty to that only which is good, just,  
and honest.

JOHN WINTHROP. *Life and Letters*. Vol.  
ii. p. 341.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome  
restraint; the more restraint on others to  
keep off from us, the more liberty we have.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*. May 10, 1847.  
*Dinner of the Charleston (S. C.) Bar*.

Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey.  
J. MONTGOMERY. *Greenland*. Canto iv.  
l. 88.

*Casca*. So every bondman in his own  
hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 101.

*Jaques*. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 47.

In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to  
side.

This thought might lead me through the  
world's vain mask,

Content, though blind, had I no better  
guide.

MILTON. *Sonnet xxii. To Cyriack Skinner*.

### Preferring

Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp.

*Ibid*. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 255.

Unless that liberty, which is of such a  
kind as arms can neither procure nor  
take away, which alone is the fruit of  
piety, of justice, of temperance, and un-  
adulterated virtue, shall have taken  
deep root in your minds and hearts,  
there will not long be wanting one who  
will snatch from you by treachery what  
you have acquired by arms.

*Ibid*. *The Second Defence of the People of  
England*.

The love of liberty with life is given,  
And life itself the inferior gift of  
Heaven.

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*. Bk. ii.  
l. 291.

Give me again my hollow tree,  
A crust of bread, and liberty!  
POPE. *Imitations of Horace*. Bk. ii. Satire  
vi. l. 220.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.  
ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal Liberty!  
SMOLLETT. *Ode to Independence*. l. 5.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to  
be purchased at the price of chains and  
slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I  
know not what course others may take,  
but as for me, give me liberty, or give  
me death!

PATRICK HENRY. *Speech in the Virginia  
Convention*, March, 1775.

Where liberty dwells, there is my  
country.

BEN. FRANKLIN.

The sun of liberty is set; you must  
light up the candle of industry and  
economy.

*Ibid.* In *Correspondence*.

They that can give up essential liberty  
to obtain a little temporary safety de-  
serve neither liberty nor safety.

*Ibid.* *Historical Review of Pennsylvania*.

[This sentence was much used in the  
Revolutionary period. It occurs even so  
early as November, 1755, in an answer by  
the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Gov-  
ernor, and forms the motto of Franklin's  
*Historical Review* (1759), appearing also in the  
body of the work.

FROTHINGHAM. *Rise of the Republic of the  
United States*.

The people never give up their lib-  
erties but under some delusion.

BURKE. *Speech at County Meeting of  
Bucks*. 1784.

The God who gave us life, gave us  
liberty at the same time.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Summary View of  
the Rights of British America*.

Eternal vigilance is the price of  
liberty.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN. *Speech*. Dublin.  
1808.

The condition upon which God hath given  
liberty to man is eternal vigilance.

*Ibid.* *Speech*. July 10, 1790.

God grants liberty only to those who  
love it, and are always ready to guard  
and defend it.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*. June 3, 1834.

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze  
We lift our heads, a race of other days.

CHARLES SPRAGUE. *Centennial Ode*. St.  
22.

If the true spark of religious and civil  
liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human  
agency cannot extinguish it. Like the  
earth's central fire, it may be smothered  
for a time; the ocean may overwhelm  
it; mountains may press it down; but  
its inherent and unconquerable force  
will heave both the ocean and the land,  
and at some time or other, in some place  
or other, the volcano will break out and  
flame up to heaven.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Address*. Charles-  
town, Mass., June 17, 1825. *The  
Bunker Hill Monument*.

Liberty, like day,  
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from  
Heaven

Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.  
COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v. l. 882.

L'arbre de la liberté ne croit qu'arrosé  
par le sang des tyrans.

The tree of liberty grows only when  
watered by the blood of tyrants.

BARÈRE. *Speech in the Convention Na-  
tionale*. 1792.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes  
are committed in thy name!

MADAME ROLAND.

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples  
bare,

And shot my being through earth, sea,  
and air,

Possessing all things with intensest love,  
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

COLERIDGE. *France. An Ode*. Conclud-  
ing lines.

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and  
pause,

Whose pathless march no mortal may  
control!

Ye Ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye  
roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye woods! that listen to the night-bird's  
singing,

. . . . .

O ye loud waves! and O ye Forests  
high!

And O ye clouds that far above me  
soar'd!

Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing  
sky!

Yea, everything that is, and will be  
free!

Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still  
adored

The spirit of divinest liberty.  
COLERIDGE. *France. An Ode.* St. 1.

Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks  
in her cause.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the  
Peri.* St. 13.

The tribute most high to a head that is  
royal,

Is love from a heart that loves liberty  
too.

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies. The Prince's  
Day.* St. 2.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at  
length,

Throws its last fetters off; and who shall  
place

A limit to the giant's unchained  
strength,

Or curb his swiftness in the forward  
race?

BRYANT. *The Ages.* St. 23.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,  
We hold like rights, and shall,—

Equal on Sunday in the pew,

On Monday in the Mall,

For what avail the plough or sail,

Or land or life, if freedom fail?  
EMERSON. *Boston.* St. 5.

## LIES; LIAR.

(See DECEIT; FALSEHOOD.)

A lie never lives to be old.

SOPHOCLES. *Acrisius.* Fragment 59.

Mendacem memorem esse oportere.

To be a liar, memory is necessary.

QUINTILIAN. *Institutes.* iv. 2. 91.

It is not without good reason said, that he  
who has not a good memory should never  
take upon him the trade of lying.

MONTAIGNE. *Bk. i. Ch. ix. Of Liars.*

Indeed, a very rational saying, that a liar  
ought to have a good memory.

SOUTH. *Sermon on the Concealment of Sin.*

Istud quod non est, dicere Bassa solet.

The thing that is not, Bassa's wont to  
say.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams.* v. 45.

Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem  
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo  
Nobilis aevum.

One only, true to Hymen's flame,  
Was traitress to her sire foresworn:  
That splendid falsehood lights her name  
Through times unborn.

HORACE. *Odes.* iii. 11. 33. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

[Hypermnestra alone, of all the fifty  
daughters of Danaus who had sworn to  
him to kill their husbands, broke her oath,  
and was imprisoned but declared innocent  
by the people. So Sophronisba, a Christian  
virgin, who falsely took upon herself the  
guilt of having secreted a statue of the  
Virgin from heathen profanation, is ap-  
plauded by Tasso:

Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero  
Sì bello che si possa a te preporre?

Magnanimous lie! And when was truth  
so beautiful that it could be preferred to  
thee?

*Jerusalem Delivered.* ii. 22.]

God is not averse to untruth in a holy  
cause.

ÆSCHYLUS. *Frag. Incerti.* ii.

Children and fooles cannot lye.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Bk. i. Ch. xi.

Children and fooles speake true.

LYLY. *Endimion.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,

Upon a thankless arrant:

Fear not to touch the best;

The truth shall be thy warrant:

Go, since I needs must die,

And give the world the lie.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *The Lie.*

Tell zeal, it lacks devotion;

Tell love, it is but lust;

Tell time, it is but motion;

Tell flesh, it is but dust!

And wish them not reply,

For thou must give the lie.

*Ibid.* *The Lie* St. 6.

*Prospero*. Like one  
Who having unto truth by telling it  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 102.

[The words "Unto truth" have greatly puzzled the commentators. Suggested emendations are "To untruth," "Injured truth," "Unto truth by telling of it," the last with the implication that a line has been dropped. None of the suggestions is satisfactory. Boswell's gloss is as good as any: "The sentence is involved but not, I think, ungrammatical: 'Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it.'" A curious coincidence has been pointed out in Bacon's *History of Henry VII.* :

It was generally believed that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar into a believer.]

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,  
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.

PRIOR. *Alma*. Canto iii. 1. 13.

*Parolles*. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 283.

*Falstaff*. I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 211.

*Prince Henry*. These lies are like the father that begets them: gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 249.

Which moveth me to give the reader a taste of their untruths, especially such as are wittily contrived, and are not merely gross and palpable.

BACON. *Observations on a Libel*. 1592.

*Falstaff*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying!

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 326.

*Falstaff*. Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4. 1. 150.

*Hamlet*. It is as easy as lying.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 372.

*Emilia*. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie:

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 180.

There was in Cain desperation.  
"Malius est peccatum quam remitti potest," quoth he ("My sinne is greater than it can be forgiven"). To whom Augustine answereth, "Mentiris Caine, mentiris in gutture" ("Thou liest, Cain, thou liest in thy throat").

OTES. *On Jude*. p. 247.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!

WILLIAM CONGREVE. *Love for Love*. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. 1. 14.

*Prince Henry*. For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4. 1. 161.

Use not to lie, for that is dishonest; speak not every truth, for that is unneedful; yes, in time and place, a harmless lie is a great deal better than a hurtful truth.

ROGER ASCHAM. *Letter to Mr. C. Howe*.

*Tony Lumpkin*. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

WATTS. *Songs for the Children*. xv.  
*Against Lying*.

(See under DECEIT.)

For my part getting up seems not so easy  
By half as lying.

HOOD. *Morning Meditations*.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,  
And some—before the Speaker.

PRAED. *School and School Fellows*. St. 5.

I mean you lie—under a mistake.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversations*. *Dialogue i.*

You lie—under a mistake,  
For this is the most civil sort of lie  
That can be given to a man's face. I now  
Say what I think.

SHELLEY. *Translation of Calderon's Magico  
Prodigioso.* Sc. 1.

If, after all, there should be some so blind  
To their own good this warning to despise,  
Led by some tortuosity of mind

Not to believe my verse and their own  
eyes  
And cry that they the moral cannot find,  
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies—  
Should captains the remark, or critics,  
make,

They also lie too—under a mistake.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 208.

What is a lie? 'Tis but  
The truth in masquerade.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 37.

That a lie which is half a truth is ever  
the blackest of lies;

That a lie which is all a lie may be met  
and fought with outright;

But a lie which is part a truth is a  
harder matter to fight.

TENNYSON. *The Grandmother.* St. 8.

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.  
Doth any man doubt that if there were  
taken out of men's minds vain opinions,  
flattering hopes, false valuations, imagina-  
tions as one would, and the like, but it  
would leave the minds of a number of men  
poor shrunken things, full of melancholy  
and indisposition, and displeasing to them-  
selves.

BACON. *Essays: Of Truth.*

Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd  
with lies,

To please the fools and puzzle all the wise,  
Succeeding times did equal folly call,  
Believing nothing, or believing all.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achiophel.* Pt.  
i. l. 114.

There is truth in falsehood, falsehood  
in truth.

R. BROWNING. *A Soul's Tragedy.* Act ii.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the  
handle which fits them all.

HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-  
table.* Ch. vi.

What is it all but a trouble of ants in  
the gleam of a million million of  
suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side.  
TENNYSON. *The Ancient Sage.*

## LIFE.

(See MORTALITY.)

The days of our years are three-score  
years and ten; and if by reason of  
strength they be four-score years, yet  
is their strength labor and sorrow; for  
it is soon cut off and we fly away.

*Old Testament.* Psalm xc. 10.

[The English Common Prayer Book trans-  
lates the verse thus: "The days of our age  
are three-score years and ten; and though  
men be so strong that they come to four-  
score years, yet is their strength then labor  
and sorrow; so soon passeth it away and we  
are gone."]

For what is your life? It is even a  
vapor, that appeareth for a little time,  
and then vanisheth away.

*New Testament.* James iv. 14.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length  
a span.

WILLIAM BROWNE. *Britannia's Pastorals.*  
Bk. i. Song 2.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man  
Less than a span:

In his conception wretched, from the womb  
So to the tomb;

Curst from his cradle, and brought up to  
years

With cares and fears.

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

BACON. *Life. Preface to the Translation  
of Certain Psalms.*

Our days begin with trouble here,

Our life is but a span,  
And cruel death is always near,  
So frail a thing is man.

*New England Primer.* 1777.

Life is but a day at most.

BURNS. *Friars' Carse Hermitage.*

Βραχὺς ὁ βίος ἀνθρώπῳ εὖ πράσσοντι,  
δυστυχιοῦντι δὲ μακρὸς.

Life is short to the fortunate, long to  
the unfortunate.

APOLLONIUS. (*Stobaeus, Florilegium.*  
cxxi. 34.)

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat  
inchoare longam.

How should a mortal's hopes be long,

When short his being's date?

HORACE. *Odes.* Bk. i. Ode iv. l. 15.  
(CONINGTON, TRANS.)

[Literally, "the short span of life forbids  
us to cherish long hopes."]

O vita, misero longa ! felici brevis !

O life ! long to the wretched, short to the happy.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxims*.

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

If live you cannot as befits a man,  
Make room, at least, you may for those  
who can.

HORACE. *Epistles*. Bk. ii. Epistle ii.  
l. 13. (CONINGTON, trans.)

[Pope's translation runs thus :

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.]

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so  
too ;

To live and die is all we have to do.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. *Of Prudence*. l. 93.

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou  
livest

Live well ; how long or short permit to  
heaven.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 553.

He sins against this life, who slights the  
next.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 399.

As for life, it is a battle and a sojourn-  
ing in a strange land ; but the fame  
that comes after is oblivion.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. ii. 17.

Vivere, mi Lucili, militare est.

To live, my Lucilius, is to fight.

SENECA. *Epistle*. 96.

[Cf. Voltaire's *Mahomet*, 2, 4. "Ma vie est un combat" ("My life is a warfare"), words adopted by Beaumarchais as his motto ; and Vulgate, Job vii. 1, "Militia est vita hominis super terram" ("Man's life on earth is a warfare"), which is thus translated in the authorized version : "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?"], an alternative reading in the marginal notes being "a warfare."<sup>5</sup>

Life is war ;

Eternal war with woe ; who bears it  
best,

Deserves it least.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 9.

I would not live away ; let me alone ;  
for my days are vanity.

Old Testament. Job vii. 16.

I would not live away ; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG. *I Would Not Live Away*. St. 2.

Duke. Reason thus with life ;

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep : a breath  
thou art,

Servile to all the skyeey influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou  
keep'st,

Hourly afflict.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 6.

Jaques. 'Tis but an hour ago since it  
was nine ;

And after one hour more, 'twill be  
eleven :

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and  
ripe ;

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and  
rot ;

And thereby hangs a tale.

*Ibid.* As *You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 24.

[Jaques is here reporting the words of  
Touchstone.]

Gonzalo. Here is everything advan-  
tageous to life.

Antonio. True ; save means to live.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 49.

York. The sands are number'd that  
make up my life ;

Here must I stay, and here my life must  
end.

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 25.

Hotspur. O gentlemen, the time of life  
is short !

To spend that shortness basely were too  
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

*Ibid.* I. *Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 82.

Life is too short to waste

In critic peep or cynic bark,

Quarrel or reprimand ;

'Twill soon be dark ;

Up ! mind thine own aim and

God save the mark !

EMERSON. *To J. W.* Concluding lines.

Life is too short for mean anxieties.

C. KINGSLEY. *The Saint's Tragedy*. Act  
ii. Sc. 9.

Charmion. O excellent ! I love long  
life better than figs.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act i. Sc. 2. l. 32.

*Cassius*. This day I breathed first:  
time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I  
end;

My life is run his compass.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act v. Sc. 3.  
l. 23.

*Kent*. Vex not his ghost. O, let him  
pass! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough  
world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 313.

*Lewis*. There's nothing in this world  
can make me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet  
world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and  
bitterness.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 107.

*Seyton*. The Queen, my lord, is dead.  
*Macbeth*. She should have died here-  
after;

There would have been a time for such  
a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-  
morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to  
day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted  
fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor  
player

That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 16.

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient  
tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words  
are strong.

TENNYSON. *The Lotus-eaters*. Choric  
*Song*. St. 8.

*Iago*. He hath a daily beauty in his  
life,

That makes me ugly.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 1. l.  
19.

Trust flattering life no more, redeem  
time past,

And live each day as if it were thy last.  
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Flowers  
of Sin, Death's Last Will*.

For man to tell how human life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning  
knew?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 250.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit  
thou drop

Into thy mother's lap.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 535.

Our life is but a dark and stormy night,  
To which sense yields a weak and glim-  
mering light,

While wandering man thinks he dis-  
cerneth all

By that which makes him but mistake  
and fall.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. *To His  
Mistress, for Her True Picture*.

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,  
And every blast brings forth a fear;  
And every fear, a death.

QUARLES. *Hieroglyph*. iii. 4.

Life for delays and doubts no time does  
give,

None ever yet made haste enough to  
live.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. *Martial*. Lib. ii. 90.

Too busied with the crowded hour to fear  
to live or die.

EMERSON. *Quatrains*. *Nature*.

Let Nature and let Art do what they  
please,

When all is done, Life's an incurable  
disease.

COWLEY. *Ode to Dr. Scarborough*. vi.

Life is a fatal complaint, and an emi-  
nently contagious one.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Poet at the Breakfast  
Table*. xii.

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.

Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the  
deceit.

DRYDEN. *Aurungzebe*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
(See under HOPE.)

Man always knows his life will shortly  
cease,

Yet madly lives as if he knew it not.

R. BAXTER. *Hypocrisy*.

All covet life, yet call it pain :  
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.  
PRIOR. *Written in Mezeray's History of France.*

Who that hath ever been  
Could bear to be no more ?  
Yet who would tread again the scene  
He trod through life before ?  
MONTGOMERY. *The Falling Leaf.* St. 7.

This law the Omniscient Power was  
pleased to give,  
That every kind should by succession  
live :  
That individuals die, his will ordains ;  
The propagated species still remains.  
DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii.  
l. 1054.

So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* lv. St. 2.

A man's ingress into the world is naked  
and bare,  
His progress through the world is trouble  
and care ;  
And lastly, his egress out of the world,  
is nobody knows where.  
If we do well here, we shall do well  
there ;  
I can tell you no more if I preach a  
whole year.

JOHN EDWIN. *The Eccentricities of John Edwin* (second edition).

[John Edwin was a popular actor of the eighteenth century. Longfellow has adopted the lines, with a few verbal changes :

Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare ;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care ;  
Our egress from the world  
Will be nobody knows where :  
But if we do well here,  
We shall do well there.

*The Wayside Inn.* Pt. ii. *The Cobbler of Hagenau.*]

They do not live but linger.  
BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 3. Subsec. 10.

When all is done, human life is, at  
the greatest and best, but like a froward  
child, that must be played with and  
humoured a little to keep it quiet till it  
falls asleep, and then the care is over.  
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. *Essay on Poetry.*

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward  
child, that must be humoured and  
coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then  
the care is over.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*  
(Croaker). Act i. Sc. 1.

Men deal with life as children with their  
play,  
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.  
COWPER. *Hope.* l. 127.

Poor little life that toddles half an hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there he  
end.  
TENNYSON. *Lucretius.* l. 225.

La plupart des hommes emploient la  
première partie de leur vie à rendre  
l'autre misérable.

Most men employ the first part of life  
to make the other part miserable.  
LA BRUYÈRE. *Les Caractères.* xi.

Life a dream in Death's eternal sleep.  
JAMES THOMSON. *Philosophy.* ii. *City of the Dreadful Night.* p. 134.

Life is a kind of Sleep : old Men sleep  
longest, nor begin to wake but when they  
are to die.  
LA BRUYÈRE. *The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* On Men. Ch. xi.

All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.  
E. A. FOR. *A Dream Within a Dream.*

Learn to live well, or fairly make your  
will ;

You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and  
drank your fill,  
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age  
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from  
the stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and  
ease,  
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies  
please.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace.* Bk. ii.  
Epistle ii. Concluding lines.

Life can little more supply,  
Than just to look about us and to die.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 3.

A mighty maze, but not without a  
plan.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. l. 6.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 63.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;  
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
He mounts the storm, and walks upon  
the wind.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 107.  
(See under MARLBOROUGH.)

Like following life through creatures  
you dissect,

You lose it in the moment you detect.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 29.

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

GAY. *Epitaph on Himself*.

Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée.

Draw the curtain, the farce is played out.  
[Dying words of Rabelais, as he expired  
in a fit of laughter. See *Works*, Ed. Dupont,  
Paris, 1865, vol. i., p. xvii.]

The world is a comedy to those that think,  
a tragedy to those who feel.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Sir Horace  
Mann*. 1770.

Life's a long tragedy ; this globe the stage.  
WATTS. *Epistle to Mitis*. Pt. i. l.  
(See under STAGE.)

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst  
live forever ?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live  
at all ?

This is a miracle ; and that no more.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vii. l.  
1396.

While man is growing, life is in de-  
crease ;

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
Our birth is nothing but our death  
begun ;

As tapers waste, that instant they take  
fire.

*Ibid*. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 717.

Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpit.

The hour which gives us life begins to  
take it away.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens*. viii. 74.

Chaque instant de la vie est un pas vers  
la mort.

Every moment of life is a step toward the  
grave.

CRÉBILLON. *Tite et Bérénice*. l. 5.

So vanishes our state ; so pass our days ;  
So life but opens now, and now decays ;

The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,  
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

PRIOR. *Solomon on the Vanity of the  
World*. Bk. iii. l. 527.

How short is human life ! the very breath,  
Which frames my words, accelerates my  
death.

HANNAH MORE. *King Hezekiah*.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*. St. 4.

Our lives are but our marches to the grave.  
BEACMONT and FLETCHER. *The Humor-  
ous Lieutenant*. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of  
breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time  
shall strike a death.

QUARLES. *Hieroglyph*. ix. 6.

What shadows we are, and what  
shadows we pursue !

BURKE. *Speech at Bristol on Declining the  
Poll*. A. D. 1780.

(See under SHADOW.)

Nothing can exceed the vanity of our ex-  
istence but the folly of our pursuits.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*. Act  
i. Sc. 1.

A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

DYER. *Grongar Hill*. l. 89.

Human life is everywhere a state in  
which much is to be endured, and little  
to be enjoyed.

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xi.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of  
days !"

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant  
prays :

Hides from himself its state, and shuns  
to know,

That life protracted is protracted woe.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.  
l. 255.

Ask what is human life—the sage re-  
plies,

With disappointment low'ring in his  
eyes,

"A painful passage o'er a restless flood,  
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,

A sense of fancied bliss and heartfelt  
care,

Closing at last in darkness and despair."

COWPER. *Hope*. l. 1.

What is it but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?

*Ibid*. *The Task*. Bk. iv. *The Winter  
Evening*. l. 55.

Life ! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather ;

'Tis hard to part when friends are  
dear,—

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not "Good night," but in some  
brighter clime

Bid me "Good morning."  
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. *Life*. St. 2.

We have been friends together  
In sunshine and in shade.  
CAROLINE NORTON. *We Have Been Friends*.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,  
And like a lily her life did close;  
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,  
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.  
GERALD MASSEY. *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*.

Dost thou love life? Then do not  
squander time; for that is the stuff life  
is made of.  
B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier  
views,  
Life's little cares and little pains refuse?  
Shall he not rather feel a double share  
Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to  
bear?  
CRABBE. *The Library*.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.  
SHELLEY. *Adonais*. St. 52.

Our life,—a little gleam of time be-  
tween two eternities.  
CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship*.  
*The Hero as Man of Letters*.

Life is a fragment, a moment between two  
eternities, influenced by all that has pre-  
ceded, and to influence all that follows.  
The only way to illumine it is by extent of  
view.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. *Note-book*.  
*Life*.

Deem not life a thing of consequence.  
For look at the yawning void of the future,  
and at that other limitless space, the past.  
MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. iv. 50.

Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost  
proudly rise  
Up between two eternities!  
ABRAHAM COWLEY. *Ode on Life and Fame*. 1. 18.

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's  
verge.  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be! The eternal  
surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,  
Lash'd from the foam of ages.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xv. St. 99.  
(See under ETERNITY.)

Youth is a blunder; Manhood a  
struggle; Old Age a regret.  
DISRAELI. *Coningsby*. Bk. iii. Ch. i.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds  
to the delusion of youth: let us hope that  
the heritage of old age is not despair.  
*Ibid.* *Vivian Grey*. Bk. viii. Ch. iv.

So live that when thy summons comes  
to join

The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each  
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave,

Like one that wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. *Thanatopsis*.  
Concluding lines.

So his life has flowed  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and  
pure

Alone are mirrored; which, though  
shapes of ill

May hover round its surface, glides in  
light,

And takes no shadow from them.  
THOMAS NOUN TALFORD. *Ion*. Act i.  
Sc. i.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream!"

For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.  
LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*. St. 1.

Things are not always what they seem.  
PHAEDRUS. *Fables*. Bk. iv. Fable 2.  
(See under APPEARANCES.)

Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.  
LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*. St. 2.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach.  
 THOREAU. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.*

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes on soundings.

HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast-table.* Ch. v.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star  
 In God's eternal day.

BAYARD TAYLOR. *Autumnal Vespers.*

To most man's life but showed  
 A bridge of groans across a stream of tears.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus.* Bk. xv.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,  
 not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts  
 the best.

*Ibid.* *Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

(See under DEEDS.)

The measure of a man's life is the well-  
 spending of it, and not the length.

PLUTARCH. *Consolation to Apollonius.*

Who well lives, long lives; for this age of  
 ours  
 Should not be numbered by years, daies,  
 and hours.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes.*  
 Second week. Fourth day. Pt. ii.

(JOHN SYLVESTER, trans.)

He lives long that lives well.

THOS. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States.*  
*Holy State.* *The Good Child.*

That life is long which answers life's great  
 end.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night v. l. 773.

Life is not measured by the time we live.  
 CRABBE. *The Village.* Bk. ii.

Oh! what a crowded world one  
 moment may contain.

MRS. HEMANS. *The Last Constantine.* lix.

He who grown aged in this world of woe,  
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of  
 life.

So that no wonder waits him.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 5.

Did man compute

Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
 Such hours 'gainst years of life—say, would  
 he name threescore?

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 34.

'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Issues of Life and Death.* St. 1.

It matters not how long we live, but how.  
 BAILEY. *Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

I count life just a stuff

To try the soul's strength on.

ROBERT BROWNING. *In a Balcony.*

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! no  
 spirit feels waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing,  
 nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping  
 from rock up to rock—

The strong rending of boughs from the  
 fir-tree,—the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—  
 the hunt of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is  
 couched in his lair.

And the meal—the rich dates—yellowed  
 over with gold dust divine,

And the locust's-flesh steeped in the  
 pitcher; the full draught of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel  
 where bulrushes tell

That the water was wont to go warbling  
 so softly and well.

How good is man's life, the mere living!  
 how fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses,  
 forever in joy!

*Ibid.* *Saul.* ix.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare  
 like my peers

The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad  
 life's arrears

Of pain, darkness and cold.

*Ibid.* *Prospice.*

Our past is clean forgot,

Our present is and is not,

Our future's a sealed seed-plot,

And what betwixt them are we?

We who say as we go,

Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know,

That shall we know some day.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI. *Cloud Confines.*

Two children in two neighbor villages  
 Playing mad pranks along the heathy  
 leas;

Two strangers meeting at a festival;  
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard  
 wall;  
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden  
 ease;  
 Two graves grass-green beside a gray  
 church-tower,  
 Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blos-  
 somed;  
 Two children in one hamlet born and  
 bred;  
 So runs the round of life from hour to  
 hour.

TENNYSON. *Circumstance.*

The long mechanic pacings to and fro,  
 The set, gray life, and apathetic end.

*Ibid.* *Love and Duty.* 1. 17.

### LIGHT.

And God said "Let there be light,  
 and there was light."

*Old Testament.* Genesis i. 3.

"Let there be Light!" said God; and forth-  
 with Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep; and, from her native  
 east,

To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. 1. 243.

The first creature of God, in the work  
 of the days was the light of the sense,  
 the last was the light of reason.

BACON. *Essays. Of Truth.*

Light.—God's eldest daughter.

THOMAS FULLER. *The Holy and Profane  
 States. The Holy State. Building.*

God's first creature, which was light.

RUSKIN. *Crown of Wild Olives.* p. 207.

He was a burning and a shining light.

*New Testament.* John v. 35.

The light of Heaven restore;

Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.

POPE. *The Iliad.* Bk. xvii. 1. 729.

The prayer of Ajax was for light.

LONGFELLOW. *The Gobel of Life.* St. 9.

And this is the condemnation, that  
 light is come into the world, and men  
 loved darkness rather than light, because  
 their deeds were evil.

*New Testament.* John iii. 19.

Lucus, quia, umbra opacus, parum  
 luceat.

Lucus, a grove, is so called, because,  
 from the dense shade, there is very little  
 light there.

QUINTILIAN. *De Institutione Oratoria.* i.  
 6. 34.

[Hence the phrase, "Lucus a non lu-  
 cendo."]

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven  
 first-born;

Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? since  
 God is light,

And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt but in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence in-  
 create.

Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal  
 stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before  
 the Sun,

Before the Heavens thou wert, and at  
 the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and  
 deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. 1. 1.

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts  
 appear.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. 1. 380.

[Frequently misquoted (and improved) by  
 the substitution of "light" for "bright."  
 Milton may have had in memory a passage  
 in Longinus where, after quoting from  
 Demosthenes, he asks, "In what has the  
 orator here concealed the figure? Plainly,  
 in its own lustre."]

Love in your heart as idly burns

As fire in antique Roman urns.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. 1.  
 309.

[The story of a lamp which was supposed  
 to have burned about fifteen hundred years  
 in the sepulcher of Tullia, the daughter of  
 Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others:

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

COWPER. *Conversation.* 1. 357.]

Who could have thought such Darkness  
 lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could  
 find,

Whilst flow'r, and leaf, and insect stood  
 revealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
 us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. BLANCO WHITE. *Sonnet. Night.*

Light that makes things seen, makes some things invisible; were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day when they were created above the horizon with the sun and there was not an eye to behold them.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Garden of Cyrus.* Ch. iv.

The rising sun to mortal sight reveals This earthly globe, but yet the stars conceal.

So may the sense discover natural things Divine above the reach of humane wings.

C. B. *To the Memory of Sir Thomas Overbury.* Works of Sir T. Overbury. Ed. Rimbault. p. 7.

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright With more than rapture's ray;

As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day.

MOORE. *Oh, Thou Who Dry'st the Mourner's Tear.*

The night has a thousand eyes, And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one;

Yet the light of a whole life dies When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON. *Light.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

SWIFT. *Battle of the Books.*

[A correspondent of the *London Times* in 1887 called attention to an analogous phrase in Philo-Judæus. Speaking figuratively of the manna which fed the Israelites in the desert, he says: "What is the bread? It is the word which the Lord ordained, and this divine ordinance imparts both light and sweetness to the soul which has eyes to see."

WALSH. *Curiosities of Literature.* p. 1043.]

The Greek word *euphuia*, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it; a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things,"—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*,—"the two noblest of things, sweetness and light." The *euphuës*, I say, is the man who tends towards sweetness and light, the *aphuës*, on the other hand, is our Phlistine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Culture and Anarchy.*

A remnant of uneasy light.

WORDSWORTH. *The Matron of Jedborough.* St. 5.

## LIGHTNING.

It is vain to look for a defence against lightning.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 835.

*King John.* Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou can'st report I will be there,

The thunder of my caupon shall be heard;

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 24.

*Lysander.* Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"

The jaws of darkness do devour it up: So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 144.

*Juliet.* Too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which does cease to be

Ere one can say, "It lightens."

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 119.

Such souls

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,

Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind

A voice that in the distance far away Wakens the slumbering ages.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. *Philip Van Artevelde.* Act i. Sc. 7.

## LIKE TO LIKE.

Pares autem, veterè proverbio, paribus facillime congregantur.

As the old proverb says, like readily consorts with like.

CICERO. *De Senectute.* iii. 7.

Like will to like.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. iv.

Is it not a byword, lyke will to lyke.

LYLY. *Euphues*.

Unto the pure all things are pure.

*New Testament*. Titus i. 15.

With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure.

*Old Testament*. II. Samuel xxii. 27; and Psalms xviii. 26.

Nunquam scelus scelere vincendum est.

It is unlawful to overcome crime by crime.

SENECA. *De Moribus*. 139.

Zeno first started that doctrine that knavery is the best defence against a knave.

PLUTARCH.

Set a thief to catch a thief.

*English Proverb*.

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.

XENOPHANES. (See his *Biography* by DIOGENES LAERTIUS.)

I pray thee let me and my fellow have  
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. xi.

[Old receipt books advise that a man who rises with what is now known as a next morning headache should drink sparingly some of the same liquor which he drunk to excess over-night.]

Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will  
prove

To thrive in cunning, must cure love  
with love.

FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy*. Act i. Sc. 3.

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 237.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.  
THOMAS TICKELL. *To a Lady with a Present of Flowers*. 1. 4.

*Proteus*. Even as one heat another  
heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out  
another,

So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 192.

*Benvolio*. One fire burns out another's  
burning,

One pain is lessened by another's anguish.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 46.

For one heat, all know, doth drive out  
another;

One passion doth expel another still.  
CHAPMAN. *Monsieur d'Olive*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Bastard*. Be stirring as the time; be fire  
with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the  
brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviors from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 48.

*Angelo*. O cunning enemy, that, to  
catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook!

*Ibid*. *Measure for Measure*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 180.

*Katharine*. He that is giddy, thinks  
the world turns round.

*Ibid*. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 20.

The only present love demands is love.  
GAY. *The Espousal*. 1. 56.

*Queen Elizabeth*. Righteous monarchs,  
Justly to judge, with their own eyes  
should see;

To rule o'er freemen should themselves  
be free.

HENRY BROOKE. *The Earl of Essex*. Act i.

[Johnson was present when a tragedy was  
read in which there occurred this line:

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be  
free.

The company having admired it much—"I  
cannot agree with you," said Johnson, "it  
might as well be said:

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."  
BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. June, 1784.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce  
for the gander.

TOM BROWN. *New Maxims*.

Similia similibus curantur.

Like cures like.

[Hahnemann's motto for the homœopathic  
school of medicine which he founded. He  
did not invent the phrase, but refers it to  
Hippocrates, from whom he quotes, "By  
similar things disease is produced, and by  
similar things administered to the sick they  
are healed of their diseases. Thus, the  
same thing which will produce a strangury  
when one does not exist will remove it  
when it does." The sentence comes from  
Περὶ τῶν κατ' ἀνθρώπων, one of the writ-  
ings attributed to Hippocrates.]

Τὰ ἐναντία τῶν ἐναντιῶν ἐστὶν ἰήματα.

By opposites opposites are cured.  
HIPPOCRATES. *De Flatibus*. (Kuhn's edition, 1825. Vol. i. p. 576.)

In physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. Preface.

All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. Concluding lines.

Like will to like, each creature loves his kind,

Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. Aphorisms 293.

And Heaven that every virtue bears in mind

E'en to the ashes of the just is kind.

POPE. *The Iliad*. Bk. xxiv. l. 523.

Since the bright actions of the just  
Survive unburied in the kindred dust.

PINDAR. *Olympus*. Ode viii. l. 112  
(WHEELWRIGHT, trans.)

He left his old religion for an estate,  
and has not had time to get a new one.  
But stands like a dead wall between  
church and synagogue, or like the blank  
leaves between the Old and New Testa-  
ment.

SHERIDAN. *The Duenna*. Act i. Sc. 3.

### LILY.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

*New Testament*. Matthew vi. 28.

And every rose and lily there did stand  
Better attired by Nature's hand.

COWLEY. *The Garden*.

*Queen Katharine*. Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 151.

In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping  
hair.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 862.

We are Lilies fair,  
The flower of virgin light;  
Nature held us forth, and said,  
"Lo! my thoughts of white."  
LEIGH HUNT. *Songs and Chorus of the  
Flowers*. *Lilies*.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
HEBER. *First Sunday After Epiphany*.  
No. 2.

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight coloured  
cup,

Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender  
sky.

SHELLEY. *The Sensitive Plant*. Pt. 1. St. 9.

And lilies are still lilies, pulled  
By smutty hands, though spotted from  
their white.

E. B. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. iii.

And lilies white, prepared to touch  
The whitest thought, nor soil it much,  
Of dreamer turned to lover.

*Ibid*. *A Flower in a Letter*.

. . . purple lilies Dante blew  
To a larger bubble with his prophet  
breath.

*Ibid*. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. vii.

The sprinkled isles,  
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea.

*Cleon*.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and  
slip

Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. vii. l. 171.

The lilies say: Behold how we  
Preach without words of purity.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Consider the  
Lilies of the Field*.

### LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.

Beside this corpse, that bears for wind-  
ing sheet,

The stars and stripes he lived to rear  
anew,

Between the mourners at his head and  
feet,

Say, scurril jester, is there room for  
you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen—  
To make me own this hind of Princes peer

This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

TOM TAYLOR. *Abraham Lincoln*.

[This poem, which appeared in London *Punch*, of which Taylor was editor, was that periodical's recantation of pictorial and written scurrilities published during Lincoln's life.]

One of the people! born to be  
Their curious epitome;

To share yet rise above  
Their shifting hate and love.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. *Abraham Lincoln*.

Common his mind (it seemed so then),  
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:  
Plain were his words and poor,  
But now they will endure!

*Ibid.* *Abraham Lincoln*.

No hero this of Roman mould,  
Nor like our stately sires of old:  
Perhaps he was not great,  
But he preserved the State!

*Ibid.* *Abraham Lincoln*.

Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

LOWELL. *Commemoration Ode*.

### LION.

*Bottom*. A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 31.

*Bottom*. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again*.

*Quince*. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All*. That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bottom*. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 72.

*Queen Margaret*. Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;  
But great men tremble when the lion roars.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 19.

*Enobarbus*. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc. 13. l. 94.

*Queen*. The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else,  
with rage  
To be o'erpowered.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 29.

Who nourisheth a lion must obey him.  
BEN JONSON. *Sejanus*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Now half appeared  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke  
from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 463.

The lion is, beyond dispute,  
Allow'd the most majestic brute;  
His valor and his generous mind  
Prove him superior of his kind.

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. ii. Fable 9. *The Jackal, the Leopard, and Other Beasts*.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;  
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
And keep him there, or shall we let him in

To try if we can turn him out again?"  
JAMES BRAMSTON. *Art of Politics*.

I hope we shall not be as wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave the stork as their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out.

COLONEL SILIUS TITUS. *Speech on the Exclusion Bill.* January 7, 1680.

[His most famous speech was against the limitation which Charles offered to impose upon a Catholic sovereign rather than pass the bill for excluding his brother from the throne. Titus argued with great effect that when a sovereign was once upon the throne it would be practically impossible to maintain these restrictions. "To accept of expedients to secure the Protestant religion, after such a king had mounted the throne, would be as strange as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote that we would rather secure ourselves by letting him in and chaining him than by keeping him out."]

*Dictionary of National Biography.* s. v. SILIUS TITUS.]

Rouse the lion from his lair.

SCOTT. *The Talieman.* Heading of Ch. vi.

What weapons has the lion but himself?

KEATS. *King Stephen.* Sc. 3.

### LIPS.

I am a man of unclean lips.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah vi. 5.

The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

*Ibid.* Proverbs xiv. 23.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones,—come and buy!  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer, there,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile,—  
There's the land, or cherry-isle.

HERRICK. *Cherry Ripe.*

Some asked me where the rubies grew,  
And nothing I did say;  
But with my finger pointed to  
The lips of Julia.

*Ibid.* *The Rock of Rubies and the Quarry of Pearls.*

*Tyrrel.* Their lips were four red roses  
on a stalk,

Which in their summer beauty kissed  
each other.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 12.

[*Tyrrel* is reporting the words of the murderer Forrest.]

*Othello.* Steeped me in poverty to the very lips.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 5.

Steeped to the lips in misery.

LONGFELLOW. *Goblet of Life.* St. 11.

With that she dasht her on the lippes,  
So dyed double red:

Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
Soft were those lips that bled.

WILLIAM WARNER. *Albion's England.* Bk. viii. Ch. xli. St. 53.

Her lips were red, and one was thin;  
Compared with that was next her chin,—  
Some bee had stung it newly.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Ballad Upon a Wedding.*

Oh that those lips had language! Life  
has pass'd

With me but roughly since I heard thee  
last.

COWPER. *On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.*

Her lips are roses, overwashed with  
dew.

GREENE. *Menaphon's Eclogue.* St. 8.

Heart on her lips and soul within her  
eyes,

Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

BYRON. *Beppo.* St. 45.

### LITERATURE.

No man but a blockhead ever wrote  
except for money.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Vol. vi. Ch. iii. (GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, editor.)

Literature is a very bad crutch, but a  
very good walking-stick.

C. LAMB. *Letter to Bernard Barton.*

There is, first, the literature of knowledge, and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach, the function of the second is to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding, the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Essays on the Poets.* Alexander Pope.

Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said; and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully or curiously or beautifully put together into sentences.

STOFFORD BROOKE. *Primer of English Literature.*

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.

CARLYLE. *Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

### LOGIC.

Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.

After this, therefore on account of this.

Fallacy in argument by which a mere precedence of circumstance is put forward as the cause of certain effects following. "He died immediately after eating his dinner, therefore, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, the dinner was the cause of death." This falsity is also referable to the head of *non causa pro causa*, a wrong cause for the true cause; as when Whitfield attributed his being overtaken by a hailstorm to his not having preached at the last town. In arguing from cause to effect, two things are necessary: (1) The sufficiency of the cause; (2) its establishment: if either of these be unduly assumed, no conclusion can be proved as to the matter in hand. (See WHATELEY, *Logic*, p. 135.)

*Cassius.* Men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 34.

*Holofernes.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 18.

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.

MILTON. *Comus.* l. 790.

He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 65.

He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras.* Bk. i. Canto i. l. 77.

If the man who turnips cries,  
Cries not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father.

DR. JOHNSON. *Johnsoniana.* Piazzi. l. 30.

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

HUXLEY. *Science and Culture.* *Animal Automatism.*

### LONDON.

Methinks I see

The monster London laugh at me.

COWLEY. *Of Solitude.* xi.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
A village less than Islington will grow,  
A solitude almost.

*Ibid.* *Of Solitude.* vii.

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* 1777. Ch. ix.

London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome.

*Ibid.* *London.* l. 93.

O give me the sweet shady side of  
Pall Mall!

CHARLES MORRIS. *Town and Country.* (See under CITY.)

Go where we may, rest where we will,  
Eternal London haunts us still.

T. MOORE. *Rhymes on the Road.* ix. l. 17.

You are now

In London, that great sea, whose ebb  
and flow

At once is deaf and loud, and on the  
shore

Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for  
more.

SHELLEY. *Letter to Maria Gisborne.* l. 192.

London is the epitome of our times,  
and the Rome of to-day.

EMERSON. *English Traits.* *Result.*

## LONGING.

(See ASPIRATION.)

*Cleopatra.* I have  
Immortal longings in me.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.*  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 282.

*Helena.* I am undone; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular  
star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral  
light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues  
itself  
The hind that would be mated by the  
lion,  
Must die for love.  
*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 95.

Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible she,  
That shall command my heart and me.  
CRASHAW. *Wishes to His (Supposed)*  
*Mistress.*

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattain'd, and dim,  
While the beautiful all round thee lying  
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?  
HARRIET W. SEWALL. *Why Thus Longing?*

I see but cannot reach, the height  
That lies for ever in the light;  
And yet for ever, and for ever,  
When seeming just within my grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
And sink discouraged into night!  
LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend.* ii. A  
*Village Church.* l. 27.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist;  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.  
*Ibid.* *The Day Is Done.*

The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment.  
LOWELL. *Longing.*

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
TENNYSON. *Break, Break, Break.* St. 3.

'Tis not what man does which exalts  
him, but what man would do.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *Saul.* xviii.  
(See AIM.)

Only I discern  
Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.  
*Ibid.* *Two in the Campagna.* xii.

## LOSS.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath  
taken away; blessed be the name of the  
Lord.

*Old Testament.* Job i. 21.

Unto every one that hath shall be  
given, and he shall have abundance;  
but from him that hath not shall be  
taken away even that which he hath.  
*New Testament.* Matthew xxv. 29.

Needle in a bottle of hay.  
FIELD. *A Woman's a Weathercock.* (Re-  
print, 1612.)

A wise man loses nothing, if he but  
save himself.  
MONTAIGNE. *Essays. Of Solitude.*

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;  
When health is lost, something is lost;  
When character is lost, all is lost!  
*Motto Over the Walls of a School in Germany.*

*Frar.* For it so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the  
worth  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and  
lost,  
Why, then we rack the value; then we  
find  
The virtue that possession would not  
show us  
Whiles it was ours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 220.

*Antony.* What our contempt doth often  
hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 127.

Not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.  
COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. vi. *The Winter*  
*Walk at Noon.* l. 50.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!  
EDWARD YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 602.

How could I tell I should love thee to-day  
Whom that day I held not dear?  
How could I know I should love thee away  
When I did not love thee anear?  
JEAN INGELOW. *Summer at the Mill*.

'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels  
Reveal themselves to you.

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus*. Pt. v.

*Othello*. He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know't and he's not robbed at all.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 342.

*Romeo*. He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 238.

The loss which is unknown is no loss at all.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 38.

No man can lose what he never had.

ISAAC WALTON. *The Complete Angler*. Pt. 1. Ch. v.

Ignorance of better things makes man,  
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can.  
COWPER. *Retirement*. l. 503.

Strangers to liberty, 'tis true;  
But that delight they never knew  
And therefore never missed.  
*Ibid.* *The Caged Linnets*.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine;  
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *The Friar of Orders Gray*. St. 12.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again.  
JOHN FLETCHER. *The Queen of Corinth*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

'Tis easier far to lose than to resign.  
LYTTELTON. *Elegy*.

Losers must have leave to speak.

COLLEY CIBBER. *The Rival Fools*. Act i. l. 17.

For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.  
COWPER. *The Retired Cat*. l. 95.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. *The Firework-shippers*. l. 279.

All that's bright must fade,—  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest!  
*Ibid.* *All that's Bright Must Fade*.

None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 24.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. Pt. xxvii. St. 4.

Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
Altho' even hope is denied,  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
Than aught in the world beside—Jessie.  
BURNS. *Jessy*.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.

CRABBE. Tale xiv. *The Struggles of Conscience*.  
(See under BEREAVEMENT.)

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.

THACKERAY. *Pendennis*. Ch. vi.

This could but have happened once,—  
And we missed it, lost it forever.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *Youth and Art*. xvii.

Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

*Ibid.* *Childe Rowland to the Dark Tower Came*. xxxiii.

### LOVE (In General).

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.

*New Testament*. I. John iv. 18.

Non potest amor cum timore misceri.

Love cannot be mixed with fear.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucilium*. xlvi.

Omnia vincit amor, nos et cedamus  
amori.

Love conquers all, and we must yield  
to love.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Bk. x. l. 69. (DRYDEN,  
trans.)

Vivamus, mea Lesbia atque amemus.

My Lesbia, let us live and love.

CATULLUS. *Carmina*. v. 1.

Love is life's end (an end, but never  
ending);

All joys, all sweetes, all happiness,  
awarding;

Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but  
ever spending);

More rich by giving, taking by discard-  
ing;

Love's life's reward, rewarded in re-  
warding.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Britain's Ida*.  
Canto ii. St. 8.

*Phœbe*. Who ever loved, that loved  
not at first sight?

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 5. l. 83.

[The same line had already appeared in  
Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (First sestiad,  
l. 176), and the same thought had been ex-  
pressed by Chapman:

None ever loved, but at first sight they loved.  
*The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*.]

*Rosalind*. Nay, 't is true: there was never  
anything so sudden, but the fight of two  
rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I  
came, saw, and overcame:" For your  
brother and my sister no sooner met, but  
they looked; no sooner looked, but they  
loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed;  
no sooner sighed, but they asked one  
another the reason; no sooner knew the  
reason, but they sought the remedy: and  
in these degrees have they made a pair of  
stairs to marriage, which they will climb  
incontinent, or else be incontinent before  
marriage; they are in the very wrath of  
love, and they will together; clubs cannot  
part them.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act v.  
Sc. 2. l. 33.

I saw and loved.

GIBBON. *Autobiographic Memoirs*.

The magic of first love is our ignorance  
that it can ever end.

LORD BEACONFIELD. *Henrietta Temple*.  
Bk. iv. Ch. i.

Curas amet, qui nunquam amavit,  
Quaique amavit, crasmet.

Let those love now who never loved  
before,

Let those who always loved, now love  
the more.

UNKNOWN. *Vigil of Venus*. (T. PARNELL,  
trans.)

[The *Pervigilium Veneris* was written in  
the time of Julius Cæsar, and is sometimes  
attributed to Catullus. Literally translated,  
the lines run: "Let him love to-morrow  
who never loved before: and he who has  
loved, let him love to-morrow."]

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

CHRIS. MARLOWE. *The Passionate Shep-  
herd to His Love*.

[This has been at various times ascribed  
to Shakespeare. It is inserted in the *Com-  
plete Angler*, by Izaak Walton, as "that  
smooth Song, which was made by Kit Mar-  
lowe, now at least fifty years ago."]

Such is the power of that sweet passion,  
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,  
And the refined mind doth newly fashion  
Unto a fairer form, which now doth  
dwell

In his high thought, that would itself  
excel;

Which he, beholding still with constant  
sight,

Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.  
SPENSER. *Hymn in Honor of Love*.

When beauty fires the blood, how love  
exalts the mind!

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*. l. 41.

Love taught him shame; and shame, with  
love at strife,  
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

*Ibid*. l. 133.

Why should we kill the best of passions,  
love?

It aids the hero, bids ambition rise  
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,  
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to  
virtue.

THOMSON. *Sophonisba*. Act v. Sc. 2.

Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of Him who form'd the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul!

BYRON. *Glaour*. l. 1150.

Love betters what is best  
Even here below, but more in heaven above.  
WORDSWORTH. *Sonnets*. Pt. i. xxvii.  
*From the Italian of Michael Angelo*.

And all for love, and nothing for reward.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto viii. St. 2.

*Juliet*. My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 133.

Divine is Love and scorneth worldly self,  
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

A. W. *Love, the Only Price of Love* (from Davison's *Rhapsody*).

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

LONGFELLOW. *Endymion*. St. 4.

Love sacrifices all things  
To bless the thing it loves.

BULWER LYTTON. *The Lady of Lyons*.

The wretched man gan then advise too late,

That love is not where most it is profest.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto x. St. 31.

Love most concealed, doth most itself discover.

WALTER DAVISON. *Sonnet* xiv.

Love always makes those eloquent  
that have it.

MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander*. Sestiad ii.

Love has a thousand varied notes to move  
The human heart.

CRABBE. *The Frank Courtship*.

*Biron*. And when Love speaks, the voice  
of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 344.

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,  
Causing a spring of virtues where he  
shines.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *All Fools*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 98.

Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,  
So much more excellent, as it least  
relates

Unto the body; circular, eternal,  
Not feign'd, or made, but born: and  
then so precious,

As nought can value it but itself; so  
free

As nothing can commend it but itself;  
And in itself so sound and liberal,  
As where it favours it bestows itself.

BEN JONSON. *The New Inn*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Love is all in fire, and yet is ever freezing;

Love is much in winning, yet is more in  
leasing:

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;

Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;

Love does doat in liking, and is mad in  
loathing;

Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is  
nothing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *Blurt, Master Constable*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd*.

*Rosalind*. But are you so much in love  
as your rhymes speak?

*Orlando*. Neither rhyme nor reason  
can express how much.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 418.

*Phebe*. Good shepherd, tell this youth  
what 'tis to love.

*Silvius*. It is to be all made of sighs  
and tears,

It is to be all made of faith and service,

It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion and all made of  
wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and im-  
patience,

All purity, all trial, all observance.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 89.

*Rosalind*. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty  
little coz, that thou didst know how  
many fathom deep I am in love! But  
it cannot be sounded; my affection hath  
an unknown bottom, like the bay of  
Portugal.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 208.

*Orlando*. The fair, the chaste, and un-  
expressive she.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 10.

That not impossible she.

RICHARD CRASHAW.  
(See under LONGING.)

*Duke.* O spirit of love! how quick  
and fresh art thou,  
That notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters  
there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute!

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 9.

*Olivia.* A murderous guilt shows not  
itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid, love's  
night is noon.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 161.

*Romeo.* With love's light wings did I  
o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love  
attempt.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 67.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all  
at last.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis.* 1. 575.

'Tis love that makes me bold and resolute,  
Love that can find a way where path there's  
none,  
Of all the gods the most invincible.

EURIPIDES. *Hippolytus.* Fragment ii.

*Romeo.* Love goes towards love, as  
schoolboys from their books;  
But love from love, towards school with  
heavy looks.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 157.

*Juliet.* Love's heralds should be  
thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the  
sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over low'ring  
hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves  
draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid  
wings.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 5. 1. 3.

*Othello.* Excellent wretch! Perdition  
catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love  
thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 89.

*Laertes.* Nature is fine in love: and  
where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5. 1. 163.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean  
degree

Love is a present for a mighty King;  
Much less make any one thine enemy.  
As guns destroy, so may a little sling;  
The cunning workman never doth refuse  
The meanest tool that he may chance to  
use.

HERBERT. *The Temple. The Church Porch.* St. 59.

Perfect love implies  
Love in all capacities.

COWLEY. *Platonic Love.*

Love stops at nothing but possession.

SOUTHERN. *Oroonoko.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Love's great artillery.

CRASHAW. *Prayer.* 18.

Mighty Love's artillery.

*Ibid.* *The Wounds of the Lord Jesus.* 2.

Life! what art thou without love?

E. MOORE. *Fable xiv.*

Life without love is load; and time stands  
still:

What we refuse to him, to death we give;  
And then, then only, when we love, we  
live.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride.* Act ii. Sc. 10.

Love, like death, a universal leveller  
of mankind.

*Ibid.* *The Double-dealer.* Act ii. Sc. 8.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault  
to love:

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and  
the wise,

Sink in the soft captivity together.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Is she not more than painting can ex-  
press,

Or youthful poets fancy when they love?  
NICHOLAS ROWE. *The Fair Penitent.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom,  
move

The bloom of young Desire and purple  
light of love.

GRAY. *The Progress of Poesy.* i. 3. 1. 40.  
(See under YOUTH.)

Humble love,  
And not proud reason, keeps the door  
of heaven!

Love finds admission where proud science fails.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ix. l. 1859.

I own the soft impeachment.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act v. Sc. 3.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,  
I bow before thine altar, Love

SMOLLET. *Roderick Random*. Ch. xl.

Oh my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Oh my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

BURNS. *A Red, Red Rose*.

The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie,  
For dear to me as light and life

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

*Ibid.* *Highland Mary*.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE. *Love*.

True love's the gift which God has  
given

To man alone beneath the heaven:

It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;

It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die;

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to  
mind,

In body and in soul can bind.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto v. St. 13.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's  
reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green;

Love rules the court, the camp, the  
grove,

And men below, and saints above;

For love is heaven and heaven is love.

*Ibid.* *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto  
iii. St. 2.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove;  
for love  
Is heaven, and heaven is love": sosings the  
bard;

Which it were rather difficult to prove,  
(A thing with poetry in general hard).  
Perhaps there may be something in "the  
grove,"

At least it rhymes to "love": but I'm pre-  
pared,  
To doubt (no less than landlords of their  
rental)

If "courts and camps" be quite so senti-  
mental.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xii. St. 13.

She was a form of life and light  
That seen, became a part of sight,  
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
The morning-star of memory!  
Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire

With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.

*Ibid.* *Giaour*. l. 1127.

The might of one fair face sublimed my love,  
That it hath weaned my soul from low  
desires.

MICHAEL ANGELO. *Sonnet. To Victoria  
Colonna*. (HARTLEY COLERIDGE, trans.)

Wenn ich dich lieb habe, was geht's  
dich an?

If I love you, what business is that  
of yours?

GOETHE. *Wilhelm Meister*. iv. 9.

But love can every fault forgive,  
Or with a tender look reprove,  
And now let naught in memory live

But that we meet and that we love.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Heart*. *The Elder  
Brother*.

Great are the sea and the heaven;

Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart;

My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
Are melting away with love!

HEINE. *The Sea Hath its Pearls*. (LONG-  
FELLOW, trans.)

God be thanked, the meanest of his  
creatures

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the  
world with,

One to show a woman when he loves her.

ROBERT BROWNING. *One Word More*.  
xvii

Two human loves make one divine.

E. B. BROWNING. *Isobel's Child*. St. 16.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,  
Made and wrote them in a certain  
volume.

Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil  
Else he only used to draw Madonnas :  
These, the world might view—but one,  
the volume.

Who that one, you ask? Your heart  
instructs you.

ROBERT BROWNING. *One Word More*. ii.

No artist lives and loves that longs not  
Once, and only once, and for one only,  
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a  
language

Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—  
Using nature that's an art to others,  
Not, this one time, art that's turned his  
nature.

Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper  
dowry,—

Does he paint? he fain would write a  
poem,—

Does he write? he fain would paint a  
picture,

Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for One  
only,

So to be the man and leave the artist,  
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's  
sorrow.

*Ibid.* *One Word More*. viii.

And he that shuts Love out, in turn  
shall be

Shut out from Love, and on her thresh-  
old lie

Howling in outer darkness. Not for  
this

Was common clay ta'en from the com-  
mon earth,

Moulded by God, and temper'd with the  
tears

Of angels to the perfect shape of man.  
TENNYSON. *The Palace of Art*. Intro-  
duction.

O Love! what hours were thine and  
mine,

In lands of palm and southern pine ;

In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,

Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine!

*Ibid.* *The Daisy*. St. 1.

Not as all other women are

Is she that to my soul is dear ;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

LOWELL. *My Love*. St. 1.

True love is but a humble, low born  
thing,  
And hath its food served up in earthen-  
ware ;

It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,  
Through the every-dayness of this work-  
day world.

*Ibid.* *Love*. 1. 1.

No love so true as love that dies untold.  
O. W. HOLMES. *The Mysterious Illness*.

Soon or late Love is his own avenger.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iv. St. 73.

She knew she was by him beloved,—she  
knew,  
For quickly comes such knowledge that  
his heart

Was darken'd with her shadow.

*Ibid.* *The Dream*. St. 3.

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

*Ibid.* *The Dream*. St. 2.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Spanish Student*. Act  
ii. Sc. 3.

True love in this differs from gold and  
clay,

That to divide is not to take away.

SHELLEY. *Epipsychidion*. 1. 160.

All love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is  
love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now ; but those who feel it most  
are happier still.

*Ibid.* *Prometheus Unbound*. Act ii. Sc. 5.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We  
are happier in the passion we feel than  
in that we inspire.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections ; or, Sen-  
tences and Moral Maxims*. No. 259.

To love for the sake of being loved is  
human, but to love for the sake of loving is  
angelic.

LAMARTINE. *Graziella*. Pt. iv. Ch. v.

Love stoops, as fondly as he soars.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Fancy*. xviii.  
On Seeing a Needle Case in the Form of  
a Harp. Concluding lines.

Such ever was love's way: to rise, it  
stoops.

R. BROWNING. *A Death in the Desert*.

She Stoops to Conquer.

GOLDSMITH. *Title of a Comedy*.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side.

LADY DUFFERIN. *Lament of the Irish  
Emigrant*.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,  
Spite of all my grief revealing,  
That I love thee,—that I dearly love  
thee still.

*Opera of La Sonnambula*.

The first condition of human goodness  
is something to love; the second, some-  
thing to reverence.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes from Clerical Life*.  
*Janet's Repentance*.

### LOVE (Its Follies).

Jessica. But love is blind, and lovers  
cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves com-  
mit.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act ii. Sc. 6. l. 36.

(See under CUPID)

Cressida. To be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with  
gods above.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 163.

'Tis hard to be in love and to be wise.

NATH. LEE. *The Princess of Cleve*. Act i.  
Sc. 3.

Amare simul et sapere vix Jovi con-  
ceditur.

To be in love, and at the same time to be  
wise, is scarcely given even to Jove himself.

DECIVS LABERIUS.

Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens.  
On peut dire, Adieu, Prudence!

O Love! Love! when you get hold of us,  
one may bid prudence adieu!

LA FONTAINE. *Fables. Le Lion Amoureux*.

No man at one time can be wise and love.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 230.

*Silvius*. But if thy love were ever like  
to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Corin*. Into a thousand that I have

forgotten.

*Silvius*. O, thou didst then ne'er love  
so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest  
folly

That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 28.

*Rosalind*. Love is merely a madness;  
and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark  
house and whip as madmen do; and the  
reason why they are not so punished and  
cured, is that the lunacy is so ordinary  
that the whippers are in love too.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l.  
420.

*Valentine*. Love is your master, for he  
masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for  
wise.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 39.

*Valentine*. And writers say, As the  
most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender  
wit

Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 45.

*Biron*. O!—And I, forsooth, in love?

I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, way-  
ward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan  
Cupid.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iii. Sc. l.  
l. 175.

(See under CUPID.)

*Mrs. Page* (reads). Though Love use

Reason for his physician, he admits him  
not for his counsellor.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Arrivagus*. I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you  
say,

Love's reason's without reason.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 20.

*Romeo*. Love is a smoke rais'd with  
the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers'  
eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers'  
tears:

What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 196.

Love is a sour delight, a sugred greefe,  
A living death, an ever dying life;  
A breach of Reason's lawe, a secret theefe,  
A sea of teeres, an everlasting strife;

A bayte for fooles; a scourge of noble  
witts;  
A deadly wound, a shotte which ever  
hits.

THOS. WATSON. *The Passionate Centurie  
of Love*. xviii.

*Polonius*. This is the very ecstasy of  
love,

Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate under-  
takings.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 102.

Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens  
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to  
Counsel  
It runs a headlong course to desperate  
madness.

JOHN FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy*. Act  
iii. Sc. 3.

*Scarus*. The greater cantele of the world  
is lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd  
away

Kingdoms and provinces.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act iii. Sc. 8. l. 14.

"All for Love; or the World well Lost."  
DRYDEN.

[This is the title under which Dryden pro-  
duced his drama on the same theme as  
Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

*Celia*. It is as easy to count atomies as  
to resolve the propositions of a lover.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 245.

*Claudio*. If he be not in love with some  
woman, there is no believing old signs.  
He brushes his hat o' mornings; what  
should that bode?

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 40.

*Benedick*. I will not be sworn, but  
Love may transform me to an oyster;  
but I'll take my oath on it, till he have  
made an oyster of me, he shall never  
make me such a fool.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 25.

*Armado*. Love is a familiar. Love  
is a devil. There is no evil angel but  
love.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 177.

*Falstaff*. O powerful love! that in some  
respects, makes a beast a man, in some  
other, a man a beast.

*Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act v.  
Sc. 5. l. 5.

How wise they are that are but fools  
in love!

JOSHUA COOKE. *How a Man May Choose  
a Good Wife*. Act i. Sc. 1.

[This play is generally attributed to  
Joshua Cooke, but the authorship is some-  
what uncertain.]

Even one who dances best, and all the  
time

Hears not the music that he dances to,  
Thinks him a madman, apprehending  
not

The law which moves his else eccentric  
action;

So he that's in himself insensible  
Of love's sweet influence, misjudges  
him

Who moves according to love's melody;  
And knowing not that all these sighs  
and tears,

Ejaculations and impatiences,  
Are necessary changes of a measure  
Which the divine musician plays, may  
call

The lover crazy, which he would not do

Did he within his own heart hear the  
tune  
Played by the great musician of the  
world.

CALDERON. (FITZGERALD, trans.)

O, love, love, love !  
Love is like a dizziness ;  
It winna let a poor body  
Gang about his business !

HOGG. *Love is Like a Dizziness*. 1. 9.

Why did she love him ? Curious fool !—  
be still—

Is human love the growth of human  
will ?

BYRON. *Lara*. Canto ii. St. 22.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—  
but the cure

Is bitterer still.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 123.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the  
name ;

But mine was like the lava flood  
That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame.

If changing cheek and scorching vein,  
Lips taught to writhe but not com-  
plain,

If bursting heart and madd'ning brain  
And daring deed and vengeful steel  
And all that I have felt and feel  
Betoken love—that love was mine,  
And shown by many a bitter sign.

*Ibid.* *The Giaour*. 1. 1099.

O Love ! thou art the very god of evil,  
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 205.

### LOVE (Its Troubles).

*Lysander*. Ay me ! for aught that I  
ever could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run  
smooth :

But, either it was different in blood ;  
Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of  
friends :

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to  
it ;

Making it momentary<sup>1</sup> as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream !  
SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 132.

*Othello*. Then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely, but too  
well.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 346.

(See under JEALOUSY.)

They love indeed who quake to say they  
love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella*.  
liv.

Ah, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,  
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,  
And sweeter too,

For kings have cares that wait upon a  
crown,  
And cares can make the sweetest love to  
frown.

ROBERT GREENE. *From Mourning-Garment*.  
*Shepherd's Wife's Song*.

Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell  
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?  
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think, or bravely  
die ?

POPE. *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*. 1. 5.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love ;  
And when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between and bid us part ?

THOMSON. *Song*.

None without hope e'er lov'd the bright-  
est fair :

But Love can hope where Reason would  
despair.

LORD LYTTLETON. *Epigram*.

Love is an April's doubting day ;  
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,  
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,  
And quite forget the fitting show'r.

SHENSTONE. *Song*.

But once when love's betrayed,  
It's sweet life blooms no more !  
T. MOORE. *Juvenile Poems*. *Anacreontic*.

I loved you, and my love had no return,  
And therefore my true love has been my  
death.

TENNYSON. *Lancelot and Elaine*. 1. 1298.

<sup>1</sup> Momentary.

Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.  
SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto iii. St. 10.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,  
Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes,  
dust;  
Love in a palace is perhaps at last  
More grievous torment than a hermit's  
fast.  
KEATS. *Lamia*. Pt. ii. l. 1.

Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.  
Without Ceres (bread) and Liber (wine)  
Venus will starve.  
TERENCE. *Eunuchus*. Act iv. Sc. 6.

Love is maintained by wealth; when all is  
spent  
Adversity then breeds the discontent.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 144.

Your love in a cottage is hungry;  
Your vine is a nest for flies;  
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,  
And simplicity talks of pies!

True love is at home on a carpet  
And mightily likes his ease;  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
N. P. WILLIS. *Love in a Cottage*.

With more capacity for love, than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and  
birth,  
His early dreams of good out-stripp'd  
the truth,  
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled  
youth.  
BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 18.

### LOVE (Its Pains).

True be it said whatever man it said  
That love with gall and honey doth  
abound;  
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,  
For every dram of honey therein  
found  
A pound of gall doth over it redound.  
SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iv. Canto  
x. l. 1.

Love is the mind's strong physic, and  
the pill  
That leaves the heart sick and o'returns  
the will.  
MIDDLETON. *Blurt Master Constable*. Act  
iii.

Shall I wasting in despair  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be?  
G. WITHER. *The Shepherd's Resolution*.  
[Often attributed to Sir W. Raleigh.]

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?  
SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Song*. St. 1.  
(See under RECIPROCITY.)

*Valentine*. Ay, Proteus, but that life is  
alter'd now;  
I have done penance for contemning  
love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have  
punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential  
groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore  
sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my en-  
thralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own  
heart's sorrows.  
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty  
lord;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and  
sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 129.

*Hermia*. O, then, what graces in my  
love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a  
hell!  
*Ibid*. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 206.

*Player Queen.* Where love is great, the  
 littlest doubts are fear;  
 When little fears grow great, great love  
 grows there.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l.  
 181.

*Polonius.* He is far gone; and truly  
 in my youth I suffered much extremity  
 for love; very near this.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 191.

*Biron.* By heaven, I do love; and it  
 hath taught me to rhyme, and to be  
 melancholy.  
*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc.  
 3. l. 13.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair  
 Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and  
 look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length, with love and wine at once  
 oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her  
 breast.  
 DRYDEN. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* l. 109.

Pains of love be sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.  
*Ibid.* *Tyrannic Love.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Amour, tous les autres plaisirs  
 Ne valent pas tes peines.  
 Oh love, all other pleasures are not worth  
 thy pains.

CHARLEVAL.

O what a heaven is love! O what a hell!  
 MIDDLETON AND DEKKER. *The Honest  
 Whore.* Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 1.

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
 Than aught in the world beside,—Jessy!  
 BURNS. *Jessy.*

Love's very pain is sweet,  
 But its reward is in the world divine,  
 Which, if not here, it builds beyond the  
 grave.  
 SHELLEY. *Epsychidion.* Concluding  
 lines.

A mighty pain to love it is,  
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
 But of all pains, the greatest pain  
 It is to love, but love in vain.  
 COWLEY. *From Anacreon.* vii. *Gold.*

Slighted love is sair to bide.  
 BURNS. *Duncan Gray.*

Love, the sole disease thou canst not  
 cure.  
 POPE. *Pastoral.* ii. *Summer.* l. 12.

Ambition is no cure for love.  
 SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto i.  
 St. 27.

Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost  
 In high ambition or a thirst for greatness.  
 ADDISON. *Cato.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Love's despair is but Hope's pining  
 ghost!  
 COLERIDGE. *The Visionary Hope.*

O love! what is it in this world of ours  
 Which makes it fatal to be loved?  
 Ah! why  
 With cypress branches hast thou  
 wreathed thy bowers,  
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh!  
 BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 2.

### LOVE (Its Delights).

There is music even in the beauty, and  
 the silent note which Cupid strikes, far  
 sweeter than the sound of an instru-  
 ment.  
 SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.*  
 Pt. ii. Sec. 9.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I  
 see  
 The heart, which others bleed for, bleed  
 for me.  
 CONGREVE. *Way of the World.* Act iii.  
 Sc. 2.

Love, then, hath every bliss in store;  
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.  
 Each other every wish they give;  
 Not to know love is not to live.  
 GAY. *Plutus, Cupid and Time.* l. 135.

Love's own hand the nectar pours,  
 Which never fails nor ever sours.  
 MALLETT. *Cupid and Hymen.*

That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r  
 bestow;  
 That bliss of angels, love by love repaid,  
*Ibid.* *Amyntas and Theodora.* Canto i.  
 l. 367.

What is love? 'tis nature's treasure,  
 'Tis the storehouse of her joys;  
 'Tis the highest heaven of pleasure,  
 'Tis a bliss which never cloy.  
 THOMAS CHATTERTON. *The Revenge.* Ac.  
 i. Sc. 2.

O happy love. Where love like this is found!

O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,

And sage Experience bids me this declare—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy Vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair

In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."  
BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 9.

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,

Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem

life's years of ill!  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 81.

There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies*. *Love's Young Dream*.

### LOVE (Its Constancy).

Many waters cannot quench love,  
neither can the floods drown it.

*Old Testament*. Solomon's Song. viii. 7.

Love me little, love me long.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. *The Jew of Malta*. Act iv. Sc. 5.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

*Old Ballad*.

You say to me-wards your affection's strong;

Pray love me little, so you love me long.

HERRICK. *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*.

Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. cxvi.

*Othello*. I do love thee, and, when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 91.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*. 1. 1019.

*Julia*. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love;

Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Lucetta*. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Julia*. The more thou damm'st it up,  
the more it burns.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act ii. Sc. 7. 4. 18.

But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,

Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love!

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto iii. St. 28.

*Cressida*. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;  
But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 102.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?  
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins?

Mingle with life, and form my very soul?  
YOUNG. *Busiris*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Burgundy*. Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder day or night.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 30.

Angels listen when she speaks :  
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;  
 But my jealous heart would break  
 Should we live one day asunder.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *Song.*

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
 and cheeks

Within his bending fickle compass  
 come ;

Love alters not with his brief hours and  
 weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of  
 doom.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet.* cli.

So dear I love him, that with him all  
 deaths

I could endure, without him live no  
 life.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ix. l. 832.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
 In high ambition, and a thirst of great-  
 ness ;

'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,  
 Warms every vein, and beats in every  
 pulse.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard.* l. 189.

They sin who tell us Love can die :  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.

In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell.

SOUTHEY. *Curse of Kehama.* Canto x.  
 St. 10.

Love is indestructible,  
 Its holy flame forever burneth ;  
 From heaven it came, to heaven re-  
 turneth.

It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of love is there.

*Ibid.* *The Curse of Kehama.* Canto x.  
 St. 10.

Mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the  
 sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,  
 And though his favorite seat be feeble  
 woman's breast.

WORDSWORTH. *Laodamia.* St. 15.

No, the heart that has truly loved never  
 forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when  
 he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when  
 he rose.

MOORE. *Believe Me, If All Those Endear-  
 ing Young Charms.* St. 2.

Love on through all ills, and love on  
 till they die !

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh.* *The Light of the  
 Harem.* l. 653.

(See under MARRIAGE.)

What would you weigh 'gainst love ?  
 That's true ? Tell me with what you'd  
 turn the scale ?

Yea, make the index waver ? Wealth ?  
 a feather !

Rank ? tinsel against bullion in the  
 balance !

The love of kindred ? That to set  
 'gainst love !

Friendship comes nearest to 't ; but put  
 it in,

Friendship will kick the beam ! weigh  
 nothing 'gainst it !

Weigh love against the world !

Yet are they happy that have nought to  
 say to it.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Hunch-  
 back.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Love is Life, and Death at last

Crowns it eternal and divine.

A. PROCTER. *Life in Death.* Last lines.

Unless you can swear, "For life, for  
 death !"

Oh, fear to call it loving !

Unless you can *die* when the dream is  
 past—

Oh, never call it loving.

E. B. BROWNING. *A Woman's Shortcom-  
 ings.* St. 4.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-  
 light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for  
 Right ;

I love thee purely, as they turn from  
 Praise ;

I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my child-  
hood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with  
the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if  
God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.  
MRS. BROWNING. *Sonnets from Portu-  
guese*. Sonnet xliii.

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs;  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover rooted stays.  
EMERSON. *Essays*. First Series. *Epi-  
graph to Friendship*.

And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old.  
TENNYSON. *The Day-dream*. *The De-  
parture*. i.

And o'er the hills and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.  
*Ibid.* *The Day-dream*. *The Departure*.  
iv.

Love is love for evermore.  
*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall*. 1. 74.

### LOVE (Short-lived).

(SEE INCONSTANCY.)

Hot love soon colde.  
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. ii.

Dowghter, in this I can thinke no other  
But that it is true thys proverbe olde,  
Hastye love is soone hot and soone colde!"  
UNKNOWN. *Play of Wit and Science*.

*Rosalind*. Men have died from time  
to time and worms have eaten them, but  
not for love.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iv.  
Sc. 1. 1. 105.

Then fly betimes, for only they  
Conquer love that run away.  
THOS. CAREW. *Song*. *Conquest by Flight*.

Old love is little worth when new is  
more prefer'd.  
SPENSER. *Færie Queene*. Bk. vi. Canto  
ix. St. 40.

*Ophelia*. 'Tis brief, my lord.  
*Hamlet*. As woman's love.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1.  
164.

*King of France*. Love is not love  
When it is mingled with regards that  
stand  
Aloof from the entire point.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 241.

*Proteus*. O, how this spring of love  
resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the  
sun,  
And, by and by, a cloud takes all  
away!  
*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act i.  
Sc. 3. 1. 84.

Love is like linnen, often chang'd, the  
sweeter.  
PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Sicelides*. Act iii.  
Sc. 5.

Love extinguish'd, earth and heav'n  
must fail.  
SIR W. JONES. *Hymn to Durga*.

And lately had he learn'd with truth to  
deem  
Love has no gift so grateful as his  
wings.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 82.

Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate  
their wives,  
And only parents' love can last our  
lives.  
R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes*.

### LOVE (Unfettered).

Perjuria ridet anantum Jupiter.  
At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs.  
TIBULLUS. *Carmina*. Bk. iii. 6. 1. 49.

*Juliet*. At lovers' perjuries, they say,  
Jove laughs.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. 1. 92.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.  
DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*. Bk. ii.  
l. 75.

Love's lawe is out of reule.  
GOWER. *Confessio Amantis*. Bk. i.

Love will not ben constreynd by maystre;  
Whan maystre cometh, the god of love anon  
Beteth his wings, and farewel, he is gone.  
CHAUCER. *The Franklin's Tale*.

Ne may love ben compel'd by maistry ;  
For soone as maistry come, sweet Love  
anone  
Taket h his nimble wings, and farewell,  
away is gone.  
SPENSER. *Fuerie Queene*. Bk. iii. Canto  
i. St. 2.

As love knoweth no lawes, so it regardeth  
no conditions.

LYLY. *Euphues*. p. 84.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment  
flies.

POPE. *Epistle to Eloisa*. Last line.

Love is too young to know what con-  
science is.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. cli.

'Tis Love alone can make our fetters  
please.

APHRA BEHN. *Love and Marriage*.

The angry tyrant lays his yoke on all,  
Yet in his fiercest rage is charming  
still ;

Officious Hymen comes whene'er we call,  
But haughty Love comes only when  
he will.

APHRA BEHN. *Love and Marriage*.

Curse on all laws but those which love  
has made.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. 1. 75.

When from the censer clouds of frag-  
rance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp  
to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my  
sight :

In seas of flame my plunging soul is  
drown'd,

While altars blaze, and angels tremble  
round.

*Ibid*. *Eloisa to Abelard*. 1. 271.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill ;

But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will.

WHITTIER. *Amy Wentworth*. Conclud-  
ing lines.

### LOVE (Man's and Woman's Contrasted).

Trust not a man ; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and uncon-  
stant :

When a man talks of love, with caution  
trust him ;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive  
thee.

OTWAY. *The Orphan*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Duke. Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself, so wears she to  
him,

So sways she level in her husband's  
heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and  
won

Than women's are.

Then let thy love be younger than thy-  
self,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 30.

Through all the drama—whether damn'd  
or not—

Love gilds the scene, and women guide  
the plot.

SHERIDAN. *Epilogue to the Rivals*. 1. 5.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest  
merit

That woman's love can win, or long in-  
herit.

But what it is, hard is to say,

Harder to hit.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. 1. 1010.

Die Liebe vermindert die weibliche  
Feinheit und verstärkt die männliche.

Love lessens woman's delicacy and  
increases man's.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER. *Titan*. Zykel 34.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence: man  
may range

The court, camp, church, the vessel, and  
the mart,

Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in ex-  
change

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his  
heart,

And few there are whom these cannot  
estranger ;

Men have all these resources, we but  
one,—

To love again, and be again undone.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 194.

Love's the weightier business of mankind.  
COLLEY CIBBER. *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not (Hypollita)*. Act i. last line.

Th' important business of your life is love.  
LYTTLETON. *Advice to a Lady*.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;  
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:  
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,  
But every lady would be queen for life.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle ii. *To a Lady*. l. 215.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Sketch-book*. *The Broken Heart*.

How'er man rules in science and in art,  
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.  
T. MOORE. *Epilogue to the Tragedy of Ina*. l. 53.

—Man for his glory  
To ancestry flies;  
While woman's bright story  
Is told in her eyes.  
*Ibid.* *Irish Melodies*. *Desmond's Song*. St. 4.

Love that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole, and not a part,  
That is, to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*. iv.

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.  
TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien*. l. 459.

For women (I am a woman now like you)  
There is no good of life but love.  
R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony*.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring

To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet,  
as real

Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel!  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 199.

In her first passion woman loves her lover;

In all the others, all she loves is love.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 3.

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.  
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections*. Maxim 471.

Women know no perfect love;  
Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong;

Man clings because the being whom he loves

Is weak and needs him.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gypsy*. Bk. iii.

## LOVERS.

If lovers should mark everything a fault,  
Affection would be like an ill-set book,  
Whose faults might prove as big as half a volume.

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Change-ling*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Rosalind*. The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 60.

*Jaques*. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 147.

Lovers are never tired of each other, though they always speak of themselves.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections; or, Sentences and Moral Maxims*. No. 312.

L'amour est un égoïsme à deux.

Love is an egotism of two.

ANTOINE DE SALLE.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

But still be a woman to you.

THOMAS PARNELL. *When Thy Beauty Appears*. Concluding lines.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. 1. 29.

All mankind love a lover.

EMERSON. *Essays*. *Of Love*.

Whoever lives true life will love true love.

E. B. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. i. 1. 1096.

### LOYALTY.

*Wolsey*. Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 193.

*Gloster*. A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 100.

*Enobarbus*. The loyalty well held to fools, does make

Our faith mere folly:—yet he, that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,

And earns a place i' the story.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc. 13. 1. 42.

*Adam*. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 69.

*Polonius*. To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 78.

The first great work (a task performed by few)

Is that yourself may to yourself be true.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. *An Essay on Translated Verse*. 1. 71.

O Richard! O mon roy, l'univers t'abandonne!

Sur la terre il n'est que moy qui s'intresse de tes affaires.

O Richard! O my king! the universe forsakes thee! and on the earth I am the only one that cares for thy interests.

MICHEL JEAN SEDAINE. *O Richard!*

[A famous episode in French history was the singing of this song at the dinner given to the soldiers in the Opera Salon at Versailles, October 1, 1789. The King and Marie Antoinette appeared after dinner, the band striking up the air amid wild enthusiasm. See CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.]

We too are friends to loyalty. We love The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,

And reigns content within them. Him we serve

Freely and with delight, who leaves us free;

But recollecting still that he is man,

We trust him not too far.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v. *The Winter Morning Walk*. 1. 330.

He is ours,

T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,

But not to warp or change it. We are his,

To serve him nobly in the common cause,

True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

*Ibid.* *The Task*. Bk. v. *The Winter Morning Walk*. 1. 340.

### LUXURY.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,

But lust's effect is tempest after sun;

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,

Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.

Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies;

Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*. 1. 799.

Il lit au front de ceux qu'un vain luxe  
environne,  
Que la fortune vend ce qu'on croit  
qu'elle donne.

We read on the forehead of those who  
are surrounded by a foolish luxury, that  
Fortune sells what she is thought to  
give.

LA FONTAINE. *Philtmon et Baucis*.

What will not luxury taste? Earth,  
sea, and air,  
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare.  
Blood stuffed in skins is British Chris-  
tians' food,  
And France robs marshes of the croak-  
ing brood.

GAY. *Trivia*. Bk. iii. l. 199.

Where the pale children of the feeble sun  
In search of gold through every climate  
run:

From burning heat to freezing torrents go,  
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.  
CHATTERTON. *Narva and Mored*. l. 55.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath  
And went all naked to the hungry shark,  
For them his ears gushed blood; for them  
in death,

The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark  
Lay full of darts: for them alone did seethe  
A thousand men in troubles wide and  
dark.

KEATS. *Isabella*. St. xv.

Falsely luxurious! will not man awake?  
THOMSON. *The Seasons*. Summer. l. 67.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's  
decree,  
How ill-exchang'd are things like these  
for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 395.

Blest hour! It was a luxury—to be!  
COLERIDGE. *Reflections on Having Left a  
Place of Retirement*. l. 43.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.  
ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 4.

His house, his home, his heritage, his  
lands,

The laughing dames in whom he did  
delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and  
snowy hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchor-  
ite,

And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly  
wine,

And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass  
earth's central line.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 11.

There is that glorious epicurean para-  
dox uttered by my friend the historian,<sup>1</sup>  
in one of his flashing moments: "Give  
us the luxuries of life, and we will dis-  
pense with its necessaries."

O. W. HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Break-  
fast-table*. vi.

The want of necessaries is always fol-  
lowed and accompanied by the envious  
longing for superfluities.

SOLON. (Quoted by ORELLI. *Opuscula  
Græcorum Veterum*. i. 168.)

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "But we rich  
men count our felicity and happiness to lie  
in these superfluities, and not in those neces-  
sary things."

PLUTARCH. *Morals*. *Of the Love of Wealth*.

Le superflu, chose très nécessaire.

The superfluous, a very necessary thing.

VOLTAIRE. *Le Mondain*. l. 21.

## MAN.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.  
*Old Testament*. Psalm cxxxix. 14.

God hath made man upright; but  
they have sought out many inventions.  
*Ibid*. Ecclesiastes vii. 29.

Pronaque quum spectent animalia cætera  
terram,  
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Thus while the brute creation downward  
bend

Their sight, and to their earthy mother  
tend,

Man looks aloft, and with uplifted eyes  
Beholds his own hereditary skies.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. i. 84. (DRYDEN,  
trans.)

There wanted yet the master work, the end  
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from  
thence

Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 505.

<sup>1</sup> John Lothrop Motley.

This Being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath, and the part which governs.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. ii. 2.

"Ἄνθρωπος ἐστὶ πνεῦμα καὶ σκιά μόνον.

Man is but breath and shadow, nothing more.

SOPHOCLES. *Fragment (Ajax Locrus)* 13.  
(PLUMPTRE, trans.)

What else is an old man but voice and shadow?

EURIPIDES. *Melanippe*. Fragment 18.

Pulvis et umbra sumus.

We are dust and shadow.

HORACE. *Odes* iv. 7. 16.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

JOHN STERLING. *Essays and Tales. Thoughts. Thoughts and Images.*

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds, Of high resolve.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. iv.

We are spirits clad in veils ;

Man by man was never seen ;

All our deep communing fails

To remove the shadowy screen.

C. P. CRANCH. *Gnosis*.

Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? Oh, Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future Ghost within us; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh.

CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus: Natural Supernaturalism*.

Diogenes lighted a candle in the daytime, and went round saying, "I am looking for a man."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Life of Diogenes*. vi.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy, and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition,— "with broad flat nails."

*Ibid.* *Life of Diogenes*. vi.

And all to leave what with his toil he won To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son.

DRYDEN. *Abalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i. l. 169.

Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak nor walk nor eat, and in short he can do nothing at the prompting of nature only, but weep.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk. vii. Sec. 4.

Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I am a man; I deem nothing human alien to me.

TERENCE. *Heautontimoroumenos*. Act. i. Sc. 1, 25.

[St. Augustin tells us that this sentiment was received with overwhelming applause by the audience.]

Quicquid agunt homines.

Whatever men do.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. i. 85.

Man is a name of honour for a king.

G. CHAPMAN. *Bussy d'Ambois*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Unless above himself he can

Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

SAM'L DANIEL. *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*. St. 12.

*Hamlet*. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 316.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Urn Burial*. Ch. v.

No more was seen the human form divine.<sup>1</sup>

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 44.  
POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer*. Bk. x. l. 278.

*Hamlet*. See what a grace was seated on this brow;

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command

A station like the herald Mercury New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:

<sup>1</sup> Human face divine.

A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his  
seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 55.

*Hamlet*. He was a man, take him for  
all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 188.

Quando ullum inveniet parem?  
When shall we look upon his like again?  
HORACE. *Odes*. Bk. i. Ode 24. l. 8.

*Antony*. This was the noblest Roman  
of them all;

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might  
stand up  
And say to all the world, *This was a  
man!*  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act v. Sc.  
5. l. 75.

A king so good, so just, so great,  
That at his birth the heavenly council  
paused  
And then at last cried out, This is a man!  
DRYDEN. *The Duke of Guise*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Such a one he was, of him we boldly say,  
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers  
did suit,  
In whom in peace th' elements all lay  
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty im-  
pute;  
As all did govern, yet all did obey:  
His lively temper was so absolute.  
That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first  
began,  
In him it show'd perfection in a man.  
MICHAEL DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars*.  
Bk. iii.

[So the lines run in the first edition (1603).  
In the sixth edition (1619) they are consider-  
ably altered and approximate more closely  
to Shakespeare, viz.:

He was a man, then boldly dare to say,  
In whose rich soul the virtues well did  
suit;  
In whom so mix'd the elements did lay,  
That none to one could sovereignty im-  
pute;  
As all did govern, so did all obey:  
He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,  
She meant to show all that might be in man.

*Julius Cæsar* was not printed before its  
appearance in the folio of 1623, and the date  
of its production is uncertain. Professor  
Furnival conjectures that it was inspired  
by the fate of Essex, who was executed in  
1601.]

*Portia*. God made him, and therefore  
let him pass for a man.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
1. Sc. 2. l. 60.

*Falstaff*. Like a man made after supper  
of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked,  
he was, for all the world, like a forked  
radish, with a head fantastically carved  
upon it with a knife.  
*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 332.

*Shylock*. My meaning in saying he is  
a good man, is to have you understand  
me that he is sufficient.  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 16.

O wearisome condition of humanity!  
LORD BROOKE. *Mustapha*. Act v. Sc. 4.  
Man is man's A, B, C. There is none that can  
Read God aright, unless he first spell man.  
QUARLES. *Hieroglyph*. i.

Man's state implies a necessary curse;  
When not himself, he's mad; when most  
himself, he's worse.  
*Ibid.* *Emblems*. Bk. ii. Emblem xiv.

Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.  
GEORGE HERBERT. *The Church Man*.  
St. 8.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honor clad  
In naked majesty seemed lords of all,  
And worthy seemed; for in their looks  
divine

The image of their glorious Maker  
shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and  
pure

(Severe, but in true filial freedom  
placed),

Whence true authority in men; though  
both

Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed;  
For contemplation he and valor formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive  
grace;

He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front and eye sublime  
declared

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly  
hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders  
broad:

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets  
waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which  
implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle  
sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best re-  
ceived,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest  
pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 288.

Adam, the goodliest man of men, since  
born,  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters  
Eve.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 323.

Man is but man; unconstant still, and  
various;

There's no to-morrow in him, like to-day.

DRYDEN. *Cleomenes*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Man is but a reed, the weakest in  
nature, but he is a thinking reed.

BLAISE PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. ii. 10.

Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;  
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 3.

There is no theam more plentiful to scan  
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*.  
i. 6. (JOHN SYLVESTER, trans.)

Know then thyself, presume not God to  
scan:

The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 1.

La vraye science et le vray étude de  
l'homme c'est l'homme.

The real science and the real study for  
man is man.

CHARRON. *De la Sagesse*. Bk. i. Ch. i.

I thought that I would find plenty of compan-  
ions in the study of man, and that this  
was the study which in truth was fit for  
him.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. x.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great;

With too much knowledge for the scep-  
tic side,

With too much weakness for the stoic's  
pride,

He hangs between, in doubt to act or  
rest;

In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;  
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;

Born but to die and reasoning but to err.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 3.

What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call  
thine own?

What is there in thee, Man, that can be  
known?

Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,  
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,  
Vain sister of the worm—life, death, soul,  
clod—

Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

COLERIDGE. *E coelo descendit*. γωθί  
σκαυτόν.

(See under KNOWLEDGE.)

Chaos of thought and passion, all con-  
fused;

Still by himself abused, or disabused;

Created half to rise, and half to fall;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to  
all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error  
hurled;

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle ii. l. 13.

The fool of fate—thy manufacture, man.

*Ibid.* *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. vi. l. 181.

Puck. Lord! What fools these mortals be.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Midsummer Night's  
Dream*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 115.

What a chimera, then, is man! what a  
novelty, what a monster, what a chaos,  
what a subject of contradiction, what a  
prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble  
worm of the earth, depository of the truth,  
cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory  
and the shame of the universe.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. x. 1.

How beautiful is all this visible world!

How glorious in its action and itself!

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,  
we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit

To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence  
make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe

The breath of degradation and of pride,

Contending with low wants and lofty will,

Till our mortality predominates,

And men are—what they name not to them-

selves,

And trust not to each other.

BYRON. *Manfred*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 37.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for  
here

There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !  
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

BRYON. *Childs Harold*. Canto iv. St.  
109.

Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,  
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.

RICHARD WEST. *Ad Amicos*.

A spirit all compact of fire

Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis*.

To none man seems ignoble, but to  
man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 483.

O what a miracle to man is man.

*Ibid*. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 85.

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent  
man !

*Ibid*. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 112.

Far above

Those little cares and visionary joys  
That so perplex the fond impassion'd  
heart

Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

THOMSON. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac  
Newton*. l. 153.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his  
fate ?

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.  
l. 345.

Man is a tool-making animal.

DR. FRANKLIN. *Quoted in Boswell's Life  
of Johnson*.

Man is a tool-using animal.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. i. Ch. v.

And there began a lang digression  
About the lords o' the creation.

BURNS. *The Two Dogs*. l. 45.

Man is the nobler growth our realms  
supply,

And souls are ripened in our northern  
sky.

MRS. BARBAULD. *The Invitation*.

Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee  
with disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust !

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a  
cheat,

Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !

By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee  
blush for shame.

Ye ! who perchance behold this simple  
urn,

Pass on—it honors none you wish to  
mourn :

To mark a friend's remains these stones  
arise ;

I never knew but one, and here he lies.  
BYRON. *Inscription on the Monument of  
a Newfoundland Dog*. Concluding  
lines.

The hunting tribes of earth and air,  
Respect the brethren of their birth ;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assigned ;  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring,  
The slow hound wakes the fox's lair,  
The grey-hound presses on the hare ;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb,  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam ;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare,  
Man, only, mars kind nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man.

SCOTT. *Rokeby*. Canto iii. St. 1.

Man's that savage beast, whose mind,  
From reason to self-love declin'd,  
Delights to prey upon his kind.

DENHAM. *Friendship and Single Life*.  
xxxiv.

Oh, shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 496.

Each animal,

By nat'ral instinct taught, spares his own  
kind ;

But man, the tyrant man ! revels at large,  
Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will  
The whole creation, men and beasts his  
prey.

These for his pleasure, for his glory those.  
SOMERVILLE. *Field Sports*. l. 94.

Man is to man, the sorcest, surest ill.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 217.

Man—whose heaven-erected face

The smiles of love adorn—

Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn.

BURNS. *Man was Made to Mourn*. St. 7.

Can spirit from the tomb, or fiend from Hell,  
More hateful, more malignant be than man ?  
JOANNA BAILLIE. *Orra*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost.

R. BROWNING. *Luria*. Act i.

Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.

REGINALD HEBER. *Missionary Hymn*.  
St. 2.

And all save the spirit of man is divine.  
BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos*. Canto i.  
St. 1.  
(See under ITALY.)

But hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity.  
WORDSWORTH. *Tintern Abbey*. 1. 91.

There's not a man  
That lives, who hath not known his god-  
like hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength of  
nature.

*Ibid.* *The Prelude*. Bk. iii. 1. 193.

Man is not as God,  
But then most Godlike being most a man.  
TENNYSON. *Love and Duty*. 1. 30.

Let each man think himself an act of God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God.  
BAILEY. *Festus. Proem*. 1. 162.

It matters not what men assume to be ;  
Or good, or bad, they are but what they  
are.

*Ibid.* *Festus*. Sc. *Wood and Water*.

The piebald miscellany, man.  
TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.  
*Ibid.* *The Vision of Sin*. iv. St. 18.

A feeble unit in the middle of a threaten-  
ing Infinitude.  
CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. ii. Ch.  
vii.

What is man? A foolish baby ;  
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets :  
Demanding all, deserving nothing,  
One small grave is all he gets.

*Ibid.* *Cui Bono*.

They are but children, too ; though they  
bave gray hairs, they are, indeed, children  
of a larger size.

SENECA. *On Anger*. Ch. viii.

Man is a restless thing : still vain and wild,  
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child.  
WATTS. *To the Memory of T. Gunston, Esq.*  
1. 189.

Man to the last is but a froward child ;  
So eager for the future, come what may,  
And to the present so insensible !

ROGERS. *Reflections*.

Men are but children of a larger growth.  
DRYDEN. *All for Love*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
(See under CHILD.)

What? Was man made a wheel-work  
to wind up,  
And be discharged, and straight wound  
up anew?

No! grown, his growth lasts ; taught,  
he ne'er forgets :

May learn a thousand things, not twice  
the same.

BROWNING. *A Death in the Desert*.

Things are in the saddle,  
And ride mankind.  
EMERSON. *Ode, inscribed to W. H. Chan-  
ning*.

A man is a god in ruins.  
*Ibid.* *Nature*. Ch. 8. *Prospects*.

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot  
of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the  
world.

*Ibid.* *Essays. First Series. History*.

Earth laughs in flowers to see her boast-  
ful boys

Earth-proud, proud of the earth which  
is not theirs ;

Who steer the plough, but cannot steer  
their feet

Clear of the grave.  
*Ibid.* *Hamatreya*.

Before men made us citizens, great  
Nature made us men.

LOWELL. *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves  
near Washington*. St. 6.

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky  
above and sea below,

Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than  
the babbling schoolmen know ;

God's stars and silence taught thee, as  
his angels only can,

That the one sole sacred thing beneath  
the cope of heaven is man.

WHITTIER. *The Branded Hand*. St. 9.

Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote.

LOWELL. *Ode at the Harvard Commemora-  
tion*. July 21, 1865. St. 6.

## MANNERS.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt.

What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucilium*. xxxix.

True is, that whilome that good poet sayd,

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne;

For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd

As by his manners.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*. Bk. vi. Canto iii. St. 1.

[The reference is to Chaucer, in *The Wife of Bathes' Tale* :

Loke who that is most vertuouus alway,  
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentle dedes that he can,  
And take him for the gretest gentilman,

l. 6695.

For he is gentil that doth gentil deedis.

l. 6572.]

(See under GENTLEMAN.)

Manners makyth man.

Motto of WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Manners alone beam dignity on all.

WHITEHEAD. *Manners: A Satire*. l. 76.

Since all allow that manners make the man.

*Ibid.* l. 82.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?  
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease;  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;

They seem like puppets led about by wires.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad*. l. 741.

Das Betragen ist ein Spiegel in welchem jeder sein Bild zeigt.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

GOETHE. *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*. ii. 5. *Aus Otilien's Tagebuche*.

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,

The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. l. 542.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It's manners.

THACKERAY. *Sketches and Travels in London. On Tailoring*.

Our manners count for more than our morals.

W. D. HOWELLS.

A civil habit

Oft covers a good man.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Beggars' Bush*. Act ii. Sc. 3.

Whatever he did, was done with so much ease,

In him alone 'twas natural to please.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. 1. l. 27.

Genteel in personage,

Conduct, and equipage;

Noble by heritage,

Generous and free.

CAREY. *The Contrivances*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle i. l. 172.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

THOMAS PARNELL. *An Elegy to an Old Beauty*. l. 34.

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk—

I'll ne'er submit again to it;

So mind you that—before folk!

A. RODGER. *Prudence*.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine, if it is not polished.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*. July 1, 1748.

The attentive eyes

That saw the manners in the face.

DR. JOHNSON. *Lines on the Death of Hogarth*.

Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,

The pure! the just! and set up in his stead

A deity that's perfectly well-bred.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 444.

I suppose this is a spice of foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall.

FOOTE. *The Minor*. ii.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill

Of moving gracefully or standing still,

One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
Desirous seems to run away from  
t'other.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad.* l. 437.

Gentlemen of the French guard, fire  
first.

[According to a much-doubted story, this  
speech was made by Lord C. Hay at the  
battle of Fontenoy, 1745. The Comte d'Aute-  
roches is said to have replied, "Sir, we  
never fire first; please to fire yourselves."  
See FOURNIER'S *L'Esprit Dans L'Histoire.*]

Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-  
mired;

Courteous, though coy, and gentle,  
though retired;

The joy of youth and health her eyes  
displayed,

And ease of heart her every look con-  
veyed.

CRABBE. *The Parish Register.* Pt. ii.  
*Marriages.*

And put himself upon his good be-  
haviour.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 47.

He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 41.

Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*  
St. 5.

Fine manners need the support of fine  
manners in others.

EMERSON. *The Conduct of Life.* *Behavior.*

There is nothing settled in manners,  
but the laws of behaviour yield to the  
energy of the individual.

*Ibid.* *Essays.* Second Series. *Manners.*

## MARLBOROUGH (JOHN CHURCHILL), DUKE OF.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty  
soul was proved,

That in the shock of charging hosts un-  
moved,

Amid confusion, horror and despair  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of

war;

In peaceful thought the field of death  
surveyed,

To fainting squadrons lent the timely  
aid,

Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where  
to rage.

So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty  
land,—

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia  
past,—

Calm and serene, he drives the furious  
blast;

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to  
perform,

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the  
storm.

ADDISON. *The Campaign.* l. 279.

[The last line is sometimes credited to  
Pope, as he appropriated it for the *Dunciad*,  
applying it in a spirit of parody to John  
Rich, manager of the Theatre Royal, Covent  
Garden:

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,  
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of  
pease;

And proud his mistress' orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the  
storm.

Bk. iii. l. 261.]

The extraordinary effect which this simile  
produced when it first appeared, and which  
to the following generation seemed inex-  
plicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed  
to a line which most readers now regard as  
a feeble parenthesis:

Such as of late, o'er pale Britannia passed.

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of the  
storm. The great tempest of November,  
1703, the only tempest which in our latitude  
has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane  
had left a dreadful recollection in the minds  
of all men. . . . The popularity which  
the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addi-  
son's contemporaries has always seemed to  
us to be a remarkable instance of the ad-  
vantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the  
particular has over the general.

MACAULAY. *Essays.* *Addison.*

That simile was pronounced to be one of  
the greatest ever produced in poetry. That  
angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr.  
Addison and landed him in the place of  
Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke  
providentially promoted. In the following  
year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with  
Lord Halifax, and the year afterward was  
made Under Secretary of State. O angel  
visits! You come few and far between to  
literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings  
seldom quiver at second-floor windows  
now!

THACKERAY. *The English Humorists.*  
*Addison.*

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(See DRYDEN.)

Marlowe was happy in his buskin Muse—  
Alas, unhappy in his life and end :  
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,  
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent  
from hell.

Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,  
A tragick penman for a dreary plot.

ANON. *The Return from Parnassus*. 1606.

Neat Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian  
springs,

Hath in him those brave translunary  
things

That the first poet had; his raptures  
were

All air and fire, which made his verses  
clear ;

For that fine madness still he did retain  
Which rightly should possess a poet's  
brain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON. *Of Poets and Poesie*.  
(See under POET.)

Marlowe's mighty line.

BEN JONSON. *To the Memory of Shakespe-  
peare*.

Who knows what splendour of strange  
dreams was shed

With sacred shadow and glimmer of  
gold and red

From hallowed windows, over stone and  
sod

On thine unbowed, bright, insubmissive  
head ?

The shadow stayed not, but the splendour  
stays,

Our brother, till the last of English  
days.

SWINBURNE. *In the Bay*.

## MARRIAGE.

(See HUSBAND; WEDDING; WIFE.)

What therefore God hath joined to-  
gether, let not man put asunder.

*New Testament*. Matthew xix. 6.*Princess*. A world-without-end bargain.SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
v. Sc. 2. 1. 799.

For what thou art is mine :

Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,  
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. 1. 957.

Being asked whether it was better to  
marry or not, he replied, " Whichever  
you do, you will repent it."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Socrates*. xvi.

A Roman divorced from his wife,  
being highly blamed by his friends,  
who demanded, " Was she not chaste ?  
Was she not fair ? Was she not fruit-  
ful ?" holding out his shoe, asked them  
whether it was not new and well made.  
" Yet," added he, " none of you can tell  
where it pinches me."

PLUTARCH. *Life of Æmilius Paulus*.

*Gloster*. Hasty marriage seldom prov-  
eth well.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act iv.  
Sc. 1. 1. 18.

Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.

A sentence worth my meditation ;

For marriage is a serious thing.

RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers*. Act v.  
Sc. 1.

Par un prompt désespoir souvent on se  
marie.

Qu'on s'en repent après tout le temps de  
sa vie.

Men often marry in hasty recklessness  
and repent afterward all their lives.

MOLIÈRE. *Les Femmes Savantes*. Act v.  
Sc. 5.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of  
pleasure ;

Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

CONGREVE. *The Old Bachelor*. Act v.  
Sc. 1.

*Katherine*. No shame but mine : I  
must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my  
heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of  
spleen ;

Who wo'd in haste, and means to wed  
at leisure.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 11.

*Player King*. Since Love our hearts  
and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 169.

*Benedick*. I may chance have some  
odd quirks and remnants of wit broken  
on me, because I have railed so long  
against marriage: But doth not the  
appetite alter? A man loves the meat  
in his youth that he cannot endure in  
his age: Shall quips, and sentences,

and these paper bullets of the brain,  
awe a man from the career of his  
humour? No: The world must be  
peopled. When I said I would die a  
bachelor, I did not think I should live  
till I were married.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 248.

*Citizen*. He is the half-part of a blessed  
man

Left to be finished by such as she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they  
join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them  
in!

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 437.

[The "Cit." in this scene, who takes a  
prominent part in the conversation, is generally  
identified with Hubert, and on the  
stage has always been played by the actor  
representing Hubert.]

Either sex alone  
Is half itself and in true marriage lies  
Nor equal, nor unequal.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. vii. l. 298.

*Parolles*. A young man married is a  
man that's marred.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 315.

*Suffolk*. For what is wedlock forced  
but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

*Ibid*. *I. Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 62.

*Bertram*. War is no strife,  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Ibid*. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 308.

Where there is strife betwixt a man and  
wife, 'tis hell,  
And mutual love may be compar'd to  
heaven.

Attributed to JOSHUA COOKE. *How a Man  
May Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*.  
Act i. Sc. 1.

Ill thrives the haplesse Family, that shows  
A cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.

QUARLES. *History of Queen Esther*. Sec.  
3. Med. 3.

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
United jar, and yet are loath to part.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 175.

Man and wife,  
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad*. l. 1005.

Falsely your Church seven sacraments does  
frame,

Penance and Matrimony are the same.

DUKE. *To a Roman Catholic Friend Upon  
Marriage*.

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's  
the devil.

BYRON. *Hours of Idleness*. *To Eliza*.  
Concluding line.

*Nerissa*. The ancient saying is no  
heresy;—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act ii. Sc. ix. l. 83.

If matrimony and hanging go

By dest'ny, why not whipping too?

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto i. l. 839.

If marriages

Are made in Heaven, they should be  
happier.

SOUTHERN. *The Fatal Marriage*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2.

(See under DESTINY.)

*Queen Isabella*. God the best maker  
of all marriages

Combine your hearts in one.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 387.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared  
been

To public feasts, where meet a public  
rout,

Where they that are without would fain  
go in,

And they that are within would fain  
go out.

SIR JOHN DAVIES. *Contention Betwixt a  
Wife, etc.*

'Tis just like a summer bird cage in a  
garden: the birds that are without despair  
to get in, and the birds that are within  
despair and are in a consumption for fear  
they shall never get out.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The White Devil*. Act i.  
Sc. 2.

Le mariage est comme une forteresse  
asségée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y  
entrer et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en  
sortir.

Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress;  
those who are without want to get in, and  
those within want to get out.

QUITARD. *Etudes sur les Proverbes Français*.  
p. 102.

It happens as with cages; the birds with-  
out despair to get in, and those within  
despair of getting out.

MONTAIGNE. *Upon Some Verses of Virgil*.  
Bk. iii. Ch. v.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in.

EMERSON. *Representative Men. Montaigne.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. . . . Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity.

BACON. *Essays. Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Dedimus tot pignora fatis.

We have given so many hostages to fortune.

LUCIAN. vii. 662.

The sum of all that makes a just man happy

Consists in the well-choosing of his wife :  
And there, well to discharge it, does require

Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;  
For beauty being poor and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with  
neither.

And wealth, when there's such difference in years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke  
uneasy.

MASSINGER. *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1.

She that weds well will wisely match her  
love,

Nor be below her husband nor above.

OVID. *Heroides.* ix.

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight ?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. viii. l. 383.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,  
Beneath the level of all care !

Over whose heads those arrows fly  
Of sad distrust and jealousy.

EDMUND WALLER. *Of the Marriage of the  
Dwarfs.* l. 7.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife ; for thence will spring all thy future good or evil : and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once.

WILLIAM LORD BURGHLEY. *Ten Precepts  
to His Son.*

Hail, wedded love ! mysterious law, true  
source

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In Paradise of all things common else.

By thee adulterous lust was driven from  
men

Among the bestial herds to range ; by  
thee,

Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother, first were  
known.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 750.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people ; yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk. Marriage.*

They that marry ancient people,  
merely in expectation to bury them,  
hang themselves, in hope that one will  
come and cut the halter.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States.* Bk.  
iii. *Of Marriage.*

To church in the morning, and there  
saw a wedding in the church, which I  
have not seen many a day ; and the  
young people so merry one with another !  
and strange to see what delight we married  
people have to see these poor fools  
decoyed into our condition, every man  
and woman gazing and smiling at them.

PEPYS. *Diary,* December 25, 1665.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'-  
ring heaven

Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,—  
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all  
is done ;

The prize of happiness must still be  
won :

And, oft, the careless find it to their  
cost,

The lover in the husband may be lost ;  
The graces might alone his heart allure ;

They and the virtues, meeting, must  
securc.

LORD LYTTLETON. *Advice to a Lady.*

'Tis my maxim, he's a fool that marries ;  
but he's a greater that does not  
marry a fool.

WYCHERLEY. *The Country Wife.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 502.

In the married state, the world must  
own,  
Divided happiness was never known.

To make it mutual, nature points the  
way :

Let husbands govern: Gentle wives  
obey.

COLLEY CIBBER. *The Provok'd Husband.*  
Act v. Sc. 2.

Oh! how many torments lie in the  
small circle of a wedding ring.

*Ibid.* *The Double Gallant.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Marriage is a desperate thing.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk.* *Marriage.*

The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,  
The wife grows flippant in reply ;  
He loves command and due restriction,  
And she as well likes contradiction.

She never slavishly submits ;  
She'll have her will, or have her fits.

He this way tugs, she t'other draws ;  
The man grows jealous, and with cause.

GAY. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.* 1. 17.

The reason why so few marriages are  
happy is because young ladies spend  
their time in making nets, not in mak-  
ing cages.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Women who have been happy in a  
first marriage, are the most apt to ven-  
ture upon a second.

ADDISON. *The Drummer.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Player Queen.* The instances that second  
marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but not of love.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
1. 192.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy  
in marriage married immediately after his  
wife died: Johnson said it was the triumph  
of hope over experience.

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson.*

There swins no goose so gray, but soon  
or late

She finds some honest gander for her  
mate.

POPE. *Wife of Bath. Her Prologue.* From  
Chaucer. 1. 98.

They dream in courtship, but in wed-  
lock wake.

*Ibid.* *Wife of Bath.* 1. 103.

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing.

POPE. *January and May.* 1. 21.

Ah me! when shall I marry me?

Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.  
GOLDSMITH. *A Song.*

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,  
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises;

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises ;

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :

Purest love's unwasting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;

Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

POPE. *Chorus to the Tragedy of Brutus.*  
Concluding lines.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iii. *The Garden.*  
1. 41.

There's a bliss beyond all that the min-  
strel has told,

When two, that are linked in one  
heavenly tie,

With heart never changing, and brow  
never cold,

Love on through all ills, and love on  
till they die.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh.* *Light of the Harem.*  
St. 42.

But happy they, the happiest of their  
kind!

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one  
fate

Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their  
Beings blend.

THOMSON. *The Seasons.* *Spring.* 1. 1111.

Pure, as the charities above,

Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;

And closer chords than those of life

Unite the husband to the wife.

LOGAN. *The Lovers.*

Marriage, from love, like vinegar from  
wine—

A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time  
Is sharpened from its high celestial  
flavor

Down to a very homely household  
savor.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 5.

Thus in the East they are extremely  
strict,

And wedlock and a padlock mean the  
same;

Excepting only when the former's  
picked

It ne'er can be replaced in proper  
frame;

Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when  
pricked:

But their own polygamy's to  
blame;

Why don't they knead two virtuous  
souls for life

Into that moral centaur, man and wife.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto v. St. 158.

[This stanza, which Byron composed in  
bed, February 27, 1821, is not in the first  
edition. On discovering the omission, he  
thus remonstrated with Mr. Murray: "Upon  
what principle have you omitted one of the  
concluding stanzas sent as an addition?—  
because it ended, I suppose, with—

'And do not link two virtuous souls for life  
Into that moral centaur, man and wife?'

Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not  
permit any human being to take such liber-  
ties with my writings because I am absent.  
I desire the omission to be replaced."]

Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn  
pledge,

And nature that is kind in woman's  
breast,

And reason that in man is wise and  
good,

And fear of Him who is a righteous  
Judge,—

Why do not these prevail for human  
life,

To keep two hearts together, that began  
Their spring-time with one love.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. vi.  
l. 860.

Marriage may often be a stormy lake,  
but celibacy is almost always a muddy  
horsepond.

T. L. PEACOCK. *Melincourt*. Ch. vii.

Marriage must be a relation either  
of sympathy or of conquest.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola*. Bk. iii. Ch.  
xlviii.

Advice to those about to marry—  
Don't.

HENRY MAYHEW. *Punch's Almanac for*  
1855.

[Spielman tells us that one of the knot-  
test problems he encountered in the course  
of his four years' labors on *A History of*  
*Punch* was the tracing of the authorship of

this joke. Chance at last revealed to him  
that the originator was no other than Henry  
Mayhew, one of the three co-editors under  
whose direction *Punch* was first published.]

Doänt thou marry for nunny, but goä  
wheer nunny is!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Northern*  
*Farmer, New Style*. St. 5.

Neither sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies

Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils

Defect in each, and always thought in  
thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they  
grow,

The single pure and perfect animal.

*Ibid.* *The Princess*. vii. l. 283.

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship, im-  
proving the manners and carriage;

But the colt who is wise will abstain  
from the terrible throw bit of Mar-  
riage.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *Certain Maxims of*  
*Haftz*. Maxim 11.

## MARTYR.

The noble army of martyrs.

*Book of Common Prayer. Morning Prayer.*

Plures efficimur quoties metimur a  
vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum.

The more you mow us down, the more  
thickly we grow; the blood of Christians  
is fresh seed.

TERTULLIAN. *Apologeticus*. Ch. 50.

[Generally quoted, "The blood of the  
martyrs is the seed of the Church."]

Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.

The blood of martyrs is the seed of  
Christians.

BEYERLINCK. *Magnum Theatrum Vitæ*  
*Humanorum* (1665).

Of all shires in England, Staffordshire was  
(if not the soonest) the largest sown with  
the seed of the Church, I mean the blood  
of primitive Martyrs.

FULLER. *Church History of Britain* (1665).  
Canto iv. Bk. i.

A death for love's no death but  
martyrdom.

G. CHAPMAN. *Revenge for Honour*;  
*Caropia*. Act iv. Sc. 2.

His wife and children, being eleven  
in number, ten able to walk, and one  
sucking on her breast, met him by the  
way as he went towards Smithfield:

this sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood, dear as they were to him, could yet nothing move him, but that he constantly and cheerfully took his death with wonderful patience, in the defence and support of Christ's gospel.

*Martyrdom of John Rogers. See RICHMOND'S Selection from the Writings of the Reformers and Early Protestant Divines of the Church of England.*

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name.

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 13.

Thus at the age of fifty-three perished this extraordinary man [Thomas à Becket], a martyr to what he deemed to be his duty, the preservation of the immunities of the church.

JOHN LINGARD. *History of England. Henry II.'s Reign.*

[The words "What he deemed to be his duty" were highly disapproved of at Rome, and are believed to have cost Lingard a cardinal's hat.]

Of one, whose naked soul stood clad in love,

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

ALEX. SMITH. *A Life Drama*. Sc. 2. 1. 225.

[Pycroft, in his *Ways and Means of Men of Letters*, reports a conversation with a printer who said "We utterly ruined one poet through a ridiculous misprint. The poet intended to say:

See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire, instead of which the line appeared as

See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

The reviewers, of course, made the most of so entertaining a blunder, and the poor poet was never heard of more in the field of literature." The story is obviously absurd. The line was not misprinted, it was never criticized, and the poet unfortunately was heard of again.]

Every step of progress the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake. It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that all the great truths relating to society and government have been first heard in the solemn protests of martyred patriotism, or the loud cries of crushed and starving labor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speeches, Lectures, and Letters. Woman's Rights.*

## MASTER.

No man can serve two masters. . . .  
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.  
*New Testament. Matthew vi. 24.*

Wealth without stint we have, yet for our eye we tremble;  
For as the eye of home I deem a master's presence.

ÆSCHYLUS. *The Persians*. 1. 170. (PLUMPTRE, trans.)

Dominum videre plurimum in rebus suis.  
The master looks sharpest to his own business.

PHÆDRUS. *Fabulæ*. ii. 8, 28.

Nothing keeps the horse in better condition than the eye of the master.

PLUTARCH. *Of the Training of Children*. xiii.

Tel maître, tel valet.

Like master, like man.

*Attributed to CHEVALIER BAYARD.*

The commyn saying, "He was neuer gud master that neuer was scoler, nor neuer gud capitayne that neuer was souldier."

T. STARKEY. *England in the Reign of Henry VIII*. Pt. i. Ch. i.

Iago. I follow him to serve my turn upon him:

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly followed.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 42.

Cassius. Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
*Ibid. Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 139.

Elinor. Lord of thy presence and no land beside.

*Ibid. King John*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 137.

Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *The Character of a Happy Life*. Concluding lines.

Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!

BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 2.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human-kind pass by.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. 1. 328.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
COWPER. *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

MATHEMATICS.

Fools! they know not how much half exceeds the whole.

HESIOD. *Works and Days.* l. 40.

Pittacus said that half was more than the whole.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Pittacus.* ii.

In mathematics he was greater  
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;  
For he, by geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 119.

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The clock does strike by Algebra.  
*Ibid.* *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 125.

MEDICINE.

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there  
no physician there?

*Old Testament.* Jeremiah viii. 22.

Is there, is there balm in Gilead? tell me—  
tell me, I implore.

E. A. POE. *The Raven.* St. 15.

Extreme remedies are very appropriate  
for extreme diseases.

HIPOCRATES. *Aphorisms.*

For a desperate disease a desperate  
cure.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays.* Bk. ii. Ch. iii.  
*The Custom of the Island of Cea.*

King. Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 3.  
l. 9.

'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er,  
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;  
For where your case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.

BUTLER. *Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel.*  
l. 5.

Cf. Celuy meurt tous les jours, qui languit  
en vivant.

He dies every day who lives a lingering  
life.

PIERRARD POULLET. *La Charité.*

Ægrescitque medendo.

He destroys his health by the pains  
he takes to preserve it.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* 12, 46.

[The life of the valetudinarian: Cf. the  
Italian epitaph of a person of this descrip-  
tion: I was well; I would be better; and  
here I am.]

ADDISON. *Spectator.* 25.]

Graviora quædam sunt remedia peri-  
culis.

There are some remedies worse than  
the disease.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim.* 301.

Marius said, "I see the cure is not worth  
the pain."

PLUTARCH. *Life of Caius Marius.*

The remedy is worse than the disease.

BACON. *Essays. Of Seditions.*

I find the medicine worse than the  
malady.

JOHN FLETCHER. *Love's Cure.* Act iii.  
Sc. 2.

Isabella. For 'tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
iv. Sc. 6. l. 7.

Lysander. Out, loathed medicine!  
hated potion, hence!

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 264.

Nous avons changé tout cela.

We have changed all that.

MOIËRE. *Le Médecin Malgré Lui.* Act  
ii. Sc. 6.

[Sganarelle, the pretended physician, de-  
claring that the liver was on the left side,  
the heart on the right, is asked by Géronte  
to account for such an inversion of the  
usual arrangement, to which he replies,  
"Oui, cela était autrefois ainsi; mais nous  
avons changé tout cela, et nous faisons  
maintenant la médecine d'une méthode  
toute nouvelle." The phrase is often used  
in speaking of changes or departures from  
old and usual customs.]

Even as a surgeon, minding off to cut  
Some cureless limb,—before in use he  
put

His violent engins on the vicious mem-  
ber,  
Bringeth his patient in a senseless  
slumber,

And grief-less then (guided by use and art),

To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*. First week. Sixth day. Pt. i. (JOHN SYLVESTER, trans.)

For want of timely care  
Millions have died of medicable wounds.  
ARMSTRONG. *Art of Preserving Health*. Bk. iii. l. 515.

His pills as thick as hand-grenades flew,  
And where they fell as certainly they slew.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 174.

I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

O. W. HOLMES. *Lecture before the Harvard Medical School*.

### MEETING.

*First Witch*. When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Second Witch*. When the hurly burly 's done,

When the battle 's lost and won:

*Third Witch*. That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch*. Where the place?

*Second Witch*. Upon the heath:

*Third Witch*. There to meet with Macbeth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 1.

*Hamlet*. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Horatio*. A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Hamlet*. I would not hear your enemy say so.

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 168.

Gods meet gods, and justle in the dark.  
DRYDEN AND LEE. *Edipus*. Act iv. last line.

Birds met birds, and justled in the dark.  
DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. l. 1898.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *The Lover*.

Hail, fellow, well met,

All dirty and wet:

Find out, if you can,

Who's master, who's man.

SWIFT. *My Lady's Lamentation*.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;

Else who could bear it?

ROWE. *Tamerlane*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

THOMAS MOORE. *The Meeting of the Waters*.

We met—'twas in a crowd.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *We Met*.

She wore a wreath of roses

The night that first we met.

*Ibid.* *She Wore a Wreath*.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. *The Theologian's Tale*. Elizabeth. Pt. iv.

As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,  
O friend! so I met and then drifted from thee.

WM. R. ALGER. *Oriental Poetry*. *The Brief Chance Encounter*.

[The original of this verse appears in the *Mahabarata Ramayana*. See Max Muller in *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1898.]

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide

When, moment on moment, there rushes between

The one and the other, a sea;—

Ah, never can fall from the days that have been

A gleam on the years that shall be!

BULWER-LYTTON. *A Lament*. l. 10. (1853.)

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,

Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;

One little hour! and then, away they speed  
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud,  
and foam,

To meet no more.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *Life Drama*. Sc. iv. (1853.)

Alas,

We loved, sir—used to meet:

How sad and bad and mad it was—

But then, how it was sweet!

ROBERT BROWNING. *Confessions*. ix.

### MELANCHOLY.

*Jaques*. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 10.

*King*. Love! his affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;

And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 173.

*Hamlet*. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'er-hanging firma-

ment—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 307.

*Arthur*. Methinks nobody should be sad but I.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France, Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 14.

*Antonio*. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;

It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

That I have much ado to know myself.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 1.

*Hero*. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 6.

*Macbeth*. I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,

And wish the estate of the world were now undone.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 5. l. 49.

*Lady Percy*. Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 49.

Moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 485.

Hence, loathed melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight  
born.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro*.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;  
And I with thee will choose to live.  
*Ibid.* *Il Penseroso*. l. 175.

Aristotle said melancholy men of all  
others are the most witty.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i.  
Sec. 3. Memb. 1. Subsec. 3.

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
Naught so damn'd as melancholy.  
*Ibid.* *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *The Author's*  
*Abstract*.

All my joys to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as melancholy.  
*Ibid.* *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *The Author's*  
*Abstract*.

There 's naught in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see 't,  
But only melancholy;  
O sweetest Melancholy!  
JOHN FLETCHER. *The Nice Valour*. Act  
iii. Sc. 3.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;  
You shall not chase my gloom away!  
There 's such a charm in melancholy  
I would not if I could be gay.  
SAMUEL ROGERS. *To* —.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 675.

"I fly from pleasure," said the prince,  
"because pleasure has ceased to please;  
I am lonely because I am miserable, and  
am unwilling to cloud with my presence  
the happiness of others."

JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. iii.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her  
pensive soul.

COLLINS. *Ode*. *The Passions*. l. 57.

Here rests his head upon the lap of  
earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame un-  
known:

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble  
birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her  
own.

GRAY. *Elegy Written in a Country Church-  
yard*. *The Epitaph*. St. 30.

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled  
with him; marked him for His own.  
IZAACK WALTON. *Life of Donne*.

My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail  
To lift the smothering weight from off  
my breast?

It were a vain endeavor,  
Though I should gaze forever,  
On that green light that lingers in the  
west:

I may not hope from outward forms to  
win

The passion and the life whose fountains  
are within.

COLERIDGE. *Dejection*. *An Ode*. St. 3.

To sigh, yet feel no pain;  
To weep, yet scarce know why;  
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by.  
THOMAS MOORE. *The Blue Stocking*.  
*Song*.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done*. St. 2.

## MEMORY.

Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus.  
Hoc est  
Vivere bis vita posse priore frui.

The good man prolongs his life; to be  
able to enjoy one's past life is to live  
twice.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. x. 23. 7.

For he lives twice who can at once employ  
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.  
POPE. *Imitation of Martial*.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;  
For he, that runs it well, runs twice his  
race.

COWLEY. *Discourse*. xi. *Of Myself*.

Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 333.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lecture on Benevolent Affections*.

When Time who steals our years away

Shall steal our pleasures, too,  
The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

THOMAS MOORE. *Juvenile Poems*. Song.

*Miranda*. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

*Prospero*. Thou hadst, and more,  
*Miranda*: But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 45.

*Prospero*. Let us not burden our remembrance with

A heaviness that's gone.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 200.

*Lady Macbeth*. Memory, the warder of the brain.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 7. l. 65.

*Macduff*. I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 222.

*Hamlet*. Remember thee!

ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 95.

*Ægeon*. Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 314.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver!

Still importunate and vain;

To former joys recurring ever,

And turning all the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH. *The Captivity*. Act i. Sc. 1.

The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

SHERIDAN. *Speech in the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Dundas*.

It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.

LE SAGE. *Gil Blas*. Bk. iii. Ch. xi.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way;

But never, never can forget

The luvè o' life's young day!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. *Jeanie Morrison*.

*Mem.* To remember to forget to ask Old Whitbred to my house one day.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT. *Whitbread's Brewery Visited by Their Majesties*.

*Mrs. Malaprop*. Illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE. *Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour*. Concluding lines.

(See under ROSE.)

Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory;

Odors, when sweet violets sicken,

Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,

Are heaped for the beloved's bed;

And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,

Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY. *To —*.

To live with them is far less sweet

Than to remember thee.

MOORE. *I Saw Thy Form*. Concluding lines.

Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis ver-  
sari,  
Quam tui meminisse!

Alas! what little joy it is to live with  
those that survive, compared with the rec-  
ollection of your presence!

SHENSTONE. *Epitaph on Miss Dollman.*

Oh in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone  
Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken.

THOMAS MOORE. *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

Oh, I have roamed over many lands,  
And many friends I've met;  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget.

J. H. BAYLEY. *Oh, Steer My Bark to  
Erin's Isle.*

Go where glory waits thee;  
But, while fame elates thee,  
O, still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest,  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
O, then remember me.

MOORE. *Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

I remember—I remember  
How my childhood fled by,—  
The mirth of its December,  
And the warmth of its July.

W. M. PRAED. *I Remember, I Remember.*

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that  
start

When memory plays an old tune on the  
heart!

ELIZA COOK. *Old Dobbin.*

The thought of our past years in me  
doth breed

Perpetual benediction.

WORDSWORTH. *Intimations of Immor-  
tality.* St. 9.

And when the stream

Which overflowed the soul was passed  
away,

A consciousness remained that it had  
left

Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory images and precious thoughts

That shall not die, and cannot be de-  
stroyed.

*Ibid.* *Excursion.* Bk. vii. l. 25.

Sweet as love,

Or the remembrance of a generous deed.

*Ibid.* *The Prelude.* Book the Sixth. l. 682.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

SCOTT. *Rokeby.* Canto i. St. 33.

A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim;

To pause and look back when thou  
hearest

The sound of my name.

GERALD GRIFFIN. *A Place in Thy Memory.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them  
to view.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. *The Old Oaken  
Bucket.*

Then soon with the emblem of truth  
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from  
the well.

*Ibid.* *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung  
in the well.

*Ibid.* *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!

How sweet their memory still!

But they have left an aching void

The world can never fill.

COWPER. *Walking with God.*

In a drear-nighted December,

Too happy, happy tree,

Thy branches ne'er remember

Their green felicity.

KEATS. *Stanzas.*

Backward, turn backward, O Time in  
your flight!

Make me a child again, just for to-  
night!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. *Rock Me to  
Sleep.*

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the  
years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—

Toil without recompense, tears all in  
vain!

Take them, and give me my childhood  
again!

*Ibid.* *Rock Me to Sleep.*

This is the place. Stand still, my  
steed,

Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy past  
The forms that once have been.

LONGFELLOW. *A Gleam of Sunshine.*

Thou who stealest fire  
From the fountains of the past,  
To glorify the present.

TENNYSON. *Ode to Memory.*

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—  
Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare.

*Ibid.* *The Two Voices.* St. 127.

This is truth the poet sings  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is re-  
membering happier things.

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall.* St. 38.

(See under SORROWS.)

I have a room whereinto no one enters  
Save I myself alone :  
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,  
There my life centres.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Memory.* Pt. ii.  
St. 1.

### MERCHANT.

Whose merchants are princes, whose  
traffickers are the honorable of the earth.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah xxiii. 8.

Strike, louder strike, the ennobling strings  
To those whose merchants' sons were  
kings.

COLLINS. *Ode to Liberty.* l. 42.

In vain state  
Where merchants gild the top.

MARSTON. *What You Will.* Act i.

When I see a merchant over-polite to  
his customers, begging them to taste a  
little brandy and throwing half his goods  
on the counter—thinks I, that man has  
an axe to grind.

CHARLES MINER. *Essays from the Desk  
of Poor Robert the Scribe. Who'll Turn  
Grindstones?*

### MERCY.

The mercy of the Lord is from ever-  
lasting to everlasting upon them that  
fear Him.

*Old Testament.* Psalms ciii. 17.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruc-  
tion; who crowneth thee with loving-  
kindness and tender mercies.

*Old Testament.* Psalms ciii. 4.

Bowels of mercies, kindness, humble-  
ness of mind, meekness, long-suffering.

*New Testament.* Colossians iii. 12.

Open thy bowels of compassion.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride.* Act  
iv. Sc. 7.

Blessed are the merciful: for they  
shall obtain mercy.

*New Testament.* Matthew v. 7.

Who will not mercie unto others show,  
How can he mercie ever hope to have?

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene.* Bk. iv.  
Canto i. St. 42.

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

POPE. *The Universal Prayer.* St. 10.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. vi. *The Winter  
Walk at Noon.* l. 595.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not  
strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from  
heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice  
bles'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-  
comes

The throned monarch better than his  
crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest  
God's,

When mercy seasons justice: Therefore,  
Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider  
this,

That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for  
mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all  
to render

The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 184.

Excogitare nemo quicquam poterit quod  
magis decorum regenti sit quam clementia.

It is impossible to imagine anything  
which better becomes a ruler than mercy.  
SENECA. *De Clementia*. i. 19, 1.

*Isabella*. No ceremony that to great ones  
'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed  
sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's  
robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 63.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven.  
OTWAY. *Windsor Castle*.

The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy ;  
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,  
Where it may kill with right, to save with  
pity.

J. FLETCHER. *The Lover's Progress*. Act  
iii. Sc. 3.

[This play was left imperfect by Fletcher,  
and finished by another poet, probably  
Massinger or Shirley.]

*York*. Open thy gate of mercy, gra-  
cious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to  
seek out Thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act i.  
Sc. 4. l. 177.

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of heaven  
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
With vain endeavour,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven  
Effaced forever.

WORDSWORTH. *Thoughts Suggested on the  
Banks of the Nile*.

*Isabella*. Why, all the souls that were,  
were forfeit once ;  
And He that might the vantage best  
have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you  
be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment,  
should

But judge you as you are ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 73.

*King*. Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence ?  
*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 46.

*Escalus*. Mercy is not itself, that oft  
looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 297.

Pardon one offence and you encourage  
the commission of many.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 750.

*Prince*. Mercy but murders, pardoning  
those that kill.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 202.

*First Senator*. Nothing emboldens sin so  
much as mercy.

*Ibid*. *Timon of Athens*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 1.3.

He that's merciful

Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking Glass*.

Every unpunished murder takes away  
something from the security of every man's  
life.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument*, Salem,  
Mass., August 3, 1830. *The Murder  
of Capt. Joseph White*.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 234.

There is a mercy which is weakness, and  
even treason against the common good.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola*. Bk. iii. Ch.  
lix.

Tigers have courage and the rugged bear  
But man alone can, whom he conquers,  
spare.

WALLER. *Epistle to My Lord Protector*.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave  
Love mercy and delight to save.

GAY. *Fables*. *The Lion, the Tiger, and  
the Traveller*. l. 33.

Humanity always becomes a conqueror.  
SHERIDAN. *Pizarro*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate  
most

Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. x. l. 77.

My friend, judge not me,  
Thou seest I judge not thee.  
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground  
Mercy I asked, mercy I found.

CAMDEN. *Remains Concerning England*.  
Section, *Epitaphs*.

Camden's comments are worth quoting :

A gentleman falling off his horse, brake  
his neck, which suddaine hap gave occasion  
of much speech of his former life, and some  
in this judging world judged the worst. In  
which respect a good friend made this good  
epitaph, remembering that of Saint Augus-  
tine, "Misericordia Domini inter pontem  
et fontem."

[The phrase quoted from St. Augustine may be Englished "The mercy of God between the bridge and the river," and is said to have been penned by the saint in reference to an unfortunate gentleman who fell into a river.

Boswell, under date of April 28, 1783, tells how Johnson improved the last couplet of the epitaph by misquoting it:

Between the stirrup and the ground,  
I merely asked, I mercy found.]

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,  
Let us be merciful as well as just!

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Student's Tale. Emma and Eginhard.* 1. 177.

Gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON. *The Giaour.* 1. 416.

### MERIT.

*Hamlet.* Use every man after his  
desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 555.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud;  
and I should wron'g it  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves with characters of  
brass  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of  
time,  
And razure of oblivion.

*Ibid. Measure for Measure.* Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 13.

Il y a du mérite sans élévation mais il  
n'y a point d'élévation sans quelque  
mérite.

There is merit without elevation, but  
there is no elevation without some merit.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 401.

Le monde récompense plus souvent  
les apparences de mérite que le mérite  
même.

The world rewards the appearance of  
merit oftener than merit itself.

*Ibid. Maxim* 166.

View the whole scene, with critic judg-  
ment scan,  
And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault  
alone;

Where he succeeds, the merit's all his  
OWN.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad.* 1. 1023.

It sounds like stories from the laud of  
spirits,

If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

COLERIDGE. *The Good Great Man.* (Called  
*Complaint* in early editions.)

### MERMAID.

*Oberon.* Since once I sat upon a prom-  
ontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's  
back

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious  
breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song:  
And certain stars shot madly from their  
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 149. (Act ii. Sc. 2 in  
some editions.)

Who would be  
A mermaid fair,  
Singing alone,  
Combing her hair  
Under the sea,  
In a golden curl  
With a comb of pearl,  
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;  
I would sing to myself the whole of the  
day;

With a comb of pearl I would comb my  
hair;

And still as I comb I would sing and  
say,

"Who is it loves me? who loves not  
me?"

TENNYSON. *The Mermaid.*

### METAPHYSICS.

Quad celui à qui l'on parle ne com-  
prend pas et celui qui parle ne se com-  
prend pas, c'est de la métaphysique.

When he to whom one speaks does  
not understand, and he who speaks him-  
self does not understand, this is Meta-  
physics.

VOLTAIRE.

When Bishop Berkeley said, "There was no matter,"

And proved it—'twas no matter what he said;

They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,

Too subtle for the airiest human head;  
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter

Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,

Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,  
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xi. St. 1.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.

T. H. KEY.

[Key was at one time Head Master of University School. F. J. Furnivall is authority for ascribing the familiar phrase to him. It is sometimes quoted with the addition, "What is soul? It is immaterial."]

## MIGHT.

(See STRENGTH.)

Deos fortioribus a desse.

The Gods assist the strongest.

TACITUS. *Bk. iv. Ch. 17.*

Di qui nacque che tutti li profeti armati  
vinsero, e li disarmati rovinarono.

Hence it happened that all the armed  
prophets conquered, all the unarmed perished.

MACHIAVELLI. *Il Principe*. Ch. vi.

As a rule God is on the side of the big  
squadrons as against the small ones.

BUSSY, COMTE DE RABUTIN. *Letters*.  
October 18, 1677.

The number of the wise will always be  
small. It is true that it has been largely  
increased, but it is nothing in comparison  
with the number of fools, and unfortunately  
they say that God always favors the heaviest  
battalions.

VOLTAIRE. *Letter to M. le Riche*. February 6, 1770.

Wise men and God's are on the strongest  
side.

SIR C. SEDLEY. *Death of Marc Antony*.  
Act iv. Sc. 2.

The winds and waves are always on the  
side of the ablest navigators.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman  
Empire*. Ch. lxxviii.

J'ai toujours vu Dieu du coté des gros  
bataillons.

I have always noticed that God is on the  
side of the heaviest battalions.

DE LA FERTÉ. *To Anne of Austria*.

[De la Ferté's phrase has been attributed  
to Napoleon I., and may in fact have been  
quoted by him. Another Napoleonic phrase  
was, "Providence is always on the side of  
the last reserve."]

Hast thou (a sacrilege his soul abhors)  
Claim'd all the glory of thy prosperous  
wars?

Proud of thy fleets and armies, stolen the  
gem  
Of his just praise to lavish it on them?

Hast thou not learn'd, what thou art often  
told,

A truth still sacred and believed of old,  
That no success attends on spears and  
swords

Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?

COWPER. *Expostulation*. l. 349.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and  
keep your powder dry.

COLONEL BLACKER. *Oliver's Advice*.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote  
of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when  
his troops were about crossing a river to at-  
tack the enemy, he concluded an address,  
couched in the usual fanatic terms in use  
among them, with these words: "Put your  
trust in God; but mind to keep your powder  
dry!"

HAYES. *Ballads of Ireland*. Vol. i. p. 191.

Θημι γὰρ ἐγὼ εἶναι τὸ δίκαιον οὐκ ἄλλο  
τε ἢ τὸ τοῦ κρείττονος ξυμφέρον.

I proclaim that might is right, justice  
the interest of the stronger.

PLATO. *Republic*. i. 12. (JOWETT, trans.)

Mensuraque juris

Vis erat.

Might was the measure of right.

LUCAN. *Pharsalia*. Bk. i. l. 175.

Host. O God! that right should thus over-  
come might.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act v.  
Sc. 4. l. 28.

Might

That makes a Title, where there is no Right.  
S. DANIEL. *Civil War*. Bk. ii. xxxvi.

C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes  
les choses dans le monde; la force en at-  
tendant le droit.

Force and right govern everything in this  
world; force till right is ready.

JOUBERT. *Thoughts*. (MATTHEW ARNOLD,  
TRANS.)

La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.

The opinion of the strongest is always the best.

LA FONTAINE. *The Wolf and the Lamb*. Bk. i. Fable 10.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

LINCOLN. *Address*. New York city, February 21, 1859.

Vi et armis.

By force of arms.

CICERO. *Ad Pontifices*. xxiv. 63.

Vi victa vis.

Force overcome by force.

*Ibid.* *Pro Milone*. xi. 30.

Richard. They well deserve to have That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 200.

The good old rule Sufficeth them, the simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can.

WORDSWORTH. *Rob Roy's Grave*. St. 9.

Who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 648.

What is strength without a double share Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome, Proudly secure, yet liable to fall By weakest subtleties, not made to rule, But to subserve where wisdom bears command.

*Ibid.* *Samson Agonistes*. l. 53.

Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will; 'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Chances*. Act ii. Sc. 2. *Song*.

The great mind knows the power of gentleness,

Only tries force because persuasion fails.

R. BROWNING. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,

Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

RUDYARD KIPLING. *The Ballad of East and West*.

## MILL; MILLER.

A yet he had a thomb of gold parde.<sup>1</sup>  
CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*. *Prologue*. l. 565.

Much water goeth by the mill That the miller knoweth not of.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. v.

*Demetrius*. More water glideth by the mill Than wots the miller of, and easy it is Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 85.

The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii. Sec. 3. Memb. 4. Subsec. 1.

The same water that drives the mill, decayeth it.

STEPHEN GOSSON. *The Schoole of Abuse*.

And a proverb haunts my mind

As a spell is cast,—

"The mill can never grind

With the water that is past."

SARAH DOUDNEY. *The Water-Mill*.

Oh, seize the instant time; you never will With waters once passed by impel the mill.

TRENCH. *Proverbs*. *Turkish and Persian*.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

## JOHN MILTON.

Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,

Anglia Miltonum, jactat utrique parem.

Greece boasts her Homer, Rome can

Virgil claim;

England can either match in Milton's fame.

SELVAGGI. *Ad Joannem Miltonum*.

Three poets in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn; The first in loftiness of thought surpassed; The next in majesty; in both the last.

The force of nature could no further go; To make a third, she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN. *Lines Written Under a Portrait of Milton*.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd, And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard; To carry nature lengths unknown before, To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.

COWPER. *Table-Talk*. l. 557.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

Nor second he that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.  
 The secrets of the abyss to spy  
 He passed the flaming bounds of place  
 and time,  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw; but blasted with excess of  
 light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 GRAY. *Progress of Poesy*. iii. St. 2. 1. 1.

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts ap-  
 pear.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 380.

Milton's strong pinion now not heaven  
 can bound,  
 Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps  
 the ground,  
 In quibbles, angel and archangel join,  
 And God the Father turns a school-  
 divine.  
 POPE. *First Epistle of the Second Book of  
 Horace Imitated*. 1. 99.

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this  
 hour;  
 England hath need of thee.  
 WORDSWORTH. *Milton. Sonnet*.  
 (See under ENGLAND.)

Thy soul was like a star; and dwelt  
 apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
 like the sea;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
 free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common  
 way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.  
*Ibid. Milton.*

That mighty orb of song,  
 The divine Milton.  
*Ibid., Excursion*. Bk. i.

I am old and blind!  
 Men point at me as smitten by God's  
 frown.  
 ELIZABETH LLOYD. *Milton on His Blind-  
 ness*.

[This poem has sometimes been attributed  
 to Milton himself. Miss Lloyd, a member  
 of the Society of Friends of Philadelphia,  
 afterward became the wife and widow of  
 Mr. Robert Howell, of the same city.]

## MIMICRY.

Agesilaus being invited once to hear a  
 man who admirably imitated the night-  
 ingale, he declined, saying he had heard  
 the nightingale itself.

PLUTARCH. *Vives. Agesilaus II.*

The vulgar thus through imitation err;  
 As oft the learn'd by being singular;  
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if  
 the throng  
 By chance go right, they purposely go  
 wrong;  
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,  
 And are condemn'd for having too much  
 wit.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.  
 C. C. COLTON (1780-1832). *The Lacon*.

## MIND.

Mens agitat molem.  
 Mind moves matter.  
 VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. vi. 727.

It is the mind that makes the man,  
 and our vigour is in our immortal soul.  
 OVID. *Metamorphoses*. xiii.

Valentior omni fortuna animus est:  
 in utramque partem ipse res suas ducit,  
 beatæque miseræ vitæ sibi causa est.

The mind is the master over every  
 kind of fortune: itself acts in both ways,  
 being the cause of its own happiness and  
 misery.

SENECA. *Epistolæ Ad Lucillum*. xcviij.

Mens regnum bona possidet.  
 A good mind possesses a kingdom.  
*Ibid. Thyestes*. ii. 380.

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
 Such present joys therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 That earth affords or grows by kind:  
 Though much I want which most would  
 have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.  
 SIR EDWARD DYER. *MS. Rawl.* 85. p. 17.

[There is a very similar but anonymous  
 copy in the British Museum. Additional  
 MS. 15225, p. 85. And there is an imitation  
 in J. Sylvester's Works, p. 651.  
 HANNAH. *Courtly Poets*.]

My mind to me a kingdom is:  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,

As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God and Nature hath assigned,  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

BYRD. *Psalms, Sonnets, etc.* 1588.

My mind to me an empire is ;  
While grace affordeth health.  
ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-1595). *Content  
and Rich.*

I love my neighbor as myself,  
Myself like him too, by his leave,  
Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive.  
Dame Nature doubtless has designed  
A man the monarch of his mind.  
JOHN BYROM. *Careless Content.* St. 11.

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or  
poore.  
SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. vi. Canto  
ix. St. 30.

*Petruchio.* 'Tis the mind that makes the  
body rich.  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew.*  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 168.

*Hamlet.* There is nothing either good or  
bad, but thinking makes it so.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 249.  
(See under PRISON.)

A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of Hell, a hell of  
Heaven.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 253.

Nothing is a misery,  
Unless our weakness apprehend it so :  
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,  
In anything that's manly, than to make  
Ill fortune as contemptible to us  
As it makes us to others.  
*Honest Man's Fortune.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Edgar.* Who alone suffers, suffers most  
i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows  
behind ;  
But then the mind much sufferance doth  
o'erskip,  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fel-  
lowship.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act iii. Sc.  
6. l. 111.

Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur  
inlique ;  
In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit  
unquam.

Each blames the place he lives in ; but the  
mind  
Is most in fault, which ne'er leaves self  
behind.  
HORACE. *Epistolæ.* Bk. i. Ep. 14. l. 12.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)

*Hamlet.* My father, methinks I see my  
father.

*Horatio.* Where, my lord ?

*Hamlet.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l.  
185.

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the  
mind, which is the proper judge of the man.  
SENECA. *On a Happy Life.* (L'Estrange's  
Abstract.) Ch. 1.

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude.  
WORDSWORTH. *I Wandered Lonely as a  
Cloud.* St. 4.

[Wordsworth informs us that these two  
lines were contributed to his poem by Mrs.  
Wordsworth.]

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects  
what it brought with it the means of see-  
ing."  
CARLYLE. *Essays.* *Varnhagen Von Ense's  
Memoirs.*

Men have marble, women waxen,  
minds.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece.* St. 178.

I had rather believe all the fables in  
the Legends and the Talmud and the  
Alcoran, than that this universal frame  
is without a mind.

BACON. *Essays.* *Of Atheism.*

The mind hath no horizon,  
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind  
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.  
J. MONTGOMERY. *The Pelican Island.*  
Canto i. l. 78.

O heavy burden of a doubtfull minde !  
QUARLES. *A Feast for Worms.* Sec. 2.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.  
POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 104.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's  
smiling train,  
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of  
pain,  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds  
confin'd  
Make and maintain the balance of the  
mind.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Man.* Epistle ii. l. 117.

It is the mind's for ever bright attire,  
The mind's embroidery, that the wise  
admire.

That which looks rich to the gross vulgar  
eyes  
Is the fop's tinsel which the grave  
despise.

DYER. *To Mr. Savage.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul :

The mind's the standard of the man.  
ISAAC WATTS. *Horæ Lyricæ*. Bk. ii.  
*False Greatness*. Concluding lines.

It is the mind that makes the man, and  
our vigor is in our immortal soul.  
OVID. *Metamorphoses*. xiii.

The march of the human mind is  
slow.

BURKE. *Speech on the Conciliation of  
America*.

The march of intellect.  
SOUTHEY. *Sir Thos. More; or, Colloquies  
on the Progress and Prospects of Society*.

With curious art the brain, too finely  
wrought,  
Prays on herself, and is destroyed by  
thought.

CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*. 1. 645.

In years that bring the philosophic  
mind.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode. Intimations of Im-  
mortality*. Concluding lines.

To the solid ground  
Of Nature trusts the mind that builds  
for aye.

*Ibid.* *A Volant Tribe of Bards on Earth*.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty  
mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser  
crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying  
wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the  
cloud

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 47.

That little world, the human mind.  
ROGERS. *Ode to Superstition*.

Your absence of mind we have borne,  
till your presence of body came to be  
called in question by it.

CHARLES LAMB. *Essays of Elia. Amicus  
Redivivus*.

What you are pleased to call your  
mind.

LORD WESTBURY.

[A solicitor, after hearing Lord Westbury's  
opinion, ventured to say that he had turned  
the matter over in his mind, and thought  
that something might be said on the other  
side: to which he replied, "Then, sir, you

will turn it over once more in what you are  
pleased to call your mind.

NASH. *Life of Lord Westbury*. Vol. ii.  
292.

Mind is the great lever of all things;  
human thought is the process by which  
human ends are ultimately answered.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Address on Laying the  
Corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monu-  
ment*.

That is not a common chance  
That takes away a noble mind.

TENNYSON. *To J. S.* St. 12.

The mind can weave itself warmly in  
the cocoon of its own thoughts, and  
dwell a hermit anywhere.

LOWELL. *My Study Windows. On a Cer-  
tain Condescension in Foreigners*.

Measure your mind's height by the  
shade it casts.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Paracelsus*. Sc. 3.

## MIRACLE.

*Jafen*. They say miracles are past.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 1.

*Canterbury*. It must be so; for miracles  
are ceased;  
And therefore we must needs admit the  
means

How things are perfected.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 67.

*Helena*. Great floods have flown  
From simple sources; and great seas have  
dried,  
When miracles have by the greatest been  
denied.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 142.

De par le roy, defense à Dieu  
De faire des miracles en ce lieu.

Thus saith the king, "Thou, God,  
shalt not work miracles upon this spot."

[Written by a wit on the gates of the cem-  
etery of St. Medard, when closed by Louis  
XV. on account of the reputed miracles  
worked by the relics of Le Diacre Paris, a  
Jansenist there interred.]

What is a miracle?—"Tis a reproach,  
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;  
And while it satisfies, it censures too.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ix. l.  
1245.

Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir  
fehlt der Glaube;  
Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebstes  
Kind.

Your messages I hear, but faith has not  
been given;

The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.

GOETHE. *Faust*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 413.  
(BAYARD TAYLOR, trans.)

Every believer is God's miracle.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *Home*.

### MIRROR.

I bid him look into the lives of men  
as though into a mirror, and from others  
to take an example for himself.

TERENCE. *Adelphoe*. Act iii. Sc. 3. 61.

Speech is a mirror of the soul: as a  
man speaks, so is he.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 1073.

Veluti in speculum.

As in a looking-glass.

*Latin Proverbial Phrase.*

*Hamlet*. To hold as 'twere the mirror  
up to nature; to show virtue her own  
feature, scorn her own image, and the  
very age and body of the time, his form  
and pressure.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 24.

*Second Gentleman*. The mirror of all  
courtesy.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 67.

*Ophelia*. The glass of fashion, and the  
mould of form,

The observed of all observers.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 153.

*Lady Percy*. He was indeed the glass  
wherein the noble youth did dress them-  
selves.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 21.

*Lady Percy*. He was the mark and glass,  
copy and book

That fashioned others.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 31.

*Fool*. There was never yet fair woman,  
but she made mouths in a glass.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 13.

Our works are the mirror wherein the  
spirit first sees its natural lineaments.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. ii. Ch.  
vii.

### MIRTH.

(See LAUGHTER; CHEERFULNESS.)

A merry heart maketh a cheerful  
countenance.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xv. 13.

*Autolycus* (*sings*). A merry heart goes  
all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 118.

*Ariel* (*sings*). Merrily, merrily, shall  
I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 93.

*Don Pedro*. I will only be bold with  
Benedick for his company, for from the  
crown of his head to the sole of his foot,  
he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice  
cut Cupid's bow string, and the little  
hangman dare not shoot at him; he  
hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his  
tongue is the clapper, for what his heart  
thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 10.

*Beatrice*. As merry as the day is long.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 45.

*Don Pedro*. Your silence most offends  
me, and to be merry best becomes you:  
for, out of question, you were born in a  
merry hour.

*Beatrice*. No, sure, my lord, my mother  
cried; but then there was a star danced,  
and under that I was born.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 346.

*Messenger*. And frame your mind to  
mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and  
lengthens life.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction.  
Sc. 2. l. 137.

*Rosaline*. Biron they call him; but a  
merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 57.

(See under CHEERFULNESS.)

*Biron*. Mirth cannot move a soul in  
agony.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 867.

*Romeo*. How oft when men are at the  
point of death  
Have they been merry!

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act v. Sc. 3.  
l. 89.

*Gratiano.* Let me play the fool,  
With mirth and laughter let old  
wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying  
groans.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 80.

*Falstaff.* Hostess, clap to the doors;  
watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gal-  
lants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the  
titles of good fellowship come to you!  
What, shall we be merry? Shall we  
have a play extempore?

*Ibid.* l. *Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 305.

Three merry boys, and three merry  
boys,

And three merry boys are we,  
As ever did sing in a hempen string  
Under the gallows-tree.

JOHN FLETCHER. *The Bloody Brother.*  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n yecept Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

MILTON. *L'Allegro.* l. 11.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with  
thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro.* l. 25.

And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admits me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprov'd pleasures free.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro.* l. 37.

An ounce of mirth is worth a pound  
of sorrow.

BAXTER. *Self-Denial.*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking  
time.

DRYDEN. *The Secular Masque.* l. 40.

Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic  
round:

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone  
unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy  
wings.

WILLIAM COLLINS. *Ode. The Passions.*  
l. 90.

As Tammie glow'rd, amazed and curi-  
ous,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.  
BURNS. *Tam o' Shanter.* l. 143.

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,  
The world would listen then, as I am  
listening now.

SHELLEY. *To a Skylark.* Concluding  
lines.

And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear  
of night.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto i. St. 2.

So many, and so many, and such glee.  
KEATS. *Endymion.* Bk. iv. l. 219.

## MISER.

The miser is as much without what he  
has as what he has not.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 486.

Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor  
in arcâ.

The people hiss me, but I applaud  
myself at home, when I contemplate the  
money in my chest.

HORACE. *Satiræ.* Bk. i. Sat. 1. l. 66.

[The speaker is supposed to be a rich miser  
in Athens. Ben Jonson has copied the senti-  
ment for one of his characters:

Poor worms, they hiss at me whilst I at  
home

Can be contented to applaud myself—with  
joy  
To see how plump my bags are and my  
barns.

*Every Man Out of His Humor.* Act i.]

A mere madness, to live like a wretch  
and die rich.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Mem. 3. Subsec. 12.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares  
employ

To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;

Is it less strange the prodigal should waste

His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iv. l. 1.  
(See under PRODIGAL.)

MISFORTUNES.

Πόνος πόνῳ πόνον φέρει.

Woe brings woe upon woe.

SOPHOCLES. *Ajax*. 866. (PLUMPTRE, trans.)

Fere fit malum malo aptissimum.

One misfortune is generally followed closely by another.

LIVY. *Histories*. i. 46.

Fortune is not satisfied with inflicting one calamity.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 274.

*King*. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions !

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 86.

*Clem*. One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor.

*Ibid*. *Pericles*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 63.

*Queen*. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7. l. 164.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 48. *Sorrows Succeed*.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;

They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 63.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

It is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in misery.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 995.

[The probable original of the well-known proverb, "Misery loves company." Before Syrus, however, Thucydides had said :

A fellowship in misfortune having nevertheless to a certain extent a certain alleviation.

*Historia*. vii. 75.]

Society in shipwreck is a comfort to all.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 144.

Grief finds some ease by him that like does beare.

SPENSER. *Daphnaida*. l. 67.

Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.

SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece*. St. 159.

*Edgar*. But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,  
When grief hath mates.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 6. l. 113.

*Benvolio*. One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

*Ibid*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 47.

Misery still delights to trace

Its semblance in another's case.

COWPER. *The Castaway*. St. 10.

And no bond

In closer union knits two human hearts

Than fellowship in grief.

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc*. Bk. i. l. 346.

The sad relief

That misery loves—the fellowship of grief.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The West Indies*. Pt. iii. l. 173.

(See under SYMPATHY.)

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections*. *Maxim* 99.

[This maxim was withdrawn in the third edition of the *Reflections*, probably on account of the outcry it raised. Swift quotes it as the epigraph to his *Verses on His Own Death*, and comments upon it at length :

This maxim more than all the rest Is thought too base for human breast :  
"In all distresses of our friends We first consult our private ends ; While nature, kindly bent to ease us, Points out some circumstance to please us."

He defends the sentiment on the ground that as good fortune is relative, its value is sentimentally enhanced by contrast with others' misfortunes. Chesterfield accepted the maxim as a truthful estimate of human depravity : "Those who know the deception and wickedness of the human heart will not be either romantic or blind enough to deny what Rochefoucauld and Swift have affirmed as a general truth" (*Letters*, 129). Burke echoed the general idea : "I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others" (*The Sublime and the Beautiful*, Pt. i. Sec. 14). Long before Rochefoucauld, Montaigne had said : "In the midst of compassion we feel within us I know not what bitter sweet point of pleasure in seeing others suffer" (*Essays*, *Of Profit and Honesty*). He quotes in corroboration the first two lines of a famous passage in Lucretius :

Suave mari magno, turbantibus acquora  
ventis,  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem  
Non quia vexari quemquam 'st jucunda  
voluptus  
Sed quibus ipse malis careus quia cornere  
suave 'st.

How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the  
main,  
On the firm cliff and mark the seaman's  
toil!

Not that another's danger soothes the soul,  
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure!  
*De Rerum Natura.* ii. 1.

Ben Jonson admits into *Every Man Out of  
His Humour* an old song which is probably  
a reminiscence of Lucretius:

I wander not to seek for more:  
In greatest storm I sit on shore,  
And laugh at those that toil in vain  
To get what must be lost again.

Is this to be believed or to be told?  
Can then such inbred malice live in man,  
To joy in ill, and from another's woes,  
To draw his own delight?

TERENCE. *Andria.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 1.  
(GEORGE COLMAN, trans.)

We have all strength enough to bear  
the misfortunes of others.

ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 19.

Etiã quæ sibi quisque timebat  
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

What each man feared would happen to  
himself, did not trouble him when he saw  
that it would ruin another.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* ii. 130.

I never knew any man in my life, who  
could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly  
like a Christian.

POPE. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

I never knew a man who could not bear  
the misfortunes of another like a Christian.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

To bear other people's afflictions, every  
one has courage enough and to spare.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's  
Almanac.*

That is a true proverb which is wont  
to be commonly quoted, that "all had  
rather it were well for themselves than  
for another."

TERENCE. *Andria.* Act ii. Sc. 5, 15.  
(426).

*Silvius.* Wherever sorrow is, relief  
would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my  
grief,

Were both exterminated.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act iii.  
Sc. 5, l. 86.

*Malcolm.* Give sorrow words; the grief that  
does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it  
break.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.  
l. 209.

*Marcus.* To weep with them that weep  
doth ease some deal;  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Ibid.* *Titus Andronicus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 245.

Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,  
And one woe makes another woe seem  
less.

DRAYTON. *England's Heroical Epistles.*

Let us be of good cheer, however, re-  
membering that the misfortunes hardest  
to bear are those which never come.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Addresses.*  
*Democracy.*

Were a man's sorrows and disquietudes  
summed up at the end of his life, it would  
generally be found that he had suffered  
more from the apprehension of such evils  
as never happened to him, than from those  
evils which had really befallen him.

ADDISON. *The Spectator.* No. 505.

## MISTRUST.

Do not trust all men, but trust men  
of worth; the former course is silly, the  
latter a mark of prudence.

DEMOCRITUS. *Ethica.* Fragment 224.

*Pistol.* Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are  
wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 54.

*Queen Elizabeth.* Trust not him that  
hath once broken faith.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 4. l.  
30.

*Soldier.* O, noble emperor, do not fight  
by sea,

Trust not to rotten planks.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iii. Sc.  
7, l. 63.

*Warwick.* I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart  
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of  
love.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 8.

Once to distrust is never to deserve.

SAVAGE. *The Volunteer Laureate.* No. 5.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul  
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *A Life Drama*. Sc.  
12.

## MOB.

(See PEOPLE.)

Procul o, procul este, profani!

Back, ye unhallowed!

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. Bk. vi. l. 413. (CON-  
INGTON, trans.)

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

I hate the profane vulgar and shun  
them.

HORACE. *Odes*. Bk. iii. Ode 1. l. 1.

Hence, ye profane! I hate ye all,  
Both the great vulgar and the small.

*Ibid.* (COWLEY, trans.)

Bellua multorum es capitum.

Thou art a many-headed beast.

*Ibid.* *Epistolæ*. Bk. i. Ep. 1. l. 76.

*Coriolanus*. The beast  
With many heads butts me away.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act iv. Sc.  
1. l. 1.

There still remains to mortify a wit  
The many-headed monster of the pit.

POPE. *Imitation of Horace*. Epistle 1.  
Bk. ii. l. 304.

Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus  
omne.

Beggars, buffoons, and jesters, all this  
class.

[Id genus omne, "All that class," is often  
used in the same way to denote in a com-  
prehensive manner any category or descrip-  
tion of people or things.]

*Cæsar*. This common body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying  
tide,

To rot itself with motion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act i. Sc. 4. l. 44.

*Archbishop*. An habitation giddy and un-  
sure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 89.

*Marcus*. Your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that  
depends

Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang  
ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change your  
mind;

And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act i. Sc.  
1. l. 182.

And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce  
worth the praise?

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iii. l.  
49.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?

Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
And fickle as a changeful dream;  
Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood—

Thou many-headed monster thing,  
Oh, who would wish to be thy king?  
SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto v. St. 30.

*Hamlet*. The play, I remember, pleased  
not the million; 't was caviare to the  
general.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l.  
457.

The multitude is always in the wrong.  
EARL OF ROSCOMMON. *Essay on Trans-  
lated Verse*. l. 184.

Our supreme governors, the mob.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Sir Horace  
Mann*. 7th September, 1743.

Learning will be cast into the mire  
and trodden down under the hoofs of a  
swinish multitude.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France*. Works. Vol. iii.

The great unwashed.

*Attributed to* LORD BROUGHAM.

Men of genius are rarely much an-  
noyed by the company of vulgar people,  
because they have a power of looking at  
such persons as objects of amusement of  
another race altogether.

COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*. August 20, 1833.

## MODERATION.

Give me neither poverty nor riches;  
feed me with food convenient for me.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxx. 8.

Μηδὲν ἄγαν.

Not too much.

[The phrase is best known in its Latin  
form, "Ne quid nimis." Diogenes Laertius,  
in his biography of Solon (l. 2, 16, 63),  
ascribes it to that philosopher-statesman.  
It is also attributed to Cleobolus. With the  
equally famous saying, "Know thyself"

(see under KNOWLEDGE), it was inscribed over the temple of Apollo at Delphi. It was numerously imitated by the Greeks and the Romans. Its earliest known appearance in poetical literature is in Theognis :

Μηδὲν ἄγαν σπεύδειν πάντων μέσ' ἄριστα.

Be not too zealous; moderation's best  
In all things.

THEOGNIS. *Sententia*. 335.

The analogous phrase, "Μέτρον ἄριστον" (moderation is best, in Latin, "Optimus modus"), is attributed to Cleobolus by Diogenes Laertius (1, 6, 6, 93), and it is sometimes asserted that these were the words inscribed on the temple of Apollo.]

Id arbitror, Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.

I consider it to be a leading maxim in life, not to do anything to excess.

TERENCE. *Andria*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 34.

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance  
taught,

In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking  
from thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return :  
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou  
drop

Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death  
mature.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 530.

I, who have so much and so universally  
adored this ἄριστον μέτρον, "excellent mediocrity," of ancient times, and who have concluded the most moderate measure the most perfect, shall I pretend to an unreasonable and prodigious old age?

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. iii.  
*Of Experience*.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem

Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti

Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda

Sobrius aula.

He that holds fast the golden mean,

And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,

Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,

Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door  
Imbittering all his state.

HORACE. Bk. ii. Ode x. (COWPER, trans.)  
St. 2.

Keep the golden mean between saying too  
much and too little.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 1072.

Ce n'est pas être sage  
D'être plus sage qu'il ne le faut.

It is not wise to be wiser than is necessary.

QUINAULT. *Armide*.

La parfaite raison fuit toute extrémité,  
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété.

Perfect good sense shuns all extremity,  
Content to couple wisdom with sobriety.  
MOLIÈRE. *Misanthrope*. Act i. l. 1.

Faut d'la vertu, pas trop n'en faut,  
L'excès en tout est un défaut.

Be virtuous; not too much; just what's correct:

Excess in anything is a defect.

MONVEL. *Erreur d'un Moment*.

Le juste milieu.

Attributed to KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Surtout pas de zèle.

Above all, no zeal.

Attributed to TALLEYRAND.

He knows to live who keeps the middle  
state,

And neither leans on this side nor on that.

POPE. *Imitation of Horace*. Bk. ii. Satire  
ii. l. 61.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of  
such

Who still are pleas'd too little or too  
much.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 184.

Medio tutissimus ibis.

You will be safer to go in the middle.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. ii. 137.

His writing has no enthusiasms, no aspiration, contented, self-respecting and keeping the middle of the road.

EMERSON. *Representative Men*. *Montaigne*.

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique  
fines

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere  
rectum.

There is a mean in all things; and, moreover, certain limits on either side of which right cannot be found.

HORACE. *Satiræ*. Bk. i. Satire i. l. 106.

[Conington's translation runs as follows:

Yes, there's a mean in morals. Life has  
lines

To north or south of which all virtue  
pines.]

I neither want, nor yet abound,

Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I faine not friendship where I hate,

I fawne not on the great (in show),

I prize, I praise a meane estate,

Neither too lofty nor too low;

This, this is all my choice, my cheere,

A minde content, a conscience cleere.

SYLVESTER. *A Contented Mind*. St. 3.

Hoc erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus,

Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons

Et paullum silvæ super his foret.

This used to be my wish: a bit of land,  
A house and garden with a spring at hand,

And just a little wood.

HORACE. *Satires*. ii. 6, l. (CONINGTON, trans.)

I've often wish'd that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year;  
A handsome house to lodge a friend;  
A river at my garden's end;  
A terrace walk, and half a rood  
Of land set out to plant a wood.

SWIFT. *Imitation of Horace*. Bk. ii. Satire 6.

We should aim rather at levelling  
down our desires than levelling up our means.

ARISTOTLE. *Politica*. ii. 7, 8.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;

Keep clean, be as fruit, earn life, and watch

Till the white-wing'd reapers come!

VAUGHAN. *The Seed Growing Secretly*.

*Fool*. Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 117.

*Hamlet*. I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 250.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleas'd with favours given,—  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;  
This is that incense of the heart

Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

COTTON. *The Fireside*. St. 11.

This hand in hand through life we'll go;

Its checker'd paths of joy and woe

With cautious steps we'll tread.

*Ibid*. *The Fireside*. St. 13.

O, grant me, Heav'n, a middle state,  
Neither too humble, nor too great;  
More than enough for nature's ends,  
With something left to treat my friends.

DAVID MALLET.

I make it a virtue to be content with my middlingness; it is always pardonable, so that one does not ask others to take it for superiority.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda*.

Happy the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

POPE. *Ode on Solitude*. p. i.

Give me, ye gods, the produce of one field,

That so I neither may be rich nor poor;  
And having just enough, not covet more.

DRYDEN.

Take the good the gods provide thee.

*Ibid*. *Alexander's Feast*. l. 106.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

*Ibid*. *Third Book of Horace*. Ode 29.

What happiness the rural maid attends,  
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!

She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,

And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.

GAY. *Rural Sports*. Canto ii. l. 148.

We thinke no greater blisse then such  
To he as be we would,  
When blessed none but such as be  
The same as he they should.

WILLIAM WARNER. *Albion's England*. Bk. x. Ch. lix. St. 68.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*. Bk. iii. *Of Moderation*.

[Quoted also by Bishop Hall in the introduction to *Christian Moderation* as an Oriental proverb.]

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,  
A mind serene for contemplation:

Title and profit I resign :

The post of honour shall be mine.

GRAY. *Fables*. Pt. ii. *The Vulture, the Sparrow, and Other Birds*. l. 69.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,

The post of honour is a private station.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence :

But health consists with temperance alone,

And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 79.

Corin. He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 23.

Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,

AMBROSE PHILLIPS. *From Holland to a Friend in England*.

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship,  
books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving  
Heaven!

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. Spring. l. 1158.

Man wants but little; nor that little long;

How soon must he resign his very dust,  
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iv. l. 114.

Nec multo opus est nec diu.

Not much is wanted nor for long.

SENECA.

Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH. *Edwin and Angelina; or, The Hermit*. St. 8.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. St. 19.

Cleon hath a million acres,—ne'er a one have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace,—in a cottage I.

CHARLES MACKAY. *Cleon and I*.

Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet*. Written in London, September, 1820. Concluding lines.

—Believe it not!

The primal Duties shine aloft—like stars;

The Charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

Are scatter'd at the feet of Man—like flowers.

The gen'rous inclination, the just rule,  
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—

No mystery is here; no special boon  
For high and not for low, for proudly grac'd,

And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends

To heav'n as lightly from the Cottage hearth

As from the haughty palace.

*Ibid*. *Excursion*. Bk. ix. l. 234.

To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

R. L. STEVENSON. *A Christmas Sermon*.

## MODESTY.

*Juliet*. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell:

And gave him what becoming love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 27.

*Don Pedro.* It is the witness still of  
excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfec-  
tion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 48.

On their own merits modest men are dumb;  
"Plaudite et valete"—Terence—hum!

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Epi-  
logue to the Heir at Law.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not  
half

The charms her downcast modesty con-  
ceal'd.

THOMSON. *The Seasons. Autumn.* l. 229.

Her modest looks the cottage might  
adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the  
thorn.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 329.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;  
And inward self-disparagement affords  
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. iv.  
l. 471.

## MONEY.

For the love of money is the root of  
all evil: which while some coveted  
after, they have erred from the faith,  
and pierced themselves through with  
many sorrows.

*New Testament.* I. Timothy vi. 10.

Love of money is the mother of all evils.

[According to Diogenes Laertius (vi. 2, 6,  
50) this was a saying of Diogenes the Cynic.  
It is sometimes attributed to Bion.]

Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.

Men dig the earth for gold, seed of un-  
numbered ills.

OVID. *Metamorphoses.* i. 140.

Money is the sinews of war.

[Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Bion* (Bk.  
iv. Ch. vii., Sec. 3), attributes to Bion the  
saying *τον πλοῦσιον εἶναι νευρα πραγμάτων*  
("Money is the sinews of affairs").

Plutarch, in his *Life of Cleomenes* (Ch.  
xxvii.), thus comments on the saying, "He  
who first called money the sinews of affairs  
seems to have said this with special refer-  
ence to war." Accordingly we find Libanius  
(*Oration XLVI.*) expressly defining money  
as *τα νευρα του παλέμου* ("the sinews of  
war").]

War is a matter not so much of arms as  
of expenditure, through which arms may  
be made of service.

THUCYDIDES. *History.* i. 83, 2.

Victuals and ammunition  
And money too the sinews of war.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Fair  
Maid.*

Alcæus mentions Aristodemus in these  
lines:

'Tis money makes the man; and he  
who's none

Is counted neither good nor honourable.  
DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Life of Thales.* vii.

Money alone sets all the world in  
motion.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 656.

Rem facias; rem,  
Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo  
rem.

Make money, money, man;  
Well, if so be—if not, which way you  
can.

HORACE. *Epistole.* Bk. i. Ep. 1, l. 65.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)

[Literally, "A fortune—make a fortune;  
by honest means if you can; if not, by any  
means make a fortune." Pope's paraphrase  
is well known:

Get place and wealth, if possible, with  
græe;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.  
*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. i. Epistle i. l.  
103.]

Unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet  
habere.

None question whence it comes, but come  
it must.

JUVENAL. *Satires.* xiv. 207. (GIFFORD,  
trans.)

The rule get money, still get money, boy;  
No matter by what means; money will do  
More, boy, than my lord's letter.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man in His Humour.*  
Act ii. Sc. 3.

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia  
cuique.

Gold will be slave or master.

HORACE. *Epistole.* Bk. i. Ep. 10. l. 47.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)

*Ford.* If money go before, all ways do  
lie open.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Wind-  
sor.* Act ii. Se. 2. l. 175.

There is no sanctuary so holy that money  
cannot profane it, no fortress so strong that  
money cannot take it by storm.

CICERO. *In Verrem.* i. 2, 4.

*Timon.* This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-  
curs'd,  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation  
With senators on the bench.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act  
iv. Sc.3 l. 33.

*Anne Page.* O what a world of vile  
ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred  
pounds a-year.  
*Ibid.* *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act  
iii. Sc. 4. l. 32.

*Grumio.* Nothing comes amiss, so money  
comes withal.  
*Ibid.* *The Taming of the Shrew.* Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 79.

Money is welcome tho' it be in a dirty  
clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if it come  
in a clean handkerchief.  
J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters.* Bk. ii.  
Letter xxv. To Mr. P. W.

*Iago.* Put money in thy purse.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3. l.  
338.

Subject to a kind of disease, which at  
that time they called lack of money.  
RABELAIS. *Works.* Bk. ii. Ch. xvi.

Money brings honor, friends, con-  
quest, and realms.  
MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. ii. l.  
422.

Money, th' only power  
That all mankind falls down before.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. l.  
1327.

Les beaux yeux de ma cassette ! Il parle  
d'elle comme un amant d'une mai-  
tresse.

The beautiful eyes of my money-box !  
He speaks of it as a lover of his  
mistress.  
MOLIÈRE. *L'Avare.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Point d'argent, point de Suisse.

No money, no Swiss.  
RACINE. *Plaideurs.* i. 1.

[Originally meant as a hit at the venality  
of the Swiss mercenaries, the phrase is now  
used in the sense that if you want anything  
you must pay for it.]

The Almighty Dollar, that great ob-  
ject of universal devotion throughout  
our land, seems to have no genuine de-  
votees in these peculiar villages.  
WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Creole Village.*

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,  
And almost every vice,—almighty gold.  
BEN JONSON. *Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess  
of Rutland.*

No, let the monarch's bags and others hold  
The flattering, mighty, nay, almighty gold.  
JOHN WALCOT (Peter Pindar). *To Kien  
Long.* Ode iv.

But the jingling of the guinea helps  
the hurt that Honor feels.  
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.* St. 53.

## MONUMENT.

*Benedick.* If a man do not erect in  
this age his own tomb ere he dies, he  
shall live no longer in monument than  
the bell rings and the widow weeps.  
. . . An hour in clamor, and a quarter  
in rheum.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 80.

*Duke of Buckingham.* May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his  
years !

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule  
be !  
And, when old Time shall lead him to  
his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument !  
*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 90.

*Iachimo.* O sleep, thou ape of death,  
lie dull upon her !  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying !  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 32.

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be  
dumb ?

Excuse not silence so, for it lies in  
thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded  
tomb

And to be praised of ages yet to be.  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet CI.*

Nothing can cover his high fame but  
heaven ;

No pyramids set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his great-  
ness,—

To which I leave him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The False  
One.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Gold once out of the earth is no more  
due unto it; what was unreasonably  
committed to the ground, is reasonably

resumed from it; let monuments and rich fabricks, not riches, adorn men's ashes.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Hydriotaphia (Urn-Burial)*. Ch. iii.

To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs.

*Ibid.* *Hydriotaphia (Urn-Burial)*. Ch. v.

But monuments themselves memorials need.

CRABBE. *The Borough*. Letter ii.

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.

HAZLITT. *Characteristics*. No. 388.

The marble keeps merely a cold and sad memory of a man who would else be forgotten. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.

HAWTHORNE. *English Note-Books*. London, November 12, 1857. *Westminster Abbey*.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie;

That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

MILTON. *Epitaph on Shakespeare..*  
(See under SHAKESPEARE.)

He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure,—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

CHARLES LAMB. *Essays of Elia. An Essay on Roast Pig*.

Forget thyself to marble.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. l. 42.

· Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

FULLER. *The Holy and Profane States*. Bk. iii. *Of Tombs*.

All buildings are but monuments of death,

All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,

All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,

All curious music but our passing bell: Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?

All that we have is but death's livery.

SHIRLEY.

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iii. l. 285.

Sorry preëminence of high estate,

Above the vulgar born to rot in state.

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 134.

Proud e'en in death, here rot in state.

CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*. Bk. ii. l. 726.

The tap'ring pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,

And wonder of the world, whose spiky top

Has wounded the thick cloud.

BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 190.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.

ISAAC WATTS. *Hymns*. Bk. ii. Hymn 63.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

GRAY. *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard*. St. 11.

Call to mind

That glory's voice is impotent to pierce

The silence of the tomb; but virtue blooms Even on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies.

KIRKE WHITE. *Inscription for a Monument to the Memory of Cowper*. l. 19.

Wouldst thou behold his monument? look around!

ROGERS. *Italy. Florence*.

[This is a literal translation of Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral:

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

The epitaph is frequently misquoted with "quæris" substituted for "requiris," *c. g.*

Sir Christopher Wren's inscription in St. Paul's Church—"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice"—would be equally applicable to a physician buried in a church-yard; both being interred in the midst of their own works.

HORACE SMITH. *The Tin Trumpet*.]

So flits the world's uncertain span!

Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,

Gives mortal monuments a date

Beyond the power of Time and Fate.

SCOTT. *Rokeby*. Canto vi. St. l. 1. 27.

Our poor work may perish ; but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level of the sea, but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Address*. Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825. *The Bunker Hill Monument*.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,

Your monuments upon my breast,  
Nor yet within the common soil

Lay down the wreck of power to rest,  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was "the scourge of God."

EDWARD EVERETT. *Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth*. St. 3.

### MOON.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,

And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,

And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,

And tip with silver every mountain's head.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. viii. l. 687. (POPE, trans.)

He . . . thought the moon was made of green cheese.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. i. Ch. xi.

*Romeo*. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

*Juliet*. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 107.

(See under OATH.)

Or thinke, that the moone is made of a greene cheese.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. vii.

*Hubert*. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 182.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,  
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.

THOMAS PERCY. *Reliques*. *Sir Patrick Spence*. St. 7.

I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

SCOTT. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Let the air strike our tune,  
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *The Witch*. Act v. Sc. 2.

[These lines are introduced also into *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 1. Doubtless they are part of a song of older date than either Middleton or Shakespeare.]

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,

Seated in thy silver car,

State in wonted manner keep.

Hesperus entreats thy light,

Goddess, excellently bright !

BEN JONSON. *Hymn*. To *Cynthia*.

The neighboring moon,

(So call that opposite fair star), her aid  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending, still renewing, through  
mid-heaven.

With borrow'd light her countenance  
triform

Hence fills and empties to enlighten th'  
earth,

And in her pale dominion checks the  
night.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 726.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth

Repeats the story of her birth.

ADDISON. *Spectator*. No. 465. *Ode*. St. 2.

The dews of summer night did fall ;

The moon (sweet regent of the sky)

Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,

And many an oak that grew thereby.

WILLIAM J. MICKLE. *Cumnor Hall*.

Jove, thou regent of the skies.  
POPE. *The Odyssey*. Bk. ii. l. 42.

Now Cynthia, named fair regent of the night.  
GAY. *Trivia*. Bk. iii. l. 4.

And hail their queen, fair regent of the night.  
DARWIN. *The Botanic Garden*. Pt. i. Canto ii. l. 90.

The moon had climbed the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tower and tree.  
JOHN LOWE. *Mary's Dream*. 43.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely  
 Moon  
 From the slow opening curtains of the  
 clouds;  
 Walking in beauty to her midnight  
 throne!  
GEORGE CROLY. *Diana*.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide;  
 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside.  
COLERIDGE. *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*. Pt. iv. St. 10.

The moon looks  
 On many brooks,  
 The brook can see no moon but this.  
MOORE. *Irish Melodies*. *While Gazing on the Moon's Light*. St. 2.

[This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's *Works*: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."  
Note by MOORE.]

Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,  
 Brightening the storm it cannot calm.  
Ibid. *The Loves of the Angels*. *Second Angel's Story*. St. 48.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto ii. St. 1.

Art thou pale for weariness  
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the  
 earth,  
 Wandering companionless  
 Among the stars that have a different  
 birth,—  
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object with its constancy?  
SHELLEY. *To the Moon*.

Oh! to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly  
 shines  
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and  
 shrines;  
 When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall  
 of stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle  
 of Chenars  
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of  
 feet,  
 From the cool shining walks where the  
 young people meet.  
THOMAS MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. *The Light of the Harem*. l. 15.

That orb maiden, with white fire  
 laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon.  
SHELLEY. *The Cloud*. St. 4.

Tha moon put forth a little diamond  
 peak  
 No bigger than an unobserved star,  
 Or tiny point of fairy scimeter.  
KEATS. *Endymion*. Bk. iv. l. 499.

The devil's in the moon for mischief;  
 they  
 Who call'd her chaste, methinks, began  
 too soon  
 Their nomenclature: there is not a  
 day,  
 The longest, not the twenty-first of  
 June,  
 Sees half the business in a wicked  
 way,  
 On which three single hours of moon-  
 shine smile—  
 And then she looks so modest all the  
 while!  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto i. St. 113.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,  
 The waves are brightly glowing.  
CHARLES JEFFERYS. *The Moonlit Sea*.

Meet me by moonlight alone,  
 And then I will tell you a tale  
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
 In the grove at the end of the vale!  
J. A. WADE. *Meet Me by Moonlight*.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Bridge*.

## MORNING. \*

(See SUNRISE.)

Full many a glorious morning have I  
seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign  
eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows  
green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly  
alchemy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. xxxiii.

*Richard*. See how the morning opes  
her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious  
sun !  
How well resembles it the prime of  
youth,  
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his  
love.

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 21.

*Troilus*. The busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the  
ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys  
no longer.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 8.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising  
sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 641.

*Romeo*. Look, love, what envious  
streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder  
east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund  
day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain  
tops.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 9.

*Horatio*. But, look, the morn, in rus-  
set mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern  
hill.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 166.

Till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice  
gray.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l. 426.

1 "Eastward" in Folio.

*Aaron*. As when the golden sun salutes  
the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his  
beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening  
coach,

And overlooks the highest peering hills.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1. l. 5.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.  
MILTON. *Lycidas*. l. 26.

Flames in the forehead of the morning  
sky.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. l. 171.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern  
clime

Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient  
pearl,

When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for  
his sleep

Was æry light, from pure digestion bred.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 1.

Morn,  
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy  
hand

Unbarr'd the gates of light.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 2.

Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight,  
behold

Eastward among those trees what glori-  
ous shape

Comes this way moving, seems another  
morn

Risen on mid noon.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 308.

Another morn  
Risen on mid-noon.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*. Bk. vi. l. 197.

The sun had long since, in the lap  
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 29.

Day, peeping from the east, makes the sun  
turn from black to red, like a boiled lobster.  
RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. v. Ch. vii.

As far as Phœbus first doth rise,  
Until in Thetis' lap he lies.  
SIR ARTHUR GORGES.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother  
of Dews.

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. *Summer*. l. 47.

Behold how brightly breaks the morning!  
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

JAMES KENNEY. *Behold How Brightly Breaks.*

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. ii. l. 95.

She stood breast-high amid the corn  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

THOMAS HOOD. *Ruth.*

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world.

R. H. HORNE. *Orion.* Bk. iii. Canto ii. (See under HOPE.)

O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* Pt. xxx.

In the morning of the world  
When earth was nigher heaven than now.

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.* Pt. iii.

The yellow fog came creeping down  
The bridges, till the houses' walls  
Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's

Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

OSCAR WILDE. *Impression du Matin.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Church-yard.* St. 5.

Dewy morn

With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,

Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,

And living as if earth contained no tomb.

BRYON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 98.

## MORTALITY.

(See LIFE; MAN; SKELETON.)

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he

fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

*Old Testament.* Job xiv. 1, 2.

As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow.

*Ibid.* Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies:  
They fall successive, and successive rise.

HOMER. *The Iliad.* Bk. vi. l. 181. (POPE, trans.)

All, that in this world is great or gay  
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

SPENSER. *Ruins of Time.* l. 55.

Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man,—yesterday in embryo, to-morrow a mummy or ashes. So for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* iv. 48.

Memento mori.

Remember you must die.

*Motto of the Order of the Death's Head.*

[A reminder of our latter end. The Egyptians passed round a skull at their feasts for this purpose: and behind the Roman general in his triumphal chariot stood a slave whispering in his ear, "Respice post te, hominem memento te" ("Look behind you, remember that you are but a man"). The Russian Tsars used to be presented with specimens of marble at their coronation, from which to select one for their tombs.]

Μέμνησο' ὅτι θνητὸς ὑπάρχεις.

Remember that thou art mortal.

PHOCYLIDES. *Sententiæ.* 109.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

Regumque turres.

Pale death, with impartial step,  
knocks at the hut of the poor and the palaces of kings.

HORACE. *Odes.* Ode i. Bk. 4. l. 13.

*Hamlet.* Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 207.

Expende Hannibalem : quot libras in duce summo invenies?

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains, And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains;

And is this all?

JUVENAL. *Satires*. x. 147. (GIFFORD, trans.)

*Warwick*. Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 27.

*Queen*. All that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 72.

*Antony*. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 118.

*Antony*. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure?

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 149.

*Prince Henry*. Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound : But now two paces of the vilest earth is room enough.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act v. Sc. 4. l. 88.

*Richard*. Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper; and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth. Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground? Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

All murder'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 145.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

THOMAS FULLER. *The Virtuous Lady*.

I made a posy while the day ran by; Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away, And wither'd in my hand.

HERBERT. *The Church*. *Life*.

That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust

That measures all our time; which also shall

Be crumbled into dust.

*Ibid.* *The Temple*. *Church Monuments*. St. 4.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,— Some break their fast and so depart away;

Others stay dinner, then depart full fed; The longest age but sups and goes to bed.

O reader, then behold and see!

As we are now, so must you be.

JOSEPH HENSHAW. *Horæ Sucissive*. (See under INN.)

The glories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things;

There is no armour against fate,

Death lays his icy hand on kings.

Scepter and crown

Must tumble down.

And, in the dust, be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY. *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. Sc. 5.

Sollicit omne sacrum Mors importuna profanaat,  
 Omnibus obscuras injicit illa manus.  
 Death lays his impious touch on all things rare:  
 His shadowy hands no sacred office spare.  
 OVID. *Art of Love*. iii. 9. 19.

The prince, who kept the world in awe,  
 The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,  
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,  
 Are levell'd: death confounds 'em all.  
 GAY. *Fables*. Pt. ii. Fable 16. *The Ravens, Sexton, and Earth-worm*. l. 143.

Our days begin with trouble here,  
 Our life is but a span,  
 And cruel death is always near,  
 So frail a thing is man.  
*New England Primer*.

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood;  
 Even such is man, whose borrow'd light  
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.  
 The Wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
 The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;  
 The Dew's dried up, the Star is shot.  
 The Flight is past, and man forgot.  
 DR. H. KING. *Sic Vita*.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
 There's nothing true but Heaven.  
 MOORE. *This World is all a Fleeting Show*.

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever!  
 SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto iii. St. 16. *Coronach*.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
 POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iii. l. 19.

For what are men who grasp at praise sub-  
 lime,  
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,  
 That rise; and fall, that swell, and are no  
 more,  
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?  
 YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire ii. l. 285.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a  
 name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth,  
 and fame,  
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails  
 thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall  
 be!  
 POPE. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortu-  
 nate Lady*. l. 69.

Where is the dust that has not been  
 alive?  
 The spade, the plough, disturb our an-  
 cestors;  
 From human mould we reap our daily  
 bread.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ix. l. 91.

Here lies James Quinn. Deign, reader,  
 to be taught,  
 Whate'er thy strength of body, force of  
 thought,  
 In Nature's happiest mould however  
 cast,  
 To this complexion thou must come at  
 last.  
 GARRICK. *Epitaph on Quinn in the Abbey  
 Church at Bath, England*. MURPHY.  
*Life of Garrick*. Vol. ii. p. 38.

[The last line is frequently attributed to  
 Shakespeare, obviously in confused remin-  
 iscence of the analogous address applied by  
 Hamlet to Yorick's skull: "Now get you  
 to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her  
 paint an inch thick, to this favor she must  
 come" (*Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 1, l. 186).]  
 (See under SKULL.)

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of  
 power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth  
 e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the  
 grave.  
 GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.  
 St. 9.

All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to  
 tread.  
 HOMER. *The Odyssey*. Bk. xii. l. 31.  
 (POPE, trans.)

Omnes una manet nox  
 Et calcanda semel via leti.

Yes, all await the night,  
 The downward journey all one day must  
 tread.  
 HORACE. *Odes*. Bk. i. Ode 28. l. 15.

One destin'd period men in common  
 have,

The great, the base, the coward, and the  
brave,  
All food alike for worms, companions in  
the grave.

LANSDOWNE. *On Death.*

Thy shadow, Earth, from pole to Central  
Sea,  
Now steals along upon the moon's meek  
shine

In even monochrome and curving line  
Of imperturbable serenity.  
And can immense Mortality but throw  
So small a shade, and Heaven's high  
human scheme  
Be hemmed within the coast yon arc  
implies?

HARDY. *At a Lunar Eclipse.*

To contemplation's sober eye,  
Such is the race of man;  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began,  
Alike the busy and the gay.  
But flutter through life's little day.

GRAY. *Ode. On the Spring.* St. 4.

And thou hast walked about (how  
strange a story!)  
In Thebes' streets three thousand  
years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its  
glory.

HORACE SMITH. *Address to the Mummy  
at Belzoni's Exhibition.*

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky:  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die.

R. H. WILDE. *Summer Rose. Lament of  
the Captive.* St. 1.

If I had thought thou couldst have died  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be!  
It never through my mind had passed,  
That time would e'er be o'er  
When I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

CHARLES WOLFE. *Song. The Death of  
Mary.*

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be  
proud?  
Like a fast-fitting meteor, a fast-flying  
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the  
wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the  
grave.

WILLIAM KNOX. *Mortality.*

All that's bright must fade,—  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest.

MOORE. *All that's Bright Must Fade.*

Once, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man:—and who was he?  
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encountered all that troubles thee:  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Common Lot.*

Oh threats of Hell and hopes of Para-  
dise!

One thing at least is certain,—*This Life*  
flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is  
Lies;

The Flower that once has blown for ever  
dies.

EDWARD FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar  
Khayyam.* St. 63.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one  
day's rest

A Sultan to the realm of Death address;  
The Sultan rises, and the dark Fer-  
rásh

Strikes, and prepares it for another  
Guest.

*Ibid.* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* St. 45.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste  
Of *Being* from the Well amid the  
Waste—

And Lo! the phantom Caravan has  
reach'd

The *Nothing* it set out from—Oh, make  
haste!

*Ibid.* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* St.  
48.

The world will turn when we are earth  
As though we had not come nor gone;  
There was no lack before our birth,  
When we are gone there will be none.  
OMAR KHAYYAM. (BODENSTET, TRANS.)

Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.  
EDWIN ARNOLD. *The Light of Asia*. Bk.  
iii. l. 25.

## MOTHER.

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa  
Qua pendebat Filius.

At the cross her station keeping  
Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
Where He hung, the dying Lord.  
ANON. *Stabat Mater*. (DR. IRONS, trans.)

*King Richard*. A grandam's name is  
little less in love,  
Than is the doting title of a mother.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act iv. Sc.  
1. l. 300.

*Lady Macduff*. The poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the  
owl.  
*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 9.

*Egeon*. Almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women  
bear.  
*Ibid*. *Comedy of Errors*. Act i. Sc. 1. l.  
47.

In the first days  
Of my distracting grief, I found myself  
As women wish to be who love their lords.  
JOHN HOME. *Douglas*. Act i. Sc. 1.

My dear angel has been qualmish of late,  
and begins to grow remarkably round in  
the waist, so that I cannot leave her in such  
an interesting situation, which I hope will  
produce something to crown my felicity.  
SMOLLETT. *Roderick Random*. (1748.)  
Last chapter, last paragraph.

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she  
fell'd  
The world (as since that, history, less  
polite  
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly  
held),  
Has not yet given up the practice quite.  
Poor thing of usages! coerced—compell'd.  
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when  
right,  
Condemned to child-bed, as men for their  
sins  
Have shaving, too, entailed upon their  
chins,—  
A daily plague, which, in the aggregate,  
May average on the whole with parturition.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 23.

I tell you there isn't a thing under the  
sun that needs to be done at all, but what  
a man can do better than a woman, unless

it's bearing children, and they do that in a  
poor make-shift way; it had better ha' been  
left to the men—it had better ha' been left  
to the men.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*.  
[Put into the mouth of Bartle Massey.]

*Exeter*. And all my mother came into  
mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act iv. Sc. 6.  
l. 31.

*Bastard*. Heaven guard my mother's  
honor and my land.  
*Ibid*. *King John*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 70.

*Hamlet*. O, wonderful son, that can so  
astonish a mother!  
*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 319.

Where yet was ever found a mother,  
Who'd give her booby for another?  
GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. Fable iii. l. 33. *The  
Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy*.

A mother only knows a mother's  
fondness.  
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letters*.  
*To the Countess of Bute*. July 22, 1754.

But strive still to be a man before  
your mother.  
COWPER. *Connoisseur*. *Motto of No. 3*.

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy  
mother.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Love's Cure*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou  
wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing  
son,

Wretched even then, life's journey just  
begun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt,  
a kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in  
bliss—

Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—  
Yes.

COWPER. *On the Receipt of My Mother's  
Picture*. l. 21.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My mother.

ANN TAYLOR. *My Mother*. St. 6.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother.  
JAMES LOGAN. *Braves of Yarrow*. St. 4.

The cold winds swept the mountain-  
height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child:  
As through the drifting snows she  
press'd,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.  
SEBA SMITH. *The Snow Storm*.

There was a place in childhood that I  
remember well,  
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright  
fairy tales did tell.  
SAMUEL LOVER. *My Mother Dear*.

A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.  
COLERIDGE. *The Three Graves*. St. 10.

In the Heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "mother."  
E. A. POE. *To My Mother*.

Mother is the name for God in the lips  
and hearts of little children.  
THACKERAY. *Vanity Fair*. Vol. ii. Ch.  
12.

For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.  
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. *What Rules the  
World*.

The bearing and the training of a child  
Is woman's wisdom.  
TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Canto v. l. 456.

Womanliness means only motherhood;  
All love begins and ends there,—roams  
enough,  
But, having run the circle, rests at home.  
R. BROWNING. *The Inn Album*. vii.

Majds must be wives and mothers, to fulfil  
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.  
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. *Woman's Heart*.

Happy he  
With such a mother! faith in woman-  
kind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all  
things high  
Comes easy to him, and though he trip  
and fall,  
He shall not blind his soul with clay.  
TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Canto vii. l.  
308.

A woman's love  
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,  
And by its weakness overcomes.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. *Legend of Brit-  
tany*. Pt. ii. St. 43.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves  
of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.  
O. W. HOLMES. *The Mother's Secret*. l. 117.

## MOUNTAINS.

Then the omnipotent Father with his  
thunder made Olympus tremble, and  
from Ossa hurled Pelion.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*.

[An allusion to the myth of the Titans, who piled Mount Pelion and Mount Ossa upon Olympus in order to scale the dwellings of the Gods, but were overwhelmed by Jupiter. The myth belongs to the same cycle as the Biblical story of the tower of Babel. Homer tells the story in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. The most famous lines are thus translated by various hands:

They were setting on  
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon  
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius.  
CHAPMAN. *Homer's Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l.  
426.

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;  
On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood.  
POPE. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l. 387.

To the Olympian summit they essay'd  
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown  
Branch-waving Pelion.  
COWPER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l. 379.

To fling  
Ossa upon Olympus, and to pile  
Pelion with all its growth of leafy woods  
On Ossa.  
BRYANT. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l. 389.

I would have you call to mind the strength  
of the ancient giants, that undertook to  
lay the high mountain Pelion on the top  
of Ossa, and set among those the shady  
Olympus.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. iv. Ch. xxxviii.

Mahomet made the people believe  
that he would call a hill to him, and  
from the top of it offer up his prayers  
for the observers of his law. The people  
assembled; Mahomet called the hill to  
come to him, again and again; and when  
the hill stood still, he was never a whit  
abashed, but said, "If the hill will not  
come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to  
the hill."

BACON. *Essays*. *Of Boldness*.

So pleased at first the towering Alps we  
try,

Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread  
the sky ;

The eternal snows appear already pass'd,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem  
the last :

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthen'd  
way ;

The increasing prospect tires our wander-  
ing eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps  
arise !

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 25.

All as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,

When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,  
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,  
Till, mounting some tall mountain, he doth  
find

More heights before him than he left be-  
hind.

DRUMMOND.

[As Pope imitated Drummond, so he in turn was imitated by Rousseau, who likens successful conquerors to "those inexperienced travellers who, finding themselves for the first time in the Alps, imagine that they can clear them with every mountain, and, when they have reached the summit, are discouraged to see higher mountains in front of them." *Emile*. Bk. iv. See Walsh's *Handy Book of Literary Curiosities*, p. 43, for other parallelisms.]

Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,  
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make

The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling !  
MOORE. *Rhymes on the Road*. Extract i.  
l. 26.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful  
form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves  
the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling  
clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 189.

Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful  
Form !

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently ! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial,  
black,

An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge ! But when I look again

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity !

O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed  
upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily  
sense,

Didst vanish from my thought : en-  
tranced in prayer

I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

COLERIDGE. *Hymn Before Sunrise in the  
Vale of Channount*. l. 5.

Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,  
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd

Make enemies of nations, who had else,  
Like kindred drops, been mingled into  
one.

COWPER. *Task*. Bk. ii. *The Time-Piece*.  
l. 16.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves elasp one another.

SHELLEY. *Love's Philosophy*.

Oh, thou Parnassus whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring snow-clad through thy  
native sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 60.

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding  
Rhine.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 55.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of moun-  
tains ;

They crown'd him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.

*Ibid.* *Manfred*. Act i. Sc. 1.

That speak of white just on its marge  
Is Pella : see, in the evening glow

How sharp the silver spear-heads  
charge

When Alp meets Heaven in snow.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto ix.

## MOURNING.

It is better to go to the house of  
mourning than to go to the house of  
feasting.

*Old Testament*. Ecclesiastes vii. 2.

*Leontes*. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie : and tears  
shed there

Shall be my recreation: so long as  
Nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Winter's Tale*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. 1. 235.

*Duke*. To mourn a mischief that is  
past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief  
on.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 204.

*Queen Margaret*. Wise men ne'er sit  
and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their  
harms.

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 4. 1. 1.

*King*. How is it that the clouds still  
hang on you?

*Hamlet*. Not so, my lord; I am too  
much 't' the sun.

*Queen*. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted  
colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on  
Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that  
lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Hamlet*. Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen*. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Hamlet*. Seems, madam! nay it is; I  
know not seems.—

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good  
mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the  
visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shews  
of grief,

That can denote me truly: these in-  
deed, seem;

For they are actions that a man might  
play:

But I have that within which passeth  
show;

These, but the trappings and the suits  
of woe.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 66.

*Hamlet*. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead! nay, not so  
much, not two;

So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my  
mother,

That he might not betem the winds of  
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven  
and earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang  
on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: And yet, within a  
month,—

Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy  
name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were  
old,

With which she follow'd my poor  
father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even  
she,—

O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse  
of reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,—married  
with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like  
my father,

Than I to Hercules: Within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous  
tears

Had left the flushing of her galled  
eyes,

She married:—O most wicked speed, to  
post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1.  
138.

Lives there whom pain hath evermore  
pass'd by

And sorrow shunned with an averted  
eye?

Him do thou pity, him above the rest,  
Him of all hopeless mortals most un-  
bless'd.

WM. WATSON. *Epigrams*.

*King Richard*. My grief lies all within,  
And these external manners and laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.  
SHAKES. *Richard II*. Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 295.

*Lafeu*. Moderate lamentation is the

right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 48.

*Capulet*. All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iv. Sc. 5.  
l. 84.

*Hamlet*. Nay, then, let the devil wear black,  
for I'll have a suit of sables.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 124.

There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 184.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year;  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show?

POPE. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*. l. 55.

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,  
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;  
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,  
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

*Ibid.* *Rape of the Lock*. Canto iii. l. 155.

O! sing unto my roundelay,  
O! drop the briny tear with me.  
Dance no more at holiday,  
Like a running river be;

My love is dead,  
Gone to his death bed  
All under the willow tree.  
THOMAS CHATTERTON. *Ælla*. *Minstrel's Song*.

When Dido found Æneas would not come  
She mourned in silence and was Di dum dum.

RICHARD PORSON. *Impromptu*.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.  
WILLIAM COLLINS. *Dirge in Cymbeline*.  
Concluding lines.

They bear him to his resting place—  
In slow procession sweeping by;  
I follow at a stranger's space;  
His kindred they, his sweetheart I.  
Unchanged my gown of garish dye,  
Though sable-sad is their attire;  
But they stand round with griefless eye,  
Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

THOMAS HARDY. *Wessex Poems*, *She*.

When musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto ii. Introduction. St. vi.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 108.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. *Phillip Van Artevelde*. Act I. Sc. 5. l. 38.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,

Ah, what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these watchful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs

I consecrate to thee.

W. S. LANDOR. *Rose Aylmer*.

[The lady to whose memory these lines are dedicated was one of Landor's early loves; she died suddenly and prematurely in India. Instead of repeating the name, Landor originally wrote in the second stanza "Sweet Aylmer."]

### MOUSE.

I hold a mouse's wit not worth a leke  
That hath but on hole for to sterthen to.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue*. 1.  
572.

Consider the little mouse, how sagacious  
an animal it is which neverentrusts his life  
to one hole only.

PLAUTUS. *Truculentus*. Act iv. Sc. 4. 1.  
15.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor  
hole

Can never be a mouse of any soul.  
POPE. *Paraphrase of the Wife of Bath*.  
*Her Prologue*. 1. 298.

The mouse that hath one hole is quickly  
taken.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

It had need to bee

A wylie mouse that should breed in the  
cats eare.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. ii. Ch. v.

A hardy mouse that is bold to breede  
In cattis eeris.

*Order of Foles*. MS. circa 1450.

Edgar. But mice and rats and such  
small deer

Have been Tom's food for seven long  
year.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. 1. 135.

Ratons and myse and soch smale dere,  
That was his mete that vii yere.

UNKNOWN. *Life of Sir Beves*.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

BURNS. *To a Mouse*.

### MURDER.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man  
shall his blood be shed.

*Old Testament*. Genesis ix. 6.

Clarence. Erroneous vassals! the great  
King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt  
thou, then,

Spurn at his edict and fulfill a man's?  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc.  
4. 1. 191.

Mordre wol out, that see we day by  
day.

CHAUCER. *The Nonnes Preestes Tale*. 1.  
15,058.

*Hamlet*. For murder, though it hath no  
tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1.  
589.

*Hamlet*. Till then sit still my soul: foul  
deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to  
men's eyes.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 255.

*Iago*. Guiltiness will speak  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Ibid*. *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 109.

Yet heav'n will still have murder out at  
last.

DRAYTON. *Ideas*. iii.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,  
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.

DRYDEN. *The Cock and the Fox*. 1. 285.

*Bolingbroke*. They love not poison that  
do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him  
dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy

labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely  
favour.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act v. Sc.  
6. 1. 38.

*Pembroke*. All murders past do stand  
excus'd in this;

And this, so sole, and so unmatched,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-ungotten sin of time's,

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a  
jest,

Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 51.

*Macduff*. Confusion now hath made his  
masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole  
thence

The life o' the building.

*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 64.

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best  
it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
27.

*Antony.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding  
piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly  
blood

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy.  
*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 254.

*Macbeth.* There shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 44.

*Macbeth.* Blood hath been shed ere  
now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle  
weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been  
perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the time has  
been,

That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise  
again,

With twenty mortal murders on their  
crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is  
more strange

Than such a murder is . . .  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 76.

*Macbeth.* Will all great Neptune's  
ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my  
hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 60.

*Lady Macbeth.* Yet who would have  
thought the old man to have had so  
much blood in him?

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 38.

*Othello.* Not Cassio kill'd! then mur-  
der's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 115.

*Othello.* Put out the light, and then  
put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me; but once put out  
thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling  
nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean  
heat

That can thy light relume.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l.  
7.

*Ghost.* But, soft! methinks I scent the  
morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my  
orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 59.

*Ghost.* Thus was I, sleeping, by a  
brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once  
despatch'd;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my ac-  
count

With all my imperfections on my head.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l. 74.

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 185.

Unwcept, unhonored, uninterred he lies.  
POPE. *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. xxii. l. 484.

Unwcept, unnoted, and for ever dead.  
*Ibid.* *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. v. l. 402.

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined,  
and unknown.  
BYRON. *Child Harold.* Canto iv. St. 179.

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwcept, unhonoured, and unsung.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*  
Canto vi. St. 1.

Unwcept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred.  
SOUTHNEY. *A Tale of Paraguay.* Canto i.  
St. xi.

*Hamlet.* Now might I do it, pat, now  
he is praying;  
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to  
heaven:

And so am I reveng'd? That would be  
scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush  
as May;

And, how his audit stands, who knows,  
save heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of  
thought,

'Tis heavy with him. And am I then  
reveng'd,

To take him in the purging of his  
soul,

When he is fit and season'd for his pas-  
sage?

No.

Up, swords; and know thou a more  
horrid hent:

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his  
rage:

Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;  
At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't:

Then trip him, that his heels may kick  
at heaven;

And that his soul may be as damn'd,  
and black,

As hell to which it goes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 76.

*Frankford*. Oh me unhappy! I have found  
them lying

Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.  
But that I would not damn two precious  
souls,

Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send  
them, laden

With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,  
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives  
Had met upon my rapier!

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *A Woman Killed  
with Kindness*.

The very air rests thick and heavily,  
Where murder has been done.

JOANNA BAILLIE. *Orra*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

There was a manhood in his look,

That murder could not kill!

HOOD. *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. St.  
16.

Assassination has never changed the  
history of the world.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI. *Speech*. May, 1865.

## MUSE.

If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
And dictates to me slumbering, or in-  
spires

Easy my unpremeditated verse;  
Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleased me, long choosing and begin-  
ning late.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 20.

When panting virtue her last efforts  
made

You brought your Clio to the virgin's  
aid.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE. *Poetical Address  
to Mr. Addison*.

[Addison signed his papers in the *Spectator*  
with one or the other of the letters making  
up the name Clio, the muse of history. These  
lines delighted Dr. Johnson: "The couplet  
which mentions Clio is written with the  
most exquisite delicacy of praise; it ex-  
hibits one of those happy strokes which are  
seldom attained."]

## MUSIC.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodi-  
ous sound.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. ii. Canto  
xii. St. 70.

*Cleopatra*. Give me some music;  
music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act ii. Sc. 5, l. 1.

A lamentable tune is the sweetest  
musick to a woeful mind.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. ii.

*Peter*. When griping grief the heart  
doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iv. Sc. 5, l. 123.

[These lines are quoted by Peter to the  
musicians. Evidently they are a reminis-  
cence of the ancient song preserved by  
Thomas Percy:

Where griping grefes the hart would  
wounde,

And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,

There music with her silver sound

With spede is wont to send redresse.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *A Song to the Lute in  
Musicke*.]

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm.  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please;  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

POPE. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. St. 7.

Duke. If music be the food of love,  
play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet  
sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act i. Sc.  
1. 1. 1.

Twitched strings, the clang of metal,  
beaten drums,  
Dull, shrill, continuous, disquieting;  
And now the stealthy dancer comes  
Undulantly with cat-like steps that  
cling.

SYMONS. *Japanese Dancers*.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moon-light  
sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of  
music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the  
night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look! how the floor of  
heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright  
gold.  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou  
behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cheru-  
bin;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls.  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
V. Sc. 1. 1. 54.

And sure there is music even in the  
beauty, and the silent note which Cupid  
strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an  
instrument; for there is music wherever  
there is harmony, order, or proportion; and  
thus far we may maintain the music of the  
spheres.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.  
Pt. ii. Sec. ix.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
Once hless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;

And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ  
blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic sym-  
phony.

MILTON. *Hymn, On the Morning of  
Christ's Nativity*. St. 13.

When his veering gait  
And every motion of his starry train  
Seem governed by a strain  
Of music, audible to him alone.

WORDSWORTH. *The Triad*. 1. 48.

Jessica. I am never merry, when I  
hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits  
are attentive;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and  
neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their  
blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet  
sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual  
stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest  
gaze,

By the sweet power of music. There-  
fore, the poets

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees,  
stones, and flocks;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full  
of rage,

But music for the time doth change his  
nature.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
V. Sc. 1. 1. 69.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage  
breast,<sup>1</sup>

To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.  
I've read that things inanimate have  
moved,

And, as with living souls, have been in-  
form'd

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.  
CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

Music's force can tame the furious beast;  
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain  
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane  
Attentive to the song.

PRIOR. *Solomon*. Bk. ii. l. 67.

<sup>1</sup> This line is constantly misquoted with  
"the" substituted for "a" or "beast" for  
"breast."

*Othello.* She will sing the savageness out of a bear.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 184.

*Lorenzo.* The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.

*Ibid.* *The Merchant of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 83.

The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus.* Bk. i. Ch. v.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 56.

*Richard.* How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5. l. 42.

Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 549.

Up he rode  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned

Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air  
Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heard'st;

The heavens and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their station listening stood,

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. l. 557.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
At which the universal host up sent

A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond

Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. i. l. 540.

There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

*Ibid.* *Il Penseroso.* l. 161.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro.* l. 136.

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro.* l. 143.

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?

*Ibid.* *Areopagitica.*

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

*Ibid.* *Arcades.* l. 68.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

*Ibid.* *Comus.* l. 244.

Music, the mosaic of the air.

MARVELL. *Music's Empire.* 17.

Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune.

THOMAS FULLER. *History of the Worthies of England.* Ch. x. *Writers. Musicians.*

Enough of mournful melodies, my lute!  
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.

Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan

The smouldering infelicity of man.

WM. WATSON. *Epigrams.*

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.

POPE. *Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.  
 POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epistle iv. l. 143.

Music resembles poetry: in each  
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach  
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. i. l. 143.

As some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 142.

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,  
 And all of heaven we have below.  
 ADDISON. *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. iii.

Music religious heat inspires,  
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,  
 And wings it with sublime desires,  
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.  
*Ibid.* *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. St. 4.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.  
 GRAY. *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard*. St. 10.

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er;  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise  
 Now feel that pulse no more.  
 MOORE. *The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls*.

I pant for the music which is divine;  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;  
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower;  
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain  
 I gasp, I faint till they wake again.  
 SHELLEY. *Music*.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her swell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess beyond the Muse's painting.  
 COLLINS. *The Passions*. l. 1.

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired.  
*Ibid.* *The Passions*. l. 10.

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.  
*Ibid.* *The Passions*. l. 28.

In hollow murmurs died away.  
*Ibid.* *The Passions*. l. 68.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
*Ibid.* *The Passions*. l. 95.

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;  
 Some chord in unison with what we hear  
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.  
 COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. vi. l. 3.

Soft is the music that would charm forever;  
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.  
 WORDSWORTH. *Not Love, Not War*.

Bright gem, instinct with music, vocal spark.  
*Ibid.* *A Morning Exercise*.

Music's golden tongue  
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.  
 KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes*. St. 3.

The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide.  
*Ibid.* *The Eve of St. Agnes*. St. 4.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,

Entrancing our senses with charmed melody?

MRS. C. B. WILSON. *What Fairy-like Music*.

And when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.  
 LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline*. Pt. i. l. 62.

For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music: what can one say more?  
 GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*.

And music pours on mortals  
 Her magnificent disdain.  
 EMERSON. *The Sphinx*.

A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly,  
Upon the bosom of that harmony,  
And sailed and sailed incessantly,  
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown  
Had fluttered down upon that pool of  
tone,

And boatwise dropped o' the convex side  
And floated down the glassy tide  
And clarified and glorified  
The solemn spaces where the shadows  
bide.

From the warm concave of that fluted  
note

Somewhat, half song, half odor forth did  
float

As if a rose might somehow be a throat.  
SIDNEY LANIER. *The Symphony*.

### NAME.

Clarum et venerabile nomen.

An illustrious and ancient name.  
LUCAN. *Pharsalia*. ix. 203.

Stat magni nominis umbra.

Remains the shadow of a mighty  
name.

*Ibid.* *Pharsalia*. i. 135.

Dixi omnia, quum hominem nomi-  
navi.

I have said everything when I have  
named the man.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Epistolæ*. iv. 22.

"What is thy name, faire maid?" quoth  
he.

"Penelophon, O King!" quoth she.  
PERCY. *Réliges*. *King Cophetua and the  
Beggar Maid*. St. 6.

[Shakespeare, quoting this ancient ballad  
in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv., Sc. 1. l. 65,  
gives the beggar's name as Zenelophon.]

Duke. Who may, in the ambush of  
my name, strike home.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
i. Sc. 3. l. 41.

Juliet. O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore  
art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name:  
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my  
love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 33.

Juliet. What's in a name? That  
which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as  
sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo  
call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he  
owes

Without that title: Romeo, doff thy  
name;

And for that name, which is no part of  
thee,

Take all myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 43.

That which we call a Snob, by any other  
name would still be snobbish.

THACKERAY. *Book of Snobs*.

Juliet. Bondage is hoarse, and may  
not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where echo  
lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse  
than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 160.

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the  
dickens his name is.

*Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 15.

Ferdinand. I do beseech you  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my  
prayers),

What is your name?

*Ibid.* *Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 34.

Bastard. And if his name be George,  
I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's  
names.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 186.

Cassius. Brutus and Cæsar: what  
should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more  
than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a  
name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth  
as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure  
with 'em,—

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as  
Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 142.

*Macbeth*. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?

What is't you do?

All *Witches*. A deed without a name.  
Ibid. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 48.

And left the name at which the world grew pale

To point a moral or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

His opinion was that there was a strange kind of magic bias which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct. . . . How many Cæsars and Pompeys, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many, he would add, are there who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing.

LAURENCE STERNE. *Tristram Shandy*. Bk. i. l. 19.

Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,

Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid.

THOMAS MOORE. *O Breathe Not His Name*.

Oh no? we never mention her,—

Her name is never heard;

My lips are now forbid to speak

That once familiar word.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *Oh No! We Never Mention Her*.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto iii. St. 24.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"

For once it was a magic sound to me,

And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,

Where I beheld what never was to be.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto v. St. 4.

Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name!

Ibid. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 399.

A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man.

HAZLITT. *Political Essays: On Court Influence*.

Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations: Peter Leopold and President Du Paty (Du Paty)*.

And last of all an Admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name,—  
A name which you all know by sight very well,

But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

SOUTHEY. *The March to Moscow*. St. 8.

I do not fear to follow out the truth,  
Albeit along the precipice's edge.

Let us speak plain; there is more force in names

Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep

Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk  
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

LOWELL. *A Glance Behind the Curtain*. l. 251.

I cannot love my lord, and not his name.

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid*. l. 92.

Our men scarce seem in earnest now:  
Distinguished names!—but 'tis somehow,

As if they played at being names  
Still more distinguished, like the games  
Of children.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Waring*. l.

## NAPOLEON I.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

CHARLES PHILLIPS. *The Character of Napoleon*.

Yes! where is he, the champion and the  
child

Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?

Whose game was empires, and whose  
stakes were thrones,

Whose table earth—whose dice were  
human bones?

BYRON. *The Age of Bronze*. St. 3.

On a lone barren isle, where the wild  
roaring billows

Assail the stern rock, and the loud  
tempests rave,

The hero lies still, while the dew-droop-  
ing willows,

Like fond weeping mourners, lean  
over his grave.

The lightnings may flash and the loud  
thunders rattle;

He heeds not, he hears not, he's free  
from all pain;

He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought  
his last battle;

No sound can awake him to glory  
again!

LEONARD HEATH. *The Grave of Bona-  
parte*.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had  
a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la  
carrière ouverte aux talents*—the tools to  
him that can handle them.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Sir Walter Scott*.

L'Angleterre prit l'aigle et l'Autriche  
l'aiglon.

England took the eagle and Austria  
the eaglet.

VICTOR HUGO.

[L'Aiglon means "the Eaglet," and there-  
fore is a proper description of the son of the  
Eagle (L'Aigle), *i. e.*, Napoleon himself, who  
transferred the imperial eagles of Rome to  
his own standard. It was Victor Hugo in  
this famous line who first applied the re-  
spective terms to father and son.]

### NATION.

And hath made of one blood all  
nations of men.

*New Testament*. Acts xvii. 26.

It hath been an opinion that the  
French are wiser than they seem, and  
the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.  
But howsoever it be between nations,  
certainly it is so between man and man.

BACON. *Essays. Of Seeming Wise*.

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve.  
DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
l. 416.

England is a paradise for women and  
hell for horses; Italy a paradise for  
horses and hell for women, as the pro-  
verb goes.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 3. Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.

It is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this deli-  
cious land!<sup>1</sup>

What fruits of fragrance blush on every  
tree!

What goodly prospects o'er the hills  
expand!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 15.

Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich  
Richter is little known out of Germany.  
The only thing connected with him, we  
think, that has reached this country is  
his saying,—imported by Madame de  
Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most  
newspaper critics,—“Providence has  
given to the French the empire of the  
land; to the English that of the sea; to  
the Germans that of—the air!

CARLYLE. *Essays. Richter (Edinburgh  
Review, 1827)*.

A nation's right to speak a nation's  
voice,

And own no power but of the nation's  
choice!

MOORE. *Fudge Family in Paris*. Letter  
xi. l. 3.

Men, upon the whole,  
Are what they can be—nations, what  
they would.

E. B. BROWNING. *Casa Guidi Windows*.  
Pt. i.

A people is but the attempt of many  
To rise to the completer life of one;  
And those who live as models for the  
mass

Are singly of more value than they all.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *Luria*. Act v.

### NATURE.

I am whatever was, or is, or will be:  
and my veil no mortal ever took up.

PLUTARCH. *Of Isis and Ostris*.

<sup>1</sup>Portugal.

I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts: the fruit which I bore was the sun.

PROCLUS. *On Plato's Timæus*. (Inscription in the temple of Neith, at Sais, Egypt.)

See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. 2. Memb. 4. Subsec. 7.

Out of the book of Natur's learned brest.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Dayes*. Second week. Fourth day. Bk. ii. (JOHN SYLVESTER, trans.)

Nature vicary of the Almighty Lord.

CHAUCER. *Parlement of Foules*. l. 379.

Nature, the Handmaid of God Almighty.

HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*. Bk. ii. Letter. To Dr. T. P.

What more felicitie can fall to creature  
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,  
And to be lord of all the workes of  
Nature,

To raîne in th' aire from earth to highest  
skie,

To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious  
feature,

To take whatever thing doth please the  
eie ?

SPENSER. *Muiopotmos: or, The Fate of the Butterflie*. l. 209.

Duke. And this our life, exempt from  
public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the  
running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every-  
thing.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 15.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;  
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.

EDWARD YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire i. l. 249.

And live like Nature's bastards, not  
her sons.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 727.

If Nature be a phantasm, as thou say'st,  
A splendid fiction and prodigious  
dream,

To reach the real and true I'll make no  
haste,

More than content with worlds that  
only seem.

WM. WATSON. *Epigrams*.

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pas-  
tures new.

MILTON. *Lycidas*. Concluding line.

With thee conversing I forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change, all  
please alike :

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising  
sweet,

With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant  
the sun

When first on this delightful land he  
spreads

His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and  
flower,

Glist' ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile  
earth

After soft showers ; and sweet the com-  
ing on

Of grateful ev'ning mild ; then silent  
night

With this her solemn bird and this fair  
moon,

And these the gems of heaven, her starry  
train.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 639.

'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lip of children, and their earliest  
words.

Betwixt them lawns or level downs and  
flocks

Grazing the tender herb were interposed,  
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the  
rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots and  
caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling  
vine

Lays forth her purple grape and gently  
creeps

Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring  
waters fall

Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a  
lake,

That to the fringed bank with myrtle  
crowned

Her crystal mirror holds, unite their  
streams.

The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal  
airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove,  
attune  
The trembling leaves.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 252.

The perfections of Nature show that  
she is the image of God; her defects  
show that she is only his image.

PASCAL. *Thoughts*. Ch. xii.

Nature, so far as in her lies,  
Imitates God.

TENNYSON. *On a Mourner*.

But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless  
skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows?

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. *Spring*. l. 466.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes  
forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and  
looks

On duties well performed and days well  
spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow  
leaves,

Shall have a voice, and give him elo-  
quent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that  
death

Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW. *Autumn*. Concluding  
lines.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing  
hand

Rolls round the seasons of the changeful  
year;

How mighty, how majestic are thy  
works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell  
the soul

That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd  
sings!

THOMSON. *The Seasons*. *Winter*. l. 106.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's  
grace;

You cannot shut the windows of the sky  
Through which Aurora shows her  
brightening face;

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream,  
at eve:

Let health my nerves and finer fibres  
brace,

And I their toys to the great children  
leave:

Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me  
bereave.

LONGFELLOW. *Castle of Indolence*. Canto  
ii. St. 3.

The course of Nature is the art of God.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ix. l. 1267.

(See under ART.)

All are but parts of one stupendous  
whole,

Whose body Nature is, and God the  
soul.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. l. 267.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private  
road,

But looks through nature up to nature's  
God.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 331.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view?

JOHN DYER. *Grongar Hill*. l. 102.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;

My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with  
sheep.

SHENSTONE. *A Pastoral Ballad*. Pt. ii.  
*Hope*.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,

The burn sang to the trees,  
And we with Nature's heart in tune,

Concerted harmonies;  
And on the knowe abune the burn,

For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith

W' very gladness grat.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. *Jeanie Morrison*.  
St. 8.

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,  
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every  
flower;

Spreads the fresh verdure of the field  
and leads

The dancing Naiads through the dewy  
meads.

COWPER. *Table Talk*. Bk. i. l. 690.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid Nature.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. i. l. 187. *The Sofa*.

And recognizes ever and anon  
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. iv. l. 591.

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of Nature let him die!  
*Ibid.* *The Old Cumberland Beggar*. Last lines.

Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

*Ibid.* *Poems of the Fancy*. xxiii.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

*Ibid.* *The Tables Turned*. St. 6.

The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

*Ibid.* *Peter Bell*. Pt. i. St. 15.

On a fair prospect some have looked,  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away.

*Ibid.* *Peter Bell*. Pt. i. St. 16.

As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky!

*Ibid.* *Peter Bell*. Pt. i. St. 26.

The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall  
rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy  
wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then  
to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time  
is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures.

*Ibid.* *Lines on Tintern Abbey*. l. 76.

I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-  
times

The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample  
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have  
felt

A presence that disturbs me with the  
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,

And the round ocean, and the living  
air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man;

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,

And rolls through all things. There-  
fore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we  
behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty  
world

Of eye and ear, both what they half  
create,

And what they perceive; well pleased  
to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the  
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart,  
and soul

Of all my moral being.

WORDSWORTH. *Lines on Tintern Abbey*. l. 88.

To him who in the love of Nature  
holds

Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild

And healing sympathy that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. *Thanatopsis*. l. 1.

Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. *Thanatopsis*.  
l. 14.

The hills  
Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—  
the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and,  
poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy  
waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man.

*Ibid.* *Thanatopsis*. l. 37.

But on and up, where Nature's heart  
Beats strong amid the hills.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Hough-  
ton). *Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube*. St. 2.

Nature which is the time-vesture of  
God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides  
Him from the foolish.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. iii. Ch.  
viii.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is  
always and never the same.

EMERSON. *Essays*. *First Series*. *History*.

By fate, not option, frugal Nature gave  
One scent to hyssop and to wall-flower,  
One sound to pine-groves and to water-falls,  
One aspect to the desert and the lake.

It was her stern necessity ; all things  
Are of one pattern made ; bird, beast, and  
flower,

Song, picture, form, space, thought, and  
character

Deceive us, seeming to be many things,  
And are but one.

*Ibid.* *Xenophones*.

I thought the sparrow's note from  
heaven,

Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;

I brought him home, in his nest, at  
even :

He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and  
sky ;

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my  
eye.

*Ibid.* *Each and All*. l. 13.

For what are they all in their high  
conceit,

When man in the bush with God may  
meet ?

*Ibid.* *Good-bye*. Concluding lines.

The never idle workshop of Nature.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Elegiac Poems*. *Epi-  
logue*.

I strove with none, for none was worth  
my strife ;

Nature I loved ; and next to Nature,  
Art.

I warm'd both hands against the fire of  
life ;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

LANDOR. *Dying Speech of an Old Philoso-  
pher*.

## NATURE, HUMAN.

Let us a little permit Nature to take  
her own way ; she better understands  
her own affairs than we.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. xiii.  
*Of Experience*.

The book of Nature is that which the  
physician must read ; and to do so he must  
walk over the leaves.

PARACELSUS.

(See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edi-  
tion, vol. xviii., p. 234.)

Let them learn to be wise by easier means,  
let them observe the hind of the forest and  
the linnet of the grove, let them consider  
the life of animals, whose motions are reg-  
ulated by instinct ; they obey their guide  
and are happy. Let us, therefore, at length,  
cease to dispute and learn to live ; . . . and  
carry with us this simple and intelligible  
maxim, that deviation from Nature is de-  
viation from happiness.

DR. JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. xxii.

So Wordsworth says of the birds :

With Nature never do they wage

A foolish strife ; they see

A happy youth, and their old age

Is beautiful and free

*The Fountain*. St. 11.

Nunquam aliud Natura aliud Sapien-  
tia dicit.

Nature never says one thing, Wisdom  
another.

JUVENAL. *Satire*. xiv. 321.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque  
recurrat.

You may turn Nature out of doors  
with a pitchfork, but she will still re-  
turn.

HORACE. *Epistolæ*. Bk. i. Ep. 10. l. 24.

[Destouches imitates this line in his *Glo-  
rieux*, 3, 5 :

Je ne le sais que trop :

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.

I know it only too well : drive out the  
natural, it returns in a gallop.]

For all that Nature by her mother-wit<sup>1</sup>  
Could frame in earth.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iv. Canto  
x. St. 21.

To man the earth seems altogether  
No more a mother, but a step-dame  
rather.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*.  
*First week, third day*.

It is far from easy to determine whether  
she [Nature] has proved to him a kind par-  
ent or a merciless stepmother.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk.  
vii. Sec. 1.

*Ulysses*. One touch of Nature makes  
the whole world kin;  
That all, with one consent, praise new-  
born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded  
of things past,  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted;  
The present eye praises the present  
object.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*. Act  
iii. Sc. 3. l. 175.

[The first line is constantly misinterpreted.  
As the context shows, it does not mean that  
common sympathy is stirred by a revela-  
tion of a common humanity, but that one  
passion (*i. e.*, one touch of nature) common  
to everybody is love of novelty.]

All argument will vanish before one touch  
of nature.

COLMAN. *The Poor Gentleman*. Act v.  
Sc. 1.

Some touch of Nature's genial glow.

SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles*. Canto iii. St.  
14.

*Wolsey*. And Nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which per-  
force  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren  
mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 147.

*Belarius*. How hard it is to hide the  
sparks of Nature!

*Ibid*. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 79.

<sup>1</sup>From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-  
wits.

MÆLOWE. *Prologue to Tumberlane*.

*Leontes*. How sometimes Nature will  
betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pas-  
time

To harder bosoms!

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 151.

*Soothsayer*. In Nature's infinite book  
of secrecy

A little I can read.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 8.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her  
part;

Do thou but thine!

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 561.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss.

DRYDEN. *The Cock and Fox*. l. 452.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of  
art.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 253.  
(See under ART.)

Give me ae spark o' Nature's fire,

That's a' the learning I desire.

BURNS. *Epistle to L. J. Saprak*. Epistle  
l. St. 13.

Nothing in nature, much, less conscious  
being,

Was e'er created solely for itself.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ix. l. 711.

Certainly nothing is unnatural that is  
not physically impossible.

R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act ii.  
Sc. 1.

Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l.  
498.

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her.

WORDSWORTH. *Lines composed a few  
miles above Tintern Abbey*. l. 123.

True fiction hath an higher end, and  
scope

Wider than fact; it is nature's possible,  
Contrasted with life's actual mean.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus*. *Proem*.

## NAVY.

Ships,

Fraught with the ministers and instru-  
ments

Of cruel war.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
*Prologue*. l. 3.

The royal navy of England has ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength,—the floating bulwark of our island.

SIR WM. BLACKSTONE. *Commentaries*.  
Vol. i. Bk. i. Ch. xiii.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

GAY. *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan*.

"Why, my Lord," replied Ben—"it with truth may be said,  
While a bald pate I long have stood under;  
There are so many Captains walk'd over my head,  
That to see me quite scalp'd were no wonder!"

J. COLLINS. *Ben Black*.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.

CAMPBELL. *Ye Mariners of England*.  
St. 3.

They saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways cleared,  
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men that cheered;  
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died away,  
And all alone the sea-wind came singing up the Bay.

HENRY NEWBOLT. *The Sailing of the Long Ships*.

## NECESSITY.

Mater artium necessitas.

Necessity is the mother of invention.  
*Latin Proverb.*

Χρεία διδάσκει, καν βραδύς τις ἦ, σοφόν.  
Necessity will teach a man, however slow he be, to be wise.

EURIPIDES. *Fragment 709*

Magister artis ingenique largitor Venter.

Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention.

PERSIUS. *Prologue*. l. 10.

Necessity, mother of invention.  
WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3.

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.  
POPE. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. Prologue to the *Satires*. l. 44.

Clifford: So towards fight, when they can fly no farther;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*. Pt. iii. Act i.  
Sc. 4. l. 40.

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.  
*Ibid*. *Venus and Adonis*. l. 690.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,  
Because its virtues are not understood;  
Yet many things, impossible to thought,  
Have been by need to full perfection brought.

DRYDEN. *Wife of Bath*. l. 473.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of invention.  
SCOTT. *Peeveril of the Peak*. Heading of Ch. xxvi.

Necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention.

WALTER SCOTT. *Quentin Durward*. Ch. xxiii.

Necessity,—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention.

SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act i. Sc. 2.

A wise man never refuses anything to necessity.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 540.

We give to necessity the praise of virtue.

QUINTILIAN. *Institutiones Oratorix*. Bk. i. 8, 14.

Thanne is it wysdom, as thynketh me,  
To maken vertu of necessite.

CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*. l. 3043.

Il faisoit de nécessité vertu.

He made a virtue of necessity.

RABELAIS. *Gargantua*. i. 11.

Second Outlaw. To make a virtue of necessity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 64.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:  
There is no virtue like necessity.

*Ibid*. *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 275.

Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw:

"Stronger is naught than dread necessity."

EURIPIDES. *Helena*. 513. (A. S. WAY, trans.)

Yet do I hold that mortal foolish who  
strives against the stress of necessity.

EURIPIDES. *Hercules Furens*. l. 281.

One of his sayings was, "Even the gods  
cannot strive against necessity."

DIAGENES LAERTIUS. *Life of Pittacus*. iv.

Necessity knows no law except to  
conquer.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 553.

Necessitas non habet legem.

Necessity has no law.

LANGLAND. *Piers the Plowman* (Skeat's  
ed.). Passus xiv. 45.

Neode hap no lawe.

*Ibid.* *Piers the Plowman*. Passus xxiii.  
l. 10.

Necessity has no law. I know some at-  
torneys of the name.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's  
Almanac*.

*Lear*. Necessity's sharp pinch!

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc.  
4. l. 210.

*Edmund*. As if we were villains by  
necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 116.  
(See under STAR.)

Necessity urges desperate measures.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. iii.  
Ch. xxiii.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish  
deeds.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 393.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is  
the creed of slaves.

WILLIAM PITT (Earl of Chatham). *Speech  
on the Indian Bill*. November, 1783.

Necessity and chance

Approach not me, and what I will is  
fate.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 172.

Necessity never made a good bargain.

B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

Necessity, thou mother of the world!

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. vi. l. 198.

I must bear

What is ordained with patience, being  
aware

Necessity doth front the universe

With an invincible gesture.

MRS. BROWNING. *Prometheus Bound*. l.  
117.

NEGRO.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or  
the leopard his spots?

Old Testament. Jeremiah xiii. 23.

Ἀθίοπα σμήχειν ἐπιχειρῶ.

I am endeavoring to wash an Ethi-  
opian white.

LUCIAN. *Adversus Indoctum*. 28.

*Proteus*. The old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous  
ladies' eyes.

*Julia*. 'Tis true such pearls as put out  
ladies' eyes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 11.

Black is a pearl in a woman's eye.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *An Humorous Day's  
Mirth*.

But our captain counts the image of  
God—nevertheless his image—cut in  
ebony as if done in ivory, and in the  
blackest Moors he sees the representa-  
tion of the King of Heaven.

THOMAS FULLER. *The Good Sea-captain*.

Am I not a man and a brother?

[Motto on a medallion by Wedgwood  
(1787), representing a negro in chains, with  
one knee on the ground, and both hands  
lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as  
the seal of the Antislavery Society of  
London.]

NEIGHBOR; NEIGHBORING.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as  
thyself.

New Testament. Matthew xix. 19.

Ἀγάπα τὸν πλησίον.

Love thy neighbour.

THALES. (*Stobaeus Florilegium*. iii. 59, e.)

*Bishop of Ely*. The strawberry grows  
underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen  
best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 58.

What is nearest touches us most. The  
passions rise higher at domestic than at  
imperial tragedies.

DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mrs. Thrale*.

A man's best things are nearest him,—  
Lie close about his feet.

LORD HOUGHTON. *The Men of Old*. St. 7.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
 Take this lesson to thy heart :  
 That is best which lieth nearest ;  
 Shape from that thy work of art.  
 LONGFELLOW. *Gaspar Becerra*. Con-  
 cluding lines.  
 (See under DUTY.)

A mastiff dog  
 May love a puppy cur for no more reason  
 Than that the twain have been tied up  
 together.  
 TENNYSON. *Queen Mary*. Act i. Sc. iv.

### NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 And the woods against a stormy sky,  
 Their giant branches toss'd.  
 MRS. HEMANS. *The Landing of the Pilgrim  
 Fathers in New England*. St. 1.

What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine,  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?  
 —They sought a faith's pure shrine.  
*Ibid.* *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*.  
 St. 9.

I first drew in New England's air, and  
 from her hearty breast  
 Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that  
 will not let me rest ;  
 And if my words seem treason to the  
 dullard and the tame,  
 'Tis but my Bay-state dialect,—our  
 fathers spoke the same.  
 J. R. LOWELL. *On the Capture of Fugitive  
 Slaves near Washington*. St. 2.

I shall enter on no encomium upon  
 Massachusetts; she needs none. There  
 she is. Behold her, and judge for your-  
 selves. There is her history; the world  
 knows it by heart. The past, at least,  
 is secure. There is Boston and Concord  
 and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and  
 there they will remain forever.  
 DANIEL WEBSTER. *Second Speech on Foote's  
 Resolution*. January 26, 1831.

### NEWS.

How beautiful upon the mountains  
 are the feet of him that bringeth good  
 tidings; that publisheth peace; that  
 bringeth good tidings of good; that pub-  
 lisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion,  
 Thy God reigneth !  
*Old Testament*. Isaiah lii 7.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is  
 good news from a far country.  
*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxv. 25.

It is good news, worthy of all accepta-  
 tion; and yet not too good to be true.  
 MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. I.  
*Timothy i. 15.*

*Cleopatra*. Though it be honest, it is  
 never good  
 To bring bad news; give to a gracious  
 message  
 An host of tongues; but let ill tidings  
 tell  
 Themselves when they be felt.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
 Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 85.

*Messenger*. The nature of bad news infects  
 the teller.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act i. Sc.  
 2. l. 92.

*Northumberland*. The first bringer of un-  
 welcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.  
*Ibid.* *Henry IV*. Pt. ii. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 100.

*Clown*. Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
 Tell me how thy lady does.  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 70.

A Robyn,  
 Jolly Robyn,  
 Tell me how thy leman does.  
*A Robyn, Jolly Robyn*.

*Cleopatra*. Prithee, friend,  
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
 The good and bad together.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
 Act ii. Sc. 5. l. 53.

*Cleopatra*. Ram thou thy fruitful tid-  
 ings in mine ears,  
 That long time have been barren.  
*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act ii. Sc.  
 5. l. 26.

*Hubert*. Old men, and beldams, in the  
 streets  
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
 Young Arthur's death is common in  
 their mouths :  
 And, when they talk of him, they shake  
 their heads,  
 And whisper one another in the ear ;  
 And he that speaks doth gripe the  
 hearer's wrist ;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful  
action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with  
rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer,  
thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil  
cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's  
news;

Who, with his shears and measure in  
his hand,

Standing on slippers—which his nimble  
haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet—  
Told of a many thousand warlike

French,

That were embattled and rank'd in  
Kent:

Another lean, unwashed artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's  
death.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 185.

*Biondello*. Master, master! news, old  
news, and such news as you never heard  
of!

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 30.

*Hubert*. O! my sweet sir, news fitting  
to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act v. Sc. 6. l. 19.

*Falstaff*. There's villainous news  
abroad.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 323.

*Celia*. Here comes Monsieur le Beau.

*Rosalind*. With his mouth full of  
news.

*Celia*. Which he will put on us as  
pigeons feed their young.

*Rosalind*. Then shall we be news-  
crammed.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 83.

*King John*. Be Mercury, set feathers  
to thy heels

And fly, like thought, from them to me  
again.

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 174.

Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies  
apace.

DRYDEN. *Threnodia Augustalis*. l. 49.

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind  
doth go:

Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars*. Bk. ii. 28.

Evil news fly faster still than good.

T. KYD. *The Spanish Tragedy*. Act i.

For evil news rides post, while good news  
baits.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. l. 1538.

He's gone, and who knows how he may  
report

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

*Ibid.* *Samson Agonistes*. l. 1350.

Let the greatest part of the news thou  
hearest be the least part of what thou  
believest, lest the greater part of what  
thou believest be the least part of what  
is true. Where lies are easily admitted  
the father of lies will not easily be ex-  
cluded.

QUARLES. *Enchiridion*. Cent. ii. No. 50.

Where village statesmen talk'd with  
looks profound,

And news much older than their ale  
went round.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*. l. 223.

News, the manna of a day.

GREEN. *The Spleen*. l. 169.

## NEWSPAPERS.

Ask how to live? Write, write, write  
anything;

The world's a fine believing world,  
write news!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Wit Without  
Money*. Act ii.

I am a printer, and a printer of  
news; and I do hearken after them,  
wherever they be at any rates; I'll give  
anything for a good copy now, be it true  
or false, so it be news.

B. JONSON. *News from the New World*.

The newspapers! Sir, they are the  
most villainous, licentious, abominable,  
infernal,—not that I ever read them!  
No—I make it a rule never to look into  
a newspaper.

R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Caused by a dearth of scandal should the  
vapours

Distress our fair ones—let them read the  
papers.

GARRICK. *Prologue to Sheridan's School  
for Scandal*,

How shall I speak thee or thy power  
address,

Thou god of our Idolatry, the Press!

COWPER. *Progress of Error*. l. 452.  
(See under PRINTING.)

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and  
frozen locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his  
back.

*Ibid.* *The Task*. Bk. iv. *The Winter  
Evening*. l. 5.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it:

A chiel's amang you taking notes,

And, faith, he'll prent it.

BURNS. *On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations  
Through Scotland*.

Here shall the Press the People's right  
maintain,

Unawed by influence and unbribed by  
gain;

Here patriot Truth her glorious pre-  
cepts draw,

Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

JOSEPH STORY. *Motto of the Salem Regis-  
ter*. Adopted 1802. WM. W. STORY'S  
*Life of Joseph Story*. Vol. i. Ch. vi.

Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest  
things,

The fate of fighting cocks or fighting  
kings.

CHARLES SPRAGUE. *Curiosity*.

The press is the fourth estate of the  
realm.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero-worship*.  
Sec. 5.

Behold the whole huge earth sent to  
me hebdomadally in a brown-paper  
wrapper.

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers*. Series i. No. 6.

### NEWTON, SIR ISAAC.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in  
night:

God said, "Let Newton be!" and all  
was light.

POPE. *Epitaph Intended for Sir I. Newton*.

I do not know what I may appear to  
the world; but to myself I seem to have

been only like a boy playing on the sea-  
shore, and diverting myself in now and  
then finding a smoother pebble or a  
prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the  
great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered  
before me.

NEWTON. *Quoted in Brewster's Memoir*.  
Vol. ii. Ch. xxvii.

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!  
Declared, with all his grand discoveries

recent,  
That he himself felt only "like a youth  
Picking up shells by the great ocean,  
Truth."

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vii. St. 5.

Deep versed in books, and shallow in him-  
self,

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a  
sponge;

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.  
MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l.  
327.

Where the statue stood  
Of Newton, with his prism and silent  
face,

The marble index of a mind forever  
Voyaging through strange seas of  
thought alone.

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*. Bk. iii. l.  
60.

### NIGHT.

Watchman, what of the night?

*Old Testament*. Isaiah xxi. 11.

*Macbeth*. What is the night?

*Lady Macbeth*. Almost at odds with morn-  
ing, which is which.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4.  
l. 126.

I must work the works of Him that  
sent me, while it is day: the night  
cometh, when no man can work.

*New Testament*. John ix. 4.

'Εν νυκτι βουλή τοις σοφοῖσι γίγνεται.

By night comes counsel to the wise.

MENANDER. *Monosticha*. 150.

[Usually quoted in its French form, "La  
nuit porte conseil." This is the motto of  
the *New York Herald*.]

It was evening here,  
But upon earth the very noon of night.

DANTE. *Purgatorio*. Canto xv. l. 5.

This dead of midnight is the noon of  
thought,

And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the  
stars.

MRS. BARBAULD. *A Summer's Evening  
Meditation*.

And smale foules maken melodie,  
That slepen alle night with open eye,  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;  
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. Prologue.*  
l. 9.

*Hamlet.* 'Tis now the very witching  
time of night,  
When churchyards yawn and hell itself  
breathes out

Contagion to this world.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
l. 377.

When it draws near to witching time of  
night.

BLAIR. *The Grave.* l. 55.

'Tis the witching hour of night,  
Orbed is the moon and bright,  
And the stars they glisten, glisten,  
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—  
For what listen they?

KEATS. *A Prophecy.* l. 1.

*Macbeth.* Now o'er the one-half world  
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams  
abuse

The curtain'd sleeper<sup>1</sup>; witchcraft cele-  
brates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd  
murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, to-  
wards his design

Moves like a ghost.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
l. 50.

*Hamlet.* Making night hideous.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 54.*

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia  
howls,  
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye  
owls.

POPE. *The Dunciad. Bk. iii. l. 165.*

*Banquo.* I must become a borrower of  
the night

For a dark hour or twain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 1.*  
l. 27.

*Horatio.* In the dead vast<sup>2</sup> and middle  
of the night.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 198.*

<sup>1</sup> "Sleep" in Folio.

<sup>2</sup> This is the reading of the quarto. Other  
old copies read "waste," which modern  
editors have sometimes changed into  
"waist."

Till sable Night, mother of dread and  
fear,

Upon the world dim darkness doth dis-  
play,

And in her vaulted prison stows the day.  
SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece. l.*  
117.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task foredone.

*Ibid. Midsummer Night's Dream. Act v.*  
Sc. l.<sup>1</sup> l. 360.

*Juliet.* Come, gentle night, come, lov-  
ing, blackbrow'd night.

*Ibid. Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
l. 20.

*Juliet.* Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black

With thy black mantle.

*Ibid. Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
l. 10.

*Beaford.* The day begins to break, and  
night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle overveil'd the earth.  
*Ibid. I. Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 1.*

Night's black mantle covers all alike.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes. First week,*  
*first day.*

A night of tears! for the gusty rain

Had ceased, but the eaves were drip-  
ping yet;

And the moon looked forth, as tho' in  
pain,

With her face all white and wet.

OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON). *The*  
*Wanderer. Bk. ii. The Portrait.*

Now had Aurora displayed her mantle  
over the blushing skies, and dark night  
withdrawn her sable veil.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote. Pt. i. Bk. iii.*  
Ch. vi.

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. ii. l. 962.*

Night was drawing and closing her cur-  
tain (a sky full of silent suns, not a breath  
of breeze moving in it), up above the world  
and down beneath it.

RICHTER. *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.*  
Bk. i. Ch. ii. (EWING, trans.)

Whilst twilight's curtain spreading far,  
Was pinned with a single star.

MACDONALD CLARKE. *Death in Disguise.*  
l. 227. (Boston ed., 1835.)

<sup>1</sup> Sc. 2, l. 1, in some editions.

[Mrs. F. M. Child, in an obituary notice of Clarke, quoted these lines in this form, which has become widely accepted:  
Now twilight lets her curtain down  
And pins it with a star.]

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls.

LONGFELLOW. *Hymn to the Night*. St. 1.

*Macbeth*. Come, seeling night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And with thy bloody and invisible  
hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great  
bond

Which keeps me pale!

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 46.

*Angelo*. This will last out a night in  
Russia,

When nights are longest there.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure*. Act ii. Sc.  
l. 1. 139.

*Portia*. This night methinks is but the  
daylight sick.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 124.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 667.

#### O thievish Night

Why shouldst thou, but for some feloni-  
ous end,

In thy dark lantern thus close up the  
stars,

That nature hung in heaven, and filled  
their lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?

*Ibid.* *Comus*. l. 195.

#### When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth  
the sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 500.

#### Eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 894.

Nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent  
night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by  
moon

Or glittering starlight, without thee is  
sweet.

But wherefore all night long shine these?  
for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut  
all eyes?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 653.

. . . for now began

Night with her sullen wings to double-  
shade

The desert; fowls in their clay nests  
were couch'd,

And now wild beasts came forth, the  
woods to roam.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Regained*. Bk. i. l. 499.

The day is done, and the darkness

Falls from the wings of Night,

As a feather is wafted downward

From an eagle in his flight.

LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done*.

Darkness now rose,

As daylight sunk, and brought in low'-  
ring Night,

Her shadowy offspring.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l.  
397.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon  
throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering

world.

Silence, how dead! and darkness, how  
profound!

Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object  
finds;

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general  
pulse

Of life stood still, and nature made a  
pause;

An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 18.

Now black and deep the Night begins  
to fall,

A shade immense! Sunk in the quench-  
ing Gloom,

Magnificent and vast, are heaven and  
earth.

Order confounded lies; all beauty void,  
Distinction lost, and gay variety

One universal blot: such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

THOMPSON. *The Seasons*. Autumn. l. 1138.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!

SHELLEY. *To Night*.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest  
sigh

Which vernal zephyrs breathe in even-  
ing's ear

Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene.

Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded  
grandeur rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. Pt. iv. l. 1.

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,  
nor stain

Breaks the serene of heaven:  
In full-orbed glory yonder moon  
divine

Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray

The desert circle spreads

Like the round ocean, girdled with the  
sky.

How beautiful is night!

ROBERT SOUTHBY. *Thalaba*. Bk. I. St. 1.

The stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops

Of the snow-shining mountains—Beau-  
tiful!

I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry  
shade

Of dim and solitary loveliness  
I learn'd the language of another world.

BYRON. *Manfred*. Act iii. Sc. 4.

For the night

Shows stars and women in a better light.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 152.

And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night,  
my dear.

MOORE. *The Young May Moon*. l. 8.

There is a budding morrow in midnight.

KEATS. *Sonnet to Homer*.

Night is the time to weep,

To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory where sleep

The joys of other years.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Night*. St. 4.

The scene was more beautiful far to the  
eye

Than if day in its pride had arrayed  
it.

PAUL MOON JAMES. *The Beacon*.

And o'er them the lighthouse looked  
lovely as hope,—

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

*Ibid.* *The Beacon*.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

LONGFELLOW. *Hymn to the Night*. St. 2.

The night is come, but not too soon;

And sinking silently,

All silently, the little moon

Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven

But the cold light of stars;

And the first watch of night is given

To the red planet Mars.

*Ibid.* *The Light of Stars*. St. 1.

God makes sech nights, all white an'  
still

Fur'z you can look or listen,

Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,

All silence an' all glisten.

LOWELL. *The Courtin'*. St. 1.

The light white cloud swam over us.

Anon

We heard the lion roaring from his  
den;

We saw the large white stars rise one by  
one,

Or, from the darken'd glen,

Saw God divide the night with flying  
flame,

And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief  
became

A solemn scorn of ills.

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*.  
St. 56.

## NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale, as soon as April bring-  
eth

Unto her rested sense a perfect wak-  
ing,

While late bare earth, proud of new  
clothing, springeth,  
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-  
book making.  
And mournfully bewailing,  
Her throat in tunes expresseth  
What grief her breast oppresseth.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *O Philomela Fair*.

*Juliet*. Wilt thou be gone? it is not  
yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine  
ear;  
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate  
tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 5. l. 1.

*Lord*. Wilt thou have music? hark,  
Apollo plays,  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.  
*Ibid*. *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction.  
Sc. 2. l. 33.

What bird so sings, yet does so wail?  
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale—  
Jug, jug, jug, jug,—tereu—she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
LYLY. *The Songs of Birds*.

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of  
folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song.  
MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. l. 61.

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!  
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
COLERIDGE. *The Nightingale*. l. 13.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are  
still;  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart  
dost fill  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious  
May.  
MILTON. *Sonnet*. i. *To the Nightingale*.

To the poplar shade,  
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night; and on the  
bough  
Sole-sitting, still, at every dying fall,  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the  
woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wall resound.  
THOMSON. *Seasons*. *Spring*. l. 720.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of  
day.

MILTON. *Sonnet*. *To the Nightingale*.

The olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the sum-  
mer long.  
*Ibid*. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iv. l. 244.

One nightingale in an interfluous wood  
Satiates the hungry dark with melody.  
SHELLEY. *The Woodman and the Night-  
ingale*. St. 2.

O Nightingale,  
Cease from thy enamour'd tale.  
*Ibid*. *Scenes from Calderon's "Magico  
Prodigioso"*. Sc. 3.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee  
down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard  
In ancient days by emperor and  
clown.

KEATS. *To a Nightingale*. St. 7.

Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth.  
*Ibid*. Ode, "Bards of Passion and of  
Mirth." l. 17.

Hark! ah, the nightingale—  
The tawny-throated!  
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a  
burst!

What triumph! hark!—what pain!  
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken,  
old-world pain—  
Say, will it never heal?

MATH. ARNOLD. *Philomela*.

## NO.

One made the observation of the  
people of Asia that they were all slaves  
to one man, merely because they could  
not pronounce that syllable No.

PLUTARCH. *Morals*. *Of Bashfulness*.

Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought.  
C. MARLOWE. *Passionate Pilgrim*. St. 14.

*Julia.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,  
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
What fool is she, that knows that I am a  
maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!  
Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that  
Which they would have the profferer con-  
strue *Ay*.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the  
nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act i. Sc. 2. l. 50.

The *lasse* saith no, and would full faine:  
And this is Love, as I heare saine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *What is Love?*

Majds' nays are nothing, they are shy,  
But to desire what they deny.

HERRICK. *Hesperides. Aphorism.* 131.  
And whispering, "I will ne'er consent,"  
consented.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 117.

I have heard, indeed, that two nega-  
tives make an affirmative; but I never  
heard before that two nothings ever  
made anything.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *Speech in the*  
*House of Lords.*

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;

What if, a hundred years ago,  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman  
name,

And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's  
thrill?

Should I be I, or would it be  
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?  
O. W. HOLMES. *Dorothy Q.* St. 5.

## NOBILITY.

(See ARISTOCRACY; RANK.)

The nobly born must nobly meet his  
fate.

EURIPIDES. *Alcmena.* Fragment 100.

Whoso by nature's formed for noble  
deeds,

E'en though his skin be dark, is nobly  
born.

MENANDER. *Fabulæ Incertæ.* Fragment  
4, 11, or

EPICHRMUS. *Fabulæ Incertæ.* Fragment  
118, 14.

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,  
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's  
calm;

But when she rages, and the wind blows  
high,

He cuts his way with skill and majesty.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Honest*  
*Man's Fortune.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Ay, these look like the workmanship of  
heaven;

This is the porcelain clay of human  
kind,

And therefore cast into these noble  
moulds.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The precious porcelain of human clay.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 11.

Whoe'er amidst the sons  
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue  
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
Of Nature's own creating.

THOMSON. *Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Titles are marks of honest men, and  
wise:

The fool or knave that wears a title lies.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire i. l. 145.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*  
St. 7.

Better not to be at all  
Than not be noble.

*Ibid.* *The Princess.* Pt. ii. l. 79.

Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—  
noble, certes;

And I shall not blush in knowing that  
men call him lowly born.

E. B. BROWNING. *Lady Geraldine's*  
*Courtship.* Concluding lines.

## NONSENSE.

(See FOLLY.)

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:  
Dulce est desipere in loco.

Mingle a little folly with your wis-  
dom; a little nonsense now and then is  
pleasant.

HORACE. *Carmina.* Bk. iv. Ode 12, l. 27.

[Conington's translation runs as follows:  
Be for once unwise; when time allows  
'Tis sweet to play the fool.]

Aliquando et insanire jucundum est.  
It is pleasant at times to play the mad-  
man.

SENECA. *De Tranquillitate Animi*. xvii.  
10.

A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.

ANON.

A careless song, with a little nonsense in  
it now and then, does not misbecome a  
monarch.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Sir Horace  
Mann*. 1770.

Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il  
croit.

He who lives without committing any  
folly is not so wise as he thinks.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maximes*. 209.

Questio subtilissima, utrum Chimera,  
in vacuo bombinans, possit comedere  
secundas intentiones; et fuit debatuta  
per decem hebdomadas in concilio Con-  
stantiensi.

A most subtle question, whether a  
chimera buzzing in space could devour  
second intentions, and was debated for  
ten daily sittings in the Council of  
Constance.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. li. Ch. vii.

[Rabelais pretends that this bit of non-  
sense was the title of a book which Panta-  
gruel, on his visit to Paris, noticed in the  
library of St. Victor. It is an obvious bur-  
lesque of the mediæval scholastic dispu-  
tations.]

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be  
call'd,  
And let the man who calleth be the  
caller,

And in his calling let him nothing call  
But "Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh, for a  
coach, ye gods!"

CAREY. *Chronohotonthologos*. Act i.  
Sc. 3.

An oyster may be crossed in love! Who  
says

A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call  
my love?—

He's here! he's there! he's everywhere!  
Ah me! he's nowhere!

R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. A Tragedy  
Rehears'd. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,  
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;  
I, a slave in thy dominions;  
Nature must give way to art.  
POPE. *Song by a Person of Quality*.

So she went into the garden to cut a  
cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie;  
and at the same time a great she-bear  
coming up the street pops its head into  
the shop. "What! no soap?" So he  
died, and she very imprudently married  
the barber; and there were present the  
Picinnies and the Joblilies and the  
Garulilies and the Great Panjandrum  
himself with the little round button at  
top. And they all fell to playing the  
game of "catch as catch can" till the  
gunpowder ran out at the heels of their  
boots.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

[Written to test the powers of one who had  
bragged that he could commit to memory  
any dozen lines at the first reading.]

*Bombastes*. So have I heard on Afric's  
burning shore

A hungry lion give a grievous roar;  
The grievous roar echoed along the  
shore.

*Artax*. So have I heard on Afric's  
burning shore

Another lion give a grievous roar;  
And the first lion thought the last a  
bore.

WILLIAM B. RHODES *Bombastes Furioso*.  
Act i. Sc. 4.

If down his throat a man should choose,  
In fun, to jump or slide,  
He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,  
Nor dirt his own inside.

Or if his teeth were lost and gone,  
And not a stump to scrape upon,  
He'd see at once how very pat  
His tongue lay there, by way of mat,  
And he would wipe his feet on that!

EDMUND CANNON. *Impromptu*.

There was an Old Man who said, "How  
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?  
I will sit on this stile, and continue to  
smile,  
Which may soften the heart of that  
Cow."

EDMUND LEAR. *Book of Nonsense*.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),  
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose  
said, "Why?"

And the dog said nothing, but searched  
for fleas.

C. S. CALVERLEY. *Ballad of the Period.*

They dined on mince, with slices of  
quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the  
sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon!

The moon!

They danced by the light of the moon!  
EDMUND LEAR. *The Owl and the Pussy  
Cat.*

They sought it with thimbles, they  
sought it with care;

They pursued it with forks and hope;  
They threatened its life with a railway  
share;

They charmed it with smiles and  
soap.

C. L. DODGSON. *The Hunting of the Snark.*

But the principal failing occurred in the  
sailing,

And the Bellman, perplexed and dis-  
tressed,

Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the  
wind blew due East,

That the ship would *not* travel due  
West!

*Ibid.* *The Hunting of the Snark.*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that  
catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

*Ibid.* *Jabberwocks.*

## NOSE.

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, in-  
visible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-  
cock on a steeple.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*  
Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 124.

As clear and as manifest as the nose in a  
man's face.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. iii.  
Sec. 3. Memb. 4. Subsec. 1.

Nose, nose, nose, nose!

And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Sinanon and Ginger, Nutmegs and  
Cloves,

And that gave me my jolly red nose.

RAVENS-CROFT. *Deuteromela.* Song No. 7.  
(1609.)

[Quoted in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The  
Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act i. Sc. 3.]

So saying, with delight he snuffed the  
smell

Of mortal change on earth.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. x. l. 275.

So scented the grim feature, and up-  
turned

His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. x. l. 272.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been  
shorter, the whole face of the earth would  
have been changed.

PASCAL. *Thoughts.* Ch. viii. 29. (O. W.  
WIGHT, trans.)

Ah, qui jamais auroit pu dire  
Que ce petit nez retroussé  
Changerait les lois d'un empire?

Ah, who could have ever foretold that  
that little retroussé nose would change the  
laws of an empire.

CHARLES SIMON FAVART. *Les Trois  
Sultanes.*

[Favart's tragedy is virtually a dramati-  
zation of Marmontel's tale founded on the  
history of Soleiman the Magnificent, Sultan  
of the Ottomans (1490-1566). Soleiman's  
favorite Sultana was Roxelane, who had  
been born a slave in Russia. Marmontel  
says that she would never have been  
espoused by the Sultan had not her nose  
been retroussé, thus affording a pleasant  
relief from the Saracenic hook-nose. To  
this day a retroussé nose is known in  
France as a nose à la Roxelane.]

Lightly was her slender nose

Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynette.*

She's an angel in a frock,

With a fascinating cock

To her nose.

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON. *My Mis-  
tress's Brats.*

Any nose

May rave with impunity a rose.

R. BROWNING. *Sordello.* Bk. vi.

## NOTHING.

De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

*Nothing can come from nothing.* Apt and plain!

*Nothing return to nothing.* Good again!  
PERSIUS. *Satires.* iii. 83. (GIFFORD, trans.)

[Literally:

Out of nothing nothing can come, and nothing can become nothing.

Matter being considered eternal, the creation of the world out of nothing, and its ultimate resolution into nothingness, was held by the school of Epicurus to be absurd.

Nil igitur fieri de nilo posse putandum es, Semine quando opus est rebus.

We cannot conceive of matter being formed of nothing, since things require a seed to start from.

LUCRETIUS. *De Rerum Natura.* 1. 206.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐκ τοῦ μηδενὸς ἔρχεται, ὡς περ μηδ-  
εις τὸ οὐκ ὄν ἀπέχεται.

Nothing proceeds from nothingness, as also nothing passes away into non-existence.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Quod Sibi Ipsi Scrip-  
sit. Meditations.* iv. 4.

Haud igitur reddit ad nihilum res ulla.

Nothing therefore returns to nothingness.

LUCRETIUS. *De Rerum Natura.* i. 242.

As having nothing and yet possessing all things.

*New Testament.* II. Corinthians vi. 10.

I have everything, yet have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still of nothing am I in want.

TERENCE. *Eunuchus.* Act ii. Sc. 2, 12. (243.)

Ad Kalendas Græcas.

*At the Greek Kalends.* The next day after never.

[As the Greeks had no Kalends, the phrase is used of anything that can never possibly take place. According to Suetonius, the saying was often in the mouth of Augustus in speaking of the probability of his paying his creditors.]

There is nothing to write about, you say. Well, then, write and let me know just this,—that there is nothing to write about; or tell me in the good old style if you are well. That's right. I am quite well.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Letters.* Bk. i. Letter xi. 1.

*Bassanio.* Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 184.

*Richard.* Whate'er I be,  
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5. l. 39.

Nothing speaks our grief so well

As to speak nothing.

CRASHAW. *Upon the Death of a Gentleman.* l. 27.

Nothing! thou elder brother e'en to shade.

ROCHESTER. *Poem on Nothing.*

They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

[This saying concerning the Bourbons is attributed to Talleyrand. In a letter of the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pan, January, 1796, it occurs almost literally,—“No one is right; no one could forget anything nor learn anything.”]

Nothing was born;

Nothing will die;

All things will change.

TENNYSON. *Nothing Will Die.* St. 3.

A life of nothings, nothing worth,  
From that first nothing ere his birth

To that last nothing under earth.

*Ibid.* *The Two Voices.* St. 3.

## NOVELTY.

There is no new thing under the sun.  
*Old Testament.* Ecclesiastes i. 9.

There is nothing new except what has been forgotten.

[Saying attributed to Mademoiselle Bertin, milliner to Marie Antoinette.

“There is nothing new except that which has become antiquated,” was the motto of the “*Revue Rétrospective.*”]

Est quoque cunctarum novitas carissima rerum.

In all things what we most prize is novelty.

OVID. *Epistolæ ex Ponto.* iii. 4, 51.

Natura hominum novitatis avida.

Human nature is greedy of novelty.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History.* Bk. xii. Sec. 5.

Indeed, what is there that does not appear marvellous when it comes to our knowledge for the first time? How many things, too, are looked upon as quite impossible until they have been actually effected?

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk. vii. Sec. 6.

There's naught so easy, but when it was new  
Seemed difficult of credence, and there's naught

So great, so wonderful, when first 'tis seen,  
But men will later cease to marvel at it.

LUCRETIUS. *De Rerum Natura*. ii. 1024.

Let not things, because they are common,  
enjoy for that the less share of our consideration.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk. xix. Sec. 59.

New opinions are always suspected and usually opposed, for no other reason than because they are not already common.

LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Dedicatory Epistle.

Clothing the palpable and familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

SCHILLER. *Death of Wallenstein*. Act i. Sc. 1. (COLERIDGE, trans.)

*King Henry*. Rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 127.

Ah well I wot that a new broome  
sweepeth cleane.

LYLY. *Euphues*.

Be not the first by whom the new are  
tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 133.

Strange the world about me lies

Never yet familiar grown—

Still disturbs me with surprise,

Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,

Floored with gem-like plains and seas,

Shall I never feel at home,

Never wholly be at ease?

WM. WATSON. *World-Strangeness*.

There was another fine passage, too,  
which he struck out: "When I was a  
young man, being anxious to distinguish  
myself, I was perpetually starting new

propositions. But I soon gave this over;  
for I found that generally what was new  
was false."

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*. Vol. vii. Ch. viii. (1779.)

I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well. But I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Works*. Vol. iii. *Speech at Marshfield*, September 1, 1848.

This new page opened in the book of our public expenditures, and this new departure taken, which leads into the bottomless gulf of civil pensions and family gratuities.

T. H. BENTON. *Speech in the United States Senate against a Grant to President Harrison's Widow*, April, 1841.

## NUDITY.

And they were both naked, the man  
and his wife, and were not ashamed.

*Old Testament*. Genesis ii. 25.

And he said, Naked came I out of my  
mother's womb, and naked shall I return  
thither.

*Ibid*. Job i. 21.

Naked came we into the world, and naked  
shall we depart from it.

ÆSOP. *Fables*. cxx. *The Bald-headed Horseman*.

*Lear*. Poor naked wretches, where-  
soe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless  
storm,

How shall your houseless heads and  
unfed sides,

Your looped and windowed raggedness,  
defend you

From seasons such as these?

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 28.

A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes:

The naked every day he clad,

When he put on his clothes.

GOLDSMITH. *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*.

Lives the man that can figure a naked  
Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked  
House of Lords?

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. i. Ch. ix.

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,  
Thou art noble and nude and antique.  
SWINBURNE. *Dolores*.

## NUMBERS.

Why is it that we entertain the belief  
that for every purpose odd numbers are  
the most effectual?

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk.  
xxviii. Ch. v.  
(See under CHANCE; LUCK.)

One on God's side is a majority.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speech*. Harper's  
Ferry, November 1, 1859.

That cause is strong which has not a  
multitude, but one strong man behind it.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Other Addresses*.  
Address, Chelsea, Mass., December  
22, 1885.

Shall we judge a country by the ma-  
jority or by the minority? By the  
minority, surely.

EMERSON. *Conduct of Life. Considera-  
tions by the Way*.

## OATH.

Ἡ γλῶσσὸς ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος.

My tongue has sworn it, but my  
mind's unsworn.

EURIPIDES. *Hippolyta*. 612.

[Cicero's Latin translation is often quoted:  
Juravi lingua, mentem injuratam gero.]

*Biron*. Or, having sworn too hard-a-keep-  
ing oath,  
Study to break it and not break my troth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 65.

*Salisbury*. It is a great sin to swear unto a  
sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 1. l.  
182.

*Clarence*. Perhaps, thou wilt object my  
holy oath?

To keep that oath were more impiety  
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his  
daughter.

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 89.

Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 96.

He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it;  
Then how can any man be said  
To break an oath he never made?

SAMUEL BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii.  
Canto ii. l. 377.

It is not the oath that makes us be-  
lieve the man, but the man the oath.  
ÆSCHYLUS. *Fragment* 385.

*Diana*. 'Tis not the many oaths that  
make the truth;  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd  
true.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 21.

*Hamlet*. Makes marriage vows  
As false as dicers' oaths.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 45.

*Longville*. What fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iv. Sc.  
3. l. 72.

*Sir Toby Belch*. For it comes to pass  
oft that a terrible oath, with a swagger-  
ing accent sharply twanged off, gives  
manhood more approbation than ever  
proof itself would have earned him.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 169.

*Shylock*. An oath, an oath, I have an  
oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 223.

*Hotspur*. Swear me, Kate, like a lady  
as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath.

*Ibid.* I. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 254.

*Juliet*. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious  
self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l.  
112.

(See under GODS and MOON.)

Take not His name, who made thy  
mouth, in vain;

It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

HERBERT. *Temple Church Porch*. St.  
10.

Vows with so much passion, swears with  
so much grace,

That 't is a kind of Heaven to be de-  
luded by him.

NATHANIEL LEE. *The Rival Queens; or,  
Alexander the Great*. Act i. Sc. 1.

I will take my corporal oath on it.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. i. Bk. iv.  
Ch. x.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 107.

Un menteur est toujours prodigue de serments.

A liar is always lavish of oaths.  
CORNEILLE. *Le Menteur*. iii. 5.

A giurar presti i mentitor son sempre.  
Liars are always most disposed to swear.  
ALFIERI. *Virginia*. ii. 3.

And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Declaration of Independence*.

They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;  
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,  
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 63.

And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,  
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,  
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,  
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within?

*Ibid.* *Expostulation*. l. 384.

Jack was embarrassed—never hero more,  
And as he knew not what to say, he swore.  
BYRON. *The Island*. Canto iii. St. 5.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body  
DICKENS. *Nicholas Nickleby*. Ch. xxxiv.

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear

To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,

To honour his own word as if his God's,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,

Until he won her.

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King*. *Guinevere*. l. 463.

## OBEDIENCE.

York. Let them obey that know not how to rule.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 6.

One so small  
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey.  
TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King*. *Guinevere*. l. 183.

Wolsey. The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 162.

Antiochus. It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it.  
*Ibid.* *Pericles*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 157.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. l. 561.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,

Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,

Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame

A mechanized automaton.  
SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. iii. l. 183.

Obedience is the bond of rule.  
TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur*. l. 94.

Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.  
*Ibid.* *Launcelot and Elaine*. St. 31.

By contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine.

EMERSON. *Essays*. (First series.) *Spiritual Laws*.

### OBLIVION.

It is sometimes expedient to forget who we are.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 233.

We may with advantage at times forget what we know.

*Ibid.* *Maxim* 234.

Cancelled from heaven and sacred memory, Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 379.

Did therewith bury in oblivion.

WILLIAM BROWNE. *Britannia's Pastorals*. Bk. ii. Song 2.

Duke. 'Gainst the tooth of time  
And rature of oblivion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 12.

(See MERIT.)

Iago. Men are men; the best sometimes forget.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 233.

Oblivion is not to be hired.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Hydriotaphia*. Ch. v.

Far off from these a slow and silent stream,

Lethè, the river of oblivion, rolls

Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks

Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ii. l. 582.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented let me die;

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

POPE. *Ode on Solitude*. Concluding lines.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!  
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;

"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep";

Desires composed, affections ever even.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 207.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,

'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

*Ibid.* *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 189.

As flashes of dawn that mists from an east wind smother

With fold upon fold,

The past years gleam that linked us one with another.

SWINBURNE. *A Century of Roundels*.

The only pang my bosom dare not brave  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 14.

Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise

The silence of neglect can ne'er appall.

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel*. Bk. i. St. 2.

Some write their wrongs in marble: he, more just,

Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust,

Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.

There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,

And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.

SAMUEL MADDEN. *Boulter's Monument*.

Oblivion is the dark page whereon memory writes her lightbeam characters, and makes them legible; were it all light, nothing could be read there, any more than if it were all darkness.

CARLYLE. *Essays. On History Again*.

But each day brings its petty dust

Our soon-chok'd souls to fill,

And we forget because we must,

And not because we will.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Absence*.

### OBSERVATION.

*Bastard*. For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 208.

*Jaques.* In his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places  
cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 33.

*Armado.* How hast thou purchased  
this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.  
*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 23.

Let observation with expansive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

DR. JOHNSON. *Variety of Human Wishes.*  
1. 1.

[De Quincy, in his *Essay on Rhetoric*, quotes approvingly from "a little biographical sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death," the objection that the above lines are desperately tautological. Put in other words they mean simply "Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively." It has also been pointed out that the phrase "from China to Peru" is not original:

The wonders of each region view  
From frozen Lapland to Peru.

SOAME JENYNS. *Epistle to Lord Lovelace.*  
(1713.)

'Tis nothing, when a fancied scene's in  
view,  
To skip from Covent Garden to Peru.

SIR RICHARD STEELE. *Prologue to AMBROSE  
PHILLIPS' The Distressed Mother.*

All human race, from China to Peru,  
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.  
THOMAS WARTON. *Universal Love of  
Pleasure.*]

## OBSTINACY.

(See WILL.)

Novi ego ingenium viri  
Indocile: flecti non potest, frangi potest.

I know the stubborn temper of the man;  
He may be broken but can ne'er be bent.  
SENECA. *Thyestes.* 199.

A man may well bring a horse to the  
water,  
But he cannot make him drinke without  
he will.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Bk. i. Ch.  
xl.

*Camillo.* You may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As, or by oath, remove; or counsel, shake

The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Winter's Tale.* Act  
i. Sc. 2. l. 427.

Man is a creature of a wilful head,  
And hardly driven is, but eas'ly led.

S. DANIEL. *The Queen's Arcadia.* Act  
iv. Sc. 5.

For fools are stubborn in their way,  
As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;  
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. l.  
481.

He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. l. 547.  
Persistently misquoted (and improved)  
thus:

"A man convinced against his will," etc.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* (She is) as headstrong  
as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

## OCEAN.

(See SEA.)

*Camillo.* To unpathed waters, un-  
dreamed shores.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Winter's Tale.* Act  
iv. Sc. 4. l. 558.

Well pleased they slack their course,  
and many a league  
Cheered with the grateful smell old  
Ocean smiles.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 164.

Where the broad ocean leans against  
the land.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* l. 288.  
(See under HOLLAND.)

Past are three summers since she first  
beheld

The ocean; all around the child await  
Some exclamation of amazement here.  
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes  
abased,

*Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?*

That wondrous soul Charoba once pos-  
sessed,—

Capacious, then, as earth or heaven  
could hold,  
Soul discontented with capacity.—

Is gone (I fear) forever. Need I say  
She was enchanted by the wicked spells  
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power in-  
flamed

The western winds have landed on our  
coast?

I since have watcht her in lone retreat,  
Have heard her sigh and soften out the  
name.

LANDOR. *Gebir*. Bk. ii.

Once more upon the waters! yet once  
more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a  
steed

That knows his rider. Welcome, to their  
roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it  
lead!

Though the strain'd mast should quiver  
as a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the  
gale,

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam,  
to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tem-  
pest's breath prevail.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 2.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean  
—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery  
plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of  
rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,  
and unknown.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 179.  
(See under MURDER.)

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure  
brow—

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
rollest now.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 182.

His deeds inimitable, like the sea  
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no  
tracts

Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts.  
GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Bussy d'Ambois*. Act  
i. Sc. 1.

See Time has touched me gently in his race.  
And left no odious furrows in my face.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall*. Bk. xvii.  
*The Widow*. St. 3.

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face  
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

R. MONTGOMERY. *The Omnipresence of  
the Deity*. Pt. i.

Thou glorious mirror, where th'  
Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; all in time,  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or  
storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,  
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and  
sublime,

Th' image of Eternity—the throne  
Of th' Invisible; even from out thy  
slime

The monsters of the deep are made;  
each zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,  
fathomless, alone.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 183.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my  
joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to  
be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from  
a boy

I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to  
me

Were a delight; and if the freshening  
sea

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane—as  
I do here.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 184.

I'll bid him welcome, clap his mane,  
And hug his breakers to my breast.

GEORGE GRAY. *The Storm*.

He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks.

POLLOK. *The Course of Time*. Bk. iv. l.  
389.

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.  
BRYANT. *Thanatopsis*. l. 43.

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!  
EPES SARGENT. *A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

## OFFICE.

Places do not ennoble men, but men  
make places illustrious.

PLUTARCH. *Laconic Apothegms. Agesilaus.*

No post the man

Ennobles;—man the post!  
BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur. Bk. xii.*

Men in great place are thrice servants,—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

BACON. *Essays. Of Great Place.*

The phrase, "Public office is a public trust," has of late become common property.

CHARLES SUMNER. (May 31, 1872.)

[It seems to have been a gradual evolution, whose processes may be studied in the following excerpts:

It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any till they are first proved, and found fit for the business they are to be intrusted with.

MATHEW HENRY. *Commentaries. Timothy iii.*

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king. However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust.

BURKE. *On the French Revolution.*

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, in a conversation with Baron Humboldt. (See RAYNER. *Life of Jefferson.*) p. 356.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

HENRY CLAY. *Speech at Ashland, Ky. March, 1829.*

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party.

JOHN C. CALHOUN. *Speech. July 13, 1835.*

Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on offices, a rottenness begins in his conduct.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Letter to Tench Coxe. 1799.*

## OMENS.

Nomen atque omen.

An omen in the name.

PLAUTUS. *Persa. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 73.*

*Horatio.* In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 67.*

*Horatio.* In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.

*Ibid. Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 113.*

*Lenox.* The night has been unruly:  
where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and,  
as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,  
New-hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night; some say,  
the earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

*Ibid. Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 52.*

*Calphurnia.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Ibid. Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 30.*

*Third Citizen.* When clouds appear,  
wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 32.

*King Henry.* The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI.* Act. v. Sc. 6. l. 47.

That raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)  
Bodes me no good.

GAY. *Fables. The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.* l. 27.

It wasn't for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand.

PLAUTUS. *Aulularia.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,

Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;

Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto ii. l. 101.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL. *Lochiel's Warning.* l. 55.

Sed ita a principio inchoatum esse mundum ut certis rebus certa signa præcurrerent.

Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events.

CICERO. *Divinatione.* Liber i. Cap. 52.

Often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

SCHILLER. *Death of Wallenstein.* Act v. Sc. 1. (COLERIDGE, trans.)

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.

SHELLEY. *A Defence of Poetry.*

## OPINION.

Quot homines tot sententiæ; suos cuique mos.

As many men, so many minds; every one his own way.

TERENCE. *Phormio.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum Millia.

Count all the folks in the world, you'll find A separate fancy for each separate mind.

HORACE. *Satires.* ii. l. 27. (CONINGTON, trans.)

So many heads, so many wits.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Bk. i. Ch. iii.

As the saynge is, so many heades, so many wyttes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. *Godly Meditacyon of the Christen Soule.*

There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs, or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays. Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers.*

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

POPE. *Satires and Epistles.* Satire vi. l. 268.

*Enobarbus.* Men's judgments are A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iii. Sc. 13. l. 31.

*Gratiano.* Fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. i. l. 102.

*Thersites.* A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin,

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 265.

*Macbeth.* I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their new-  
est gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7. l.  
22.

Opinion in good men is but knowledge  
in the making.

MILTON. *Areopagitica.*

Opinion! which on crutches walks,  
And sounds the words another talks.  
LLOYD. *The Poet.* l. 55.

Some praise at morning what they  
blame at night,  
But always think the last opinion right.  
POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. ii. l. 230.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,  
none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. i. l. 9.

But as when an authentic watch is shown,  
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,  
So in our very judgments.  
SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Aglaura.* Epilogue.

Monuments of the safety with which  
errors of opinion may be tolerated where  
reason is left free to combat it.  
THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Inaugural Address,*  
March 4, 1801.

Men are never so good or so bad as  
their opinions.  
MACKINTOSH. *Ethical Philosophy.*

Popular opinions, on subjects not pal-  
pable to sense, are often true, but seldom  
or never the whole truth.  
JOHN STUART MILL. *On Liberty.* Ch. ii.

Truth is one forever absolute, but  
opinion is truth filtered through the  
moods, the blood, the disposition of the  
spectator.  
WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Orations, Speeches,*  
*Lectures, and Letters.* *Idols.*

The chief good is the suspension of  
the judgment, which tranquillity of mind  
follows like its shadow.  
DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Pyrrho.* xi.

I traversed a dominion  
Whose spokesmen spake out strong  
Their purpose and opinion  
Through pulpit, press, and song.

I saw, in web unbroken,  
Its history outwrought  
Not as the loud had spoken,  
But as the muté had thought.  
HARDY. *Wessex Poems.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow  
we die.  
*New Testament.* I. Corinthians xv. 32.

Then I commended mirth, because a man  
hath no better thing under the sun, than to  
eat, and to drink, and to be merry.  
*Old Testament.* Ecclesiastes viii. 15.

Drink, sport, for life is mortal, short upon  
earth our days;  
But death is deathless, once a man is dead.  
AMPHIS. *Gynaecocrazia.* *Fragment.*

Eat, drink, and play, and think that is bliss:  
There is no heaven but this;  
There is no hell  
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly  
well.  
A. H. CLOUGH. *Spirit's Song in Dipsychus.*

Behold, now is the accepted time;  
behold, now is the day of salvation.  
*New Testament.* II. Corinthians vi. 2.

Carpe diem.

Seize the present day.  
HOBACE. *Odes.* Bk. i. Ode 11. l. 8.

[The context runs as follows:  
Sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi  
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur,  
fugiter invida  
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula  
postero.

Strafn your wine, and prove your wisdom:  
life is short, should hope be more?  
In the moment of our talking, envious time  
has slipped away.  
Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en as  
little as you may.  
(CONINGTON, trans.).]

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;  
Improve each moment as it flies!  
Life's a short summer, man a flower;  
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!  
DR. JOHNSON. *Winter.* *An Ode.*

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

UNKNOWN.

[The earliest known appearance of this  
familiar Latin phrase is in *Inscriptiones  
Grutuli*, a mediæval collection of proverbs.]

"Live, while you live," the epicure would  
say,  
"And seize the pleasures of the present  
day";

"Live, while you live," the sacred preacher  
cries,  
"And give to God each moment as it flies."  
Lord, in my views let both united be;  
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.  
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. *Lines written under  
Motto of his Family Arms.*

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A truth and noonday light to thee.  
ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. *Life a Duty.*

Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds,  
before they be withered.  
*Old Testament. Apocrypha. Wisdom of  
Solomon. ii. 8.*

Carpite florem,  
Qui nisi carptus erit, turpiter ipse cadet.  
Pluck the flower,  
For if you pluck it not, 'twill fade and fall.  
OVID. *Art of Love. iii. 179.*

Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is  
prime,  
For soone comes age that will her pride  
deflowre;  
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,  
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with  
equall crime.  
SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene. Bk. ii.  
Canto xii. St. 75.*

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in  
their prime,  
Rot and consume themselves in little  
time.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis. St.  
22.*

Strong is the soul, and wise, and beau-  
tiful;  
The seeds of god-like power are in us  
still;  
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we  
will.  
MATH. ARNOLD. *Written in Emerson's  
Essays.*

Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time,  
Requite my passion and my truth,  
And gather in their blushing prime  
The roses of your youth.  
RONSARD. *Lines to His Mistress. Con-  
cluding lines. (THACKERAY, trans.)*

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,  
It withers on the stock with languish'd  
head.  
MILTON. *Comus. l. 743.*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides. To the Virgins, to  
Make Much of Time.*

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while you may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.  
*Ibid. Hesperides. To the Virgins, to Make  
Much of Time.*

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper  
glows,  
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;  
Why are we fond of toil and care?  
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?  
J. M. USTERL. *Life Let Us Cherish.*

Nunc est profecto, interfici, cum pro-  
peti me possum,  
Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita  
aegritudine aliqua.

Now sure 's the moment when I ought  
to die,  
Lest some hereafter bitterness in life  
Impair this joy.  
TERENCE. *Eunuchus. Act iii. Sc. 5, 3.  
(W. F. H. KING, trans.)*

*Othello.* If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello. Act ii. Sc. 1. l.  
187.*

And could we choose the time, and  
choose aright,  
'Tis best to die, our honour at the  
height.  
DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite. Bk. iii.  
l. 1086.*

*Ottimo.* Sebald, as we lay,  
Who said, "Let death come now! 'tis right  
to die!  
Right to be punished! nought completes  
such bliss  
But woe!" Who said that?  
ROBERT BRUNING. *Pippa Passes.*

Ille potens sui  
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem  
Dixisse, "Vixi."

Happy he  
Self-centred, who each night can say,  
"My life is lived."  
HORACE. *Odes. Bk. iii. Ode 29. l. 41.  
(CONINGTON, trans.)*

Not heaven itself upon the past has  
power ;  
But what has been, has been, and I have  
had my hour.

DRYDEN. *Imitation of Horace*. Bk. iii.  
Ode xxix. l. 71.

Amañorem enim me senectus facit. Sto-  
machor omnia. Sed mihi quidem βεβιωρα.  
Viderint juvenes.

Old age makes me sour. The least thing  
puts me out. However, as far as I am  
concerned, I have lived my time. Let the  
young men look to it.

CICERO. *Epistolarum ad Atticum*. xiv.  
21, 3.

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

I have enjoyed earthly happiness,  
I have lived and loved.

SCHILLER. *Piccolomini*. iii. 7, 9.

I die,—but first I have possess'd,  
And come what may, I have been bless'd.

BYRON. *The Giaour*. l. 1114.

J'ai vécu.

I existed.

Famous *mot* of Sieyès when asked what  
he did during the "Terror" of the Revolu-  
tion.

MIGNET. *Notices Hist.* 1, 81.

You should hammer your iron when  
it is glowing hot.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 262.

Strike whilst the iron is hot.

RABELAIS. Bk. ii. Ch. xxxi.

It is a maxim universally agreed upon  
in agriculture, that nothing must be  
done too late; and again, that every-  
thing must be done at its proper season;  
while there is a third precept which re-  
minds us that opportunities lost can  
never be regained.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*.  
Bk. xviii. Sec. 44.

Take Time by the forelock.

THALES OF MILETUS.

[Likewise attributed to Pittacus, author  
of the *Seven Wise Men of Greece*. Time  
(Cronos in Greek, Saturn in Latin) was  
painted and sculptured by the ancients  
with a perfectly bald pate, save for a single  
lock in front.]

King. Let's take the instant by the for-  
ward top;

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act v. Sc. 3. l. 89.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies, he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays,  
Long demurs breed new delays.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. *Loss in Delay*.

Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,  
Unless she doe him by the forelock take.

SPENSER. *Amoretti*. lxx.

Rem tibi quam nosces aptam dimittere  
noli;

Fronte capillata, post est occasio calva.

Let nothing pass which will advantage  
you;

Hairy in front, Occasion's bald behind.

DIONYSIUS CATO. *Disticha de Moribus*.  
ii. 26.

[Besides Saturn, or Time, the Romans also  
personified Occasion (or, in more idiomatic  
English, Opportunity) as a god or goddess,  
standing on a rotating wheel, the feet fitted  
with winged sandals, the head hairy in  
front but bald behind. The hair veiled the  
face from the unwary, but offered a hand-  
hold to him who promptly recognized the  
flying figure. In other words, Occasion  
must be gripped from the front at the critical  
moment when it presents itself, or it  
will be beyond capture.]

Occasio prima sui parte comosa, poste-  
riore calva

Quam si occupasis, teneas; elapsum  
Non isse possit Jupiter reprehendere.

Opportunity has hair on her forehead, but  
is bald behind. If you meet her seize her,  
for once let slip Jove himself cannot catch  
her again.

PHAEDRUS.

When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to  
delay.

LUCAN. *Pharsalia*. Bk. i. l. 513. (ROWE,  
trans.)

For occasion hath all her hair on her fore-  
head; when she is past, you may not recall  
her. She hath no tuft whereby you can lay  
hold on her, for she is bald on the hinder  
part of her head, and never returneth again.

RABELAIS. *Gargantua*. Bk. i. Ch. xxxvii.  
(URQUHART AND MOTTEUX, trans.)

Zeal and duty are not slow;

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. 3, l.  
172.

Who lets slip fortune, her shall never find;  
Occasion once past by, is bald behind.

COWLEY. *Pyramus and Thisbe*. xv.

*Brutus*. There is a tide in the affairs  
of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to  
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it  
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iv. Sc.  
3. 1. 218.

When fortune favours, none but fools will  
dally.

DRYDEN. *Epilogue VIII. To the Duke  
of Guise*.

There is an hour in each man's life ap-  
pointed

To make his happiness, if then he seize it.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Custom of the  
Country*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 85.

Hoist up saile while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. *St. Peter's Com-  
plaint*. 1595.

Nae man can tether time or tide.

BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*. 1. 67.

Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men;  
but there is no gulf-stream setting forever  
in one direction.

LOWELL. *Among My Books*. *New England  
Two Centuries Ago*.

Parolles. There's place and means  
for every man alive.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 316.

O opportunity, thy guilt is great!

'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's  
treason;

Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb  
may get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the  
season;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law,  
at reason;

And in thy shady cell, where none  
may spy him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that  
wander by him.

*Ibid.* *Rape of Lucrece*. St. 126.

*King John*. How oft the sight of means to  
do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst thou not been  
by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind.  
*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 219.

*Elinor*. Urge them, while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition;

Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy  
breath

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
1. 476.

*Prospero*. I find my zenith doth de-  
pend upon

A most auspicious star; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 181.

Everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment.  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet* 15. 1. 1.

*King*. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this  
"would" changes.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7. 1. 119.  
(See under HESITATION.)

*Iago*. This is the night  
That either makes me or fordoes me  
quite.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 128.

*Hamlet*. While the grass grows—  
The proverb is somewhat musty.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. 1. 358.

Yet the old proverb I would have them  
know,  
The horse may starve whilst the grass doth  
grow.

JOHN TAYLOR. *A Kicksey-Winsey*. Pt.  
iv. last line.

He that will not when he may,  
When he will he shall have nay.

Quoted by BURTON, in *Anatomy of Melan-  
choly*. Pt. iii. Sec. 2. Mem. 5. Subs. 5.

[John Heywood, *Proverbs*, Ch. iii., quotes  
the saying with "would" substituted for  
"will" in the second line. Percy, in the  
*Reliques*, preserves an ancient ballad, *The  
Baffled Knight*, where it appears in this form:  
He that wold not when he might,  
He shall not when he wolda.]

*Menes*. Who seeks, and will not take when  
once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act ii. Sc. 7. 1. 82.

The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.

JAMES BEATTIE. *Stanza added to the  
Mariner's Life*.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led;

He that the world subdued had been  
But the best wrestler on the green!  
EDMUND WALLER.

If all the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.  
DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*. l. 97.

Now 's the day and now 's the hour.  
BURNS. *Bannockburn*.

["The Man and the Hour" is the title of  
a novel by Harriet Martineau.]

Der den Augenblick ergreift  
Das ist der rechte Mann.

He who seizes the (right) moment, is  
the right man.  
GOETHE. *Faust*. Schülerscene.

Turning for them who pass, the common  
dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold.  
WORDSWORTH. *Desultory Stanzas*. St. 9.

My County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
SCOTT. *Quentin Durward*. Ch. iv.

Once to every man and nation comes  
the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,  
for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah  
offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and  
the sheep upon the right;  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt  
that darkness and that light.  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. *The Present  
Crisis*. St. 5.

Then to side with Truth is noble when  
we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and  
'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while  
the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his  
Lord is crucified.  
*Ibid.* *The Present Crisis*. St. 11.

Age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another  
dress,

And as the evening twilight fades  
away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by  
day.  
LONGFELLOW. *Morituri Salutamus*. Con-  
cluding lines.

What is opportunity to the man who  
can't use it? An unfecundated egg,  
which the waves of time wash away  
into nonentity.  
GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes from Clerical Life*:  
*Amos Barton*.

For now I see the true old times are  
dead,  
When every morning brought a noble  
chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble  
knight.  
Such times have been not since the light  
that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of  
myrrh.  
TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King*.

And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons, when to  
take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.  
*Ibid.* *Dedication to the Idylls of the King*.

And grasps the skirts of happy  
chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance.  
*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. lxiv. St. 2.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne.  
*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. lxiv. St. 3.

Deeds let escape are never to be done.  
R. BROWNING. *Sordello*. Bk. iii.

Each life's unfulfilled, you see;  
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:  
We have not sighed deep, laughed  
free,  
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been  
happy.  
And nobody calls you a dunce,  
And people suppose me clever:  
This could but have happened once,  
And we missed it, lost it forever.  
*Ibid.* *Youth and Art*. xvii.

## OPTIMISM.

(See HOPE.)

Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.

All is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

VOLTAIRE. *Candide*.

[An ever-recurrent phrase which Voltaire puts into the mouth of Dr. Pangloss, as a hit at the optimist doctrines of Leibnitz.]

In the best of possible worlds the château of monseigneur the baron was the most beautiful of châteaux, and madame the best of possible baronesses.

*Ibid.* *Candide*. Ch. i.

Was vernünftig ist, das ist wirklich : und was wirklich ist, das ist vernünftig.

HEGEL. *Rechtsphilosophie*. Preface. p. 17.

[Commonly abbreviated to "Alles was ist, ist vernünftig" ("Everything that is, is reasonable").]

Whatever is, is in its causes just.

DRYDEN. *Edipus*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

One truth is clear : whatever is, is right.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle i. Concluding lines.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather ;  
The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together.

JOHN O'KEEFE. *Sprigs of Laurel*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

God's in His heaven ;

All's right with the world.

BROWNING. *Pippa Passes*. Pt. i.

There's a good time coming, boys !

A good time coming.

CHARLES MACKAY. *The Good Time Coming*.

Preach to the storm, and reason with  
Despair,

But tell not Misery's son that life is fair.

KIRKE WHITE. *Lines on Reading the Preface to N. Bloomfield's Poems*. 1. 3.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :

Thou madest man, he knows not why,

He thinks he was not made to die ;

And Thou hast made him ; Thou art  
just.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. Introduction. St. 3.

And all is well, tho' faith and form  
Be sundered in the night of fear ;  
Well roars the storm to those that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. cxxvii. St. 1.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. liv. St. 1.

Behold we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. liv. St. 4.

Yet spake you purple mountain,  
Yet said you ancient wood,  
That Night or Day, that Love or Crime,  
Leads all souls to the good.

EMERSON. *The Park*. Concluding lines.

But life is sweet, though all that makes  
it sweet

Lessen like sound of friends' departing  
feet,

And Death is beautiful as feet of friend  
Coming with welcome at our journey's  
end ;

For me Fate gave, whate'er she else  
denied,

A nature sloping to the southern side ;  
I thank her for it, though when clouds  
arise

Such natures double-darken gloomy  
skies.

LOWELL. *An Epistle to George William Curtis*. Postscript, 1887. 1. 49.

This one sits shivering in Fortune's  
smile,

Taking his joy with bated, doubtful  
breath :

This other, gnawed by hunger, all the  
while

Laughs in the teeth of Death.

T. B. ALDRICH. *Quatrains*.

## ORACLE.

Δελφικὴ μάχαιρα.

A Delphic sword.

ARISTOTLE. *Politica*. i. 2.

[A two-edged sword, in reference to the ambiguities of the Delphic oracles.]

*Gratiano.* As who should say, "I am  
Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog  
bark!"

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice.*  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 93.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archéd roof in  
words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine  
With hollow shriek the steep of  
Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathéd spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the  
prophetic cell.

MILTON. *On the Morning of Christ's  
Nativity.* l. 173.

[Plutarch relates (Isis and Osiris) that a  
ship well laden with passengers drove with  
the tide near the Isles of Paxi, when a loud  
voice was heard by most of the passengers  
calling unto one Thanus. The voice then  
said aloud to him, "When you are arrived  
at Palodes, take care to make it known that  
the great god Pan is dead."] (See GODS.)

## ORATOR.

(See ELOQUENCE; ARGUMENT.)

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea  
linguæ.

Let arms give place to the robe, and  
the laurel of the warrior yield to the  
tongue of the orator.

CICERO. *De Officiis.*

[So the line is usually quoted, though  
Cicero wrote *laudi*, not *linguæ*.]

When Demosthenes was asked what  
was the first part of Oratory, he an-  
swered, "Action"; and which was the  
second, he replied, "Action"; and  
which was the third, he still answered  
"Action."

PLUTARCH. *Morals. Lives of the Ten  
Orators.*

(See under ACTION.)

I asked of my dear friend Orator Prig:  
"What's the first part of oratory?" He said,  
"A great wig."  
"And what is the second?" Then, dancing  
a jig  
And bowing profoundly, he said, "A great  
wig."

"And what is the third?" Then he snored  
like a pig,  
And puffing his cheeks out, he replied, "A  
great wig."  
GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *Orator  
Prig.*

Cowards and faint-hearted runa-  
ways

Look for orations when the foe is near:  
Our swords shall play the orator for us.  
MARLOWE. *Tambourlaine the Great.* Pt.  
i. Act i. Sc. 2.

*Buckingham.* Fear not, my lord, I'll  
play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* Act iii.  
Sc. 5. l. 95.

*Antony.* I come not, friends, to steal  
away your hearts;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 216.

*Canterbury.* List his discourse of war,  
and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he  
speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 43.  
(See under VERSATILITY.)

*Beaufort.* Nephew, what means this  
passionate discourse,  
This peroration with such circumstance?  
*Ibid.* II. *Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 99.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine  
ear.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis.* l. 145.

Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce demagogue,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over  
Greece,

To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.  
MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. iv. l.  
267.

That dishonest victory  
At Cheronæa, fatal to liberty,  
Killed with report that old man eloquent.  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet 10.*

[Isocrates, the celebrated orator of Greece.  
His patriotic feelings received so severe a  
shock on hearing the result of the battle of  
Cheronæa that he died broken-hearted, or,  
as some authors say, of self-starvation.]

Adepts in the speaking trade  
Keep a cough by them ready made.

CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*. Bk. ii. l. 545.

Proud of his "Hear him," proud, too,  
of his vote

And lost virginity of oratory,  
Proud of his learning (just enough to  
quote).

He revelled in his Ciceronian glory:  
With memory excellent to get by rote,  
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,  
Graced with some merit, and with more  
effrontery,

"His country's pride," he came down to  
the country.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiii. St. 91.

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage;  
And if I chance to fall below  
Demosthenes or Cicero,  
Don't view me with a critic's eye  
But pass my imperfections by.  
Large streams from little fountains flow;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

DAVID EVERETT. *Lines Spoken by a  
Boy of Seven Years*.

### ORDER.

*Maria*. Ay, but you must confine your-  
self within the modest limits of order.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act i.  
Sc. 3. l. 7.

*Puck*. Not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 376.

Confusion heard his voice, and wild  
uproar  
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude con-  
fined;

Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder  
sprung.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 710.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and  
bruise'd,

But, as the world, harmoniously con-  
fused:

Where order in variety we see,  
And where, tho' all things differ, all  
agree.

POPE. *Windsor Forest*. l. 13.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this  
confest,

Some are, and must be, greater than the  
rest,

More rich, more wise; but who infers  
from hence

That such are happier, shocks all com-  
mon sense.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 49.

*Ulysses*. The heavens themselves, the  
planets and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*.  
Act i. Sc. 3. l. 85.

*Ulysses*. Oh! when degree is shak'd  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick. How could commu-  
nities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in  
cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each  
thing meets

In mere oppugnancy.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act i. Sc.  
3. l. 101.

Can any man have a higher notion of  
the rule of right and the eternal fitness  
of things?

HENRY FIELDING. *Tom Jones*. Bk. iv.  
Ch. iv.

For the world was built in order

And the atoms march in tune;

Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,  
The sun obeys them and the moon.

EMERSON. *Monadnock*. St. 12.

### ORTHODOXY.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 199.

Every one's true worship was that  
which he found in use in the place  
where he chanced to be.

MONTAIGNE (Quoting Apollo). *Essays*:  
*Apology for Raimond Sebond*. Bk. ii.  
Ch. xii.

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop  
Warburton, in a whisper,—"orthodoxy  
is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another  
man's doxy."

JOSEPH PRIESTLY. *Memoirs*. Vol. i. p.  
572.

OWL.

Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*  
(*Song*). Act v. Sc. 2. l. 905.

*Lady Macbeth.* It was the owl that  
shrieked, the fatal bell-man  
Which gives the stern'st good-night.  
*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 3.

Do you think I was born in a wood to  
be afraid of an owl?

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation.* Dialogue i.

Can grave and formal pass for wise  
When men the solemn owl despise?  
GAY. *Fables: The Shepherd and the*  
*Philosopher.* l. 55.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.  
KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes.* l. 1.

OYSTER.

*Falstaff.* I will not lend thee a penny.  
*Pistol.* Why, then the world's mine  
oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 1.

*Benedick.* I will not be sworn but  
love may transform me to an oyster; but  
I'll take my oath on it, till he have made  
an oyster of me, he shall never make me  
such a fool.  
*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act ii.  
Sc. 3. l. 25.

He was a bold man that first eat an  
oyster.  
SWIFT. *Polite Conversation.* Dialogue ii.

Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—  
For love must be sustained like flesh  
and blood,—  
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands  
a jelly:  
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 170.

An oyster may be crossed in love.  
SHERIDAN. *The Critic.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

PAINTING; PICTURES.

(See ARCHITECTURE; ART.)

Painting is silent poetry, and poetry  
is painting with the gift of speech.  
SIMONIDES. Quoted by PLUTARCH, *De*  
*Gloria Atheniensium.* iii. 346.

A picture is a poem without words.  
CORNICIUS. *Anet. ad Her.* 4. 28.

He has done like Orbaneja, the painter  
of Ubeda, who, being asked what he  
painted, answered, "As it may hit";  
and when he had scrawled out a mis-  
shapen cock, was forced to write under-  
neath, in Gothic letters, "This is a cock."  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* Ch. iii.

[The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, if he  
chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it,  
"This is a cock," lest the people should take  
it for a fox. (JARVIS, trans.)]

*Poet.* I will say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 36.

*Timon.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man:  
For since dishonour traffics with man's  
nature,  
He is but outside; pencill'd figures are  
Ev'n such as they give out.  
*Ibid.* *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 1. l.  
157.

Wrought he not well that painted it?  
He wrought better that made the painter.  
*Ibid.* *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Hamlet.* Look here, upon this picture,  
and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two  
brothers.  
*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 53.

*Balsamo.* What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation?  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act. iii. Sc.  
2. l. 116.

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit  
Apellem.  
Connubial love turned Mulciber into  
Apelles.  
*Epitaph on Quentin Matsys: the Black-*  
*smith-painter of Antwerp.*

A kiss from my mother made me a  
painter.  
BENJAMIN WEST (in conversation).

Hard features every bungler can com-  
mand:  
To draw true beauty shows a master's  
hand.  
DRYDEN. *To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander.*

Or where the pictures for the page atone,  
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his  
own.

POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 139.

A flattering painter, who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as  
they are.

GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation*. l. 63.

The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature  
warm,

The pregnant quarry teem'd with human  
form.

*Ibid.* *The Traveller*. l. 137.

Then marble soften'd into life grew warm,  
And yielding, soft metal flow'd to human  
form.

POPE. *Satires*. Epistle i. Bk. 2. l. 147.

From the mingled strength of shade and  
light

A new creation rises to my sight  
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil  
flow,

So warm with light his blended colors  
glow.

The glowing portraits, fresh from life,  
that bring

Home to our hearts the truth from which  
they spring.

BYRON. *Monody on the Death of the Rt.  
Hon. R. B. Sheridan*. St. 3.

With hue like that when some great  
painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake  
and eclipse.

SHELLEY. *Revolt of Islam*. Canto v. St. 3.

This is her picture as she was :

It seems a thing to wonder ou,  
As though mine image in the glass  
Should tarry when myself am gone.

ROSSETTI. *The Portrait*.

## PARADISE.

(See HEAVEN.)

A limbo large and broad since call'd  
The Paradise of fools to few unknown.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 495.

In this fool's paradise, he drank delight.  
CRABBE. *The Borough Players*. Letter xii.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearear, crowns with her enclosure  
green,

As with a rural mound, the champain  
head

Of a steep wilderness.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 131.

One morn a Peri at the gate,  
Of Eden stood disconsolate.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. *Paradise and the  
Peri*.

With nine heavens are eight Paradises ;  
Where is the ninth one ? In the human  
breast.

Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises ;  
But blessedness dwells in the human  
breast.

WM. R. ALGER. *Oriental Poetry*. *The  
Ninth Paradise*.

A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow !

OMAR KHAYYAM. *The Rubaiyat*. (FITZ-  
GERALD, trans.)

## PARASITES.

(See FLATTERY.)

Men lived like fishes ; the great ones  
devoiled the small.

ALGERNON SIDNEY. *Discourses on Gov-  
ernment*. Ch. ii. Sec. xviii.

*Timon*. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves,  
meak bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher friends,  
time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and min-  
ute-jacks !

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er !

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act.  
iii. Sc. 6.

So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed ad infinitum.

SWIFT. *Poetry*. *A Rhapsody*.

Great fleas have little fleas on their backs  
to bite 'em,  
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad  
infinitum,

And the great fleas themselves, in turn,  
have greater fleas to go on;  
While these again have greater still, and  
greater still, and so on.  
DE MORGAN. *A Budget of Paradoxes*. p.  
377.

## PARTING.

(See DISMISSAL; FAREWELL.)

If we must part forever  
Give me but one kind word to think  
upon,  
And please myself with, while my heart's  
breaking.  
THOMAS OTWAY. *The Orphan*. Act iii.  
Se. 1.

He that parts us shall bring a brand from  
heaven,  
And fire us hence like foxes.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act v. Se. 3.  
1. 22.

*Juliet*. 'Tis almost morning: I would  
have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who let's it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back  
again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Se. 2. 1.  
177.

But in vain she did conjure him,  
To depart her presence so,  
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him  
And but one to bid him go.  
When lips invite,  
And eyes delight,  
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,  
Persuade delay,—  
What boots to say  
Forego me now, come to me soon.  
SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *Dulcina*. (See  
CAYLEY'S *Life of Raleigh*. Vol. i.  
Ch. iii.)

So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return.  
SHENSTONE. *A Pastoral Ballad*. *Ab-  
sence*. Pt. i.

Excuse me, then! you know my heart;  
But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
GAY. *The Hare and Many Friends*. 1. 61.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must  
part.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. *Satire* ii. l. 232.

We only part to meet again.  
GAY. *Black-eyed Susan*. St. 4.

And must we part?  
Well—if we must, we must—and in that  
case

The less said the better.  
R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted,  
To sever for years.  
BYRON. *When We Two Parted*.

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to  
part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling  
heart!  
COLERIDGE. *On Taking Leave of —*, 1817.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
Though parting from that mother he did  
shun;  
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast  
of steel.

Ye, who have known what 't is to dote  
upon  
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
Such partings break the heart they  
fondly hope to heal.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 10.

And there were sudden partings, such as  
press  
The life from out young hearts, and  
choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who  
could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual  
eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful  
morn could rise!  
*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 25.

Let's not unman each other—part at  
once;  
All farewells should be sudden, when  
forever,  
Else they make an eternity of moments  
And elog the last sands of life with tears.  
*Ibid.* *Sardanapalus*. Act v. Sc. 1.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.  
FRANCIS THOMPSON. *Daisy*. St. 12.

In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye  
start,  
Start at the cold touch of Eternity,  
And cast your cloaks about you, and de-  
part:  
The minstrels pause not in their min-  
strelsy.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Epigrams*.

### PASSION.

*Player King*. What to ourselves in  
passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose  
lose.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 204.

The seas are quiet when the winds give  
o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no  
more!

EDMUND WALLER. *On Divine Poems*.

*Hamlet*. Blessed are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well  
commingled  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's  
finger

To sound what stop she please. Give  
me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will  
wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of  
heart,

As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 72.

It is a harder lot to be a slave to one's  
passions than to tyrants.

PYTHAGORAS. *Stobaeus, Florilegium*. vi.  
47.

*Macbeth*. Who can be wise, amaz'd,  
temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No  
man.

The expedition of my violent Love  
Outran the pauser Reason.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 114.

*Prospero*. Look, thou be true; do not  
give dalliance

Too much the rein; the strongest oaths  
are straw

To the fire if the blood: be more abste-  
mious,

Or else, good night, your vow!

*Ibid*. *The Tempest*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 51.

Here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments  
else

Superior and unmoved, here only weak  
Against the charm of beauty's powerful  
glance.

Or nature failed in me, and left some  
part

Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting took perhaps  
More than enough; at least on her be-  
stowed

Too much of ornament, in outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost* Bk. viii. l. 530.

Take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to no aught, which else  
free will

Would not admit.

*Ibid*. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 634.

May I govern my passion with absolute  
sway,

And grow wiser and better as my strength  
wears away.

WALTER POPE. *The Old Man's Wish*.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn  
with climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with  
times,

Search then the Ruling Passion; there,  
alone,

The wild are constant, and the cunning  
known,

The fool consistent, and the false sincere,  
Priests, princes, women no dissemblers  
here.

ALEXANDER POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis.  
i. l. 172.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest  
breath,

Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in  
death.

*Ibid*. *Moral Essays*. Epis. i. l. 262.

In men, we various Ruling Passions  
find;

In women, two almost divide the kind;  
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,

The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

*Ibid*. *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 207.

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage.  
But who, my friend, has reason in his  
rage?

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason  
still."

ALEXANDER POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis.  
iii. l. 153.

On different senses different objects  
strike;

Hence different passions more or less  
inflame,

As strong or weak, the organs of the  
frame;

And hence one Master Passion in the  
breast,

Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the  
rest.

*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 128.

In the human breast  
Two master-passions cannot co-exist.

CAMPBELL. *Theodric*.

Where passion leads or prudence  
points the way.

ROBERT LOWTH. *Choice of Hercules*. i.

But, children, you should never let

Such angry passions rise;

Your little hands were never made

To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS. *Divine Songs*. Song xvi.

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those

Whom Delight flies because they give  
her chase.

Only the odour of her wild hair blows

Back in their faces hungering for her  
face.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Byron the Voluptuary*.

Only I discern

Infinite passion, and the pain

Of finite hearts that yearn.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Two in the Cam-  
pagna*. St 12.

The music had the heat of blood,

A passion that no words can reach;

We sat together, and understood

Our own heart's speech.

ARTHUR SYMONS. *During Music*.

## PAST.

(See HISTORY.)

Laudator temporis acti.

A praise of hygone days.

HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. 173.

Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium.

We have been Trojans; Troy was.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. ii. 324.

Therefore Agathon rightly says: "Of  
this alone even God is deprived, the  
power of making things that are past  
never to have been."

ARISTOTLE. *Ethics*. Bk. vi. Ch. ii. (R.  
W. BROWN'S trans.)

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;  
But what has been, has been, and I have  
had my hour.

DRYDEN. *Imitation of Horace*. Bk. i.  
Ode xxix. l. 71.

The past at least is secure.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *United States Senate*,  
Jan. 26, 1830.

We remain  
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past.

LOWELL. *The Cathedral*. l. 234.

*Paulina*. What's gone and what's past  
help,

Should be past grief.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Winter's Tale*. Act. iii.  
Sc. ii. l. 34.

*Lady Macbeth*. Things without all remedy,  
Should be without regard; what's done is  
done.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act. iii. Sc. 2. l. 12.

*Duke*. To mourn a mischief that is past  
and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 82.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,

Thy sorrowe is in vaine,

For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers

Will ne'er make grow againe.

THOMAS PERCY. *Reliques*. *The Friar of  
Orders Gray*. (See FLETCHER. *The  
Queen of Corinth*.) Act. iii. Sc. 2.

*Duke*. True is it that we have seen  
better days:

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to  
church;

And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd  
our eyes,

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 115.

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past  
hours,

And ask them what report they bore to  
heaven.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 376.

Whose yesterdays look backwards with  
a smile.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 334.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,

Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonny brow was brent.  
BURNS. *John Anderson.*

The thought of our past years in me  
doth breed

Perpetual benediction.  
WORDSWORTH. *Intimations of Immortality.* St. 9.

The "good old times"—all times  
when old are good.  
BYRON. *The Age of Bronze.* i.

The best of prophets of the future is  
the past.

*Ibid.* *Letter.* Jan. 28, 1821.

Warwick. There is a history in all men's  
lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,  
To which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of  
things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 92.

Gone—glimmering through the dream  
of things that were.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 2.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the  
years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in  
vain,—

Take them and give me my childhood  
again!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. *Rock Me to Sleep.*

O mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos!  
Oh! if Jove would but give me back my  
past years!

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Bk. viii. l. 560.

But the tender grace of a day that is  
dead

Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON. *Break, Break, Break.*

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb,  
Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful  
Past.

Let us alone.

*Ibid.* *The Lotus-Eaters.*

O Death in Life, the days that are  
no more.

*Ibid.* *The Princess, IV. Tears, Idle Tears*  
(last line).

Dead and gone, the days we had together,  
Shadow-stricken all the lights that shone  
Round them, flown as flies the blown  
foam's feather,  
Dead and gone.

SWINBURNE. *Past Days.*

Ah, the Past, the pearl-gift thrown  
To hogs, time's opportunity we made  
So light of, only recognized when flown!  
R. BROWNING. *Jocoseria, Jochanan Hak-*  
*kadosh.*

## PATIENCE.

All men commend patience, although  
few be willing to practise it.

THOMAS A KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ.*  
Bk. iii. Ch. 12. (BENHAM, trans.)

Leonato. 'Tis all men's office to speak  
patience  
To those that ring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 27.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* Pt. ii. Bk. i.  
Ch. vi.

Viola. She sat like patience on a mon-  
ument,  
Smiling at grief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 114.

Pericles. Like patience gazing on kings'  
graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act.

*Ibid.* *Pericles.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 139.

Antonio. I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 10.

Gloster. Since you will buckle fortune  
on my back,  
To bear her burthen, whether I will or  
no,

I must have patience to endure the load.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 7. l. 228.

Nym. Though Patience be a tired  
mare, yet she will plod.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 82.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 376.

*Duchess of Gloster.* That which in mean men we entitle patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act. 1. Sc. 2.

*Cleopatra.* Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iv. Sc. 15.

Patience is the virtue of an ass,  
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.

LANSDOWNE. *Heroic Love.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth Patience.

GEORGE HERBERT. *The Church Porch.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;

Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK. *Seek and Find.*

Nil tam difficile est quin quaerendo investigare possit.

Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking.

TERENCE. *Hemilontimoroum nos.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 28.

Or arm th' obdured breast

With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 568.

Patience et longueur de temps.

Font plus que force ni que rage.

By time and toil we sever

What strength and rage could never.

LA FONTAINE. *Fables.* ii. 11.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

BURKE. *Observations on a Late Publication.* *The Present State of the Nation.* 1769.

Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.

An over-taxed patience gives way to fierce anger.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 289.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. l. 1005.

(See under ANGER.)

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* l. 352.

Immured in sensc, with fivefold bonds confined,

Rest we content if whispers from the stars.  
In waftings of the incalculable wind  
Come blown at midnight through our prison-bars.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Epigrams.*

Everything comes if a man will only wait.

BENJ. DISRAELI. *Tancred.* Bk. iv. Ch. viii. 1847.

All things come round to him who will but wait.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* *The Student's Tale.* Pt. i.

If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.

EMERSON. *Addresses and Lectures.* *The American Scholar.*

I propose to fight it out on this line,  
if it takes all summer.

GRANT. *Despatch to Washington.* *Before Spottsylvania Court-House.* May 11, 1864.

Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts.

LOWELL. *Columbus.* l. 241.

## PATRIOTISM.

Οὐ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμνηομένω περὶ πάτρης  
τεθνάμεν.

A glorious death is his

Who for his country falls.

HOMER. *Iliad.* xv. 496. (LORD DERBY, trans.)

[And for our country 'tis a bliss to die.  
(POPE, trans.)]

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

HORACE. *Odes.* iii. 2. 13.

Who would not die for his dear country's cause!

Since if base fear his dastard step withdraws,  
From death he cannot fly. One common grave

Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.  
(FIELDING, trans.)

[The translation is put into the mouth of Tom Jones's *Fidus Achates.* Partridge. (Tom Jones. Bk. xii. Ch. 3.)]

O fortunata mors, quae naturae debita pro patria est potissimum reddita!

Happy the death of him who pays the debt of nature for his country's sake.

CICERO. *Philippica*. iv. 12. 31.

*Volumnia*. Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 208.

Who would not be that youth? What pity is it

That we can die but once to save our country!

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act iv. Sc. 4.

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

NATHAN HALE. (His last words, Sept. 22, 1776.) STEWART. *Life of Capt. Nathan Hale*. Ch. vii.

To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late;

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his gods?

MACAULAY. *Lays of Ancient Rome*. *Horatius*. xxvii.

The brave

Die never. Being deathless, they but change their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus*. v.

Patria est communis omnium parens.

Our country is the common parent of all.

CICERO. *Orationes in Catilinam*. i. 7.

Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque im-  
mensa cupido.

Love of his country and an insatiate thirst for glory shall prevail.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. Bk. vi. l. 824.

*Pucelle*.<sup>1</sup> One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom, Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 54.

Plus je vis l'étranger, plus j'aimai ma patrie.

The more I saw of foreign lands, the more I loved my own country.

DE BELLOY. *Siège de Calais*.

Our country is wherever we are well off.

MILTON. *Letter to P. Heinbach*. Aug. 15, 1666.

<sup>1</sup> The maid—i. e., the Maid of Orleans or Joan of Arc.

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

POPE. *On his Grotto at Twickenham*.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

DR. JOHNSON. *In Boswell's Life*.

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

*Ibid*. *Journey to the Western Islands*. *Inch Kenneth*.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,

His first best country ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 73.

So the loud torrent, and the whirl-  
wind's roar,

But bind him to his native mountains more.

*Ibid*. *The Traveller*. l. 207.

There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Vol. iii. p. 160.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

CHAS. C. PINCKNEY. *When Ambassador to the French Republic*. 1796.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

STEPHEN DECATUR. *Toast given at Norfolk*. April, 1816.

They love their land because it is their own,

And scorn to give aught other reason why;

Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,

And think it kindness to his majesty.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK. *Connecticut*.

For when was public virtue to be found  
When private was not? Can he love  
the whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend

Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. v.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd<sup>1</sup>

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!

For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

[Hath not thy heart within thee burned  
At evening's calm and holy hour?

S. G. BULFINCH. *The Voice of God in the Garden*.]

Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto vi. St. 1.

My foot is on my native heath, and  
my name is MacGregor!

*Ibid.* *Rob Roy*. Ch. xxxiv.

Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?

*Ibid.* *Marmion*. Canto iv. St. 30.

I loved my country, and I hated him.

SOUTHEY. *The Vision of Judgment*. lxxxiii.

He who loves not his country, can  
love nothing.

BYRON. *The Two Foscari*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,  
Who loves his country, cannot hate man-  
kind.

CHURCHILL. *The Farewell*. 1. 301.

<sup>1</sup> Did not our heart burn within us while  
he talked with us by the way?

*New Testament*. Luke xxiv. 32.

Far dearer, the grave or the prison,  
Illumed by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all who have  
risen

On Liberty's ruins to fame.

MOORE. *Irish Melodies*. *Forget not the Field*.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

JOHN K. INGRAM. *The Dublin Nation*. Vol. ii. p. 339. April 1, 1843.

Let our object be our country, our  
whole country, and nothing but our  
country.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Bunker Hill Oration*. Works. Vol. i. p. 78.

We join ourselves to no party that  
does not carry the flag and keep step to  
the music of the Union.

RUFUS CHOATE. *Letter to the Whig State Convention, Worcester, Mass.* Oct. 1, 1855.

The mystic chords of memory, stretch-  
ing from every battlefield and patriot  
grave to every living heart and hearth-  
stone all over this broad land, will yet  
swell the chorus of the Union, when  
again touched, as surely they will be by  
the better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Inaugural Address*. March 4, 1861.

The ever lustrous name of patriot  
To no man be denied because he saw  
Wherein his country's wholeness lay the  
flaw,  
Where, on her whiteness, the unseemly  
blot.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Sonnet*.

There are no points of the compass  
on the chart of true patriotism.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. *Letter to Boston Commercial Club*. 1879.

That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.

TENNYSON. *Hands all Around*.

A steady patriot of the world alone,  
The friend of every country—but his  
own.

GEORGE CANNING. *The New Morality*.

## PATRON.

There mark what ills the scholar's life  
assail,

Toil, envy, want, the Patron and the jail.

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.  
1. 159.

(See under AUTHOR.)

Is not a patron, my lord, one who  
looks with unconcern on a man strug-  
gling for life in the water, and when he  
has reached ground encumbers him with  
help?

*Ibid.* *Boswell's Life*. 1755.

The man that has no friend at court,  
Must make the laws confine his sport;  
But he that has, by dint of flaws,  
May make his sport confine the laws.

CHATTERTON. *The Revenge*. Act ii. Sc. 3.

## PEACE.

Peace, peace, when there is no peace.  
*Old Testament*. Jeremiah vi. 14; viii. 11.

They shall beat their swords into  
ploughshares, and their spears into  
pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up  
a sword against nation, neither shall  
they learn war any more.

*Ibid.* Amos iv. 3.

Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bel-  
lum.

Let him who desires peace prepare  
for war.

VEGETIUS. *De Re Militari*. iii. Prologue.

In pace ut sapiens aptarit idonea bello.

Like as a wise man in time of peace pre-  
pares for war.

HORACE. *Satires*. ii. 2. 111.

[Pope paraphrases Horace thus:

And who stands safest? Tell me, is it he  
That spreads and swells in puffed pros-  
perity,  
Or, blessed with little, whose preventing  
care

In peace provides fit arms against a war.

*Imitations of Horace. Satires*. ii. 1. 123.]

We should provide in peace what we need  
in war.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 709.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
For peace itself should not so dull a king-  
dom, . . .

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled and col-  
lected,

As were a war in expectation.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act. ii. Sc. 4.

The commonwealth of Venice in their  
armoury have this inscription: "Happy is  
that city which in time of peace thinks of  
war."

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. ii.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 6.

To be prepared for war is one of the most  
effectual means of preserving peace.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. *Speech to both  
Houses of Congress*. Jan. 8, 1790.

As has been often said, the goal of  
war is peace; of business, leisure.

ARISTOTLE. *Politica*. iv. 14.

We should so enter upon war as to show  
that our only desire is peace.

CICERO. *De Officiis*. i. 23.

*Richmond*. To reap the harvest of per-  
petual peace

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act v. Sc.  
2. 1. 15.

Mihi enim omnis pax cum civibus,  
bello civili utilior videbatur.

I consider that peace at any price with  
our fellow-citizens is preferable to civil  
war.

CICERO. *Philippica*. ii. 15, 37.

Vel iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello  
ante ferrem.

I would prefer even the most unfavour-  
able peace to the justest war that ever was  
waged.

*Ibid.* Epistle vi. 6. 5.

There never was a good war or a bad  
peace.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Letter to Quincy*.  
Sept. 11, 1773.

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity;  
but not peace at any price. There is a peace  
more destructive of the manhood of living  
man than war is destructive of his material  
body. Chains are worse than bayonets.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Specimens of Jerrold's  
Wit. Peace*.

No more to watch at night's eternal shore,  
With England's chivalry at dawn to ride;  
No more defeat, faith, victory,—O! no more  
A cause on earth for which we might have  
died.

HENRY NEWBOLT. *Peace*.

*Archbishop*. A peace is of the nature  
of a conquest;

For then both parties nobly are sub-  
dued,

And neither party loser.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. 1. 89.

*King Henry*. In peace, there's nothing  
so becomes a man,

As modest stillness, and humility.

*Ibid.* *Henry V*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 3.

*Volumnia.* That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 84.

I bring you peace with honour.  
BEACONSFIELD.

*Gloster.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of  
York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon  
our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victor-  
ious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monu-  
ments;  
Our stern alarms changed to merry  
meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful  
measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his  
wrinkled front;  
And now—instead of mounting barbed  
steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adver-  
saries—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Richard III.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 1.

*Gloster.* Why, I, in this weak piping  
time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.  
*Ibid.* *King Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 24.

Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than war.  
MILTON. *Sonnet. To the Lord General  
Cromwell.*

But dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valor true;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.  
WHITTIER. *Poems. The Hero.* St. 19.  
He who did well in war just earns the right  
To begin doing well in peace.  
R. BROWNING. *Luria.* Act ii.

Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as in the field.  
LOWELL. *Harvard Commemoration Ode.*  
But the real and lasting victories are those  
of peace, and not of war.  
EMERSON. *Worship.*

The Pilgrim they laid in a large  
upper chamber, whose window opened  
toward the sun-rising; the name of the  
chamber was Peace, where he slept till  
break of day, and then he awoke and  
sang.

BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. 1.  
War its thousands slays, Peace its ten  
thousands.

BEILBY PORTEUS. *Death.* l. 178.  
Peace rules the day, where reason  
rules the mind.  
COLLINS. *Eclogue II. Haxson.* l. 68.

Peace and friendship with all man-  
kind is our wisest policy, and I wish we  
may be permitted to pursue it.  
THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Letter to C. W. F.  
Dumas.* 1786.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully  
curled  
Above the green elms, that a cottage  
was near,  
And I said, "If there's peace to be found  
in the world,  
A heart that was humble might hope  
for it here."

MOORE. *Ballad Stanzas.*  
. . . Verily I do think  
War is as hateful almost, and well-nigh  
As ghastly, as this terrible Peace,  
whereby

We halt forever on the crater's brink,  
And feed the wind with phrases . . .  
WM. WATSON. *Ver Tenebrosum.*

The days of peace and slumberous  
calm are fled.  
KEATS. *Hyperion.* Bk. ii.

Yet there we follow but the bent as-  
signed  
By fatal Nature to Man's erring kind;  
Mark where his courage and his con-  
quests cease!  
He makes a solitude and calls it—peace!  
BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos.* Canto ii.  
St. 20.

[Byron may have had his Tacitus in mind,  
who ascribes a similar phrase to Galgacus,  
the leader of the Britons in their battles  
against the Roman legions at the foot of the  
Grampian lines. "Not East nor West," cried  
Galgacus, "would satisfy these Romans.  
Alone of all people they covert alike  
plenty and poverty. To plunder, to slay,  
to harry they miscall empire. And where  
they make a solitude they call it peace,"—  
Atque ubi solitudinum faciunt pacem ad-  
pellant.]

L'empire, c'est la paix.

The empire is peace.

NAPOLEON III. *Speech at Bordeaux.* Oct. 9, 1852.

Let us have peace.

U. S. GRANT. *Accepting Nomination.* May 20, 1868.

Peace! and no longer from its brazing portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW. *The Arsenal at Springfield.*

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? We have made them a curse.

TENNYSON. *Maud.* i. 6.

*Falstaff.* The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

In the inglorious arts of peace.

ANDREW MARVELL. *Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.*

When shall all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams across the sea?

TENNYSON. *The Golden Year.*

### PEDANT.

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,  
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.

Then wolde he speke and crye as he were wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn,  
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,

That he had lerned out of som decree;  
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;

And eek ye knowen well how that a jay  
Can clepén "Watte" as well as can the pope.

But who-so could in other thing him grope,

Thanne hadde he spent al his philo-  
sophye;

Ay, "*Questio quid iuris,*" wolde he crye.  
He was a gentle harlot and a kinde;

A bettre felawe sholde men nocht finde.  
CHAUCER. *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

### A servile race

Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,

Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad.* l. 183.

### PEN.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

*Old Testament.* Psalm xiv. i.

*Biron.* Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act iv. Sc. iii.

*Sir Toby Balch.* Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 52.

I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.

SIR T. BROWNE. *Religio Medici.* Pt. ii. Sc. 4.

There's no wound deeper than a pen can give,

It makes men living dead, and dead men live.

J. TAYLOR. *A Kicksey-Winsey.* Pt. 7.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,

And famous by my sword.

MONTROSE. *Thou Never Love Thee More.*

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his substance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

C. LAMB. *Essays of Elia.* *Oxford in the Vacation.*

The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,

Dropped from an angel's wing.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.* Pt. iii. v. *Wallons's Book of Lives.*

The pen wherewith thou dost so nobly sing,  
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

HENRY CONSTABLE. *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise  
Deserves a quill plucked from an angel's wing.

DOROTHY BERRY. *Sonnet.*

*Richelieu*. Beneath the rule of men  
entirely great

The pen is mightier than the sword.

BULWER LYTTON. *Richelieu*. Act. ii.  
Sc. ii.

Anser, apis, v. tellus, populus et regem  
gubernant.

Goose, bee, and calf! govern king and  
people.

Quoted in *Howell's Letters*. Bk. ii. let-  
ter 2.

The tongue's a sharper weapon than the  
sword.

PHOCYLIDES. *Sententiz*. 124.

A sword less hurt does, than a pen.

W. KING. *The Eagle and the Robin*.  
(line 82.)

Hinc quam sic calamus saevior ense.

The pen worse than the sword.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 4. Subs. 4.

Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'avant-  
tage sur l'épée.

So far had the pen under the king the  
superiority over the sword.

SAINT SIMON. *Mémoires*. Vol. iii. p. 517.  
1702. (Ed. 1856.)

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose  
quill!

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men!

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Re-  
viewers*.

## PENALTY; DEATH.

I'll see thee hanged first.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Knight  
of the Pestle*. Act i. Sc. 4.

*Silvius*. Say that you love me not, but  
say not so

In bitterness: the common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of  
death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled  
neck,

But first begs pardon.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 5. 1. 2.

*King Edward*. For Somerset, off with  
his guilty head!

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. v.

Off with his head—so much for Bucking-  
ham!

COLLEY CIBBER. *Version of Richard III*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.*, pen, wax, and parchment.

*First Clown*. What is he that builds  
stronger than either the mason, the ship-  
wright, or the carpenter?

*Second Clown*. The gallows-maker;  
for that frame outlives a thousand  
tenants.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Romeo*. Thou cutt'st my head off with  
a golden axe.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act. iii. Sc. 3.

Hanging was the worst use a man  
could be put to.

SIR H. WOTTON. *The Disparity Between  
Buckingham and Essex*.

That if a man's belief is bad

It will not be improved by burning.

FRÆD. *Every Day Christian*.

(See under BIGOTRY.)

Were it not that they are loath to lay  
out money on a rope, they would be  
hanged forthwith, and sometimes die to  
save charges.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 3. Subsec. 12.

A halter made of silk's a halter still.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Love in a Riddle*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1.

We must all hang together, or as-  
suredly we shall all hang separately.

FRANKLIN. *At the Signing of the Declara-  
tion of Independence*. July 4, 1776.

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,  
And shall Trelawny die?

There's thirty thousand Cornish men  
Shall know the reason why.

R. S. HAWKER.

[A ballad based upon a seventeenth cen-  
tury couplet, thus quoted by Macaulay:

And shall Trelawney die, and shall Tre-  
lawney die?

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will  
know the reason why.

The miners from their caverns re-echoed  
the song with a variation:—

Then twenty thousand under ground will  
know the reason why.

LORD MACAULAY. *History of England*.  
Ch. viii.

Hawker wrote his ballad in 1824. After-  
wards Davies Gilbert, President of the  
Royal Society, reprinted the entire ballad,  
believing it to be an ancient one, and Sir  
Walter Scott regarded it as "the solitary  
people's song of the seventeenth century."]

The high masts flicker'd as they lay  
afloat ;  
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and  
the shore ;  
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's  
throat,  
Touched ; and I knew no more.  
TENNYSON. *Dream of Fair Women*.

## PENSION.

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an  
hour.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 1. 1. 67.

He lied with such a fervor of intention—  
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate  
pension.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 80.

A moderate pension shakes full many  
a sage.  
*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto v. iii.

I have considered the pension list of  
the republic a roll of honor.  
GROVER CLEVELAND. *Veto of Mary Ann  
Dougherty's Pension*. July 5, 1888.

## PERFECTION.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your  
Father which is in heaven is perfect.  
*New Testament*. Matthew v. 48.

*Ferdinand*. For several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women : never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she  
ow'd,  
And put it to the foil : But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Florio*. What you do  
Still better what is done . . .  
. . . . Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular  
Crowns what you are doing in the present  
deeds

That all your acts are queens.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 140.

*Cassio*. He hath achieved a maid  
That paragons description, and wild  
fame ;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning  
pens,  
And in th' essential vesture of creation  
Does bear all excellency.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Lafeu*. Whose dear perfection hearts  
that scorn'd to serve  
Humbly call'd mistress.  
*Ibid.* *All's Well That Ends Well*. Act v.  
Sc. 3. 1. 16.

*Portia*. How many things by season  
season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfec-  
tion !  
*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act v. Sc. 1.  
1. 107.

When I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete ; so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest,  
best.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. 1. 546.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to  
find  
In all the world, much less in woman-  
kind.  
POPE. *January and May*. 1. 190.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er  
shall be.  
POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. 1. 53.  
(See FAULTS.)

The very pink of perfection.  
GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

A man cannot have an idea of perfec-  
tion in another, which he was never  
sensible of in himself.  
STEELE. *The Tatler*. No. 227.

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore  
The vision, is the artist's best delight ;  
His bitterest pang, that he can ne'er do  
more  
Than keep her long'd-for loveliness in  
sight.  
WM. WATSON. *Epiigrams*.

They are perfect ; how else ?—they shall  
never change :  
We are faulty ; why not ?—we have  
time in store.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *Old Pictures in  
Florence*. St. 16.

What's come to perfection perishes.  
Things learned on earth we shall practise  
in heaven;

Works done least rapidly Art most  
cherishes.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Old Pictures in Florence*. St. 17.

PERFUME.

An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. l. 720.

A stream of rich distill'd perfumes.  
*Ibid.* *Comus*. 556.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Arabie the blest.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. IV. l. 162.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder  
box.

POPE. *The Rape of the Lock*. Canto I.  
l. 134.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.  
*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. l. 200.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume.  
COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 283.

You may break, you may shatter the  
vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang  
round it still.

MOORE. *Farewell! But whenever you welcome the Hour*.

In virtue, nothing earthly could surpass  
her,

Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto I. St. 17.

Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses:  
That gave out, in return for the love-  
light,

Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death.  
POE. *To Helen*. l. 11.

PERSEVERANCE.

Πέτρην κοιλᾶνει βανίς ὑδατος ἐνδελεχείη.

By constant dripping

A drop of water hollows out a rock.  
CHOERILUS OF SAMOS. *Fragment 9*. (*Dübner*).

The unceasing drop of water, as they say,  
Will wear a channel in the hardest stone.  
BION SMYRNAEUS. *Fragment 2*. ll. 1.

No rock so hard but that a little wave  
May beat admission in a thousand years.  
TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

*Ulysses*. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to  
hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida*. Act  
III. Sc. 3. l. 150.

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be  
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and  
free;

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and  
Victory.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus*. Act IV.

PERSONAL.

(See NAMES OF FAMOUS PERSONAGES.)

But were it to my fancy given  
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;  
For though a mortal made of clay,  
Angels must love Ann Hathaway;  
She hath a way so to control,  
To rapture the imprisoned soul,  
And sweetest heaven on earth display,  
That to be heaven Ann hath a way;

She hath a way.

Ann Hathaway,—

To be heaven's self Ann hath a way.

Attributed to SHAKESPEARE..

[Ann Hathaway was the maiden name of  
Shakespeare's wife. Some critics read a  
biting irony into this poem.]

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,

Whose word no man relies on;

He never said a foolish thing,

Nor ever did a wise one.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *Written on Charles  
II.'s bed-chamber door*.

[The first line is often quoted:

Here lies our mutton-eating king.

The king made an apt and witty reply:  
"That is very true," he said, "for my words  
are my own, my actions are my ministers."]

Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,  
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.  
The rest to some faint meaning make  
pretence,

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

DRYDEN. *Mac Flecknoe*. l. 17.

A fiery soul, which working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves  
ran high,

He sought the storms.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
l. 156.

So over-violent, or over-civil,  
That every man with him was God or  
Devil.

*Ibid.* *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i. l.  
557.

Made still a blund'ring kind of  
melody;  
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through  
thick and thin,  
Through sense and nonsense, never out  
nor in.

*Ibid.* *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. ii. l.  
413.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul  
sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
Who broke no promise, served no private  
end;

Who gain'd no title, and who lost no  
friend;

Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
And praised, unenvied by the muse he  
loved.

POPE. *Epistle to Mr. Addison* (concluding  
lines).

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases  
yet,

His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:  
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.

*Ibid.* *Satires*. Epis. v. l. 75.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst  
choose,

The best good man with the worst-  
natured muse.

*Ibid.* *An Allusion to Horace*. Satire x.  
Bk. i.

Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-  
humour'd muse!

GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation*. *Postscript*.

The bard whom pilfered pastorals re-  
nown,

Who turns a Persian tale for half a  
crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness ap-  
pear,

And strains, from hard-bound brains,  
eight lines a year;

He, who still wanting, though he lives  
on theft,

Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing  
left;

And he, who now to sense, now non-  
sense leaning,

Means not, but blunders round about a  
meaning:

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely  
bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest satire bade trans-  
late;

And own'd that nine such poets made a  
Tate.

POPE. *Prologue to the Satires*. l. 179.

But all our praises why should lords  
engross?

Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man  
of Ross;

Pleased Vaga echoes through her wind-  
ing bounds,

And rapid Severn hoarse applause re-  
sounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's  
sultry brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters  
flow?

Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless, pouring through  
the plain

Health to the sick, and solace to the  
swain.

Whose causeway parts the vale with  
shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed spire  
to rise?

"The Man of Ross!" each lisp-  
ing babe replies.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. iii. l. 249.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to  
pray;

To toast our wants and wishes, is her  
way;

Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give  
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to  
live."

Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?

A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please;

With too much spirit to be e'er at ease:

With too much quickness ever to be taught;

With too much thinking to have common thought.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 87.

Narcissa's<sup>1</sup> nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;

Has even been proved to grant a lover's prayer,

And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;

Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,  
And made a widow happy, for a whim.

Why, then, declare good-nature is her scorn,

When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?  
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?

A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:  
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of

Martyrs,  
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres;

Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns:

And atheism and religion take their turns;

A very heathen in the carnal part,  
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 53.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);

"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace

Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

<sup>1</sup> Duchess of Hamilton.

One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. i. l. 246.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,<sup>1</sup>

The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,

Great Villiers lies; alas! how changed from him

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim.

*Ibid.* *Moral Essays*. Epis. iii. l. 299.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,

Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.

*Ibid.* *The Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 19.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind:

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;

His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.

GOLDSMITH. *Lines on Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

The tongue which set the table in a roar,  
And charmed the public ear, is heard

no more;  
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,

Which spake before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.

GARRICK. *Epitaph on James Quinn*.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,

The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough, along the mountain side.

WORDSWORTH. *Resolution and Independence*. St. 7.

<sup>1</sup> Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the gay, witty, and unprincipled minister of Charles the Second, to whom Pope here refers, did not die as thus represented, but at a farm house at Kirby Moorside.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hor-  
tensius.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 7.

The starry Galileo with his woes.  
*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 54.

I have been  
With starry Galileo in his cell—  
That wise magician with the brow serene,  
Who fathomed space; and I have seen him  
tell

The wonders of the planetary sphere,  
And trace the ramparts of Heaven's citadel  
On the cold flagstones of his dungeon drear.  
W. E. AYTOUN. *Blind Old Milton*.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upraiding  
shore.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 57.

Macaulay is like a book in breeches . . .  
He has occasional flashes of silence, that  
make his conversation perfectly delight-  
ful.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir*.  
Vol. i. p. 363.

A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated  
with the exuberance of his own ver-  
bosity, and gifted with an egotistical  
imagination, that can at all times com-  
mand an interminable and inconsistent  
series of arguments to malign an oppo-  
nent, and to glorify himself.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. *Speech in the*  
*House of Commons*. 1878.

[The reference is to Gladstone.]

O sea-green incorruptible.

CARLYLE. *French Revolution*. Pt. ii.  
Bk. iv.

[Robespierre.]

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the  
world's,—

Therefore on him no speech! And  
brief for thee,

Browning! Since Chaucer was alive  
and hale,

No man hath walk'd along our roads  
with steps

So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse.

W. S. LANDOR. *To Robert Browning*.

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate,"  
which if cut deep down the middle,  
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured,  
of a veined humanity.

MRS. BROWNING. *Lady Geraldine's Court-*  
*ship*. xli.

Thou large-brain'd woman and large-  
hearted man.

MRS. BROWNING. *To George Sand*. *A*  
*Desire*.

See! There is Jackson standing like  
a stone wall.

BERNARD E. BEE. *At the Battle of*  
*Manassas (Bull Run)*. July 21, 1861.  
[Hence the sobriquet "Stone-wall Jack-  
son."]

A Lady<sup>1</sup> with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,

A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

LONGFELLOW. *Santa Filomena*. St. 10.

The clear, sweet singer with the crown  
of snow

Not whiter than the thoughts that housed  
below.

J. R. LOWELL. *To George William Curtis*.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich  
words, every one,  
Are like gold nails in temples to hang  
trophies on.

*Ibid.* *A Fable for Critics*.

## PERSUASION.

(See ELOQUENCE; ORATOR.)

He, from whose lips divine persuasion  
flows.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. vii. l. 143.  
(POPE, trans.)

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive  
sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of  
eyes.

*Ibid.* *Iliad*. Bk. xiv. l. 251.  
(POPE, trans.)

*Shallow*. Persuade me not. I will  
make a star-chamber matter of it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 1.

Yet hold it more humane, more heav-  
'nly, first,

By winning words to conquer willing  
hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of  
fear.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. i. l. 221.

<sup>1</sup> Florence Nightingale.

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he  
talks,  
And he has chambers in King's Bench  
walks.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Epigram*.

[Parody on POPE'S lines :  
Graced as thou art with all the power of  
words,  
So known, so honoured, at the House of  
Lords,  
*Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epis-  
tle i. Bk. ii. l. 413.*]

## PHILOSOPHY.

(See SCIENCE.)

Est profecto animi medicina, philo-  
sophia.

The true medicine of the mind is  
philosophy.

CICERO. *Tusculanae Disputationes*. iii. 3. 6.

I look to philosophy to provide an  
antidote to sorrow.

*Ibid. Academica*. i. 3. 11.

Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 3. l. 55.

All men are

Philosophers, to their inches.

BEN JONSON. *The Magnetic Lady*. Act i.  
Sc. 1.

*Horatio*. O day and night, but this is  
wondrous strange!

*Hamlet*. And therefore as a stranger  
give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and  
earth, *Horatio*,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
165.

*Touchstone*. It goes much against my  
stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee,  
*shepherd*?

*Ibid. As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 35.

Philosophers dwell in the moon, spec-  
ulation and theory girdle the world  
about like a wall.

FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3.

There was an ancient sage philosopher,  
That had read Alexander Ross over,  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of fighting and of love.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. 1. Canto ii. l. 1.

How charming is divine Philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools  
suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON. *Comus*. l. 476.

I shall detain you no longer in the dem-  
onstration of what we should not do, but  
straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I  
will point ye out the right path of a virtuous  
and noble education; laborious indeed at  
the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green,  
so full of goodly prospect and melodious  
sounds on every side that the harp of Or-  
pheus was not more charming.

*Ibid. Tractate on Education*.

As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 342.

Philosophy ! the great and only heir  
Of all the human knowledge which has  
been

Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin.

COWLEY. *To the Royal Society*.

Philosophy ! the lumber of the schools,  
The roguery of alchemy :  
And we the bubbled fools

Spend all our present stock in hopes of  
golden rules.

SWIFT. *Ode to Sir W. Temple*. ii.

This same philosophy is a good horse  
in the stable, but an arrant jade on a  
journey.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man*. Act i.

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,  
To span Omnipotence, and measure  
might

That knows no measure, by the scanty  
rule

And standard of his own, that is to-day,  
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. vi. l. 211.

Why should not grave Philosophy be  
styled

Herself a dreamer of a kindred stock,  
A dreamer, yet more spiritless and dull ?

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. iii.

Hold thou the good ; define it well ;

For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*.

In earthy mire philosophy may slip.  
SIR W. SCOTT. *The Poacher*.

Do not all charms fly  
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?  
KEATS. *Lamia*. ii.

Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,  
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,  
Empty the haunted air, the gnomed  
mine—

Unweave a rainbow.  
*Ibid.* *Lamia*. ii.

### PITY.

(See CHARITY; MERCY.)

He that hath pity upon the poor lend-  
eth unto the Lord.  
*Old Testament*. Proverbs xix. 17.

By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,  
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.  
POPE. *Iliad of Homer*. Bk. xi. l. 247.

Let sorrow lend me words, and words  
express

The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. cxi.

Soft pity enters at an iron gate.  
*Ibid.* *The Rape of Lucrece*. 85.

*King Henry*. My pity hath been balm  
to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling  
griefs.  
*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act iv. Sc. 8. l. 41.

*Clarence*. My friend, I spy some pity  
in thy looks;  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for  
me,  
As you would beg, were you in my dis-  
tress:

A begging prince what beggar pities not?  
*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act 1. Sc. 4. l. 270.

*King Richard*. Tear-falling pity dwells  
not in this eye.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 66.

*King Richard*. I shall despair. There  
is no creature loves me;  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:  
Nay, wherefore should they, since that  
I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself.  
*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 200.

*First Stranger*. But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dis-  
pense;

For policy sits above conscience.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 92.

*Alcibiades*. Pity is the virtue of the  
law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
*Ibid.* *Timon of Athens*. Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 8.

*Juliet*. Is there no pity sitting in the  
clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act iii. Sc. 5.  
l. 198.

*Othello*. But yet the pity of it, Iago!  
O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!  
*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 201.

Pity's akin to love; and every thought  
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.  
THOS. SOUTHERNE. *Oroonoko*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 64.

*Silvia*. Pity is sworn servant unto love.  
S. DANIEL. *The Queen's Arcadia*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1.

Of all the paths that lead to a woman's love  
Pity's the straightest.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Knight  
of Malta*. Act. i. Sc. 1. l. 73.

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
That love was in the next degree:  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*. l. 93.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay:  
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;  
Far lovelier; pity swells the tide of love.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night iii. l. 104.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast  
Where love has been received a welcome  
guest.  
R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Duenna*. Act ii.  
Sc. 3.

So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,  
When others' ruin may increase their  
store!

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis*. ccl.

Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Hermit*. St. 6.

Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
*Ibid.* *The Deserted Village*. l. 161.

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.  
CHURCHILL. *Prophecy of Famine*. l. 178.

The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!

ERASMUS DARWIN. *The Loves of the Plants*. Canto. iii. l. 298.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won.

TENNYSON. *Godiva*.

And loving-kindness, that is pity's kin  
And is most pitiless.

SWINBURNE. *A Ballad of Life*.

### PLAGIARISM.

(See QUOTATION.)

Quicquid bene dictum est ab ullo,  
meum est.

Whatever has been well said by any one is my property.

SENECA. *Epistolæ*. xvi. 7.

Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.

I take my property wherever I find it.

Attributed to MOLIÈRE.

[But Molière really said *reprends* (recover), not *prends* (take); meaning that when any one stole from him he recaptured his own property.]

In his immense quotation and allusion we quickly cease to discriminate between what he quotes and what he invents. 'Tis all Plutarch by right of eminent domain, and all property vests in the emperor.

R. W. EMERSON. *Representative Men: Plutarch*.

It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

*Ibid.* *Representative Men: Shakespeare*.

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life."

*Ibid.* *Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality*.

Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum sit prius.

Nothing is said nowadays that has not been said before.

TERENCE. *Eunuchus. Prologue*. xli.

[St. Jerome tells us that his teacher, Ælius Donatus, commenting on these lines of Terence, was wont to say:

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.  
Perish those who said our good things before we did.

*Commentary on Ecclesiastes*. Ch. i.

Piron's phrase is nearly akin:  
Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance.

Their writings are thoughts stolen from us by anticipation.]

We can say nothing but what has been said. . . . Our poets steal from Homer. . . . Our storydressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader*.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores:

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves:

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves:

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes:

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

I wrote these lines; another wears the bays:

Thus you for others build your nests, O birds:

Thus you for others bear your fleece, O sheep:

Thus you for others honey make, O bees:

Thus you for others drag the plough, O kine:

VIRGIL. *Claudius Donatus. Life of Virgil. (Delphin edition. 1830. p. 17.)*

[The story runs that a versifier named Bathyllus had stolen a distich of Virgil's, written in honor of Augustus. Virgil, in the presence of emperor and plagiarist, wrote these lines beneath the distich:

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores:

Sic vos non vobis—

Sic vos non vobis—

Sic vos non vobis—

Sic vos non vobis—

When Bathyllus confessed that he could not fill up the blank spaces, Virgil accomplished the feat as above.]

The seed ye sow another reaps:

The wealth ye find, another keeps;

The robe ye weave, another wears;

The arms ye forge another bears.

SHELLEY. *To the Men of England*.

In comparing various authors with one another, I have discovered that some of the gravest and latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from

former works, without making acknowledgment.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History*. Bk. i. Dedication. Sec. 22.

For oute of olde feldys, as men sey,  
Comyth al this newe corn from yere to yere;

And out of olde bokis, in good fey,  
Comyth al this newe science that men lere.

CHAUCER. *The Parlement of Fowles*. l. 21.

Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Works*. *Second Week*. Pt. ii.

(JOHN SYLVESTER, trans.)

Not presuming to put my sickle in another man's corn.

NICHOLAS YONGE. *Musica Transalpini*. *Epistle Dedicatory*. 1588.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Physiognomy*.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *Preface to the Elements of Architecture*.

Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Physiognomy*.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiary.

MILTON. *Iconoclasts*. xxiii.

[Witches] steal young children out of their cradles, *ministerium dæmonum*, and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. 2. Memb. 1. Subs. 3.

Steal!—to be sure they may; and egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

R. B. SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,  
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

CHURCHILL. *The Apology*. l. 232.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
On the wings of borrowed wit.

GEORGE WITHER. *The Shepherd's Hunting*.

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *Democritus to the Reader*.

All the makers of dictionaries, all compilers who do nothing else than repeat backwards and forwards the opinions, the errors, the impostures, and the truths already printed, we may term plagiarists; but honest plagiarists, who arrogate not the merit of invention.

VOLTAIRE. *A Philosophical Dictionary*. *Plagiarism*.

Then why should those who pick and choose

The best of all the best compose,  
And join it by mosaic art,  
In graceful order, part to part,  
To make the whole in beauty suit,  
Not merit as complete repute  
As those who, with less art and pains,  
Can do it with their native brains.

BUTLER. *Satire on Plagiarists*. l. 109.

See, how these rascals use me! They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.

JOHN DENNIS. See *Biographia Britannica*. Vol. v. p. 103.

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,

In pleasing memory of all he stole,  
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,

And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.

POPE. *Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 127.

With him most authors steal their works,  
or buy;

Garth did not write his own Dispensary.  
*Ibid*. *Essay on Criticism*. l. 618.

That's of no consequence, all that can be said is that two people happen'd to hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.

SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Libertas et natale solum:

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

SWIFT. *Verses Occasioned by Whilshed's Motto on His Coach*.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence  
To fame;—to copy faults is want of  
sense.

CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad*. l. 457.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins  
the Psalms.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Re-  
viewers*. l. 326.

Most writers steal a good thing when  
they can,  
And when 'tis safely got 'tis worth the  
winning.

The worst of 't is we now and then de-  
tect 'em,

Before they ever dream that we suspect  
'em.

BARRY CORNWALL. *Diego de Montillo*. iv.

Read my little fable:

He that runs may read.

Most can raise the flowers now,

For all have got the seed.

TENNYSON. *The Flowers*.

### PLEASURE.

*Tranio*. No profit grows where is no  
pleasure ta'en.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 39.

*Friar*. These violent delights have  
violent ends

And in their triumph die, like fire and  
powder,

Which as they kiss consume.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 6. l. 9.

Sure as night follows day,

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps  
round the world,

When Pleasure treads the paths which  
Reason shuns.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 863.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in  
pain.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night viii. l. 1045.

I fly from pleasure, because pleasure  
has ceased to please; I am lonely be-  
cause I am miserable.

DR. JOHNSON. *Rasselas*. Ch. iii.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree  
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judg-  
ment free.

COWPER. *Progress of Error*. l. 267.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever.

BURNS. *Tam o' Shanter*. l. 59.

The rule of my life is to make busi-  
ness a pleasure, and pleasure my busi-  
ness.

AARON BURR.

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

KEATS. *Fancy*.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,  
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,  
Dear soul, for all is well."

TENNYSON. *The Palace of Art*.

### PLEASURE-PAIN.

Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis  
floribus angat.

In the midst of the fountain of wit  
there arises something bitter, which  
stings in the very flowers.

LUCRETIVS. *De Rerum Natura*. iv. 1133.

Still from the fount of joy's delicious  
springs

Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling  
venom flings.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 82.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must  
die;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth  
sips:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose stren-  
uous tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate  
fine;

His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

KEATS. *Ode on Melancholy*.

There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in melancholy.

HOOD. *Ode to Melancholy*.

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.

SHELLEY. *To a Skylark*. l. 86.

The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove  
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,  
And many a rose leaf cull'd by Love  
To heal his lips when bees have stung it.  
MOORE. *The Wreath and the Chain.*

Quanto la cosa è più perfetta,  
Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza.  
The more perfect the thing  
The more it feels pleasure and also pain.  
DANTE. *Inferno.* Canto vi.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.  
BURNS. *Sensibility.*

No! Life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment  
adorns;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the  
flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the  
thorns.  
MOORE. *Irish Melodies: Oh! think not  
my spirits are always so light.*

Alas! by some degree of woe  
We every bliss must gain:  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.  
LYTTELTON. *Song written in 1753.*

As high as we have mounted in delight,  
In our dejection do we sink as low.  
WORDSWORTH. *Resolution and Independ-  
ence.*

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest  
suffer most,  
That the strongest wander farthest, and  
more hopelessly are lost,  
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity  
for pain,  
That the anguish of the singer makes the  
sweetness of the strain?  
SARAH WILLIAMS.

Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,—  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.  
DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast.* 1. 58.

Ita Dis placitum, voluptatem ut maeror  
comes consequatur.

Thus it pleases Heaven,  
That Sorrow, her companion, still should  
tread  
Upon the heels of Pleasure.  
PLAUTUS. *Amphitryo.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 5.

There is no felicity upon earth, which  
carries not its counterpoise of misfortunes;  
no happiness which mounts so high, which  
is not depressed by some calamity.  
JEREMY TAYLOR. *Contemplation of the  
State of Man.* BK. i. Ch. ii.

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens  
bestow  
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe.  
SIR W. JONES. *Laura.*

And painfull pleasure turnes to pleas-  
ing paine.  
SPENSER. *Faerie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto  
x. St. 60.

Oliver. Chewing the food of sweet  
and bitter fancy.  
SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act iv.  
Sc. iii. 1. 98.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain;  
but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchased, doth inher-  
it pain.  
*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
1. 72.

'Tis the pest  
Of love that fairest joys give most unrest.  
KEATS. *Endymion.* ii.

We, by our sufferings, learn to prize  
our bliss.  
DRYDEN. *Astræa Redux.*

Faint is the bliss, that never past thro'  
pain.  
COLLEY CIBBER. *Love in a Riddle.* Act  
iii. Sc. 2.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night viii.  
1. 793.

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure,  
else past pleasure turns to pain.  
ROBERT BROWNING. *La Saisiaz.* 1. 170.

Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,  
but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,  
never grudge the throe!  
*Ibid.* *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Under pain, pleasure,—  
Under pleasure, pain lies.  
EMERSON. *The Sphinx.*

## POETS.

Poets utter great and wise things  
which they do not themselves under-  
stand.

PLATO. *The Republic.* Bk. ii. Sec. v.

Multa fero ut placem genus irritabile  
vatum.

I would do much to please those irri-  
table folk, the poets.

HORACE. *Epistolæ.* ii. 2, 102.

Mediocribus esse poetis  
Non Dii, non homines, non concessere  
columnæ.

But gods and men and booksellers agree  
To place their ban on middling poetry.

HORACE. *Art of Poetry*. l. 372.  
(CONINGTON, TRANS.)

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.  
The bard remains, unlimb him as you  
will.

*Ibid.* *Satires*. i. 4, 62.  
(CONINGTON, TRANS.)

Carmine fit vivax virtus: expersque  
sepulcri,  
Notitiam seræ posteritatis habet.

Song makes great deeds immortal, cheats  
the tomb,  
And hands down fame to ages yet to  
come.

OVID. *Epistles*. iv. 8, 47.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!  
They had no poet, and they died.

POPE. *Odes*. Bk. iv. Ode 9.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

The man is either mad, or else he's  
writing verses.

HORACE. *Satires*. ii. 7, 117.  
[Davus' (Horace's slave) description of  
his master's eccentric and irregular habits.]

For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

DRAYTON. *To Henry Reynolds. Of Poets  
and Poesy*. l. 109.

Consules fiunt quotannis et novi procon-  
sules:

Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis  
nascitur.

Each year new consuls and proconsuls  
are made; but not every year is a king  
or a poet born.

FLORUS. *De Qualitate Vitæ*. Fragment  
viii.

[Hence, probably, "Poeta nascitur, non  
fit," the poet is born and not made.]

And, therefore, is an old proverb, Orator  
fit, poeta nascitur.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Apologie for Poetry*.

For a good poet's made as well as born.

BEN JONSON. *To the Memory of Shake-  
speare*.

But genius must be born, and never can  
be taught.

DRYDEN. *Epistle X. To Congreve*. l. 60.

One may be a poet without versing,  
and a versifier without poetry.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *An Apologie for Poetrie*.

*Benedick*. I was not born under a  
rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in fes-  
tival terms.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act v. Sc. 2. l. 40.

*Hotspur*. I had rather be a kitten, and  
cry mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-  
mongers:

I had rather hear a brazen canstick  
turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on  
edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'Tis like the fore'd gait of a shuffling  
nag.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 126.

A poet soaring in the high reason of  
his fancies, with his garland and singing  
robes about him.

MILTON. *The Reason of Church Govern-  
ment*. Introduction. Bk. ii.

Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eyes by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

*Ibid.* *L'Allegro*. l. 129.

Those other two equalled with me in  
fate,

So were I equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,  
And Tÿrêsiäs and Phineus, prophets old:  
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary  
move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful  
bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert  
hid.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 33.

Poets that lasting marble seek  
Must come in Latin or in Greek.

WALLER. *Of English Verse*.

Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-  
pated,

Who rhyme below e'en David's Psalms  
translated.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt.  
ii. l. 402.

To write a verse or two is all the praise  
That I can raise.

GEORGE HERBERT. *Praise*.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man  
of rhyme,  
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

POPE. *Prologue to Satires*. 1. 13.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fa-  
tigated I said,

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm  
dead.

The Dog-star rages; nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each  
hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the  
land.

*Ibid.* *Prologue to Satires*. 1. 1.

Is there a parson much be-mused in  
beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to  
cross,

Who pens a stanza, when he should en-  
gross?

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper,  
scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his dark-  
en'd walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain  
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

*Ibid.* *Prologue to Satires*. 1. 15.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their readers  
sleep.

*Ibid.* *Dunciad*. Bk. i. 1. 93.

True poets are the guardians of state.

ROSCOMMON. *Essay on Translated Verse*.

Call it not vain:—they do not err,  
Who say, that, when the poet dies,

Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;

Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan;

That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;

Through his loved groves that breezes  
sigh,

And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave

To murmur dirges round his grave.

SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto  
v. St. 1.

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*.

Pt. ii. 1. 98.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,  
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows  
when

The world was worthy of such men.

MRS. BROWNING. *A Vision of Poets*.

Blessings be with them, and eternal  
praise,

Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler  
cares!—

The Poets, who on earth have made us  
heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
lays.

WORDSWORTH. *Personal Talk*. St. 4.

Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach

in song.

SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo*.

And poets by their sufferings grow,—

As if there were no more to do,

To make a poet excellent,

But only want and discontent.

BUTLER. *Fragments*.

Justice turns the scale

For those to whom through pain

At last comes wisdom's gain.

ÆSCHYLUS. *Agamemnon*. 250.

(PLUMPTRE, trans.)

O ye dead Poets, who are living still

Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,

And ye, O living Poets, who are dead

Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,

Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,

With drops of anguish falling fast and red

From the sharp crown of thorns upon your

head,

Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?

LONGFELLOW. *The Poets*.

Weep no more! Oh weep no more!

Youngbuds sleep in the root's white core.

Dry your eyes! Oh dry your eyes!

For I was taught in Paradise

To ease my breast of melodies.

SHELLEY. *Faery Song*.

And as in Beauty's bower he pensive

sate,

Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,

To charms as fair as those that soothed

his happier day.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto i. St. 84.

How does the poet speak to men with  
power, but by being still more a man  
than they.

CARLYLE. *Essays*. Burns.

A poet without love were a physical  
and metaphysical impossibility.

*Ibid.* *Essays*. Burns.

Most joyful let the Poet be ;  
It is through him that all men see.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING. *The Poet of the  
Old and New Times*.

God's prophets of the Beautiful,  
These Poets were.

E. B. BROWNING. *Vision of Poets*. St. 98.

Poets are all who love, who feel great  
truths  
And tell them ; and the truth of truths  
is love.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *Another and a Bet-  
ter World*.

For as nightingales do upon glow-worms  
feed,  
So poets live upon the living light.

*Ibid.* *Festus*. Sc. *Home*.

I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. xxi. 6.

I sing but as the linnet sings.

GOETHE. *The Harper's Song*. *Wilhelm  
Meister*. Bk. ii. Ch. xi.

(CARLYLE, trans.)

To have the great poetic heart  
Is more than all poetic fame.

TENNYSON. *The New Timon*.

Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit :

Vex not thou the poet's mind ;  
For thou canst not fathom it.

*Ibid.* *The Poet's Mind*.

The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above ;  
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn  
of scorn,  
The love of love.

*Ibid.* *The Poet*.

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

LONGFELLOW. *The Singers*.

Read from some humbler poet  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start.

LONGFELLOW. *The Day is Done*.

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

*Ibid.* *The Day is Done*.

For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey,  
When the Angel says : " Write."

*Ibid.* *The Poet and His Songs*.

Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young  
And always keep us so.

EMERSON. *Ode to Beauty*.

Alas ! that one is born in blight,  
Victim of perpetual slight.

And another is born  
To make the sun forgotten.

*Ibid.* *Destiny*.

Where go the poet's lines ?  
Answer, ye evening tapers !  
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
Speak from your folded papers !

HOLMES. *The Poet's Lot*.

Sappho survives, because we sing her  
songs ;  
And Æschylus, because we read his  
plays !

ROBERT BROWNING. *Cleon*.

The idle singer of an empty day.  
WILLIAM MORRIS. *The Earthly Paradise*.  
*Apology*.

## POETRY.

Usus Poetae, ut moris est, licentia.  
Using, as his habit is, a poet's license.

PHÆDRUS. *Fables*. iv. 25, 8.

Non satis est puris versum prescribere  
verbis.

'Tis not sufficient to combine  
Well-chosen words in a well-ordered  
line.

HORACE. *Satires*. i. 4, 54.

Nonumque prematur in annum.  
Let your poem be kept nine years.  
HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. 388.

I was promised on a time,  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time unto this season,  
I received nor rhyme nor reason.  
SPENSER. *Lines on His Promised Pension*.  
See *Fuller's Worthies*, by NUTTALL.  
Vol. ii. p. 379.

*Rosalind*. But are you so much in love  
as your rhymes speak?

*Orlando*. Neither rhyme nor reason  
can express how much.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 108.

Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for  
now it is rhyme; before it was neither  
rhyme nor reason.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

*Touchstone*. This is the very false gal-  
lop of verses: Why do you infect your-  
self with them?

*Rosalind*. Peace, you dull fool; I  
found them on a tree.

*Touchstone*. Truly, the tree yields bad  
fruit.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 2. l. 178.

And liked the canter of the rhymes,  
That had a hoofbeat in their sound.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Wayside Inn*. *Inter-  
lude before The Mother's Ghost*.

*Touchstone*. Truly, I would the gods  
had made thee poetical.

*Audrey*. I do not know what poetical  
is: Is it honest in deed, and word?  
Is it a true thing?

*Touchstone*. No, truly; for the truest  
poetry is the most feigning; and lovers  
are given to poetry; and what they  
swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers,  
they do feign.

*Audrey*. Do you wish, then, that the  
gods had made me poetical?

*Touchstone*. I do, truly; for thou  
swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if  
thou wert a poet I might have some  
hope thou didst feign.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3. l. 15.

The elegance, facility, and golden  
cadence of poesy.

*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act iv. Sc. 2.  
l. 126.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowl-  
edge.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Defence of Poesy*.

A verse may finde him who a sermon  
flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

HERBERT. *The Temple*. *The Church Porch*.

Thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iii. l. 37.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their  
courses.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i.  
l. 463.

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have  
some participation of divineness, because  
it doth raise and erect the mind by sub-  
mitting the shews of things to the de-  
sires of the mind.

MILTON. *Advancement of Learning*. Bk. i.

But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think's sufficient at one time.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto i. l. 23.

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une  
voix légère

Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au  
sévère.

Happy he who in his verses knows  
how to pass with a gentle voice from  
grave to mild, from pleasant to severe.

BOILEAU. *L'Art Poétique*. i. 75.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer  
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.  
DRYDEN. *The Art of Poetry*. Canto i.  
l. 75.

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epistle iv. l. 379.

One merit of poetry few persons will  
deny: it says more and in fewer words  
than prose.

VOLTAIRE. *A Philosophical Dictionary*.  
*Poets*.

Then, at the last and only couplet  
fraught

With some unmeaning thing they call a  
thought,

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its  
slow length along.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 156.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it  
flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my  
foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!

*Ibid.* *Prólogo to Satires*. l. 283.

There is in Poesy a decent pride,  
Which well becomes her when she  
speaks to Prose,  
Her younger sister.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 64.

In numbers warmly pure and sweetly  
strong.

WILLIAM COLLINS. *Ode to Simplicity*.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's  
silvery column:

In the pentameter aye falling in melody  
back.

COLERIDGE. *The Ovidian Elegiac Metre*.

Strongly it bears us along in swelling  
and limitless billows;  
Nothing before and nothing behind but  
the sky and the ocean.

*Ibid.* *The Homeric Hexameter*.

(Trans. from SCHILLER.)

So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with  
cadence sonorous,  
Falls; and in reflux rhythm back the  
Pentameter flows.

LONGFELLOW. *Elegiac Verse*.

[The hexameter is an exotic, which does  
not flourish in English soil. Yet successful  
lines may be quoted from Longfellow and  
Kingsley:

Chanting the hundredth Psalm, that grand  
old Puritan anthem,

*Ibid.* *Evangeline*.

As when an osprey aloft, dock-eyebrowed,  
royally crested,

KINGSLEY. *Andromeda*.]

I wish our clever young poets would  
remember my homely definitions of  
prose and poetry; that is, prose,—  
words in their best order; poetry,—the  
best words in their best order.

COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*.

The poetry of earth is never dead;

The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

KEATS. *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*.

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
verse,

Like withered leaves, to quicken a new  
birth;

And, by the incarnation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished  
hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-  
hind?

SHELLEY. *Ode to the West Wind*.

The light that never was, on sea or land;  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

WORDSWORTH. *Suggested by a Picture of  
Pelec Castle in a Storm*. St. 4.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.

*Ibid.* *The Excursion*. Bk. vii.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the  
sound;

All at her work the village maiden  
sings,

Nor while she turns the giddy wheel  
around,

Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

GIFFORD. *Contemplation*.

For there is no heroic poem in the  
world but is at bottom a biography, the  
life of a man; also, it may be said, there  
is no life of a man, faithfully recorded,  
but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed  
or unrhymed.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Sir Walter Scott*.

He who would not be frustrate of his hope  
to write well hereafter in laudable things  
ought himself to be a true poem.

MILTON. *Apology for Smectymnus*.

The world is a great poem, and the  
world's

The words it is writ in, and we souls the  
thoughts.

BAILEY. *Festus*. Sc. *Everywhere*.

A poem round and perfect as a star.

ALEX. SMITH. *A Life Drama*. Sc. 2.

Short swallow flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. xlviii.

Never did poesy appear

So full of heaven to me as when

I saw how it would pierce through pride  
and fear

To the lives of coarsest men.

LOWELL. *An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

Would you have your songs endure?  
Build them on the human heart!

R. BROWNING. *Sordello*. Bk. ii.

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,  
"And I will do my part."

"'Tis not a theme you need," the world  
replied,

"You want a heart."

R. W. GILDER. *Wanted, a Theme.*

Tell men what they knew before,  
Paint the prospect from their door,  
Give to barrows, trays, and pans  
Grace and glimmer of romance.

EMERSON. *Quatrain.*

### POLICE.

*Dogberry.* You are thought here to be  
the most senseless and fit man for the  
constable of the watch; therefore bear  
you the lantern. This is your charge:  
you shall comprehend all vagrom men:  
you are to bid any man stand, in the  
prince's name.

*Second Watch.* How if he will not  
stand?

*Dogberry.* Why then, take no note of  
him, but let him go; and presently call  
the rest of the watch together, and thank  
God you are rid of a knave.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 20.

*Dogberry.* Well, you are to call at all  
the ale-houses, and bid those that are  
drunk get them to bed.

*Second Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogberry.* Why then, let them alone  
till they are sober; if they make you  
not then the better answer, you may say,  
they are not the men you took them for.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iii.  
Sc. 3. l. 120.

*Dogberry.* If you meet a thief, you  
may suspect him, by virtue of your  
office, to be no true man: and, for such  
kind of men, the less you meddle or  
make with them, why, the more is for  
your honesty.

*Second Watch.* If we know him to be  
a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogberry.* Truly, by your office, you  
may; but I think they that touch pitch  
will be defiled: the most peaceable way  
for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let  
him shew himself what he is, and steal  
out of your company.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.*  
Act iii. Sc. 3.

A lidless watcher of the public weal.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. iv.

Ah, take one consideration with another  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

W. S. GILBERT. *Pirates of Penzance*. Act  
ii. (Sergeant's song.)

### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Free trade is not a principle, it is an  
expedient.

BENJ. DISRAELI. *On Import Duties.*  
April 25, 1843.

It is a condition which confronts us, not  
a theory.

GROVER CLEVELAND. *Annual Message,*  
1887. *Reference to the Tariff.*

Free trade, one of the greatest bless-  
ings which a government can confer on  
a people, is in almost every country un-  
popular.

MACAULAY. *Essays: On Milford's His-*  
*tory of Greece.* 1824.

The way to resumption is to resume.  
SALMON P. CHASE. *Letter to Horace*  
*Greeley.* May 17, 1866.

Repudiate the repudiators.

WM. P. FESSENDEN. *Pres. Canvass of 1868.*

Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxa-  
tion.

ABRAM S. HEWITT. *Democratic Platform,*  
1884.

### POLITICS.

*Lear.* Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 6.

Measures, not men.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letter.* March 6, 1742.

Measures, not men, have always been my  
mark.

GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured Man*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1.

Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but*  
*measures*; a sort of charm by which some  
people get loose from every honorable en-  
gagement.

E. BURKE. *Thoughts on the Cause of the*  
*Present Discontents.*

The balance of power.

*Ibid.* Speech. 1741.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

POPE. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

He serves me most who serves his country best.

*Ibid.* *The Iliad of Homer.* Bk. x. l. 101.

He serves his party best who serves the country best.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. *Inaugural Address.* March 5, 1877.

Party honesty is party expediency.

GROVER CLEVELAND. *Interview in New York Commercial Advertiser.* Sept. 19, 1889.

And this is the law that I'll maintain

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

ANON. *The Vicar of Bray.*

[Bray, a village in Berkshire, England. Tradition, rather than history, asserts that during Reformation times a certain Vicar of Bray preserved his incumbency for half a century—*i. e.*, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth—by shifting his frail convictions according to the religion of the reigning monarch. The song is sometimes ascribed to one Colonel Fuller.]

General C. is a drefle smart man;

He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—  
He's been true to one party,—and that is himself.

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Declaration of Independence.*

If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go there at all.

*Ibid.* *Letter to Francis Hopkinson.* 1789.

They see nothing wrong in the rule, that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

W. L. MARCY. *Speech in the United States Senate.* 1832.

A power has arisen up in the Government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into

<sup>1</sup> Caleb Cushing.

one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.

JOHN C. CALHOUN. *In the United States Senate.* May 28, 1836.

To place and power all public spirit tends,

In place and power all public spirit ends,  
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,

When out, 'twill thrive—but taken in,  
'twill die!

T. MOORE. *Corruption.*

"Hargrave," said his Lordship, "if you want any information upon points of practical politics."

DISRAELI. *Vivian Gray.* Ch. xiv.

[This is probably the first appearance in print of the phrase "practical politics."]

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. *Salutatory of the Liberator.* Vol. i. No. 1. January 1, 1831.

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch; AND I WILL BE HEARD.

*Ibid.* *Salutatory of the Liberator.* Vol. i. No. 1. January 1, 1831.

Cotton is King; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy.

DAVID CHRISTY. *Title of a Book Published in 1855.*

[The expression "Cotton is king" was used by James Henry Hammond in the United States Senate, March, 1858, and instantly became popular in the South.]

Ez to my princerples, I glory

In hevin' nothin' o' the sort.

LOWELL. *Biglow Papers.* First Series.

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

*Ibid.* *Biglow Papers.* i. 3.

A marceful Providence fashioned us holler O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller.

*Ibid.* *Biglow Papers.* i. 4.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,

Ef he must hev beliefs, not to b'lieve 'em tu hard.

*Ibid.* *Biglow Papers.* ii. 5.

We are swinging round the circle.

ANDREW JOHNSON. *On the Presidential Reconstruction Tour.* August, 1866.

Listen! John A. Logan is the Head Centre, the Hub, the King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul, and Mugwump of the final plot by which partisanship was installed in the Commission.

ISAAC H. BROMLEY. *Editorial in the N. Y. Tribune.* February 16, 1877.

A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.

HORACE PORTER. *In Conversation during the Cleveland-Blaine Campaign.* 1884.

### POSTERITY.

Credite, posterii!

Believe it, after years!

HORACE. *Odes.* ii. 19, 2.

(CONINGTON, trans.)

Suum cuique decus posteritas rependit.

Posterity gives to every man his true honor.

TACITUS. *Annales.* iv. 35.

*Cordus.* Posterity pays every man his honor.

BEN JONSON. *Sejanus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of eulogising its own justice and discernment.

LORD MACAULAY. *Essay on Machiavelli.*

How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

(See under FAME.)

[In the first draught of Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* some lines that seemed like a reminiscence of Shakespeare were, probably on this account, destroyed by the fastidious Laureate:

Honor the brave and bold!  
Long shall the tale be told:  
Yea, when our babes are old,—  
How they rode onward.]

As though there were a tie,  
And obligation to posterity!  
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.  
What has posterity done for us,

That we, lest they their rights should lose,

Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?  
JOHN TRUMBULL. *McFingal.* Canto ii. l. 121.

Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years.

BENJ. FRANKLIN. *Letter to Washington.* March 5, 1780.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE. *Stanley, or the Recollections of a Man of the World.* Vol. ii. p. 89.

### POTTER.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams  
with mild ale,—

In which I will drink to sweet Nan of  
the vale,—

Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul  
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a  
bowl;

In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the  
bell.

FRANCIS FAWKES. *The Brown Jug.*

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,  
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay.

By earth and clay she got her pelf,  
And now she's turned to earth herself.

Ye weeping friends let me advise,  
Abate your tears and dry your eyes;  
For what avails a flood of tears?

Who knows but in a course of years,  
In some tall pitcher or brown pan,  
She in her shop may be again?

ANON. *Epitaph in a Church at Chester, England.*

I saw a potter at his work to-day,  
Shaping with rudest hand his whirling  
clay,—

"Ah, gently, brother, do not treat me  
thus,

I, too, was once a man," I heard it say.  
EDWARD FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*

### POVERTY.

What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of Hosts.

*Old Testament.* Isaiah iii. 15.

For ye have the poor always with  
you, but Me ye have not always.

*New Testament. Matthew xxvi. 2.*

*Falstaff.* I am poor as Job, my lord,  
but not so patient.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV. Act i. Sc.*  
2. l. 144.

*Apothecary.* My poverty, but not my  
will, consents.

*Romeo.* I pay thy poverty, and not  
thy will.

*Ibid. Romeo and Juliet. Act v. Sc. 1.*  
l. 73.

*Othello.* Steep'd me in poverty to the  
very lips.

*Ibid. Othello. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 50.*  
(See under RIDICULE.)

Its a little awt at elbows.

COLLEY CIBBER. *The Provok'd Husband.*  
Act iv. Sc. 1.

A wise man poor

Is like a sacred book that's never read,—  
To himself he lives, and to all else seems  
dead.

This age thinks better of a gilded fool  
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's  
school.

THOMAS DEKKER. *Old Fortunatus.*

Two of a thousand things are disallow'd,  
A lying rich man, and a poor man proud.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 18.

There is no piety but amongst the poor.

RANDOLPH. *On the Content he enjoys in*  
*the Muses.*

Religion always sides with poverty.

HERBERT. *The Church Militant.*

But to the world no bugbear is so great,  
As want of figure and a small estate.

POPE. *First Book of Horace. Ep. i. l. 67.*

Where are those troops of poor, that  
throng'd of yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door?

*Ibid. Satires of Dr. Donne. Satire ii.*  
l. 113.

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs  
can bear

The scorching dog-star and the winter's  
air,

While the rich infant, nurs'd with care  
and pain,

Thirsts with each heat and coughs with  
every rain!

GAY. *Trivia. Bk. ii. l. 145.*

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest  
maid!

Thou source of all my bliss and all my  
woe,

That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st  
me so.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 409.

It is not poetry that makes men poor,

For few do write that were not so before.

BUTLER. *Miscellaneous Thoughts.* l. 441.

Poverty is the Muse's patrimony.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt. i.*  
Sec. 2. Memb. 3. Subs. 15.

Poverty! thou source of human art,  
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!

E. MOORE. *Hymn to Poverty.*

This mournful truth is ev'rywhere con-  
fess'd,—

Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

DR. JOHNSON. *London.* l. 176.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus  
obstat

Res angusta domi.

They do not easily rise whose abilities are  
repressed by poverty at home.

JUVENAL. *Satiræ.* iii. 164.

Chill penury repress'd their noble  
rage,

And froze the genial current of the  
soul.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
St. 13.

The rude inelegance of poverty

Reigns here alone.

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy: Autumn.*  
l. 82.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,

How many poor I see!

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me?

DR. WATTS. *Divine Songs.* Song iv.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

THOMAS NOEL. *The Pauper's Ride.*

## PRAISE.

Such praise, coming from so degraded  
a source, was degrading to me, its re-  
cipient.

CICERO. *In Pisonem.* xxix. 72.

They praise, and they admire, they know  
 not what,  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the  
 other,  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small  
 praise?

MILTON. *Paradise Regained*. Bk. iii. l. 52.

Lætus sum laudari a laudato viro.

I am pleased to be praised by a man  
 whom every one praises.

CICERO. *Familiar Epistles*. v. 12.

Even a nod from a person who is es-  
 teemed is of more force than a thousand  
 arguments or studied sentences from others.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Phocion*.

Approbation from Sir Herbert Stanley is  
 praise indeed.

MORTON. *Cure for the Heart-ache*. Act v.  
 Sc. 2.

Tacent, satis laudant.

Their silence is sufficient praise.

TERENCE. *Eunuchus*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 23.

Favorinus, the philosopher, used to  
 say that faint and half-hearted praise  
 was more dishonouring than loud and  
 persistent abuse.

AULUS GELLIUS. *Noctes Atticae*. xi. 3, 1.

When needs he must, yet faintly then he  
 praises;  
 Somewhat the deed, much more the means  
 he raises:  
 So marreth what he makes, and praising  
 most, dispraises.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *The Purple Island*.  
 Canto vii. St. 67.

With faint praises one another damn.

WYCHERLEY. *The Plain Dealer*. Pro-  
 logue.

Damn with faint praise.

POPE. *Prologue to the Satires*.

O, how thy worth with manners may I  
 sing,

When thou art all the better part of  
 me?

What can mine own praise to mine own  
 self bring?

And what is't but mine own when I  
 praise thee?

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. xxxix.

Doth perfect beauty stand in need of  
 praise at all? Nay; no more than law, no  
 more than truth, no more than loving-kind-  
 ness, nor than modesty.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. iv. 20.

*Hermione*. One good deed dying  
 tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon  
 that.

Our praises are our wages: you may  
 ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs,  
 ere

With spur we heat an acre.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*. Act i. Sc. 2.

He wants worth who dares not praise  
 a foe.

DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada*. Act ii.

Long open panegyric drags at best,  
 And praise is only praise when well ad-  
 dress'd.

GAY. *Epis*. i. l. 29.

And solid pudding against empty  
 praise.

POPE. *The Dunciad*. Bk. i. l. 54.

Praise undeserv'd is scandal in dis-  
 guise.

*Ibid*. *Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace*.  
 Epis. i. Bk. ii. l. 413.

[Pope appropriated this line from an  
 anonymous poem *To the Celebrated Beauties*  
*of the British Court*, preserved in BELL, *Fugitive*  
*Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 118. All that we know  
 of the author or his name is from the fol-  
 lowing epigram, which is likewise anony-  
 mous:

When one good line did much my wonder  
 raise

In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to  
 praise,

And had, but that the modest author cries  
 "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

*The Grove* (London, 1721) *On a Certain*  
*Line of Mr. Br—.*]

Fame, impatient of extremes, decays

Not more by envy than excess of praise.

*Ibid*. *The Temple of Fame*. l. 44.

To what base ends, and by what abject  
 ways

Are mortals urged through sacred lust  
 of praise.

*Ibid*. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 320.

The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,  
 Is never flatter'd with such dear en-  
 chantment—

'Tis more than selfish vanity—as when  
 She hears the praises of the man she  
 loves.

JAMES THOMSON. *Tancred and Sigis-  
 munda*. Act i. Sc. 1.

I grant the man is vain who writes for  
praise.

Praise no man e'er deserved who sought  
no more.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 3.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by  
art,

Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry  
heart.

*Ibid.* *Love of Fame*. Satire i. l. 51.

All praise is foreign, but of true desert,  
Plays round the head, but comes not to  
the heart.

MASON. *Musæus*.

Good people all, with one accord,

Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word

From those who spoke her praise.

GOLDSMITH. *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*.

The rose that all are praising

Is not the rose for me.

THOMAS MOORE. *The Rose that All are  
Praising*.

He who praises everybody praises nobody.

JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. iii.  
225, n. 3. (George Birkbeck Hill,  
editor. 1887.)

## PRAYER.

(See WORSHIP.)

And suddenly there was with the  
angel a multitude of the heavenly host  
praising God, and saying, Glory to God  
in the highest, and on earth peace, good  
will toward men!

*New Testament*. Luke ii. 13, 14.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek,  
and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be  
opened unto you.

*Ibid.* Matthew vii. 7.

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give  
ear.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. i. l. 280.  
(BRYANT, trans.)

They never sought in vain that sought  
the Lord aright!

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 6.

Your Father knoweth what things ye  
have need of before ye ask Him.

*New Testament*. Matthew vi. 8.

Permittas ipsis expendere numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris  
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt  
dii,

Carior est illis homo quam sibi.

Allow the gods themselves to decide what  
is best for us and most suitable to our cir-  
cumstances. For instead of our imaginary  
bliss the gods will give us real good. In  
truth, man is dearer to the gods than to  
himself.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. x. 347.

Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἄ βούλωμ' ἄλλ' ἄ συμφέροι.

Let not that happen which I wish, but  
that which is right.

MENANDER. *Fragment*.

*Menecrates*. We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise  
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 7.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epis. i. l. 205.

Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies,  
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.

UNKNOWN. *Hymn*.

[The hymn tinkers occasionally substitute  
the word "afflictions" for the two words  
"e'en crosses" in the next to the last line.]

Are afflictions aught  
But blessings in disguise?

DAVID MALLET. *Amyntor and Theodora*.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation*.

For where two or three are gathered  
together in My name, there am I in the  
midst of them.

*New Testament*. Matthew xviii. 20.

*Katharine*. I am past all comforts  
here, but prayers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iv.  
Sc. 2. l. 147.

*Pinch*. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd  
within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee  
straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in  
heaven!

*Ibid.* *Comedy of Errors*. Act iv. Sc. 4.  
l. 57.

*Mrs. Quickly.* His worst fault is, he's given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault:—but let that pass.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 10.

But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n

So prevalent as to concern the mind Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His will,

Hard to belief may seem, yet this will prayer.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 143.

Desine fata deum flecti sperare pre-  
cando.

Seek not by prayers to shake the will of heaven.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*. vi. 376.

If by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will Of him who all things can, I would not cease To weary him with my assiduous cries; But prayer against his absolute decree No more avails than breath against the wind Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 307.

He that forgets to pray

Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day.

RANDOLPH. *Necessary Observations*. First precept.

Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a religious book or friend.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *The Character of a Happy Life*.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part

Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. *The Heart*.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most: Praying's the end of preaching.

HERBERT. *The Temple*. *The Church Porch*. St. 69.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

Praise Him, all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

THOMAS KERR. *Morning and Evening Hymn*.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care To grant before we can conclude the prayer:

Preventing angels meet in half the way And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

DRYDEN. *Britannia Rediviva*. l. 1.

And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 180.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;

If I should die before I wake,

I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

From the New England Primer. 1814.

Prayer ardent opens Heaven.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night viii. l. 721.

And Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees.

COWPER. *Exhortation to Prayer*.

He wales a portion with judicious care; And "let us worship God" he says with solemn air.

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

"'Twas then belike," Honourous cried, "When you the public fast defied, Refused to heav'n to raise a prayer, Because you'd no connections there."

JOHN TRUMBULL. *McFingal*. Canto i. l. 541.

That saints will aid if men will call;

For the blue sky bends over all!

COLERIDGE. *Christabel*. Conclusion to Part i.

He prayeth well who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best

All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,

He made and loveth all.

*Ibid.* *The Ancient Mariner*.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,

'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk

With a goodly company:

To walk together to the kirk,

And all together pray,

While each to his great Father bends,

Old men and babes and loving friends

And youths and maidens gay.

*Ibid.* *The Ancient Mariner*.

Earth with her thousand voices praises  
God.

COLERIDGE. *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Prayer, man's rational prerogative.

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.* Pt. ii. xxiii.

The imperfect offices of prayer and  
praise.

*Ibid.* *The Excursion.* Bk. i.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;

But set those persons down with me to  
pray,

And you shall see who has the properest  
notion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;

My altars are the mountains and the  
ocean,

Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from  
the great Whole,

Who hath produced and will receive  
the soul.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 104.

Full on this casement shone the wintry  
moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's  
fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace  
and boon ;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together  
prest,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :

She seemed a splendid angel, newly-  
drest,

Save wings, for Heaven.

KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes.*

Thus she stood amid the stooks,

Praising God with sweetest looks.

THOMAS HOOD. *Ruth.*

Where'er

One meek heart prays, God's love is  
there !

PRAED. *The Legend of the Drachenfels.*

But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

H. COLERIDGE. *Prayer.*

From every place below the skies

The grateful song, the fervent prayer,—  
The incense of the heart,—may rise

To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

JOHN PIERPONT. *Every Place a Temple.*

This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.  
NATHANIEL COTTON. *The Fireside.* St. 2.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,

Uttered or unexpressed,

The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Original Hymns:*  
*What is Prayer?*

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear,

The upward glancing of an eye

When none but God is near.

*Ibid.* *What is Prayer?*

Abide with me from morn till eve,

For without Thee I cannot live ;

Abide with me when night is nigh,

For without Thee I dare not die.

JOHN KEBLE. *Evening.*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,

Hope, and comfort from above ;

Let us each, thy peace possessing,

Triumph in redeeming love.

ROBERT HAWKER. *Benediction.*

Love divine, all love excelling,

Joy of heaven to earth come down.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Divine Love.*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. TOPLADY. *Salvation through Christ.*

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to  
Truth.

BAILEY. *Festus.* Sc. *Elsewhere.*

Making their lives a prayer.

WHITTIER. *To A. K.* *On Receiving a*  
*Basket of Sea-mosses.*

More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,  
let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or  
goats

That nourish a blind life within the  
brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call  
them friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every  
way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
God.

TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur.* 1. 247.

The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,  
On which the fabric of our world depends,  
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.

EDMUND WALLER. *Of the Danger His Majesty Escaped.* l. 68.

And this is that Homer's golden chain,  
which reacheth down from heaven to earth,  
by which every creature is annexed, and  
depends on his Creator.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. iii. Sec. 1. Memb. 1. Subs. 7.

Friendship is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain.

J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters.* Bk. i. Sec. 2. letter 18. *To Dr. Pritchard.*

Generous commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

THOMSON. *Seasons; Summer.* l. 138.

Let this great truth be present night and day;

But most be present, if we preach or pray.  
Look round our world; behold the chain  
of love

Combining all below and all above.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. l. 7.

### PREACHING.

(See CLERGY; SERMON.)

Go ye into all the world, and preach  
the gospel to every creature.

*New Testament.* Mark xvi. 15.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l. 11.

More vacant pulpits would more converts  
make.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther.* Pt. iii. l. 182.

I preached as never sure to preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men.

RICHARD BAXTER. *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.*

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's  
walking on his hind legs. It is not  
done well: but you are surprised to find  
it done at all.

SAM'L JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* 1763.

### PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

Nec vero habere virtutem satis est,  
quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare.

It is not enough merely to possess  
virtue, as if it were an art; it should be  
practised.

CICERO. *De Republica.* i. 2.

Video meliora proboque;

Deteriora sequor.

I see the right, and I approve it, too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong  
pursue.

OVID. *Metamorphoses.* vii. 20. (TATE AND STONESTREET, trans.)

For the good that I would I do not; but  
the evil which I would not, that I do.

*New Testament.* Romans vii. 19.

I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.

*Ibid.* Romans vii. 22.

I know, indeed, the evil of that I purpose;  
but my inclination gets the better of my judgment.

EURIPIDES. *Medea.* 1078.

I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue.

PETRARCH. *Sonnet ccxxv. Canzone xxi. To Laura in Life.*

*Player King.* What we do determine, oft we break,

Purpose is but the slave to memory.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 120.

*Portia.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 15.

Bien predica quien bien vive.

He who lives well is the best preacher.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* vi. 19.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,—

That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. l. 49.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught; but first he folwed it himselve.

*Ibid.* *Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. l. 529.

*Ophelia.* Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own rede.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 47.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd :  
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.  
His preaching much, but more his practice  
wrought—  
(A living sermon of the truths he taught—)  
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,  
That all might see the doctrine which they  
heard.

DRYDEN. *Character of a Good Parson.*  
l. 75.

Of right and wrong he taught,  
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;  
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he  
preached.

JOHN ARMSTRONG. *The Art of Preserv-  
ing Health.* Bk. iv. l. 301.

Practise what you preach.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire iii. l. 48.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were  
given,  
And saints who taught and led the way to  
heaven.

TICKELL. *On the Death of Mr. Addison.*  
l. 41.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the  
skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 167.

*Leonato.* Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that  
grief

Which they themselves not feel; but,  
tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which  
before

Would give preceptual medicine to Rage,  
Fetter strong Madness in a silken thread,  
Charm Ache with air, and Agony with  
words.

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak  
patience

To those that wring under the load of  
sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Winter's Tale.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 20.

*Leonato.* I pray thee, peace; I will be  
flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth-ache pa-  
tiently;

However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push at chance and suffer-  
ance.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 34.

All lovers swear more performance  
than they are able, and yet reserve  
an ability that they never perform;  
vowing more than the perfection of  
ten, and discharging less than the tenth  
part of one.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act.  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 38.

His conduct still right, with his ar-  
gument wrong.

GOLDSMITH. *Retaliation.* l. 46.

Who taught us how to live, and, oh!  
too high

The price of knowledge, taught us how  
to die!

TICKELL. *Lines on the Death of Mr. Ad-  
dison.*

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,  
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:  
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,  
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying  
soul!

Ah no!—in sacred vestments mayst thou  
stand,

The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
Present the cross before my lifted eye,  
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard.* l. 397.

Thou,

Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from  
Heaven

To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,  
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die!

BAILEY PORTEUS. *Death.* l. 316.

Go put your creed into your deed,  
Nor speak with double tongue.

EMERSON. *Ode. Concord.*

## PREDESTINATION.

(See DESTINY.)

O how far remov'd,  
Predestination! is thy foot from such  
As see not the First Cause entire; and ye,  
O mortal men! be wary how ye judge;  
For we, who see the Maker, know not yet  
The number of the chosen; and esteem  
Such scantiness of knowledge our delight:  
For all our good is, in that primal good,  
Concentrate; and God's will and ours are  
one.

DANTE. *Vision of Paradise.* Canto xx.  
l. 122.

You can and you can't,  
You will and you won't;  
You'll be damn'd if you do,  
You'll be damn'd if you don't.

LORENZO DOW. *Chain (Definition of Cal-  
vinism).*

In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced nor cried aloud:  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishment the  
scroll:

I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.  
HENLY. *The Unconquerable Soul.*

The Moving Finger writes; and, having  
writ,

Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a  
Line,

Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of  
it.

FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* lxxi.

Oh Thou, who did'st with pitfall and  
with gin

Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil  
round

Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to  
Sin!

*Ibid.* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* xxx.

These purblind Doomsters had as readily  
strown

Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.  
HARDY. *Wessex Poems.* Sonnet entitled  
*Hap.*

### PREPARATION.

Semper paratus.  
Always prepared.

*Motto of Lord Clifford.*

*Chorus.* From camp to camp, through  
the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's  
watch:

Fire answers fire: and through their  
paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boast-  
ful neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from  
the tents,

The armourers accomplishing the  
knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* Act iv. Pro-  
logue. l. 4.

[Colley Cibber incorporated this speech,  
with some verbal variations, into his stage  
version of *Richard III.* as part of the solilo-  
quy uttered by Richard from his tent prior  
to the battle of Bosworth (Act v. Sc. 5).  
Cibber's most notable alteration was in line  
14, which he improved thus:

With clink of hammers closing rivets up.]

### PRIDE.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a  
haughty spirit before a fall.

*Old Testament.* Proverbs xvi. 18.

The lowly hart doth win the love of all,  
But pride at last is sure of shameful fall.

TURBEVILLE. *To Piero of Pride.*

Pryde will have a fall;

For pryde goeth before and shame commeth  
after.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Bk. i. Ch. x.

Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and  
gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Bell of Atri.*

Sequitur superbos ultor a tergo deus.

An avenging God closely follows the  
haughty.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens.* 385.

*Rosalind.* My pride fell with my for-  
tunes.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act i.  
Sc. 2. l. 212.

*Wolsey.* I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on  
bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-  
blown pride

At length broke under me.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 358.

*Agamemnon.* He that is proud, eats  
up himself; Pride is his own glass, his  
own trumpet, his own chronicle; and  
whatever praises itself but in the deed,  
devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I  
hate the engendering of toads.

*Nestor.* And yet he loves himself! Is  
it not strange?

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act ii. Sc.  
3. l. 194.

How blinde is Pride! what Eagles we  
are still

In matters that belong to other men!  
What Beetles in our owne!

G. CHAPMAN. *All Fools*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

A proud man is always hard to be  
pleased, because he hath too great ex-  
pectations from others.

RICHARD BAXTER. *Christian Ethics*.

Pride brings want, want makes rogues,  
rogues come to be hanged, and the  
devil's alone the gainer.

VANBURGH. *Æsop*. Pt. i. Act. iv. Sc. 2.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous  
fault)

Proceeds from want of sense, or want  
of thought.

The men who labor and digest things  
most,

Will be much apter to despond than  
boast.

ROSCOMMON. *Essay on Translated Verse*.  
l. 161.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide  
the mind;

What the weak head with strongest bias  
rules,—

Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 1.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error  
lies;

All quit their sphere and rush into the  
skies.

Pride still is aiming at the bless'd  
abodes,

Men would be angels, angels would be  
gods.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epis. i. l. 124.

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epis. i. l. 139.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,  
She gives in large recruits of needful  
pride;

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,  
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd  
with wind;

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our  
defence,

And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 5.

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the  
stars;

But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the  
ground.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 19.

'T's pride, rank pride, and haughtiness  
of soul;

I think the Romans call it stoicism.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 4.

How insolent is upstart pride!

Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,

Provok'd my patience to complain,

I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,

Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. Fable 24.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings  
kill.

WORDSWORTH. *Memorials of a Tour on  
the Continent*. Pt. ii. *Desultory  
Stanzas*.

### Pride

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness.

*Ibid.* *Poems Written in Youth*. vii.

The vile are only vain, the great are  
proud.

BYRON. *Marino Faliero*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-  
house,

A cottage of gentility!

And the devil did grin, for his darling  
sin

Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE. *Devil's Thoughts*.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-  
house,

A cottage of gentility;

And he owned with a grin

That his favorite sin

Is pride that apes humility.

SOUTHEY. *The Devil's Walk*. St. 8.

How poor religious pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide,  
Devotion's every grace except the heart!

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,  
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
A London pride—in short, there be on earth  
A host of prides, some better and some  
worse;

But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,  
The proudest swells a self-elected saint.

HOOD. *Ode to Rae-Wilson*.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but  
now  
Lead Thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not  
past years !  
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. *Lead, Kindly  
Light.*

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain  
desires ;  
My manhood, long misled by wandering  
fires,  
Follow'd false lights ; and, when their  
glimpse was gone.  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.  
Such was I, such by nature still I am ;  
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.  
DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther.* l. 72.

Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal  
be proud ?  
WM. KNOX. *Oh! Why Should the Spirit  
of Mortal be Proud?*  
(See under MORTALITY.)

For often a man's own angry pride  
Is cap and bells for a fool.  
TENNYSON. *Maud.* vi. 7.

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly  
clung  
To their first fault, and withered in their  
pride.  
R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus.* Pt. iv.

### PRIMROSE.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
Merry springtime's harbinger.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Two  
Noble Kinsmen.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken  
dies.  
MILTON. *Lycidas.* l. 142.  
(See under FLOWERS.)

Her modest looks the cottage might  
adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the  
thorn.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village.* l. 329.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young spring first question'd  
winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
fight,  
Thee on his bank he threw  
To mark his victory.  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE. *To an Early Prim-  
rose.*

A primrose by a river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.  
WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell.* Pt. i. St. 12.

"I could have brought you some  
primroses, but I do not like to mix  
violets with anything."

"They say primroses make a capital  
salad," said Lord St. Jerome.  
BENJ. DISRAELI. *Lothair.* Ch. xiii.

### PRINTING.

Art preservative of all arts.  
[Translation of inscription upon the  
façade of the house at Harlem formerly oc-  
cupied by Laurent Koster (or Coster), who  
is sometimes credited with the invention  
of printing. Mention is first made of this  
inscription about 1628:—

MEMORIE SACRUM  
TYPOGRAPHIA  
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM  
CONSERVATRIX.  
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA  
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.]

*Jack Cade.* Thou hast most traitor-  
ously corrupted the youth of the realm  
in erecting a grammar school: and  
whereas, before, our forefathers had no  
other books but the score and the tally,  
thou hast caused printing to be used,  
and, contrary to the king, his crown and  
dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iv.  
Sc. 7. l. 35.

How shall I speak thee or thy power ad-  
dress,  
Thou God of our idolatry, the Press?  
By thee, religion liberty, and laws  
Exert their influence and advance their  
cause;  
By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land  
befell,  
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell ;  
Thou fountain, at which drink the good  
and wise ;  
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;  
Like Eden's dead probationary tree,  
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!  
COWPER. *The Progress of Error.*

## PRISON.

Χρυσὰ πίδα.

Golden fetters.

DIOGENES. *Erasmus, Chiliades Adajorium*,  
"Amor."

No man loveth his fetters, be they made  
of gold.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. i. Ch. viii.

A foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loves his fetters, though they were of  
gold.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. iii. Canto  
ix. St. 8.

*Arviragus*. Our cage

We make our choir, as doth the prison'd  
bird,

And sing our bondage freely.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
l. 42.

*Macbeth*. Then comes my fit again: I  
had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the  
rock;

As broad and general as the casing air.  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,  
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 23.

Stone walls do not a prison make,

Nor iron bars a cage;

Minds innocent and quiet take

That for an hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love,

And in my soul am free,

Angels alone that soar above

Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE. *To Althea from  
Prison*. iv.

*Ferdinand*. My spirits, as in a dream, are  
all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's  
threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th'  
earth

Let Liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 635.

*Cassius*. Nor stony tower, nor walls of  
beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of  
iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 93.

*Romeo*. For stony limits cannot keep love  
out:

And what love can do, that dares love at-  
tempt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 67.

That which the world miscalls a jail

A private closet is to me,

Whilst a good conscience is my bail,

And innocence my liberty;

Locks, bars, and solitude, together see,

Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

LORD ARTHUR CAPEL. *Written in Con-  
finement*.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can  
bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—

To fetters and the damp vault's dayless  
gloom,

Their country conquers with their mar-  
tyrdom.

BYRON. *Sonnet. On Chillon*. Introduc-  
tory to *Prisoner of Chillon*.

In durance vile here must I wake and  
weep,

And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

DRYDEN. *Epistle from Esopus to Maria*.

Durance vile.

W. KENRICK (1776). *Falstaff's Wedding*.

Act i. Sc. 2. BURKE. *The Present  
Discontents*.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view

This dungeon that I'm rotting in,

I think of those companions true

Who studied with me at the U-

Niversity of Göttingen.

CANNING. *Song. Of One Eleven Years in  
Prison*.

If fields are prisons, where is Liberty?

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy: Autumn*.  
l. 226.

## PROCRASTINATION.

*Alencon*. Defer no time, delays have  
dangerous ends.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 33.

All delays are dangerous in war.

DRYDEN. *Tyrannic Love*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,

To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise;

Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy  
sight

With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,  
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,  
As favors unexpected doubly please.

CONGREVE. *Letter to Cobham*.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 387.

Great Pompey's shade complains that  
 we are slow,  
 And Scipio's ghost walks unaveng'd  
 amongst us!

JOSEPH ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The patient dies while the physician  
 sleeps;

The orphan pines while the oppressor  
 feeds;

Justice is feasting while the widow  
 weeps;

Advice is sporting while infection breeds.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. 130.

*Katharine*. O, my good lord, that com-  
 fort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution;  
 That gentle physic, given in time, had  
 cur'd me;

But now I'm past all comforts here but  
 prayers.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 120.

It is too late to shutte the stable door  
 when the steede is stolne.

LYLY. *Euphuus*.

Know the true value of time; snatch,  
 seize, and enjoy every moment of it.  
 No idleness, no laziness, no procrastina-  
 tion: never put off till to-morrow what  
 you can do to-day.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. *Letters to His  
 Son*. Dec. 26, 1749.

Procrastination is the thief of time:  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. l. 390.

### PRODIGAL.

A spending hand that alway poureth out,  
 Hath need to have a bringer-in as fast.

SIR T. WYATT. *How to Use the Court and  
 Himself therein*. l. 1.

Squandering wealth was his peculiar art;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found  
 too late;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
 DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
 l. 559.

Framed in the prodigality of nature.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc.  
 2. l. 96.

Let friends of prodigals say what they  
 will,  
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spend-  
 thrifts still.

CHURCHILL. *Candidate*. l. 519.

O man! while in thy early years,  
 How prodigal of time!  
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!

BURNS. *Despondency*.

To be a prodigal's favourite, then worse  
 truth,

A miser's pensioner,—behold our lot.  
 WORDSWORTH. *The Small Celandine*.

### PROGRESS.

(See EVOLUTION.)

Equidem æternâ constitutione credi-  
 derim nexuque causarum latentium et  
 multo ante destinatarum suum quemque  
 ordinem immutabili lege percurrere.

For my own part I am persuaded that  
 everything advances by an unchangeable  
 law through the eternal constitution and  
 association of latent causes, which have  
 been long before predestinated.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS. *De Rebus Gestis  
 Alexandri Magni*. v. 11. 10.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increas-  
 ing purpose runs,  
 And the thoughts of men are widen'd with  
 the process of the suns.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*. St. 69.

Nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cætera  
 vincit

Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.  
 I forge ahead, nor can the opposing rush,  
 That sways all else, my onward progress

check,  
 But bears me on against a whirling

world.

OVID. *Metamorphoses*. ii. 72. (KING,  
 trans.)

[Macaulay applies the lines to the poetic  
 powers of Milton.]

Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impedi-  
 ment.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act v. Sc.  
 2. l. 3.

*Proteus.* You know that love  
Will creep in service when it cannot go.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*  
Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 19.

Men say, kinde will creepe where it may  
not goe.  
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. i. Ch. x.

So eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,  
dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pur-  
sues his way,  
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps,  
or flies.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 948.

So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ii. l. 1021.

Slackness breeds worms; but the sure  
traveller,  
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth  
on.  
HERBERT. *Temple. Church Porch.* St. 57.

All that is human must retrograde if it do  
not advance.  
GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman  
Empire.* Ch. clxxi.

And step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man.  
WHITTIER. *The Chapel of the Hermits.*

Three sleepless nights I passed in sound-  
ing on,  
Through words and things, a dim and  
perilous way.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers.* Act iv.  
Sc. 2.

The intellectual power, through words and  
things,  
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way !  
*Ibid.* *The Excursion.* Bk. iii.

We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love;  
And, even as these are well and wisely  
fixed,  
In dignity of being we ascend.  
*Ibid.* *The Excursion.* Bk. iv.

The world goes up and the world goes  
down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain ;  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's  
frown  
Can never come over again.  
CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Dolcino to Mar-  
garet.*

A sacred burden is this life ye bear:  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.  
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. *Lines Addressed  
to the Young Gentlemen leaving the  
Lenox Academy, Mass.*

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.  
J. MONTGOMERY. *At Home in Heaven.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.  
LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life.*

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men !  
CHARLES MACKAY. *Clear the Way.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom,  
Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
home—  
Lead Thou me on !  
J. H. NEWMAN. *The Pillar of Cloud.*

I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* i.

[The poet alluded to is Goethe. I know  
this from Lord Tennyson himself, although  
he could not identify the passage; and when  
I submitted to him a small book of mine  
on his marvellous poem, he wrote: "It is  
Goethe's creed," on this very passage.—REV.  
DR. ALFRED GATTY.]

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Ladder of St. Augus-  
tine.*

De vitis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si  
vitia ipsa calcamus.  
If we tread our vices under our feet, we  
make of them a ladder by which to rise to  
higher things.  
ST. AUGUSTINE. *Sermo clxxvii.* 4. (Migne's  
*Patrologiæ Cursus.* Vols. xxxviii. and  
xxxix., p. 2082.)

We rise by things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND. *Gradation.*

Forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin for ever down  
the ringing grooves of change.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

[Dr. Alfred Gatty, in *English Notes and Queries*, Eighth Series, Vol. ii., p. 387, has informed the world that these lines were due to a misconception by the laureate. "After reading the poem in his deep monotone, he told us that he was present at the first opening of the railway line betwixt Manchester and Liverpool, when Mr. Huskisson was killed, and, being short-sighted, he thought that the wheels ran in 'ringing grooves' instead of on the smooth rail, kept in their place by the inside flange. No doubt he who dipt into the future far as human eye could see perceived the advent of a mighty change and advance, both in time and space, from a general adoption of railways, which this event prognosticated."]

From lower to the higher next,  
Not to the top, is Nature's text;  
And embryo good, to reach full stature,  
Absorbs the evil in its nature.

LOWELL. *Festina Lente. Moral.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

O. W. HOLMES. *The Chambered Nautilus.*

Progress is  
The law of life, man is not man as yet.

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus. v.*

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's, and not the beasts: God is,  
they are;  
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

*Ibid. A Death in the Desert.*

Onward the chariot of the Untarrying moves;  
Nor day divulges him nor night conceals;

Thou hear'st the echo of unreturning  
hooves

And thunder of irrevocable wheels.  
WILLIAM WATSON. *Epigrams.*

## PROHIBITION.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread  
eaten in secret is pleasant.

*Old Testament. Proverbs ix. 17.*

Prævalent illicita.

Things forbidden have a secret charm.  
TACITUS. *Annales. xiii. 1.*

Cui peccare licet, peccat minus. Ipsa potestas  
Semina nequitiae languidiora facit.

Who's free to sin, sins less: the very power  
Robs evildoing of its choicest flower.

OVID. *Art of Love. iii. 49.* (KING, trans.)

Forbidden pleasures alone are loved immoderately; when lawful, they do not excite desire.

QUINTILLIAN. *Declamations. xiv. 18.*

"Much sweeter," she saith, "more acceptable

Is drinke, when it is stolen priuely,  
Than when it is taken in forme auawable:  
Bread hidden and gotten jeopardously,  
Must needs be sweet, and seemblably,  
Uenison stolne is aye the sweeter,  
The further the narrower fet the better.

LYDGATE. *The Remedy of Love.*

Stolen glances, sweeter for the theft.

BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto i. St. 74.*

How glowing gullt exalts the keen delight.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard. l. 230.*

Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet.

Who does not, when he may, forbid a crime

Commands it.

SENECA. *Troades. 300.*

The love that's half refused inflames the more,  
Sweetest the kiss that's stol'n from weeping maid.

CLAUDIEN. *In Nuptias Honorii. iv. 10.*

## PROLOGUES.

*Macbeth.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 142.*

Prologues precede the piece in mournful  
verse,

As undertakers walk before the hearse.  
GABBICK. *Apprentice. Prologue.*

Prologues, like compliments, are loss of time;  
'Tis penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

GARRICK. *Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.*

### PROMISE.

Never promise more than you can perform.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 528.

Promise is most given when the least is said.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Hero and Leander.* 1. 234.

*Baud.* He was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 42.

*Katharine.* His promises were, as he then was, mighty;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 41.

*Charles.* Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry VI.* Act 1. Sc. 6. 1. 6.

Fayre words fat few, great promises without performance, delight for the tyme, but yëarke euer after.

LYLY. *Euphues and His England (Euphues to Philantus).* Last letter.

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

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 39.

Failed the bright promise of your early day.

REGINALD HEBER. *Palestine.*

You never bade me hope, 'tis true;  
I asked you not to swear:

But I looked in those eyes of blue,

And read a promise there.

GERALD GRIFFIN. *You Never Bade Me Hope.*

Yet thou art welcome, welcome as a friend

Whose zeal outruns his promise.

WORDSWORTH. *To a Snow-drop.*

### PROPERTY.

Quod tuom 'st meum 'st: omne meum est autem tuom.

What is thine is mine, all mine is also thine.

PLAUTUS. *Trinummus.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

*Duke.* Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 212.

Property assures what toil acquires.

SAVAGE. *Of Public Spirit.* 1. 39.

La propriété c'est le vol.

Property is theft.

PROUDHON. *Qu'est ce que c'est que la Propriété.* Published in 1840.

La propriété exclusive est un vol dans la nature.

Exclusive property is a theft in nature.

BRISSOT. *Essays.*

Property has its duties as well as its rights.

THOMAS DRUMMOND. *Letter to the Lords of Tipperary.*

[Disraeli appropriates the phrase without acknowledgment in his novel of *Sybil*, Ch. xi.]

Don't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?

Proputtu, proputtu, proputtu — that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.

Proputtu, proputtu, proputtu — Sam, thou 's an ass for thy paaäins:

Theer 's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaäins.

TENNYSON. *The Northern Farmer, New Style.* 1. 1.

### PROPHECY; PROPHETS.

Is Saul also among the prophets?

*Old Testament.* I. Samuel x. 11.

But Jesus said unto them: A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.

*New Testament.* Matthew xiii. 57.

[See also Mark vi. 4; Luke iv. 24; John iv. 44.]

*Banquo.* If you can look into the seeds of Time,  
And say, which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor  
fear  
Your favours nor your hate.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act 1. Sc. 3.  
1. 60.

*Macbeth*. Bring me no more reports; let  
them fly all:  
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy  
Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits  
that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd  
me thus:  
'Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man that's born of  
woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly,  
false Thanes.  
*Ibid*. *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 1.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam  
afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid  
car;  
Or on wide-waving wings extended bear  
The flying chariot through the field of  
air.  
ERASMUS DARWIN. *The Botanic Garden*.  
Pt. i. Canto i. l. 289.

Ancestral voices prophesying war.  
COLERIDGE. *Kubla Khan*.

Lochiel, Lochiel; beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I  
may seal  
But man cannot cover what God would  
reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical  
lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows  
before.  
CAMPBELL. *Lochiel's Warning*.

I am about to die, and that is the hour in  
which men are gifted with prophetic power.  
SOCRATES. Reported by PLATO. *Apology*.  
xxx. (Stephens, p. 39, c.)

What folly can be ranker? Like our shad-  
ows,  
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.  
YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v, l. 661.

. . . So often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.  
COLERIDGE. *The Death of Wallenstein*.  
Act v. Sc. 1.

Poets are the hierophants of an unappre-  
hended inspiration; the mirrors of the  
gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon  
the present.

SHELLEY. *A Defence of Poetry*.  
[See OMENS.]

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight be-  
gan,  
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to  
man.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. i. l. 43.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,  
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight  
blast;

Is that portentous phrase, "I told you  
so."

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 50.

Don't never prophesy—unless ye know.  
LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers* (2d Series).  
*Mason and Stidell*.

## PROTESTANT.

The religion most prevalent in our  
northern colonies is a refinement on the  
principals of resistance: it is the dissi-  
dence of dissent, and the protestantism  
of the Protestant religion.

BURKE. *Speech on the Conciliation of  
America*. Vol. ii. p. 123.

When love could teach a monarch to be  
wise,  
And gospel-light first dawned from Bul-  
len's eyes.

GRAY.

[This couplet was to have formed part of  
an unfinished poem: "The Alliance of Edu-  
cation and Government." It was preserved  
by Gray's biographer and editor, Mason, as  
"much too beautiful to be lost."]

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish  
liturgy, and an Arminian clergy.  
WILLIAM PITT. *Prior's Life of Burke* (1790).

The Americans equally detest the  
pageantry of a king and the supercilious  
hypocrisy of a bishop.

JUNIUS. *Letter* 35. Dec. 19, 1769.

It [Calvinism] established a religion  
without a prelate, a government without  
a king.

GEORGE BANCROFT. *History of the United  
States*. Vol. iii. Ch. vi.

The solitary monk who shook the world,  
From pagan slumber, when the gospel  
trump

Thunder'd its challenge from his daunt-  
less lips

In peals of truth.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY. *Luther: Man's  
Need and God's Supply*.

PROVERB.

A proverb and a byword.

*Old Testament.* I. Kings ix. 7.

The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs.

BACON. *Essays.*

I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* Pt. ii. Ch. xliii.

*Romeo.* For I am proverb'd with a ginsire phrase.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act i. Sc. iv. l. 37.

A proverb is one man's wit and all men's wisdom.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. (See *Memoirs of Mackintosh.* Vol. ii., p. 473.)

[Usually quoted "the wisdom of many and the wit of one."]

*Leonato.* Patch grief with proverbs.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 17.

Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions.

EMERSON. *Essays: Compensation.*

PROVIDENCE.

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

*New Testament.* Matthew v. 45.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

*Old Testament.* Psalm xxiii. 2, 3.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye.

JOSEPH ADDISON. *Spectator.* No. 444.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

*Old Proverb.*

[Thomas à Kempis quotes the proverb in its literal Latin form, *Homo proponet sed Deus disponit*, in *The Imitation of Christ*, Bk. i., Ch. xix. But it is much earlier than à Kempis. It may be found quoted in its Latin form, with only the change from "but" to "and," in the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, as follows:

*Homo proponet et Deus disponit.*

And governeth all good virtues.

l. 13,994.

The obvious original is in the *Old Testament*: A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps. (*Proverbs* xvi. 9.) Which in the Latin or Vulgate translation ran: *Cor hominis disponet viam suam, sed Domini est dirigere gressus ejus.* Cf. also Virgil:

*Diis aliter visum.*

The Gods have judged otherwise.

*Aeneid.* Bk. ii. l. 428.

And Homer:

'T is man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

*Iliad.* Bk. vi. l. 427. (POPE, trans.])

*Hamlet.* There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 128.

Not as we wanted it,

But as God granted it.

QUILLER COUCH. *Poems and Ballads: To Bearers.* St. 1.

*Hamlet.* There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.

SHAKESPEARE.. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 230.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

*New Testament.* Matthew xi. 29.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epis. i. l. 87.

*Adam.* And He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age!

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. iii. l. 43.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone

Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT. *To a Waterfowl.*

She had travelled all over Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, she could not tell; but "God tempers the wind," said Maria,

"to the shorn lamb." "Shorn, indeed I and to the quick," said I.

STERNE. *A Sentimental Journey*. [Maria was here quoting a familiar French proverb, thus recorded by the proverb-monger Henry Estienne :

Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.  
God measures the cold to the shorn lamb.  
*Le Livre des Proverbes Epigrammatiques*  
(1594).

The proverb was also known to mediæval England :

To a close shorn sheep God gives wind to measure.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*. 1640.]

*Beatrice*. It is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns," but to a cow too curst he sends none.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 22.

Aux petits des oiseaux il donne la pâture.  
To the bird's young ones He gives food.

CORNELLE. *Athalie*. [The irreverent *Et sa bonté s'arrête à la littérature* (and His bounty stops only with men of letters) is Gozlan's variant of the second line of the couplet.]

*Katharine*. Heaven is above all yet ;  
there sits a judge

That no king can corrupt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 101.

The providence of Heav'n  
Has some peculiar blessing giv'n  
To each allotted state below.

AKENSIDE. *Ode on the Winter Solstice*.

Heaven's all-subduing will  
With good the progeny of ill,  
Attempt' th ev'ry state below.

*Ibid*. *Ode 2*.

'T is Providence alone secures  
In every change, both mine and yours.

COWPER. *A Fable: Morals*.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes  
and Noes,

But Here or There as strikes the Player  
goes ;

And He that toss'd you down into the  
Field,

He knows about it all—He knows—He  
knows !

FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;

And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. *Trust in Providence*.

Providence cares for every hungry  
mouth.

R. BROWNING. *Ferishtah's Fancies: The Eagle*.

God never sends th' mouth, but he sendeth  
meat.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Chap. iv.

The hope of all who suffer.

The dread of all who wrong,  
WHITTIER. *The Mantle of St. John de Matha*.

So, darkness in the pathway of Man's  
life

Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;  
And what is dark below is light in  
Heaven.

*Ibid*. *Tautler*. 1. 79.

I know not where His islands lift

Their fronded palms in air ;

I only know I cannot drift

Beyond His love and care.

*Ibid*. *The Eternal Goodness*. St. 20.

## PROXY.

*Claudio*. Friendship is constant in all  
other things

Save in the office and affairs of love :

Therefore all hearts in love use their  
own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 182.

*Orlando*. O, how bitter a thing it is to  
look into happiness through another  
man's eyes ! By so much the more shall  
I to-morrow be at the height of heart  
heaviness, by how much I shall think  
my brother happy, in having what he  
wishes for.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 44.

*Hermid*. O, hell ! to choose love by  
another's eyes.

*Ibid*. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 142.

## PURITAN.

A sect, whose chief devotion lies

In odd perverse antipathies :

In falling out with that or this,

And finding somewhat still amiss :

More peevish, cross, and splenetick,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:  
That with more care keep holy-day  
The wrong, than others the right way:  
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to:  
By damning those they have no mind to:  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i.

Round-heads and wooden-shoes are  
standing-jokes.

ADDISON. *Prologue to The Drummer*.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not  
because it gave pain to the bear, but  
because it gave pleasure to the spec-  
tators.

MACAULAY. *History of England*. Vol. i.  
Ch. iii.

Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathen-  
ish and unchristian: the sport of it, not the  
inhumanity, gave offence.

HUME. *History of England*. Vol. i. Ch.  
lxii.

The Puritan was not a man of specu-  
lation. He originated nothing. His  
principles are to be found broadcast in  
the centuries behind him. His specu-  
lations were all old. You might find  
them in the lectures of Abelard; you  
meet with them in the radicalism of  
Wat Tyler; you find them all over the  
continent of Europe. The distinction  
between his case and that of others was  
simply that he practised what he be-  
lieved.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speeches, Lectures,  
and Letters: The Puritan Principle*.

The Puritan did not stop to think;  
he recognized God in his soul, and acted.  
*Ibid.* *Speech*. Dec. 18, 1859.

Puritanism meant something when  
Captain Hodgson, riding out to battle  
through the morning mist, turns over  
the command of his troop to a lieu-  
tenant, and stays to hear the prayer of a  
cornet, there was "so much of God in it."

LOWELL. *Among My Books: New Eng-  
land Two Centuries Ago*.

Puritanism, believing itself quick  
with the seed of religious liberty, laid,  
without knowing it, the egg of democ-  
racy.

*Ibid.* *Among My Books: New England  
Two Centuries Ago*.

PURITY.

To the pure all things are pure.

ST. PAUL. *Epistle to Titus*. i. 15.

Ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime  
esse alios improbos suspicatur.

The better a man is, the less ready is he  
to suspect dishonesty in others.

CICERO. *Ad Quintum Fratrem*. i. 1, 4, 12.

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and  
is not polluted.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Lib. vi. Sec. 63*.

The sun, though it passes through dirty  
places, yet remains as pure as before.

BACON. *Advancement of Learning*.

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est  
ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non in-  
quinatur.

The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like  
light: although it passes among the impure,  
it is not polluted.

ST. AUGUSTINE. *Works*. Vol. iii. In  
*Johannis Evang.* Cap. i. Tr. v. Sec.  
15.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is  
not corrupted.

LYLY. *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit*.  
(Arber's reprint). p. 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of  
strands and shores is unpolluted in his  
beam.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Holy Living*. Ch. i.  
p. 3.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any  
outward touch as the sunbeam.

MILTON. *The Doctrine and Discipline of  
Divorce*.

Like the stain'd web that whitens in the  
sun,

Grow pure by being purely shone upon.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh—The Veiled Prophet  
of Khorassan*.

A spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, even while it errs:

As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

*Ibid.* *Lalla Rookh. Fire-worshippers*.

Evil into the mind of God or man

May come and go, so unapproved, and  
leave

No spot or blame behind.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 117.

There's a woman like a dewdrop,  
she's so purer than the purest.

ROBERT BROWNING. *A Blot in the  
'Scutcheon*. Act i. Sc. 3.

To doubt her fairness were to want an  
eye,  
To doubt her pureness were to want a  
heart.

TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine*.

My good blade carves the casques of  
men,

My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.

*Ibid.* *Sir Galahad*.

### PURSUIT AND POSSESSION.

Through thicke and thin, both over  
banck and bush,

In hope her to attain by hooke or crooke.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*. Bk. iii.  
Canto i. St. 17.

By hoke ne by croke.

JOHN SKELTON. *Colyn Cloute*. l. 1240.

*Gratiano*. All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chasèd than en-  
joyed.

How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfèd bark puts from her native  
bay,

Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet  
wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weathered ribs and ragged  
sails,

Lean, rent, and beggared by the strum-  
pet wind!

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
ii. Sc. 6. l. 13.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the  
doing.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 313.

An object rarely retains in possession the  
charm it had in pursuit.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. *Letters*. Bk ii. 15, 1.

Bliss in possession will not last;  
Remembered joys are never past:

At once the fountain, stream, and sea,  
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *The Little Cloud*.

When I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,  
What life, what glorious eagerness it is,  
Then mark how full Possession falls from  
this,

How fairer seems the blossom than the  
fruit,—

I am perplexed, and often stricken mute,

Wondering which attained the higher  
bliss,  
The winged insect, or the chrysalis  
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.

T. B. ALDRICH. *Pursuit and Possession*.

*Friar*. For it so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the  
worth

Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked  
and lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue that possession would not  
show us

Whiles it was ours.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 219.

How blessings brighten as they take their  
flight!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 602.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The  
Learn'd are blind;

This bids to serve, and that to shun  
mankind;

Some place the bliss in action, some in  
ease,

Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment  
these.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epis. iv. l. 19.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hands would seize  
upon her;

Follow thy life, and she will sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

O. W. HOLMES. *Hebe*.

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those  
Whom delight flies because they give  
her chase.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Byron the Voluptuary*.

As is your sort of mind  
So is your of sort of search, you'll find  
What you desire.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Easter Day*.

### PYRAMIDS.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last, when Egypts  
fall.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vi. l. 314.

The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's  
pride,

And wonder of the world, whose spiky  
top

Hath wounded the thick cloud.

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 190.

Beside the Eternal Nile  
The pyramids have risen.  
Nile shall pursue his changeless way;  
Those pyramids shall fall;  
Yea! not a stone shall stand to tell  
The spot whereon they stood;  
Their very site shall be forgotten.  
As is their builder's name.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*. St. ii.

Egypt! from whom all dateless tombs  
arose  
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long re-  
pose,  
And shook within their pyramids to  
hear  
A new Cambyzes thundering in their  
ear;  
While the dark shades of forty ages  
stood  
Like startled giants by Nile's famous  
flood.

BYRON. *The Age of Bronze*. St. v.

She has seen the mystery hid  
Under Egypt's pyramid:  
By those eyelids pale and close  
Now she knows what Rhameses knows.

EMERSON. *Little Mattie*. St. 2.

### QUARREL.

Amantium iræ amoris integratiost.  
The quarrels of lovers are the re-  
newal of love.

TERENCE. *Andria*. Act iii. Sc. 5.

The anger of lovers renews the strength  
of love.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 24.

The falling out of faithful friends, is the  
renewing of love.

RICHARD EDWARDS. *Paradise of Dainty  
Devices*. No. 42. St. 1.

Let the falling out of friends be a renew-  
ing of affection.

LYLY. *Euphues*.

The falling out of lovers is the renewing  
of love.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 2.

So also those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And little quarrels often prove  
To be but new recruits of love;  
When those who're always kind of coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto iii, l.  
290.

We have a crow to pull.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. v.

*Mercutio*. Thou! why, thou wilt quar-  
rel with a man that hath a hair more,  
or a hair less, in his beard than thou  
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man  
for cracking nuts, having no other reason  
but because thou hast hazel eyes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 17.

*Benedick*. In a false quarrel there is  
no true valour.

*Ibid*. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 120.

*Polonius*. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of  
thee.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 67.

*Hamlet*. Rightly to be great,  
Is—not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 32.

*York*. Sons and brothers at a strife!  
What is your quarrel? how began it  
first?

*Edward*. No quarrel, but a slight con-  
tention.

*Ibid*. *III. Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 4.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 79

A good cause needs not to be patroned  
by passion, but can sustain itself upon a  
temperate dispute.

SIR T. BROWNE. *Religio Medici*. Sec. 5.

Dissensions, like small streams, are first  
begun,  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they  
run:

So lines that from their parallel de-  
cline,  
More they proceed the more they still  
disjoin.

SIR SAM'L GARTH. *The Dispensary*.  
Canto iii. l. 184.

Those who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

GAY. *Fables: The Mastiffs*. l. 1.

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the  
rancour of your tongue!

Why flash those sparks of fury from  
your eyes?

Remember, when the judgment's weak  
the prejudice is strong.

KANE O'HARA. *Midas*. Act i. Sc. 4.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

For God hath made them so;

Let bears and lions growl and fight,

For 't is their nature, too.<sup>1</sup>

ISAAC WATTS. *Divine Songs*. Song 16.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.  
Fair peace becomes men; ferocious anger  
belongs to beasts.

OVID. *Ars Amatoria*. iii. 502.

The Indian tiger bears no hate,  
But keeps truce with its savage mate:

E'en fiercely-ranging bears agree

To live in general amity:

But man on anvils all abhorred,

Is not afraid to forge the sword.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. xv. 163.

But, children, you should never let

Such angry passions rise;

Your little hands were never made

To tear each other's eyes.

WATTS. *Divine Songs*. Song 16.

Birds in their little nest agree;

And 't is a shameful sight

When children of one family

Fall out, and chide, and fight.

*Ibid.* *Divine Songs*. Song 17.

So when two dogs are fighting in the  
streets,

When a third dog one of the two dogs  
meets:

With angry teeth he bites him to the  
bone,

And this dog smarts for what that dog  
has done.

HENRY FIELDING. *Tom Thumb the Great*.  
Act i. Sc. 5. l. 55.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel  
as it stands; we should only spoil it by  
trying to explain it.

SHERIDAN. *The Rivals*. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,  
The barber beats the luckless collier—  
white;

The dusty collier heaves his ponderous  
sack,

And, big with vengeance, beats the  
barber—black.

<sup>1</sup> Persistently misquoted "to."

In comes the brick-dust man, with grime  
o'erspread,

And beats the collier and the barber—  
red;

Black, red, and white, in various clouds  
are toss'd,

And in the dust they raise the com-  
batants are lost.

CHRISTOPHER SMART. *A Trip to Cam-  
bridge*.

An association of men who will not  
quarrel with one another is a thing which  
never yet existed, from the greatest con-  
federacy of nations down to a town-  
meeting or a vestry.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Letter to John Tay-  
lor*. 1798.

And musing on the little lives of men,  
And how they mar this little by their  
feuds.

TENNYSON. *Sea Dreams*.

As thro' the land at eve we went,

And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,

We fell out, my wife and I,

O we fell out, I know not why,

And kiss'd again with tears.

*Ibid.* *The Princess*. Canto ii. Song.

Unreconciled by life's fleet years, that  
fled

With changeful clang of pinions wide  
and wild,

Though two great spirits had lived, and  
hence had sped

Unreconciled.

SWINEBURNE. *A Century of Roundels*.  
*Discord*.

The first thing I remember whereon we  
disagreed

Was something concerning heaven—  
a difference in our creed;

We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we  
arg'd the thing at tea,

And the more we arg'd the question, the  
more we didn't agree.

WILL CARLETON. *Farm Ballads: Betzy  
and I are Out*. St. 5.

## QUIET.

(See SILENCE; CALM.)

The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration.

WORDSWORTH. *It is a Beauteous Evening*.

Anything for a Quiet Life.

MIDDLETON. *Title of a play.*

Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past.

LOWELL. *The Cathedral.*

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 42.

### QUOTATION.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied:

But strive to make our poverty our pride.

YOUNG. *Love of Fume*. Satire i. l. 81.

'Twas counted learning once and wit  
To void but what some author writ;  
And when men understood by rote  
By as implicit sense to quote.

BUTLER. *Satire upon Plagiaries*. 1. 99.

Every Quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

JOHNSON. *Preface to Dictionary*.

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

*Ibid.* *Boswell's Life*. 1781.

There is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent.

BAYLE. Vol. ii. p. 779.

Though old the thought and oft exprest,  
'Tis his at last who says it best.

LOWELL. *For an Autograph*. St. 1.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quotor of it.

EMERSON. *Letters and Social Aims*. *Quotation and Originality*.

With just enough of learning to misquote.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. 1. 66.

Proud of his learning, just enough to quote.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto xliii. St. 9.

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.

EMERSON. *Letters and Social Aims*. *Quotation and Originality*.

### RAIN.

Clown (*sings*). The rain it raineth every day.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 378.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew  
A baptime o're the flowers.

HERRICK. *To Music, to Ecalme His Fever*.

Like morning dew that in a pleasant shower  
Drops pearls into the bosom of a flower.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers*.

Rain cats and dogs.

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation*. Dialogue ii.

The raindrops' showery dance and rhythmic beat,  
With tinkling of innumerable feet.

ABRAHAM COLES. *The Microcosm Hearing*.

The hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

LONGFELLOW. *Midnight Mass for the Dying Year*. St. 4.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed

The white of their leaves, the amber grain

Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now

Is shinned in tremulous skeins of rain!

T. B. ALDRICH. *XXXVI Lyrics and XVII Sonnets*. Lyric XVII: *Before the Rain*. St. 3.

### RAINBOW.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

*Old Testament*. Genesis ix. 13.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud Philosophy

To teach me what thou art.

CAMPBELL. *To the Rainbow*. St. 1.

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven,  
We know her woof, her texture; she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things,  
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

KEATS. *Lamia*. Pt. ii. l. 231.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

CAMPBELL. *To the Rainbow*. St. 2.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die.

The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH. *My Heart Leaps Up*.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of  
life,  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds  
away,

And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
BYRON. *Bride of Abydos*. Canto i. St. 20.

### RANK.

Saturninus said, "Comrades, you have  
lost a good captain to make him an ill  
general."

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*. Bk. iii. Ch. ix.

It is a maxim, that those to whom  
everybody allows the second place have  
an undoubted title to the first.

SWIFT. *Tale of a Tub*. *Dedication*.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?  
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their  
wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

BURNS. *For a' That and a' That*. St. 2.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

*Ibid.* *For a' That and a' That*. St. 1.

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the  
king's stamp can make the metal better or  
heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling,  
which you bend every way, and debases the  
stamp he bears.

WYCHERLEY. *Plain-Dealer*.

Virtue is honour, and the noblest titles  
Are but the public stamps set on the ore  
To ascertain its value to mankind.

WEST. *Institution of the Garter*. l. 335.

A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

BURNS. *For a' That and a' That*. St. 4.

Princes and lords are but the breath of  
kings,

"An honest man's the nobles' work of God."  
*Ibid.* *The Collier's Saturday Night*. St. 19.

Rank is a farce: if people Fools will be,  
A Scavenger and King's the same to me.  
JOHN WOLCOT (Peter Pindar). *Peter's  
Prophecy*. Title page.

### RAVEN.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above  
my chamber door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.  
POE. *The Raven*.

Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
take thy form from off my door!

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."  
*Ibid.* *The Raven*.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is  
sitting, still is sitting

On that pallid bust of Pallas just above  
my chamber door,

And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
demon's that is dreaming

And the lamplight o'er him streaming  
throws his shadow on the floor

And my soul from out that shadow that  
lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—Nevermore.

*Ibid.* *The Raven*. (Concluding stanza.)

### READING.

Write the vision, and make it plain,  
upon tables, that he may run that read-  
eth it.

*Old Testament*. Habakkuk ii. 2.

But truths on which depends our main  
concern,

That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,  
Shine by the side of every path we tread  
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

COWPER. *Tirocinium*. l. 77.

And reads, though running, all these  
needful motions.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes*.

First week. First day. (SYLVESTER,  
trans.)

He that runs may read.

TENNYSON. *The Flower*. St. 5.

Reading maketh a full man; confer-  
ence a ready man; and writing an exact  
man.

LORD BACON. *Essay L. On Studies.*

Who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings  
not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what need he else-  
where seek?)

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books and shallow in  
himself.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained. Bk. iv.*  
l. 322.

Reading is seeing by proxy.

HERBERT SPENCER. *The Study of Soci-  
ology. Ch. xv.*

All rests with those who read. A work  
or thought

Is what each makes it to himself, and  
may

Be full of great dark meanings, like the  
sea,

With shoals of life rushing.

BAILEY. *Festus. Proem. l. 326.*

When the last reader reads no more.  
HOLMES. *The Last Reader. (Concluding  
line.)*

## REASON.

*Lysander.* The will of man is by his  
reason sway'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Midsummer Night's  
Dream. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 115.*

*Antony.* O judgment, thou art fled to  
brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.

*Ibid. Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 104.*

*Lucetta.* I have no other but a  
woman's reason;

I think him so, because I think him so.  
*Ibid. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i.*  
Sc. 2. l. 23.

Besides, I have a woman's reason, I will  
not dance, because I will not dance.

MIDDLETON. *Blurt, Master Constable. Act*  
i. Sc. 1.

Indu'd

With sanctity of reason.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. vii. l. 507.*

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and  
stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high  
Those rolling fires discover but the  
sky,

Not light us here; so Reason's glimmer-  
ing ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful  
way,

But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our  
hemisphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religion's  
sight;

So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural  
light.

DRYDEN. *Religio Laici. l. 1.*

Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the  
light.

*Ibid. Religio Laici. l. 69.*

Who reasons wisely is not therefore  
wise;

His pride in reasoning, not in acting,  
lies.

POPE. *Moral Essays. Epis. i. l. 117.*

Swift instinct leaps; slow Reason  
feebly climbs.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night vii. l. 82.*

Every man's reason is every man's  
oracle.

LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the True Use of  
Retirement and Study. Letter ii.*

If you will not hear Reason, she will  
surely rap your knuckles.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's  
Almanac.*

Passion and prejudice govern the  
world; only under the name of reason.

JOHN WESLEY. *Letter to Joseph Benson.*  
5th October, 1770.

It is always right that a man should  
be able to render a reason for the faith  
that is within him.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir.*  
Vol. i. p. 53.

Irrationally held truths may be more  
harmful than reasoned errors.

HUXLEY. *Science and Culture. The Com-  
ing of Age of the Origin of Species.*

## RECIPROCITY.

If she undervalue me  
What care I how fair she be?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?

*Ibid.*

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

GEORGE WITHER. *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

*Saturninus.* Be as just and gracious  
unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus.* Act i.  
Sc. 1. l. 60.

## RECREATION.

The bow that's always bent will quickly  
break;

But if unstrung 'twill serve you at  
your need.

So let the mind some relaxation take  
To come back to its task with fresher  
heed.

PHÆDRUS. *Fables.* Bk. iii. Fable 14.  
(W. M. F. KING, trans.)

*Albess.* Sweet recreation barred, what  
doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless  
despair;

And at her heels a huge infectious  
troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to  
life?

SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors.* Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 92.

Better to hunt in fields for health un-  
bought,

Than fee the doctor for a nauseous  
draught.

The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made His work for man to  
mend.

DRYDEN. *Epistle to John Dryden of Ches-  
terton.* l. 92.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,  
Some recommend the bowling-green;

Some hilly walks; all exercise;  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

MATTHEW GREEN. *The Spleen.* l. 90.

[The allusion, of course, is to David and  
Goliath. There is a faint reminiscence of  
Shakespeare's:

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires.]

*Othello.* Act v. Sc. ii. l. 273.

## REFORM.

A new heart also will I give you, and  
a new spirit will I put within you.

*Old Testament.* Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.

And ye were as a firebrand plucked  
out of the burning.

*Ibid.* Amos iv. 11.

*Prince Henry.* So, when this loose be-  
haviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I  
am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen  
ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract  
more eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it  
off.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 201.

*Prince Henry.* Yet herein will I imi-  
tate the Sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious  
clouds

To smother up his beauty from the  
world,

That, when he please again to be him-  
self,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd  
at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly  
mists.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 221.

*Archbishop of Canterbury.* Considera-  
tion like an angel came

And whipp'd the offending Adam out  
of him.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 28.

*Falstaff.* I'll purge, and leave sack  
and live cleanly.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 168.

'Tis the talent of our English nation,  
Still to be plotting some new reformation.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Sophonisba*. l. 9.

When men grow virtuous in their old age,  
they only make a sacrifice to God  
of the devil's leavings.

POPE. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

When our vices leave us we think it  
is we who have forsaken our vices.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Dear Tillotson !<sup>1</sup> be sure the best of men ;  
Nor thought he more, than thought  
great Origen,  
Though once upon a time he misbe-  
haved ;

Poor Satan ! doubtless he'll at length  
be saved.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 447.

But fare ye well, auld Nickie-ben !  
O wad ye take a thought an' men'<sup>2</sup>  
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—  
Still hae a stake—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,  
Ev'n for your sake.

ROBERT BURNS. *Address to the Deil*.  
(Concluding lines.)

And ah for a man to arise in me,  
That the man I am may cease to be !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. i.  
x. St. 6.

## RELATIONS.

*King*. But now, my cousin Hamlet,  
and my son,—

*Hamlet* [aside]. A little more than  
kin, and less than kind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l.  
65.

*Hamlet*. O my prophetic soul,  
My uncle !

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 5. l. 40.

He that had neither beene kithe nor  
kine

Might have seene a full fayre sight.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *Robin Hood and Guy*  
*of Gisborne*. l. 145.

Bluid is thicker than water.

SCOTT. *The Antiquary*. Ch. xxxviii.

[Scott puts this phrase in the mouth of  
Edie Ochiltree. But Edie was simply using  
a common proverb.]

<sup>1</sup> John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canter-  
bury, endorsed Origen's doctrine of the  
Apocatastasis or Final Restitution, which  
expressly included the devil and his angels.

And so do his sisters and his cousins  
and his aunts

His sisters and his cousins

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

And his aunts.

W. S. GILBERT. *H. M. S. Pinafore*.

[This chorus runs through every act of  
the opera.]

## RELIGION.

Pure religion, and undefiled before  
God and the Father, is this, To visit  
the fatherless and widows in their afflic-  
tion, and to keep himself unspotted from  
the world.

*New Testament*. James i. 27.

Sacred religion ! mother of form and  
fear.

DANIEL. *Musophilus*. St. 57.

As if Religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l.  
205.

Religion is like the fashion. One  
man wears his doublet slashed, another  
laced, another plain ; but every man has  
a doublet. So every man has his reli-  
gion. We differ about trimming.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk*. *Religion*.

Sir, I think all Christians, whether  
Papists or Protestants, agree in the es-  
sential articles, and that their differences  
are trivial, and rather political than  
religious.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Chap. v.  
1763.

The conversation . . . turned soon into  
some dispute upon subjects of religion ;  
after a good deal of that sort of talk, the  
earl<sup>1</sup> said at last, "People differ in their  
discourse and profession about these mat-  
ters, but men of sense are really but of one  
religion." Upon which says the lady of a  
sudden, "Pray, my lord, what religion  
is that which men of sense agree in ?"  
"Madam," says the earl, immediately,  
"men of sense never tell it."

BURNET. *History of My Own Times*. Vol.  
i. p. 175.

"As for that," said Waldershare, "sensi-  
ble men are all of the same religion."  
"And pray what is that?" inquired the  
prince. "Sensible men never tell."

DISRAELI. *Endymion*. Ch. lxxxi.

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of  
Shaftesbury.

I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference; no, nor the language the actors spoke, nor the religion which they professed, whether Arab in the desert, or Frenchman in the Academy. I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion,—the religion of well-doing and daring.

EMERSON. *The Preacher. Lectures and Biographical Sketches.*

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love another.

SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

What religion is he of?

Why, he is an Anythingarian.

*Ibid.* *Polite Conversation. Dialogue I.*

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it.

COLTON. *Lacon. xxv.*

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion.

BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto ii. St. 34.*

There's some are fou o' love divine,  
There's some are fou o' brandy.

BURNS. *The Holy Fair. St. 27.*

The friend of him who has no friend—  
Religion!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. *The Pillow. 1. 152.*

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early Heaven, her happy views;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam. xxxiii. St. 2.*

What we all love is good touched up  
with evil—

Religion's self must have a spice of  
devil.

A. H. CLOUGH. *Dipsychus. Pt. i. Sc. 3.*

Wandering between two worlds, one  
dead

The other powerless to be born,  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like them, on earth I rest forlorn.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Grande Chartreuse.*

Children of men! the unseen Power,  
whose eye,

Forever doth accompany mankind,  
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully  
That men did ever find.

*Ibid.* *Progress. St. 10.*

## REMORSE; REPENTANCE.

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

*New Testament. Luke xv. 7.*

Sweet tastes have sour closes;  
And he repents on thorns that sleeps in  
beds of roses.

QUARLES. *Emblems. Bk. i. No. 7.*

Our repentance is not so much sorrow for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may happen to us in consequence.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Reflections; or, Sentences and Moral Maxims. No. 180.*

Amid the roses, fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest.

THOMSON. *The Seasons. Spring. 1. 997.*

And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

ISAAC WATTS. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Bk. i. Hymn 88.*

No penance can absolve our guilty  
fame;

Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash  
out shame.

PRIOR. *Henry and Emma. 1. 312.*

Remorse begets reform.

COWPER. *The Task. Bk. v. The Winter Morning Walk. 1. 618.*

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with  
the cold,

The warrior first feels pain—'tis when  
the heat

And fiery fever of the soul is past,  
The sinner feels remorse.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Monastery. Ch. xxiii.*

What 'twas weak to do,

'Tis weaker to lament, once being done.  
SHELLEY. *The Cenci. Act v. Sc. 3.*

The spirit burning but unbent,  
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone re-  
pent.

BYRON. *The Corsair. Canto ii. St. 10.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have  
been!"

WHITTIER. *Maud Muller. St. 53.*

But how carve way i' the life that lies before,

If bent on groaning ever for the past?

ROBERT BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*.

REPUTATION.

*Iago*. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls: Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:

But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 156.

A good reputation is more valuable than money.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 108.

Ego si bonam famam mihi servasso, sat ero dives.

If I can only keep my good name, I shall be rich enough.

PLAUTUS. *Mostellaria*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 71.

*Iago*. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cassio*. Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago*. Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cassio*. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, Sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation!

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 259.

*Iago*. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost without deserving.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 270.

*Mowbray*. The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted clay. A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me and my life is done.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 178

*Falstaff*. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 93.

How many worthy men have we seen survive their own reputation!

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Glory*. Bk. ii. Ch. xvi.

Das Aergste weiss die Welt von mir, und ich

Kann sagen, ich bin besser als mein Ruf.

The worst of me is known, and I can say that I am better than the fame I bear.

SCHILLER. *Marie Stuart*. iii. 4. 208.

Denn ein wanderndes Mädchen ist immer von schwankendem Rufe.

For a strolling damsel a doubtful reputation bears.

GOETHE. *Hermann and Dorothea*. vii. 93.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

RICHARD BENTLEY, in *Monk's Life of Bentley*. p. 90.

The blaze of a reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.

DR. S. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mrs. Thrale*. May 1, 1780.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and angels know of us.

THOS. PAINE.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!

HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*. Ch. iii.

REST.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

*Old Testament*. Job iii. 17.

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON. *The May Queen*. (Concluding line.)

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

*New Testament*. Matthew xi. 28.

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas, Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto ix. St. 40.

Doctor. Our foster-nursè of Nature is repose.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 12.

The best of men have ever loved repose.

THOMSON. *The Castle of Indolence*. Canto 1. St. 17.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,

Retreat from care, that never must be mine,

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,

A youth of labor with an age of ease; Who quits a world where strong temptations try,

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village*. l. 97.

Rest is not quitting the mortal career, Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

J. S. DWIGHT. *Rest*.

Thou that from the heavens art,

Every pain and sorrow stillest,

And the doubly wretched heart Doubly with refreshment fillest,

I am weary with contending!

Why this rapture and unrest?

Peace descending

Come, ah, come into my breast!

GOETHE. *Wanderer's Night-songs*. (LONGFELLOW, trans.)

## RESULTS.

(See CONSEQUENCES.)

Ye shall know them by their fruits.

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 16.

Such souls

Whose sudden visitations daze the world, Vanish like lightning; but they leave behind

A voice that in the distance far away Wakens the slumbering ages.

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip van Artevelde*. Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 7. l. 105.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life*.

No action, whether foul or fair, Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere A record, written by fingers ghostly As a blessing or a curse, and mostly In the greater weakness or greater strength

Of the acts which follow it.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend: A Village Church*. Pt. ii.

## RETRIBUTION.

With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 2.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.

*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxvi. 27.

He for himself weaves woe who weaves for others woe,

And evil counsel on the counsellor recoils.

HESIOD. *Works and Days*. l. 265.

Let the smith wear the fetters which he himself has made.

AUSONIUS. *Idyllia*. vi. *Paulo*. 6.

There is no law more just than that which has ordained

That who plots others' death in his own toils shall die.

OVID. *De Arte Amandi*. i. 655.

The greatest chastisement that a man may receive who hath outraged another, is to have done the outrage; and there is no man who is so rudely punished as he that is subject to the whip of his own repentance.

SENECA. *Works. Of Anger*. Bk. iii. Ch. xxvi. (THOMAS LODGE, editor.)

*Hamlet*. For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them to the moon.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 208.

[A petard was an iron canister filled with gunpowder, used for blowing up gates and barricades in times of war. There was always danger that the engineer who fired the petard should be blown up (hoisted) with his own explosive. Hence what Hamlet means is that it is grimly amusing to see a man caught in his own trap, or defeated by his own device.]

*Macbeth.* We but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught  
return  
To plague th' inventor: this even-handed  
justice  
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned  
chalice  
To our own lips.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7.  
l. 8.

*Edgar.* The gods are just, and of our  
pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act v. Sc. 3. l. 170.

That is the bitterest of all,—to wear the  
yoke of our own wrong-doing.  
GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda.* Bk. v.  
Ch. xxxvi.

Many go out for wool, and come home  
shorn themselves.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.* Pt. ii. Ch.  
xxxvii.

*Clown.* And thus the whirligig of time  
brings in his revenges.  
*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 362.

*Norfolk.* Heat not a furnace for your  
foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may out-  
run,  
By violent swiftuess, that which we run  
at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you  
not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till it  
run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it?  
*Ibid.* *Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1. l. 140.

*Antonio.* Some of us will smart for it.  
*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 109.

Who by aspersions throw a stone  
At the head of others, hit their own.  
HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church,  
Charms and Knots.* St. 5.

Remember Milo's end  
Wedged in that timber which he strove  
to rend.  
ROSCOMMON. *Essays on Translated Verse.*  
l. 87.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they  
see  
The work of their own hearts, and that  
must be  
Our chastisement or recompense.  
SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo.* l. 482.

The thorns which I have reaped are of  
the tree  
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I  
bleed:

I should have known what fruit would  
spring from such a seed.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 10.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
yet they grind exceedingly small;  
Though with patience He stands wait-  
ing, with exactness grinds He all.  
FR. VON LOGAU. *Retribution. Sinngedichte.*  
(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

[Logau's first line was taken from the  
Greek:

Ὅψι θεοῦ μύλοι, ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but  
they grind small.

ORACULA SIBYLLINA. viii. 14.

Ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira deorum  
est.

But grant the wrath of Heaven be great,  
'tis slow.

JUVENAL. *Satires.* xiii. 100. (GIFFORD,  
trans.)]

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the Lord:

He is tramping out the vintage where  
the grapes of wrath are stored:

He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
of his terrible swift sword.

JULIA WARD HOWE. *Battle Hymn of the  
Republic.*

Crime and punishment grow out of  
one stem. Punishment is a fruit that  
unsuspected ripens within the flower of  
the pleasure which concealed it.

EMERSON. *Essays: Compensation.*

## REVENGE.

Vengeance is mine; I will repay,  
saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed  
him; if he thirst, give him drink: for  
in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire  
on his head.

*New Testament.* Romans xii. 19, 20.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus  
ultor.

Rise from my ashes, some avenger,  
rise!

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Bk. iv. l. 625.

[Dying imprecation of Dido upon the false  
Æneas. It is said to have been written

with the point of his sword on the walls of his dungeon by Philip Strozzi before killing himself, when imprisoned by Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany.]

A man that studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green.

BACON. *Essay: Revenge.* iv.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

*Ibid.* *Essay: Revenge.* iv.

*Othello.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 433.

*Othello.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 74.

*Othello.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murderer's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 116.

*Shylock.* If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 72.

To work a fell revenge a man's a fool, If not instructed in a woman's school.

FLETCHER. *The Spanish Curate.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Revenge, at first though sweet, Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ix. l. 171.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.  
BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 124.

Revenge proves its own executioner.  
FORD. *The Broken Heart.* Act v. Sc. 2.

'Tis sweet to love; but when with scorn we meet,

Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

LORD LANSDOWNE. *British Enchanter.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. xi.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

BISHOP T. WILSON. *Maxims.* 303.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

COLTON. *Lacon.*

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue.

YOUNG. *The Revenge.* Act v. Sc. 2.

There are things Which make revenge a virtue by reflection, And not an impulse of mere anger; though The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injurd souls

Oft do a public right with private wrong.  
BYRON. *Marino Faliero.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

And if we do but watch the hour, There never yet was human power Which could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong.

*Ibid.* *Mazeppa.* St. 10. (Concluding lines.)

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. iii. l. 374.

## REVOLUTION.

Revolutions are not made: they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speech at the Melodeon.* January 28, 1852.

Revolutions never go backward.

*Ibid.* *Speech.* Boston, Mass., February 17, 1861.

If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such a right were a vital one.

LINCOLN. *First Inaugural Address.* March 4, 1861.

## REWARD.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

*Old Testament.* Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

*Portia.* He is well paid that is well satisfied :

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 415.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride.* Act v. Sc. 12.

Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

POPE. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* l. 9.

Palmarum qui meruit ferat.

Let him bear the palm who deserves it.

JOHN JORTIN. *Lusus Poetici. Ad Ventos.* St. 4.

[The motto of Nelson and of the Royal Naval School of England. The whole stanza runs as follows :

Et nobis faciles parcite et hostibus ;  
Concurrant paribus cum ratibus rates,  
Spectent numina ponti, et  
Palmarum qui meruit, ferat.

On friend and foe breathe soft and calm,  
As ship with ship in battle meets ;  
And while the sea-gods watch the fleets  
Let him who merits, bear the palm.

(W. M. F. KING, trans.)]

Who would run, that's moderately wise,

A certain danger for a doubtful prize ?

POMFRET. *Love Triumphant Over Reason.* l. 85.

When all is won that all desire to woo,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. xxxv.

### RIDDLES.

'Twas in heaven pronounced—it was muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;

On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,

And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed.

Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,

Ah, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAW. *A Riddle on the Letter H.*

[This riddle has often been credited to Lord Byron. The first line has been improved by Horace Smith's alteration to the form now best known :

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell.]

A handless man a letter did write,

A dumb dictated it word for word ;

The person who read it had lost his sight,

And deaf was he who listened and heard.

GEORGE BORROW. *The Bible in Spain.*

[This is Borrow's more accurate translation of a popular Spanish riddle, of uncertain date, already known through Bishop Whewell's version :

A headless man had a letter to write,  
And he who read it had lost his sight ;  
The dumb repeated it word for word,  
And deaf was the man who listened and heard.]

### RIDICULE.

*Benedick.* Shall quips and sentences  
and these paper bullets of the brain awe  
a man from the career of his humour ?  
No, the world must be peopled. When  
I said I would die a bachelor, I did not  
think I should live till I were married.

SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 219.

For still the world prevail'd, and its  
dread laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can  
scorn.

THOMSON. *Seasons. Autumn.* l. 233.

Nothing in poverty so ill is borne,  
As its exposing men to grinning scorn.

OLDHAM. *Third Satire of Juvenal.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

Fate never wounds more deep the generous  
heart,

Than when a blockhead's insult points the  
dart.

DR. JOHNSON. *London.* l. 166.

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to His Son.* 6th of February, 1752.

Truth, 'tis supposed, may bear all lights;  
and one of those principal lights or natural  
mediums by which things are to be viewed  
in order to a thorough recognition is ridi-  
cule itself.

SHAFTESBURY. *Essay on the Freedom of  
Wit and Humour.* Sec. i.

'Twas the saying of an ancient sage  
(Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Aristotle's Rhetoric*,  
Lib. iii. Cap. 18) that humor was the only  
test of gravity, and gravity of humor. For  
a subject which would not bear raillery was  
suspicious; and a jest which would not  
bear a serious examination was certainly  
false wit.

*Ibid.* *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and  
Humour.* Sec. 5.

And took for truth the test of ridicule.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall.* Bk. viii.  
*The Sisters.*

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by  
a grin.

JOHN BROWN. *An Essay on Satire. Occa-  
sioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.*

Who can refute a sneer?

WILLIAM PALEY. *Moral Philosophy.* Vol.  
ii. Bk. v. Ch. ix.

And shaped his weapon with an edge  
severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn  
sneer.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St.  
107.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry  
away.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 11.

### RIDING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and  
he;

I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped  
all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the  
gate-bolts undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gallop-  
ing through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank  
to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped  
abreast.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Dramatic Lyrics:  
How They Brought the Good News  
from Ghent to Aix.* St. 1.

What if we still ride on, we too,  
With life for ever old yet new,

Changed not in time, but in degree

The instant made eternity

And heaven just prove that I and she

Ride, ride together, forever ride?

ROBERT BROWNING. *The Last Ride  
Together.*

The rule of the road is a paradox quite

In riding or driving about.

If you go to the left you are sure to go  
right.

If you go to the right you go wrong.

Attributed to HENRY ERSKINE.

### RIGHT.

Ποιητὰ δὲ νόμῳμα εἶναι.

Whatever is, is right.

DEMOCRITUS. *Diogenes Laertius.* ix. 7,  
12, 45.

(See under OPTIMISM.)

Better, though difficult, the right way to  
go,

Than wrong, tho' easy, where the end is  
woe.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. i.

Can any man have a higher notion of  
the rule of right and the eternal fitness  
of things?

FIELDING. *Tom Jones.* Bk. iv. Ch. iv.

We hold these truths to be self-evi-  
dent,—that all men are created equal;  
that they are endowed by their Creator  
with certain unalienable rights; that  
among these are life, liberty, and the  
pursuit of happiness.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Declaration of Inde-  
pendence.*

All men are born free and equal, and have  
certain natural, essential, and unalienable  
rights.

*Constitution of Massachusetts.*

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

[The motto of David Crockett in the war  
of 1812.]

If you choose to represent the various  
parts in life by holes upon a table, of  
different shapes,—some circular, some  
triangular, some square, some oblong,—  
and the persons acting these parts by  
bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall  
generally find that the triangular per-  
son has got into the square hole, the  
oblong into the triangular, and a square  
person has squeezed himself into the

round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Sketches of Moral Philosophy.*

The lot assigned to every man is suited to him, and suits him to itself.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* iii. 4.

Some must be great. Great offices will have Great talents. And God gives to every man The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, That lifts him into life, and lets him fall Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. iv. *The Winter Evening.* l. 788.

Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. *Letter to Elias Shipman and others.* July 12, 1801.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. *Speech in Parliament.* January 15, 1855.

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.

HENRY CLAY. *Speech,* 1850 (referring to the Compromise Measures).

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Second Inaugural Address.* March 4, 1865.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried, That right was right, and there he would abide.

CRABBE. *Tale xv. The Squire and the Priest.*

For right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER. *The Right Must Win.* (Concluding lines.)

Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

TENNYSON. *Cenone.* l. 148.

I trust in Nature for the stable laws  
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant  
And Autumn garner to the end of time.  
I trust in God,—the right shall be the right  
And other than the wrong, while He endures.

I trust in my own soul, that can perceive  
The outward and the inward,—Nature's  
good  
And God's.

ROBERT BROWNING. *A Soul's Tragedy.* Act i.

In the great right of an excessive wrong.

*Ibid.* *The Ring and the Book. The Other Half-Rome.* l. 1055.

## RIVAL.

There with commutual zeal we both had strove

In acts of dear benevolence and love :  
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command.

POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Bk. iv. l. 241.

Sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.

Without rivals thou lovest alone thyself and thine.

HORACE. *Art of Poetry.* l. 444.

Un homme qui s'aimait sans avoir de rivaux.

A man who loved himself without having any rivals.

LA FONTAINE. *Rochefoucauld.*

He answered Darius that the earth  
could not brook two suns, nor Asia two masters.

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms. Alexander.*

Prince Henry. Two stars keep not  
their motion in one sphere ;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign.

SHAKESPEARE. *I Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4. l. 65.

Hector. The obligation of our blood  
forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 123.

Cassius. There was a Brutus once that  
would have brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

*Ibid.* *Julius Caesar.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 159.

In arms and science 'tis the same ;  
Our rival's hurts create our fame.

PRIOR. *Alma.* Canto i. l. 196.

For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto v. St. 13.

## RIVER.

There is a river in Macedon; and  
there is also moreover a river at Mon-  
mouth; . . . and there is salmon in both.  
SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry IV.* Act iv.  
Sc. 7. l. 25.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
MARLOWE. *The Passionate Shepherd to  
His Love*. St. 2.

*Julia*. The current that with gentle  
murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently  
doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hin-  
dered,  
He makes sweet music with the enam-  
ell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 25.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy  
stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep, yet clear: though gentle,  
yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing  
full.  
DENHAM. *Cooper's Hill*. l. 189.

Listen and appear to us,  
In name of great Oceanus,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answered have  
Listen and save.  
MILTON. *Comus*. l. 867.

About me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny  
plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams;  
by these,  
Creatures that lived and moved, and  
walked or flew.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 263.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes;  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise.

BURNS. *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*.

A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. v.  
St. 18.

Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and  
sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs! what power  
divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?  
*Ibid.* *Cologne*. (Concluding lines.)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decrew;  
Where Alph, the sacred river ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.  
*Ibid.* *Kubla Khan*. l. 1.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.  
CAMPBELL. *Hohenlinden*. St. 1.

The river glideth at his own sweet  
will.  
WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet XXXVI*. Com-  
posed upon Westminster Bridge, Sep-  
tember 3, 1802.

The stream, aspiring, pants its source to  
mount  
As streams meander level with their  
fount.  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY. *The Omnipresence  
of the Deity*. Pt. i.

[We take this to be, on the whole, the worst  
similitude in the world. In the first place,  
no stream meanders or can possibly mean-  
der level with the fount. In the next place,  
if streams did meander level with their  
founts, no two motions can be less like each  
other than that of meandering level and  
that of mounting upwards.]

MACAULAY. *Review of Montgomery's  
Poems*.]

See the rivers, how they run,  
Changeless to the changeless sea.  
CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Saint's Tragedy*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2.

I wandered by the brook-side,  
I wandered by the mill;  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still.  
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord  
Houghton). *The Brookside*.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.  
TENNYSON. *The Brook*.

No check, no stay, this streamlet fears:  
How merrily it goes.  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years  
And flow as now it flows.  
WORDSWORTH. *The Fountain*. St. 6.

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman  
waste,  
Under the solitary moon:—he flow'd  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,  
Brimming, and bright, and large: then  
sands begin  
To hem his watery march, and dam his  
streams,  
And split his currents; that for many a  
league  
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
Through beds of strand and matted rushy  
isles—  
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,  
A foild circuitous wanderer—till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and  
wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-  
bathe'd stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Oxus*.

Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snow-hid in Jenooary.  
LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers*. *Second  
Series*. *The Courtin'*. St. 22.

ROD.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the  
ass, and a rod for the back of fools.  
*Old Testament*. Proverbs xxvi. 3.

He that spareth the rod hateth his  
son.  
*Ibid*. Proverbs xiii. 24.

There is nothyng that more dyspleaseth  
God  
Than from ther children to spare the  
rod.  
JOHN SKELTON. *Magnyfycence*. l. 1954.

Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,  
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto i. l.  
843.

They spare the rod, and spoyle the child.  
RALPH VENNING. *Mysterics and Revela-  
tions*.

He that will not use the rod on his  
child, his child shall be used as a rod  
on him.

TH. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*.  
*Holy State*. *The Good Parent*.

Diogenes struck the father when the son  
swore.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. iii.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 2. Subsec. 5.

Virtue best loves those children that  
she beats.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 822.

The man that's ne'er been flogged has  
ne'er been taught.

MENANDER. *Monoslichia*. 422.

There is now less flogging in our great  
schools than formerly,—but then less is  
learned there; so that what the boys get  
at one end they lose at the other.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. Vol. vi.  
Ch. I. 1775.

O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of  
nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany, or  
Spain,  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals, never mind the  
pain.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 1.

*Gloster*. A staff is quickly found to  
beat a dog.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 171.

For him at least I have a rod in  
pickle.

O. KEEFE. *Midas*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,  
The more you beat them, the better they  
be.

CHARLES TAYLOR.

[Translation of a proverb long familiar in  
Spain and Italy.]

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus.

Outside the Church there is no salva-  
tion.

ST. CYPRIAN. *Epistles* iv. 4. and lxiil.  
18.

Extra Ecclesiam Catholicam totum potest præter salutem.

Outside of the Catholick Church every-thing may be had except salvation.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. Vol. ix. 122 B. (Bened. ed.)

[St. Augustine continues: You may have Orders and Sacraments, you may sing Alleluia and answer Amen, you may hold the Gospel and have and preach the faith in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: but nowhere except in the Catholick Church can salvation be found.]

Roma locuta est, causa finita est.

Rome has spoken, the case is concluded.

[Founded upon this passage from St. Augustine (*Sermons*, 131, 10):

Jam enim de hac causa duo concilia missa sunt ad sedem Apostolicam. Inde etiam rescripta venerunt: causa finita est; utinam aliquando error finiatu!

Already the results of two councils on this (Pelagian) question have been sent to the Apostolic See, and rescripts have been returned from thence. The case is finished; would that some time or other the heresy might come to an end as well.]

There was also a Nonne, a Prioeresse,  
That of hir smyling was ful simple and  
coy;

Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy;  
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
Ful wel sche song the service divyne.

Cui licitus est finis, etiam licent media.

Where the end is lawful the means thereto are lawful also.

BUSENBAUM. *Medulla Theol. Moral.* 6, 2.

[This maxim of the Jesuit writer is generally cited as "The end justifies the means."]

Exitus acta probat.

The result justifies the deed.

*Motto of Washington.*

She may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

MACAULAY. *On Ranke's History of the Popes.* Often referred to as Macaulay's New Zealander.

[In his New Zealander, Macaulay gave its most brilliant and permanent form to an idea which had been already used by innumerable authors, among others himself.

His essay on Ranke appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1840. In a criticism of Mitford's *Greece*, contributed so early as 1829 to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, he had said:

When the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her [Athens's] influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth. (Concluding paragraph.)

There may be here a reminiscence of the prophet Ezekiel:

It (Tyre) shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea. . . . Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones; . . . they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble at every moment, and be astonished at thee. And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee, How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants? (xxvi. 5, 16, 17).

And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-ge-di even to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets (xlvii. 10).

Closer parallels are numerous in modern literature:

For my part, I take Europe to be worn out. When Voltaire dies we may say "Good-night." The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letters to Sir Horace Mann.* November 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitols, and  
hears  
The bittern booming in the weeds, he  
shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. *Time.* 1. 194.

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in

the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians.

SHELLEY. *Peter Bell the Third. Dedication to Thomas Brown, Esq.* (Thomas Moore).

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations,—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?

VOLNEY. *Ruins. Meditations.* Ch. ii.

For other parallels, see WALSH, *Handy-book of Literary Curiosities.*]

### ROMANCE.

Perhaps the self same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home

She stood in tears amid the alien corn :  
The same that oftimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.  
KEATS. *Ode to a Nightingale.* St. 7.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance !

Auspicious queen of childish joys,  
Who leadst along, in airy dance,

Thy votive train of girls and boys.

BYRON. *To Romance.*

Lady of the Mere,

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

WORDSWORTH. *A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags.*

He loved the twilight that surrounds

The border-land of old romance ;  
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,

And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,

And mighty warriors sweep along,

Magnified by the purple mist,

The dusk of centuries and of song.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

Prelude. Pt. v. l. 130.

Oh for a blast of that dread horn<sup>1</sup>

On Fontarabian echoes borne !

SCOTT. *Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 33.

<sup>1</sup> O for the voice of that wild horn.

SCOTT. *Rob Roy.* Ch. ii.

My county Guy, the hour is nigh

The sun has left the lea,

The orange flower perfumes the bower,

The breeze is on the sea.

SCOTT. *Quentin Durward.* Ch. iv.

### ROME.

Prima urbes inter, divum domus,  
aurea Roma.

First among cities, home of the gods,  
is golden Rome.

AUSONIUS. *Ordo Nobilium Urbium.* 1.

She alone among nations has received into her bosom those whom she has conquered, and has cherished all humanity as her sons, and not as her slaves ; those whom she has subdued she has called her citizens, and has bound to herself the ends of the earth in ties of affection.

CLAUDIUS. *De Consulatu Stilichonis.* iii. 150.

He so beautified the city as to justify his boast, that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble.

SUETONIUS. ii. 29. (*Of Augustus.*)

Civis Romanus sum.

I am a Roman citizen.

CICERO. *In Verrem.* ii. v. 57, 147.

Frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis.

By her own wealth is haughty Rome brought low.

PROPERTIUS. *Elegies.* iv. 12, 60 (iii. 13, 60).

Once I journeyed far from home

To the gate of holy Rome ;

There the Pope, for my offence,

Bade me straight, in penance, thence

Wandering onward, to attain

The wondrous land that height Cokaigne.

ROBERT WACE. *The Land of Cokaigne.*

*Horatio.* I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 333.

On this foundation would I build my fame,

And emulate the Greek and Roman name.

ROWE. *Jane Shore.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

To the glory that was Greece.  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

POE. *To Helen.*

Oh Rome! my country! city of the  
soul!

The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee,

Lone mother of dead empires.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 78.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
stand;

"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall  
fall!

"And when Rome falls—the World."  
From our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty  
wall

In Saxon times.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 145.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless  
woe;

An empty urn within her withered  
hands,

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto iv. St. 79.

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three

Had Rome been growing up to might,

And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars,  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed do-  
main;

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars

Held undisturbed their ancient rein

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT. *Christmas Hymn.*

Every one soon or late comes round  
by Rome.

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book.*  
Bk. v. l. 296.

## ROSE.

There is no gathering the rose with-  
out being pricked by the thorns.

PILPAY (OR BIDPAI). *The Two Travellers.*  
Ch. ii. Fable 6.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn  
the rose.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 256.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

MARLOWE. *The Passionate Shepherd to  
His Love.* St. 3.

O, how much more doth beauty beaute-  
ous seem,

By that sweet ornament which truth  
doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it  
deem,

For that sweet odor which doth in it  
live.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet LIV.*

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful  
flower.

The glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an  
hour,

And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to  
boast,

Above all the flowers of the field:

When its leaves are all dead, and fine  
colours are lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

ISAAC WATTS. *Moral Songs: The Rose.*

When we desire to confine our words,  
we commonly say they are spoken under  
the rose.

THOMAS BROWNE. *Vulgar Errors.*

Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time, and me

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

EDMUND WALLER. *The Rose.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Ep. i. l. 200.

Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,  
And liquid amber drop from every  
thorn.

*Ibid.* *Autumn.* l. 37.

O, my love's like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June.

BURNS. *A Red, Red Rose.*

I am not the rose, but I have lived  
near the rose.

H. B. CONSTANT.

[A. Hayward, in the introduction to Mrs. Piozzi's *Autobiography and Letters*, ascribes to Constant the French form of this phrase, "Je ne suis pas la rose, may j'ai vécu avec elle." The original may be found in Sadi's *Gulistan*. See NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. *Flowers from Persian Poets.* Vol. ii. p. 257.]

Red as a rose is she.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. i.  
St. 9.

You may break, you may shatter the  
vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang  
round it still.

MOORE. *Farewell! But Whenever You  
Welcome the Hour*. (Concluding lines.)

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit  
odorem

Testa diu.

The vase will long the scent retain  
It chanced, when newly made, to gain.  
HORACE.

[Horace's allusion is to earthen vessels  
into which wine has once been poured.  
Aldrich kins Moore to Horace in his parody  
of the former: "You may break, you may  
shatter Watkins if you will, but the scent of  
the Roederer will hang round him still."  
—*Marjorie Daw*.]

Rose of the Garden! such is woman's  
lot—

Worshipp'd while blooming—when she  
fades, forgot.

Rose of the Desert! thus should woman  
be

Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like  
thee.

MOORE. *Rose of the Desert*. 1. 5.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone.

*Ibid.* *The Last Rose of Summer*. 1. 1.

No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

*Ibid.* *Last Rose of Summer*. 1. 5.

What would the rose with all her pride  
be worth,

Were there no sun to call her brightness  
forth?

*Ibid.* *Love Alone*. St. 2.

The budding rose above the rose full  
blown.

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*. Bk. xi. l. 121.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or  
moulded,

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet  
folded.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xv. St. 43.

The rose that all are praising,

Is not the rose for me;

Too many eyes are gazing

Upon the faultless tree.

But there's a rose in yonder glen

That scorns the gaze of other men;

For me its beauty saving,—

Oh! that's the rose for me.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *The Rose that  
All are Praising*.

Underneath large blue-bells tented

Where the daisies are rose-scented,

And the rose herself has got

Perfume which on earth is not.

KEATS. *Ode. Bards of Passion and of  
Mirth*. 1. 13.

Two roses on one slender spray

In sweet communion grew,

Together hailed the morning ray

And drank the evening dew.

MONTGOMERY. *The Roses*.

As rich and purposeless as is the rose:

Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS. *Marpessa*. ll. 51, 52.

## ROYALTY.

(See **KINGS**.)

*Brackenbury*. Princes have but their  
titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil;

And for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that between their titles, and low  
name,

There's nothing differs but the outward  
fame.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act i. Sc.  
4. 1. 78.

*Richard*. How sweet a thing it is to  
wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is Elv'sium

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy!

*Ibid.* III. *Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 2. 1. 28.

*Prince Henry*. Why doth the crown  
lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open  
wide,

To many a watchful night! Sleep with  
it now,

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen  
bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O,  
Majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou  
dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc.  
5. 1. 25.

Subjects may grieve, but monarchs  
must redress.

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis.* cexlii.

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must  
prove,

Who finds her greatness on her sub-  
jects' love.

PRIOR. *Prologue Spoken on Her Majesty's  
Birthday.* 1704.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's  
questioning.

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya.* Sc. 1.

Wenn die Könige bau'n, haben die  
Kärner zu thun.

When kings are building, draymen  
have something to do.

SCHILLER. *Kant und Seine Ausleger.*

For a king

'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than  
loved.

BYRON. *Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 3.

And when Reason's voice,  
Loud as the voice of Nature, shall have  
waked

The nations; and mankind perceive that  
vice

Is discord, war, and misery—that virtue  
Is peace and happiness and harmony;  
When man's maturer nature shall dis-  
dain

The playthings of its childhood; kingly  
glare

Will lose its power to dazzle; its  
authority

Will silently pass by; the gorgeous  
throne

Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall  
Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's  
trade

Shall be as hateful and unprofitable

As that of truth is now.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab.*

Wearing the white flower of a blameless  
life,

Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a  
throne,

And blackens every blot.

TENNYSON. *Idyls of the King. Dedic-  
ation.*

God said, "I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;

Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor."

EMERSON. *Boston Hymn.*

## RUI—RULE.

Final ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night ix. 1.  
167.

Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate  
Full on thy bloom.

BURNS. *To a Mountain Daisy.*

One minute gives invention to destroy;  
What to rebuild, will a whole age em-  
ploy.

CONGREVE. *The Double Dealer.* Act i.  
Sc. 6.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i.  
1. 174.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin  
glow,

His blood-dyed waters murmuring far  
below.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Bk. i. 1.  
385.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
Thou nameless column with the buried  
base!

What are the laurels of the Cæsar's  
brow?

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto v. St.  
110.

## RULE.

No rule is so general, which admits  
not some exception.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
Sec. 2. Memb. 1. Subsec. 5.

Quod si exceptio facit ne liceat; ibi  
necesse est licere, ubi non est exceptum.

If the exception make this thing unlaw-  
ful, necessarily it is lawful where there is  
no exception.

CICERO. *Oratorio pro L. Cornelio Balbo.*  
Sec. 32.

[Hence, probably, the legal maxim, "Exceptio probat regulam de rebus non exceptis" ("An exception proves the validity of a rule concerning things not excepted"), which in turn has been corrupted into the familiar proverb, "The exception proves the rule."]

For nothing goes for sense or light,  
That will not with old rules jump right.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto iii. l. 135.

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.

WORDSWORTH. *Alas! What Boots the Long Laborious Quest?*

### RUMOR.

(See FAME; GOSSIP.)

*Warwick*. Rumour doth double, like  
the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 97.

*Rumour*. I, from the orient to the  
drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still  
unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of  
earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders  
ride,  
The which in every language I pro-  
nounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false re-  
ports.  
*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Induction. 1. 3.

*Rumour*. Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, con-  
jectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted  
heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it.  
*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Induction. 1. 15.

### SACRIFICE.

Present your bodies a living sacrifice,  
holy, acceptable unto God, which is your  
reasonable service.  
*New Testament*. Romans xii. 1.

*Lear*. Upon such sacrifices, my Cor-  
delia,  
The gods themselves throw incense.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act v. Sc. 3.  
l. 00.

A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.  
ISAAC WATTS. *Divine Songs*. Song xii.

When bad men combine the good  
must associate; else they will fall an  
unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible  
struggle.

EDMUND BURKE. *Thoughts on the Cause  
of the Present Discontent*. Works.  
Vol. i. p. 256.

### SAILOR.

They that go down to the sea in ships,  
that do business in great waters; these  
see the works of the Lord, and his won-  
ders in the deep.  
*Old Testament*. Psalm cvii. 23.

Illi robur et aes triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus.

Oak and brass of triple fold  
Encompassed sure that heart, which first  
made bold  
To the raging sea to trust.

A fragile bark.  
HORACE. *Odes*. 1. 3, 9. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough  
sea  
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty  
wind,  
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his  
masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on herside so low  
That she drinks water, and her keel  
chlops air.

CHAPMAN. *Tragedy of Charles, Duke of  
Byron*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Hastings*. Who builds his hope in air  
of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 100.

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel,

The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land!  
and all is well.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 28.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls  
as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows  
foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limit to their  
sway,—

Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
*Ibid.* *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 1.

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can  
blow.

COWPER. *The Farewell*. l. 38.

My soul to-day

Is far away,

Sailing the Vesuvius bay ;

My wingèd boat,

A bird afloat,

Swims round the purple peaks remote.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. *Drifting*. St. 1.

With dreamful eyes

My spirit lies

Under the walls of Paradise.

*Ibid.* *Drifting*. St. 6.

My soul is an enchanted boat,

Which like a sleeping swan doth float

Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;

And thine doth like an angel sit

Beside the helm conducting it,

Whilst all the winds with melody are ring-

ing.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*. Act ii.

Sc. 5.

### SAINTS.

*Ophelia* (sings). To-morrow is Saint  
Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime.

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 5.  
l. 48.

*King Henry*. This day is called the  
feast of Crispian :

He that outlives this day and comes safe  
home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is  
named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

*Ibid.* *Henry V*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 40.

*Bastard*. Saint George, that swunged  
the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess'  
door.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act ii. Sc.  
l. 1. 288.

*Queen Margaret*. But all his mind is  
bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Marias on his beads ;

His champions are the prophets and  
apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry VI*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 58.

*Lucio*. I hold you as a thing ensky'd  
and sainted.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure*. Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 34.

I don't like your way of conditioning  
and contracting with the saints. Do  
this and I'll do that ! Here's one for  
t'other. Save me and I'll give you a  
taper or go on a pilgrimage.

ERASMUS. *The Shipwreck*.

Saint abroad, and a devil at home.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pt. i.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be  
had ;

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

POPE. *To Murray*. Ep. vi. of *Horace*. l.  
26.

The saint sustained it, but the woman  
died.

*Ibid.* *Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet*.

An artful woman makes a modern  
saint.

PRIOR. *Epigrams*. *The Modern Saint*.

There is a land of pure delight

Where saints immortal reign.

WATTS. *Hymns*. Hymn 66.

Hail to thy returning festival, Old  
Bishop Valentine ! Great is thy name  
in the rubric. Thou venerable arch  
flamen of Hymen. . . Like unto thee,  
assuredly, there is no other saint in the  
calendar.

LAMB. *Essays of Elia* : *Valentine's Day*.

The saints will aid if men will call,

For the blue sky bends over all !

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. i.  
Conclusion.

## SATIRE.

Castigat ridendo mores.

He chastises manners with a laugh.

SANTEUIL.

[Adopted as a motto by the Comédie Italienne and the Opéra Comique Theatre in Paris.]

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,  
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt  
or seen.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, *Epigram: To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace.* Bk. ii.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.

SWIFT. *The Battle of the Books.* Preface.

## SCANDAL.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame

Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

JUVENAL. *Satire ix.* (STEPHEN HARVEY, trans.)

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing

What makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

SHAKESPEARE. *Lucrece.* l. 1004.

At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto iii. l. 16.

[Cf. Sheridan. *School for Scandal.* Act ii. Sc. 2. '... a character dead at every word!']

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,

But speak a language of their own;

Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,

Far better than a printed book;

Convey a libel in a frown,

And wink a reputation down;

Or, by the tossing of a fan,

Describe the lady and the man.

SWIFT. *Journal of Modern Lady.* l. 188.

I'm called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me.

SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

SHERIDAN. *The Critic.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

FIELDING. *Love in Several Masques.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal.

ROGERS. *Written to be Spoken by Mrs. Siddons.*

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,

His only answer was a blameless life:

And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,

Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

COWPER. *Hope.* l. 570.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 31.

For now the poet cannot die,

Nor leave his music as of old,

But round him ere he scarce be cold

Begins the scandal and the cry.

TENNYSON. *To —, after reading a Life and Letters.*

That foul bird of rapine whose whole prey

Is man's good name.

*Ibid.* *Merlin and Vivien.*

## SCIENCE.

One science only will one genius fit,

So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. i. l. 60.

Human science is uncertain guess.

PRIOR. *Solomon.* Bk. i. l. 740.

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.

BEATTIE. *The Hermit.*

O star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,

To waft us home the message of despair?

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. ii. l. 325.

Human pride

Is skilful to invent most serious names

To hide its ignorance.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab.* vii.

Physician art thou, one all eyes,  
 Philosopher, a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?

WORDSWORTH. *A Poet's Epitaph.*

Love not the flower they pluck and  
 and know it not,  
 And all their botany is Latin names.

EMERSON. *Blight.*

Put by the Telescope!  
 Better without it man may see,  
 Stretch'd awful in the hush'd midnight,  
 The ghost of his eternity.

COVENTRY PATMORE. *The Unknown Eros.*

### SCHOOL.

(See EDUCATION.)

Every schoolboy hath that famous  
 testament of Grunnius Corocotta Por-  
 cellus at his fingers' end.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. iii.

Every schoolboy knows it.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *On the Real Presence.*  
 Sec. v. 1.

As every schoolboy knows.

LORD MACAULAY.

*Jagues.* Then the whining schoolboy,  
 with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like  
 snail  
 Unwillingly to school.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act ii.  
 Sc. 7. l. 147.

What's all the noisy jargon of the  
 schools?

JOHN POMFRET. *Reason a Poem.* (1700.)

The sounding jargon of the schools.

COWPER. *Truth.* l. 367.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,  
 Your Latin names for horns and stools;  
 If honest nature made you fools.

BURNS. *Epistle to J. L.—k.*

Beside yon straggl'g fence that skirts  
 the way,

With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to  
 rule,

The village master taught his little  
 school;

A man severe he was, and stern to view,—  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd  
 to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laugh'd with counter-  
 feited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he  
 frown'd.

Yet was he kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
 The village all declar'd how much he  
 knew,

'T was certain he could write and cipher  
 too.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 193.

The Schoolmaster is abroad! and I  
 trust more to him, armed with his  
 primer, than I do to the soldier in full  
 military array, for upholding and ex-  
 tending the liberties of his country.

LORD BROUGHAM. *Speech in the House of  
 Commons.* 1828.

### SCOTLAND.

*Macduff.* Stands Scotland where it  
 did?

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.  
 l. 164.

Much may be made of a Scotchman  
 if he be caught young.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*  
 1772.

The noblest prospect which a Scotch-  
 man ever sees is the high-road that  
 leads him to England.

*Ibid.* *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* 1763.

Oats,—a grain which is generally  
 given to horses, but in Scotland supports  
 the people.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. *Dictionary of the English  
 Language.*

Joh. Mayor, in the first book of his *History  
 of Scotland*, contends much for the whole-  
 someness of oaten bread; it was objected to  
 him, then living at Paris, that his country-  
 men fed on oats and base grain. . . . And  
 yet Wecker out of Galen calls it horse-meat  
 and fitter juments than men to feed on.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. i.  
 l. 2, 1.

From scenes like these old Scotia's  
 grandeur's springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd  
 abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings :

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."<sup>1</sup>

BURNS. *Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 19.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

*Ibid.* *Cotter's Saturday Night*. St. 20.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots  
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnny Groat's.

*Ibid.* *On Captain Grose's Peregrinations Thro' Scotland*.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.

*Ibid.* *My Heart's in the Highlands*.

It was a' for our rightfu' King

We left fair Scotland's strand.

*Ibid.* *A' for our Rightfu' King*.

It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue!

*Ibid.* *Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'*.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;

True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.

Are they not then in strictest reason clear,

Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?

CHURCHILL. *Prophecy of Famine*. 1. 195.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand

Can e'er untie the filial band,

That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto vi. St. 2.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir*. Vol. i. p. 15.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from POPE. (See HONESTY.)

The whole [Scotch] nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.

WALPOLE. *Letters to Sir Horace Mann*. 1778.

That knuckle-end of England,—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Lady Holland's Memoir*. Vol. ii. p. 17.

And though, as you remember, in a fit

Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,

I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,

Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,

Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,  
They cannot quench young feelings

fresh and early:

I "scotched, not killed" the Scotchman in my blood,

And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto x. St. 19.

Give me but one hour of Scotland,

Let me see it ere I die.

WILLIAM E. AYTON. *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers—Charles Edward at Versailles*. 1. 111.

## SCOTT, SIR WALTER.

The Ariosto of the North.

BYRON. *Child Harold*. Canto iv. St. 40.

It can be said of him, when he departed he took a Man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

CARLYLE. *Essays*. *Lockhart's Life of Scott*.

## SCULPTURE.

As when, O lady mine!

With chiselled touch

The stone unhewn and cold

Becomes a living mould.

The more the marble wastes,

The more the statue grows.

MICHAEL ANGELO. *Sonnet*. (MRS. HENRY ROSCOE, trans.)

So stands the statue that enchants the  
world,  
So bending tries to veil the matchless  
boast,  
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
THOMSON. *Seasons. Summer.* l. 1346.

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew  
warm.  
POPE. *Second Book of Horace. Epistle i.*  
l. 46.

And the cold marble leapt to life a  
God.  
H. H. MILMAN. *The Belvedere Apollo.*

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.  
*Ibid. The Belvedere Apollo.*

By thunders of white silence.  
MRS. BROWNING. *Powers' Greek Slave.*

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,  
For wordless woman, which is silent  
thunder.  
BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto vi. St. 57.*

## SEA.

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the  
sea is not full.  
*Old Testament. Ecclesiastes i. 7.*

We are as near heaven by sea as by  
land.  
SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT. *To his Crew  
of the Squirrel immediately previous to  
their Shipwreck.*

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!  
List, ye landmen all, to me:  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Singing the dangers of the sea.  
GEORGE A. STEVENS. *The Storm.*

Bounding billows, cease your motion,  
Bear me not so swiftly o'er.  
MARY ROBINSON. *Bounding Billows.*

We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner. Pt. ii.*

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.  
*Ibid. The Ancient Mariner. ii. 9.*

And pine with thirst amid a sea of waves.  
HOMER. *Odyssey. Bk. xi. l. 722.* (POPE,  
trans.)

There the sea I found  
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless  
slumber bound.  
SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam. Canto i.*  
St. 15.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep.  
EMMA WILLARD. *The Cradle of the Deep.*

Oh "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!"  
As some one somewhere sings about  
the sky.  
BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto iv. St. 110.*

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.  
SOUTHEY. *Madoc in Wales. Pt. v.*

There's not a sea the passenger e'er  
pukes in,  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than  
the Euxine.  
BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto v. St. 5.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's  
foam,  
Where the shrill winds whistle free.  
CHARLES MACKAY. *Some Love to Roam.*

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the  
sea.  
J. MONTGOMERY. *The Ocean. St. 6.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast  
And fills the white and rustling sails,  
And bends the gallant mast!  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England in the lee.  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. *Songs of Scotland.  
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

What are the wild waves saying,  
Sister, the whole day long,  
That ever amid our playing  
I hear but their low, lone song?  
JOSEPH E. CARPENTER. *What are the Wild  
Waves Saying?*

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.  
B. W. PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL). *The  
Sea.*

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
*Ibid. The Sea.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and  
more.

B. W. PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL). *The Sea*.

The best thing I know between France  
and England is the sea.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *The Anglo-French Alliance*.

For every wave with dimpled face

That leap'd upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace

And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELDY. *Musings*. St. 4.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

TENNYSON. *To E. L., on His Travels in Greece*.

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is  
dead

Will never come back to me.

*Ibid.* *To E. L., on his Travels in Greece*.

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind.

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*.

"Would'st thou,"—so the helmsman  
answered,

"Learn the secret of the sea ?

Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery !"

*Ibid.* *The Secret of the Sea*. Verse viii.

And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

*Ibid.* *Twilight*.

A God, a God their severance rul'd ;  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

MATHEW ARNOLD. *Switzerland*. vi.  
*Absence*.

Stick close to your desks and never go  
to sea,

And you all may be rulers of the Queen's  
Navee !

W. S. GILBERT. *H. M. S. Pinafore*. Act i.  
(Sir Joseph Porter's song.)

## SECRET.

For thre may kepe a counsel—if  
twain be awaie.

CHAUCER. *The Ten Commandments of Love*. 49.

Three may keope counsayle, if two be  
away.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. v.

Aaron. Two may keep counsel, when the  
third's away.

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus*. Act  
iv. Sc. 2. l. 144.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them  
are dead.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

*Hamlet*. And whatsoever else shall hap  
to-night

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2. l.  
249.

*Hotspur*. I know you wise ; but yet  
no further wise,

Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you  
are ;

But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
No lady closer ; for I will believe,  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not  
know :

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !  
*Lady*. How ! so far ?

*Hotspur*. Not an inch farther.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 110.

When we desire to confine our words,  
we commonly say they are spoken under  
the rose.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Vulgar Errors*.

A man can keep another person's  
secret better than his own : a woman, on  
the contrary, keeps her secret though  
she blabs all others.

LA BRUYÈRE. *Characters. Of Women*.  
(ROWE, trans.)

Il faut laver son linge sale en famille.

One should wash his soiled linen in  
private.

NAPOLEON I.

Is there whom you detest, and seek his  
life ?

Trust no soul with the secret—but his  
wife.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 389.

How can we expect another to keep  
our secret if we cannot keep it ourselves?

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxims*. No. 90.

None are so fond of secrets as those  
who do not mean to keep them; such  
persons covet secrets as a spendthrift  
covets money, for the purpose of circu-  
lation.

COLTON. *Lacon*. xl.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it  
because he is a fool; if a knave knows  
one, he tells it wherever it is his inter-  
est to tell it. But women and young  
men are very apt to tell what secrets  
they know from the vanity of having  
been trusted.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters, Sentences, and  
Maxims*.

### SELFISHNESS.

*Dauphin*. Self-love, my lord, is not so  
vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act ii. Sc. 4.  
l. 74.

That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can  
thank,—

Creation's blot, creation's blank.

THOMAS GIBBONS. *When Jesus Dwelt*.

By whatever name we call

The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.

CHURCHILL. *The Conference*. l. 167.

I have subdued at last the will to live,  
Expelling nature from my weary  
heart;

And now my life, so calm, contempla-  
tive,

No longer selfish, freely may depart.

The vital flame is burning less and less;  
And memory fuses to forgetfulness.

P. G. HAMERTON. *The Sanyassi*.

### SELF-RELIANCE.

Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, re-  
sistit.

Like rock engirdled by the sea,  
Like rock immovable is he.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. vii. 586. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Come one, come all! This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

SCOTT. *Lady of the Lake*. Canto v. St.  
10.

Where is Truth, if there be no self-  
trust?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. St.  
23.

No thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear; each on himself re-  
lied,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 236.

How happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *The Character of a  
Happy Life*.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

*Ibid*. *The Character of a Happy Life*.

Self-confidence is the first requisite to  
great undertakings.

JOHNSON. *Works*. viii. 237. (Oxford  
ed., 1825.)

Self-defence is a virtue,  
Sole bulwark of all right.

BYRON. *Sardanapalus*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Self-defence is Nature's eldest law.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt.  
i. l. 458.

Nothing great is lightly won,

Nothing won is lost;

Every good deed, nobly done,

Will repay the cost.

Leave to Heaven in humble trust,

All you will to do;

But, if you succeed you must,

Paddle your own canoe.

SARAH K. BOLTON. *Paddle Your Own  
Canoe*.

My head is bloody but unbowed.

W. E. HENLEY.

Resolve to be thyself, and know that he  
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Self-dependence*.

## SERPENT.

Latet anguis in herba.

There lurks a snake in the grass.  
VIRGIL. *Ecloques*. iii. 93.

Serpents lie where flowers grow.  
OLD BALLAD. *The Spanish Lady's Love*.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.  
New Testament. Matthew x. 16.

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

*Brutus*. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 14.

Johnson said that he could repeat a complete chapter of "The Natural History of Iceland" from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly thus: "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island."  
DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*. 1778.

[This is chapter lxxii. But chapter xlii. is still shorter: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island."]

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake

The slumbering venom of the folded snake:

The first may turn, but not avenge the blow;

The last expires, but leaves no living foe.  
BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 11.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

THOMAS MOORE. *Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri*. 1. 266.

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half

The polish'd argent of her breast to sight

Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,

Showing the aspick's bite.)  
TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*.

## SERVANTS.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a

few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

New Testament. Matthew xxv. 21.

Like master, like man.  
Old Proverb.

Such master, such man, and such mistress, such maid,  
Such husband and huswife, such houses arraid.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. April's Husbandry*. 22.

Such mistress, such Nan;  
Such master, such man.

*Ibid.* April's Abstract. 22.

*Posthumus*. Every good servant does not all commands:

No bond but to do just ones.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 6.

*Orlando*. O, good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion;

And having that, do choke their service up,

Even with the having.  
*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 56.

A faithful and good servant is a real gotsend; but truly 't is a rare bird in the land.

LUTHER. *Table Talk*. clvi.

[Luther's last words are quoted from Juvenal, *Satires* vi., 165: "Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno" ("A rare bird in the land, and very like a black swan").]

Men in great place are thrice servants.  
BACON. *Essay XI. Of Great Place*.

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought

The better fight.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 29.

Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set,  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.  
*Ibid.* *L'Allegro*.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON. *Sonnet on His Blindness.*

Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Grenada.* Act i. Sc. 1.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

GEORGE HERBERT. *The Elixir.*

All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we: there is no last nor first.

R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.*

From kings to cobblers 't is the same;  
Bad servants wound their masters' fame.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable vi.

No surly porter stands in guilty state  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 105.

A pampered menial drove me from the door,

To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

THOMAS MOSS. *The Beggar's Petition.*

[Originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxx., p. 41. Goldsmith, to whom Moss had submitted the poem, substituted "a pampered menial" for the original's more commonplace "a liveried servant."]

Small service is true service while it lasts.

WORDSWORTH. *To a Child.*

They serve God well

Who serve His creatures.

MRS. NORTON. *The Lady of La Garaye.*

A great man's overfed great man,  
what the Scotch call Flunkey.

CARLYLE. *Essay on Johnson.*

The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage.

TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynette.*

### SHADOW.

Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

GAY. *Fables: The Persian, Sun, and Cloud.*

Shadows are in reality, when the sun is shining, the most conspicuous thing in a landscape, next to the highest lights.

RUSKIN. *Painting.*

*Falstaff.* The son of the female is the shadow of the male.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 141.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.

BEN JONSON. *Women are but Men's Shadows.*

Syene, and where the shadow both ways falls,

Merve, Nilotic isles.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. iv. l. 70.

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun.

POPE. *Windsor Forest.*

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

BURKE. *Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.* Vol. ii. p. 420.

For this I see, that we, all we that live,  
Are but vain shadows, unsubstantial dreams.

SOPHOCLES. *Ajax*, 125. (PLUMPTRE, trans.)

Let beeves and home-bred-kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow:  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Floats double—swan and shadow!  
WORDSWORTH. *Yarrow Unvisited.*

In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
A twofold Image. On a grassy bank  
A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood  
Another and the same! Most beautiful,  
On the green turf, with his imperial front  
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,  
The breathing creature stood! as beautiful,  
Beneath him, show'd his shadowy Counterpart.

Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,  
And each seem'd centre of his own fair world:

Antipodes unconscious of each other.  
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,  
Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.

*Ibid.* *The Excursion.* Bk. ix.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us.

SHELLEY. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.*

But why lament the common lot  
That all must share so soon;  
Since shadows lengthen with the day,  
That scarce exist at noon.

MRS. ALARIC A. WATTS. *Requiem of Youth.*

The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,  
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.  
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* xxiii. Sts.  
1, 2. ll. 4, 1.

That shadow my likeness that goes to  
and fro seeking a livelihood, chat-  
tering, chaffering,  
How often I find myself standing and  
looking at it where it flits,  
How often I question and doubt whether  
that is really me.

WALT WHITMAN. *Leaves of Grass: Calamus; That Shadow My Likeness.* ll.  
1-3.

*Fortunatus.* Man, shackled to his  
shadow, cannot move  
Without the base companionship of self.  
ALFRED AUSTIN. *Fortunatus the Pessi-  
mist.* Act i. Sc. 4.

## SHAKESPEARE.

Alas! tis true I have gone here and  
there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap  
what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new;  
Most true it is that I have looked on  
truth  
Askance and strangely.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet 110.*

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had  
made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imi-  
tate,  
With kindly counter under Mimick  
shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of  
late:  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Tears of the Muses.*

Soul of the age!  
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of  
our stage!

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge  
thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room;  
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth  
live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to  
give.

BEN JONSON. *Underwoods. To the Mem-  
ory of Shakespeare.*

He was not of an age, but for all time,  
And all the Muses still were in their  
prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to  
warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!  
*Ibid.* *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Though thou hadst small Latin and  
less Greek.  
*Ibid.* *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it  
were  
To see thee in our water yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks  
of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza and our James.  
*Ibid.* *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his  
honour'd bones,—  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness  
of thy name?  
MILTON. *Epitaph on Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did  
first impart  
To Fletcher wit—to labouring Jonson  
art.  
He, monarch-like, gave those, his sub-  
jects, law;  
And is that nature which they paint and  
draw.  
DRYDEN. *Prologue to His Version of The  
Tempest.*

But Shakespeare's magic could not  
copied be;  
Within that circle none durst walk but  
he.  
*Ibid.* *Prologue to His Version of The  
Tempest.*

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
That your least praise is to be regular.  
Time, place, and action, may with pains  
be wrought ;  
But genius must be born, and never can  
be taught.

This is your portion ; this your native  
store ;  
Heaven, that but once was prodigal be-  
fore,  
To Shakespeare gave as much ; she  
could not give him more.  
DENDEN. *Epistle to Congreve.*

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-  
house bill  
Style the divine, the matchless, what  
you will)  
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving  
flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despite.  
POPE. *Satire v. l. 69.*

On Avon's bank, where flowers eter-  
nal blow,  
If I but ask, if any weed can grow ?  
One tragic sentence if I dare deride  
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,  
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis  
proclaims,  
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of  
names,)  
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,  
And swear all shame is lost in George's  
age !

*Ibid.*

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'-  
rous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shake-  
speare rose ;  
Each change of many-colored life he  
drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd  
new ;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded  
reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in  
vain,  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth  
impress'd,  
And unresisted Passion storm'd the  
breast.

DR. JOHNSON. *Prologue at Opening of  
Drury Lane Theatre. 1747. l. 1.*

Happy in tragic and in comic powers,  
Have we not Shakespeare? is not Jon-  
son ours ?

For them, your natural judges, Britons,  
vote ;  
They'll judge like Britons, who like  
Britons wrote.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad. l. 123.*

Things of the noblest kind his genius  
drew,  
And look'd through nature at a single  
view :

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
And taught new lands to rise, new seas  
to roll ;  
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
And passing nature's bounds, was some-  
thing more.

*Ibid. Rosciad. l. 264.*

*Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who  
wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

*Lady Bab.* Then you have an im-  
mense pleasure to come.  
REV. JAMES TOWNLEY. *High Life Below  
Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver  
stream  
Of things more than mortal sweet  
Shakespeare would dream ;  
The fairies by moonlight dance round  
his green bed,  
For hallowed the turf is which pil-  
lowed his head.

GARRICK.

The playbill, which is said to have  
announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the  
character of the Prince of Denmark  
being left out.

SCOTT. *The Talisman. Introduction.*

Iago's soliloquy, the motive-hunting  
of a motiveless malignity—how awful it  
is !

COLERIDGE. *Notes on Some Other Plays of  
Shakespeare.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.  
*Ibid. Biographia Litteraria. Ch. xv.*

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead  
climb

The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sub-  
lime,

With tears and laughters for all time !  
MRS. BROWNING. *Vision of Poets. St. 101.*

Nor sequent centuries could hit  
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.

R. W. EMERSON. *May-Day and Other Pieces. Solution.*

When Shakespeare is charged with  
debts to his authors, Landor replies:  
"Yet he was more original than his  
originals. He breathed upon dead  
bodies and brought them into life."

*Ibid. Letters and Social Aims. Quotation  
and Originality.*

The passages of Shakespeare that we  
most prize were never quoted until  
within this century.

*Ibid. Representative Men: Shakespeare.*

Others abide our question. Thou art  
free.

We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art  
still,

Out-topping knowledge.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Shakespeare.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair  
Around his placid temples curled;  
And Shakespeare at his side,—a freight  
If clay could think and mind were  
weight,

For him who bore the world!

ROBERT BROWNING. *The Italian Itinerant.*

### SHAME.

If yet not lost to all the sense of  
shame.

HOMER. *The Iliad*. Bk. vi. l. 350. (POPE,  
trans.)

Dicere quod puduit, scribere jussit  
amor.

What shame forbade me speak, Love  
bade me write.

OVID. *Heroid*. iv. 10.

In shame there is no comfort, but to  
be beyond all bounds of shame.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. ii.

*Juliet*. He was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to  
sit;

For 'tis a throne where honor may be  
crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 2. l. 91.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave  
rebuke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible: abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw,  
and pined

His loss.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 844.

Honteux comme un renard qu'une  
poule aurait pris.

As sheepish as a fox captured by a  
fowl.

LA FONTAINE. *Fables*. i. 18.

Then made he that attempt in which to  
fail

Is shameful—still more shameful to pre-  
vail.

I will be brief nor have I heart to dwell  
On crimes they almost share who paint  
too well.

CRABBE. *The Sisters*.

### SHEEP; SHEPHERD.

Other sheep I have, which are not of  
this fold: them also I must bring, and  
they shall hear my voice; and these  
shall be one fold and one shepherd.

*New Testament*. John x. 16.

They who differ pole-wide serve  
Perchance the common Master,  
And other sheep He hath than they  
Who graze one narrow pasture!  
WHITTIER. *A Spiritual Manifestation*.

In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold.

GAY. *Fables*. Introduction.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
And take no more heed of my sheep;  
They have nothing to do but to stray,  
I have nothing to do but to weep.

SHENSTONE. *Pastoral Ballad*.

Ill fares it with the flock,  
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is  
nigh.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Halidon Hill* Act i. Sc. 2.

One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.

DR. I. WATTS. *Songs for Children*. xxi.

One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock.

BLAKE. *King Edward the Third.*

### SHELL.

I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,

To which, in silence hushed, his very soul

Listened intensely; and his countenance soon

Brightened with joy, for from within were heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed

Mysterious union with his native sea.

WORDSWORTH. *Excursion.* Bk. iv.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace-porch, where when un-yoked

His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:

Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

LANDOR. *Gebir.* Bk. v.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till worked and kindled by the master's spell,

And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly

—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS. *Human Life.*

See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairly well

With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design!

TENNYSON. *Maud.* Pt. ii. Ch. ii. St. 1.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

EMERSON. *Each and All.*

### SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY.

Good at a fight, but better at a play;  
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.  
BYRON. *On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.*

Who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and  
was master of all.

*Ibid.* *On the Death of Sheridan.*

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as  
bright,

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its  
blade.

*Ibid.* *On the Death of Sheridan.*

Mourning that Nature formed but one  
such man,

And broke the die—in moulding Sheri-  
dan.

*Ibid.* *On the Death of Sheridan.* 1. 147.

Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Nature made him, and then broke the  
mould.

ARIOSTO. *Orlando Furioso.* Canto x. St. 84.

No autumn, nor no age ever approach  
This heavenly piece, which nature having  
wrought

She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair.

MASSINGER AND FIELD. *Fatal Dowry.*

Nature's richest, sweetest store,  
She made an Hoyland, and can make no  
more.

CHATTERTON. *To Miss Hoyland.*

### SHIP.

*Enobarbus.* The barge she sat in, like  
a burnish'd throne,

Burn'd on the water: the poop was  
beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them:  
the oars were silver

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,  
and made

The water which they beat to follow  
faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her  
own person,

It beggar'd all description.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.*  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 196.

*Enobarbus.* Her gentlewomen, like the  
Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the  
eyes,  
And made their bends adornings; at the  
helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken  
tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-  
soft hands  
That yarely frame the office. From the  
barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the  
sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 200.

*Posthumus.* The swiftest harts have  
posted you by land;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your  
sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 27.

*Shylock.* But ships are boards, sailors  
are but men: there be land-rats and  
water-rats, land-thieves and water-  
thieves—I mean pirates; and then there  
is the peril of the waters, winds, and  
rocks.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 22.

Ships, ships, I will descree you  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim.  
One goes abroad for merchandise and  
trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from  
invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and  
wealthy lading,  
Hallo! my fancy, whither wilt thou go?  
WILLIAM HARVEY. *Hallo! My Fancie.*

Ships dim-discover'd dropping from  
the clouds.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Summer.* l. 946.

But now secure the painted vessel  
glides,  
The sunbeams trembling on the floating  
tides:

While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs  
gently play,  
Belinda smiled, and all the world was  
gay.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel, with gentle gale.  
MATTHEW GREEN. *The Spleen.* l. 814.

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way.  
*Ibid.* *The Spleen.* l. 826.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with  
the chance of being drowned.  
DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* 1759.

As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.  
COLERIDGE. *Ancient Mariner.* Pt. ii.

She walks the waters like a thing of  
life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire—  
the wreck—  
To move the monarch of her peopled  
deck?  
BYRON. *The Corsair.* Canto i. 3.

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore.  
T. K. HERVEY. *The Devil's Progress.*

And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to  
feel  
The thrill of life along her keel!  
LONGFELLOW. *The Launch of the Ship.*

Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. iii.

### SHIPWRECK.

*Miranda.* O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave  
vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature  
in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did  
knock  
Against my very heart! poor souls!  
they perish'd.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 5.

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail

Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.  
HERRICK. *Shipwreck*.

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore:

Ships have been drown'd where late they danc'd before.

*Ibid.* *Safety on the Shore*.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock

Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—  
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries

The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes,

In wild despair; while yet another stroke,

With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:

Ah, Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!

She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.

FALCONER. *Shipwreck*. Canto iii. l. 64.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—

Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave,—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawned around her like a hell,

And down she sucked with her the whirling wave.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 52.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

LONGFELLOW. *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. St. 15.

### SHOES; SHOEMAKER.

Ne sutor supra crepidam.

A cobbler should stick to his last.

PLINY. 85, 10.

[When a cobbler, not content with pointing out defects in a shoe of Apelles' painting, presumed to criticise the drawing of the leg, the artist checked him with the above rebuke.]

*Second Citizen*. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon meat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 27.

*Arviragus*. And put

My clouted brogues from off my feet.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 214.

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Democritus to the Reader.

Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. ix.

Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,

Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handiwork peruse,

Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 751.

Marry, because you have drank with the King,

And the King hath so graciously pledged you,

You shall no more be called shoemakers;

But you and yours, to the world's end,  
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

ANON. *George a-Greene*. 1599.

[According to tradition the king was Edward IV., who once drank incognito with a party of shoemakers and pledged them.]

### SICKNESS.

*Cassius*. He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 119.

*Timon.* My long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 189.

*Portia.* What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome  
bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 263.

So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 't is a poor relief we gain  
To change the place, but keep the pain.  
ISAAC WATTS. *Spiritual Hymns.* Hymn  
146.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain  
At length repair his vigour lost,  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.  
GRAY. *Ode on a Vicissitude.*

## SIGH.

(See SORROW.)

Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again.  
DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast.* l. 120.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Summer.* l. 1188.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
St. 20.

Who hath not paused while Beauty's pen-  
sive eye  
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope.* ii.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
To weep, yet scarce know why,  
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by.  
THOMAS MOORE. *Songs from M. P.: The  
Blue Stocking.*

## Sighs

Which perfect Joy, perplexed for utter-  
ance,  
Stole from her sister, Sorrow.  
TENNYSON. *The Gardener's Daughter.* l.  
249.

## SILENCE.

Φησὶν σωπῶν.

His silence answers yes.  
EURIPIDES. *Orestes.* 1592.

Qui tacet consentire videtur.  
He who is silent is understood to consent.  
BONIFACE VIII. *Sexti Decretalium Liber.*  
Bk. v. Tit. xii. de Regulis Juris, 43.

Silence gives consent.  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured  
Man.* Act ii.

Be silent or let thy words be worth  
more than silence.

PYTHAGORAS. *Stobæus, Florilegium.*  
xxxiv. 7.

Speak fitly or be silent wisely.  
GEORGE HERBERT.

Intelligisne me esse philosophum? . . .  
Intellexeram, si tacuisses.  
Do you understand that I am a philoso-  
pher? . . . I should have so understood had  
you remained silent.

BOETHIUS. *De Consolatione Philosophiæ.*  
ii. Prosa 7.  
[Hence the phrase, "Si tacuisses, philo-  
sophus mansisses.]"

When Demaratus was asked whether he  
held his tongue because he was a fool or for  
want of words, he replied, "A fool cannot  
hold his tongue."  
PLUTARCH. *Of Demaratus.*

A fool's mouth is his destruction.  
*Old Testament.* Proverbs. xviii. 6.

My tongue within my lips I reign;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
GAY. *Introduction to the Fables.* Pt. i.  
l. 57.

The cur's bark is worse than his bite;  
the deepest rivers flow most silently.  
QUINTUS CURTIUS. *De Rebus Gestis Al-  
exandri Magni.* vii. 4, 13.

*Suffolk.* Smooth runs the water where the  
brook is deep;  
And in his simple show he harbors treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the  
lamb.  
SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 53.

Passions are likened best to floods and  
streams:  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are  
dumb.  
RALEIGH. *The Silent Lover.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the  
way.  
POPE. *Epistle to Arbuthnot.* l. 315.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.  
Light sorrows speak, but deeper ones  
are dumb.

SENECA. *Hippocrates*. 607.

Striving to tell his woes, words would not  
come;  
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs  
are dumb.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *Complaint of Rosamond*.  
St. 114.

Small griefs find tongues: full casks are  
ever found  
To give (if any, yet) but little sound.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 38.

There are deeds  
Which have no form, sufferings which have  
no tongue.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

I tell thee hopeless grief is passionless.  
MRS. BROWNING.

[See under GRIEF.]

Much talk, much foolishness.

*The Talmud*.

[From the Talmudic saying Corneille derived his line:  
Mais qui parle beaucoup dit beaucoup de  
sottises.

He who talks much says many foolish  
things.

*Sequel to Le Menteur*. Act iii. Sc. 1.]

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,  
Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales: The Man-  
ciples Tale*. 1. 17281.

And I oft have heard defended,—  
Little said is soonest mended.

GEORGE WITHER. *The Shepherd's Hunt-  
ing*.

Silence in love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty:  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

RALEIGH. *The Silent Lover*. St. 9.

Bassanio. O! my Antonio, I do know  
of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. 1. 97.

Hamlet. The rest is silence.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 368.

Bassanio. Sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
1. 163.

Sape tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.  
The silent countenance often speaks.

OVID. *Ars Amatoria*. i. 574.

Countess. Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine  
enemy

Rather in power, than use; and keep  
thy friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd  
for silence,

But never tax'd for speech.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 73.

The heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the  
tongue.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*. 1. 329.

Think all you speak; but speak not all  
you think:

Thoughts are your own; your words are  
so no more.

Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make  
you sink:

Lips never err, when she does keep the  
door.

DELAUNE. *Epigram*.

They that govern the most make the  
least noise.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk: Power*.

Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under  
a fern make the field ring with their im-  
portunate chink, whilst thousands of great  
cattle reposed beneath the shadow of the  
British oak, chew the cud and are silent,  
pray do not imagine that those who make  
the noise are the only inhabitants of the  
field; that of course they are many in num-  
ber; or that, after all, they are other than  
the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping,  
though loud and troublesome insects of the  
hour.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France*. Vol. iii. p. 344.

Come then, expressive silence, muse  
His praise.

THOMSON. *Hymn*. 1. 118.

There is a silence where hath been no  
sound,

There is a silence where no sound may  
be,—

In the cold grave, under the deep, deep  
sea,

Or in the wide desert where no life is  
found.

THOMAS HOOD. *Sonnet: Silence*.

Silent in seven languages.

SCHLEIERMACHER. *Reported in Letter of Zeller to Goethe.* March 15, 1830.

All silent and all damned.

WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell.* Pt. i. (In original issue, omitted afterward.)

Silence! Oh well are Death and Sleep  
and Thou

Three brethren named, the guardians  
gloomy-winged,

Of one abyss, where life and truth and  
joy

Are swallowed up.

SHELLEY. *Fragments: Silence.*

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives  
'Twi'x it and silence.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *Virginius.*  
Act v. Sc. 2.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-  
heard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
play on,—

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
dear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

KEATS. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Speech is great, but silence is greater.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

As the Swiss inscription says:  
*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden—*  
Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; or,  
as I might rather express it, Speech is  
of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

*Ibid.* *Sartor Resartus.* Bk. iii. Ch. iii.

Under all speech that is good for any-  
thing there lies a silence that is better.  
Silence is deep as Eternity; Speech is  
shallow as Time.

*Ibid.* *Essays: Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The uttered part of a man's life, let  
us always repeat, bears to the unuttered,  
unconscious part a small unknown pro-  
portion. He himself never knows it,  
much less do others.

*Ibid.* *Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best  
Of all expression that which cannot be ex-  
pressed.

W. W. STORY. *The Unexpressed.*

And silence, like a poultice comes,

To heal the blows of sound.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Music-grinder.*

The silent organ loudest chants

The master's requiem.

EMERSON. *Dirge.*

Three silences there are: the first of  
speech,

The second of desire, the third of  
thought.

LONGFELLOW. *The Three Silences of Mo-  
linos.*

### SIMPLICITY.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity  
And captive good attending captain ill.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet. lxxvi.*

Elegant as simplicity and warm as  
ecstasy.

COWPER. *Table Talk.* 1. 588.

Nothing is more simple than great-  
ness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

EMERSON. *Miscellanies: Literary Ethics.*

And as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime.

TENNYSON. *Burial of the Duke of Wel-  
lington.*

We have exchanged the Washing-  
tonian dignity for the Jeffersonian sim-  
plicity, which was in truth only another  
name for the Jeffersonian vulgarity.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. *Address at the  
Washington Centennial Service.* New  
York, April 30, 1889.

### SIN.

He that is without sin among you let  
him cast the first stone.

*New Testament.*

If we desire to judge all things justly,  
we must first persuade ourselves that none  
of us is without sin.

SENECA. *Of Anger.* ii. 28, 1.

Bonus judex damnat improbanda, non  
odit.

The upright judge condemns the  
crime, but does not hate the criminal.

*Ibid.* *Of Anger.* i. 16, 7.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of  
it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 35.

She hugged th' offender, and forgave th' offence.

Sex to the last.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*.

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 191.

Cæsar said he loved the treason, but  
hated the traitor.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Romulus*.

Princes in this case  
Do hate the Traitor, tho' they love the  
Treason.

S. DANIEL. *Tragedy of Cleopatra*. Act  
iv. Sc. 1.

This principle is old, but true as fate,  
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.

MIDDLETON. *The Honest Whore*. Act iv.

Magna pars hominum est quæ non pec-  
catis irascitur, sed peccantibus.

A large part of mankind is angry not with  
the sins, but with the sinners.

SENECA. *De Ira*. ii. 28, 8.

A wrong-doer is often a man that has  
left something undone, not always he  
that has done something.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. ix. 5.

Hell gives us art to reach the depth of  
sin;

But leaves us wretched fools, when we  
are in.

FLETCHER. *The Queen of Corinth*. Act  
iv. Sc. 3.

Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for accompt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 4. l. 57.

*Escalus*. Some rise by sin, and some  
by virtue fall:

Some run from brakes of vice, and an-  
swer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 38.

*King*. My offence is rank, it smells to  
heaven.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 36.

*Lear*. I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 60.

He that falls into sin is a man; that  
grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of  
it is a devil.

THOS. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*:  
*Holy State, of Self-praising*.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

FR. VON LOGUN. *Sinngedichte*: *Sin*.  
(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

Anger and just rebuke, and judgment  
given,

That brought into this world a world of  
woe,

Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's harbinger.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 10.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l.  
215.

See sin in state, majestically drunk;  
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 69.

Our outward act is prompted from  
within,

And from the sinner's mind proceeds  
the sin.

PRIOR. *Henry and Emma*. l. 481.

[For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed  
Devised is done.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. xiii. 209.]

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

TENNYSON. *Queen Mary*. Act v. Sc. 2.

## SKELETON; SKULL.

*Hamlet*. Why may not that be the  
skull of a lawyer? Where be his quid-  
dities now, his quillets, his cases, his  
tenures, and his tricks?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l.  
107.

*Hamlet*. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew  
him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest,  
of most excellent fancy. He hath borne  
me on his back a thousand times; and  
now, how abhorred in my imagination  
it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung  
those lips that I have kissed I know not  
how oft. Where be your gibes now;  
your gambols, your songs? your flashes  
of merriment, that were wont to set the  
table on a roar? Not one now, to mock  
your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen?  
Now get you to my lady's chamber, and  
tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to  
this favour she must come.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 204.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the  
 Soul<sup>1</sup>:  
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless  
 hole;  
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,  
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd  
 control:  
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement  
 refit?  
 BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 6.  
 [Meditations on a skull found in the  
 Acropolis.]

EDMUND WALLER. *On Tea*.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
 Once of ethereal spirit full.  
 This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
 What beauteous visions filled this spot!  
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
 Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
 Have left one trace of record here.

ANON. *Lines to a Skeleton*.

Every family has a skeleton in the  
 closet.

Proverb.

*Mrs. Craigie*. Dearest, every man—even  
 the most cynical—has one enthusiasm—he  
 is earnest about some one thing; the all-  
 round trifler does not exist. If there is a  
 skeleton—there is also an *idol* in the cup-  
 board!

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. *The Ambassador*.  
 Act ii.

## SLANDER.

(See CALUMNY; GOSSIP.)

*Pisanio*. No, 'tis Slander;  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword,  
 whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;  
 whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth  
 belie  
 All corners of the world: Kings, Queens,  
 and States,  
 Maids, Matrons, nay, the secrets of the  
 grave  
 This viperous slander enters.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc.  
 4. l. 35.

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,

<sup>1</sup> And keeps the palace of the soul.

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest  
 air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but ap-  
 prove  
 Thy worth the greater.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. lxx.

Slander,  
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diam-  
 eter,  
 As level as the cannon to his blank,  
 Transports his poison'd shot.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 40.

I'll devise some honest slanders  
 To stain my cousin with: One doth not  
 know  
 How much an ill word may enpoison  
 liking.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii.  
 Sc. 1. l. 85.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,  
 Was the Hero that here lies.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act v.  
 Sc. 3. l. 3.

Audacter calumniare, semper aliquid  
 haeret.

Hurl your calumnies boldly; some-  
 thing is sure to stick.

BACON. *De Augustis Scientiarum*. viii.  
 2.

Colomniez, calomniez, il en reste toujours  
 quelque chose.

Calumniate, calumniate, some of it will  
 remain always.

BEAUMARCHAIS. *Barbier de Séville*.  
 [Archbishop Whately used to say, "If you  
 only throw dirt enough, some of it is sure to  
 stick."]

I hate the man who builds his name  
 On ruins of another's fame.

GAY. *Fables*. xlv. l. 1.

Squint-eyed Slander.

BEATTIE. *The Judgment of Paris*.

Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.

POLLOCK. *Course of Time*. Bk. viii. l.  
 725.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's  
 tints,  
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
 While mingling truth with falsehood,  
 sneers with smiles,  
 A thread of candor with a web of wiles;

A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken  
 seeming,  
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-  
 harden'd scheming;  
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal;  
 And, without feeling, mock at all who  
 feel:  
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would  
 disown,  
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of  
 stone.

BYRON. *Sketch*. 1. 55.

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell—  
 And woman's slander is the worst.

TENNYSON. *The Letters*.

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our  
 dream  
 When sweetest; and the vermin voices  
 here  
 May buzz so loud—we scorn them—but  
 they sting.

*Ibid.* *Lancelot and Elaine*.

## SLAVERY.

(See NEGRO.)

Whatever day

Makes man a slave, takes half his worth  
 away.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xvii. 1. 392.  
 (POPE, trans.)

None can be free who is a slave to,  
 and ruled by, his passions.

PYTHAGORAS. *Stobæus, Florilegium*. xviii.  
 23.

The most onerous slavery is to be a slave  
 to oneself.

SENECA. *Natural Questions*. iii. Præ-  
 fatio. 17.

He that is one man's slave, is free  
 from none.

CHAPMAN. *The Gentleman Usher*. Act i.  
 Sc. 1.

Every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
 3. 1. 101.

O execrable son! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurped from God, not given,  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By His donation; but man over men

He made not lord, such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. 1. 64.

The meanest Briton scorns the highest  
 slave.

ADDISON. *The Campaign*.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still,  
 Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter  
 draught.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey*. *The Pass-  
 port*.

I would not have a slave to till my  
 ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the  
 wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever  
 earn'd.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk ii. 1. 29.

Lord Mansfield first established the  
 grand doctrine that the air of England  
 is too pure to be breathed by a slave.

CAMPBELL. *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*.  
 Vol. ii. p. 418.

[The reference is to Mansfield's decision  
 in the case of James Somerset, a negro slave  
 from Jamaica, who, accompanying his mas-  
 ter to England, claimed his freedom and  
 was brought into court on a writ of Habeas  
 Corpus (1772). The decision upheld the ar-  
 gument of Hargrave, Somerset's counsel,  
 that England is "a soil whose air is deemed  
 too pure for slaves to breathe in." But the  
 words were Hargrave's, not Lord Mans-  
 field's. As reported in the *Statut Trials*, vol.  
 xx, p. 1, Lord Mansfield declared that—

Every man who comes into England is  
 entitled to the protection of the English  
 law, whatever oppression he may heretofore  
 have suffered, and whatever may be the  
 color of his skin:

Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus.

Cowper has summarized the plea of Har-  
 grave and its endorsement by Mansfield in  
 the famous lines:

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their  
 lungs

Receive our air, that moment they are free!  
 They touch our country and their shackles  
 fall.

*The Task*. Bk. ii. *The Timepiece*. 1. 40.

Later John Philpot Curran amplified the  
 idea:

I speak in the spirit of the British law,  
 which makes liberty commensurate with  
 and inseparable from British soil; which  
 proclaims even to the stranger and so-  
 journeyer, the moment he sets his foot upon  
 British earth, that the ground on which he  
 treads is holy and consecrated by the genius  
 of universal emancipation.

Before any of these British authorities Bodinus, a French jurist who flourished in the sixteenth century had said :

Servi peregrini, ut primum Gallia fines penetraverunt eodem momento liberi sunt. Foreign slaves, as soon as they come within the limits of France, are free.

*Works.* Bk. i. Ch. v.]

That execrable sum of all villainies commonly called the slave-trade.

JOHN WESLEY. *Journal.* Feb. 12, 1792.

Where bastard Freedom waves Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.

MOORE. *To the Lord Viscount Forbes.* Written from Washington, D. C.

The compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. *Resolution Adopted by the Antislavery Society.* Jan. 27, 1843.

No more slave States; no slave Territories.

*Platform of the Free Soil National Convention.* 1848.

Where Slavery is, there Liberty cannot be; and where Liberty is, there Slavery cannot be.

CHARLES SUMNER. *Speech: Slavery and the Rebellion.*

I do not see how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute a state. I think we must get rid of slavery or we must get rid of freedom.

EMERSON. *The Assault upon Mr. Sumner's Speech.* May 26, 1856.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

LINCOLN. *Speech.* June 16, 1858.

This is a world of compensations, and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, they cannot long retain it.

*Ibid.* *Letter.* April 6, 1859. *Declining to Attend Festival in Honor of Anniversary of Jefferson's Birthday.*

24 And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

25 And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

26 And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.

*New Testament.* Mark iv.

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye truly free and brave?

LOWELL. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

## SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

*Old Testament.* Psalm cxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward into souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is, For gift or grace, surpassing this— "He giveth His beloved sleep"?

MRS. BROWNING. *Sleep.*

Diogenes the Cynic, when a little before his death he fell into a slumber, and his physician rousing him out of it asked him whether anything ailed him, wisely answered, "Nothing, sir; only one brother anticipates another,—Sleep before Death."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms.* Diogenes.

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,

Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.

POPE. *Iliad.* Bk. xvi. l. 831.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night, Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *To Delia.* Sonnet 51.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,

And, though Death's image, to my couch repair;

How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,

And, without dying, oh how sweet to die!

JOHN WOLCOTT. *Epigram on Sleep.*

[See under DEATH.]

Stulte, quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago?

O fool, what else is sleep but chill death's likeness?

OVID. *Amores.* ii. 9, 41.

Macduff. Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 81.

Falstaff. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 125.

Iachimo. O sleep, thou ape of death.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 31.

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a

cloak ; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. lxviii. (LOCKHART, trans.)

God bless the man who first invented sleep,  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;  
And bless him also that he did not keep  
His great discovery to himself, nor try  
To make it,—as the lucky fellow might,—  
A close monopoly by patent-right.

JOHN G. SAXE. *Early Rising*.

Come Sleep ; oh sleep, the certain knot  
of Peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of  
woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's  
release,  
The indifferent judge, between the  
high and low.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella*.  
St. 39.

*Belarius*. Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty  
sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 6.  
l. 34.

The lowliest cot will give thee peaceful  
sleep,

While Caius tosses on his bed of down.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. ix. 93, 3.

*Friar Lawrence*. Care keeps his watch  
in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never  
lie ;

But where unbruised youth with un-  
stuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden  
sleep doth reign.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 3. l. 34.

I have not slept one wink.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 103.

*Macbeth*. Methought, I heard a voice  
cry, *Sleep no more !*

*Macbeth does murder Sleep !*—The inno-  
cent sleep.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve  
of care,

The death of each day's life, sore  
Labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's  
second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc.  
2. l. 34.

*Witch*. Sleep shall neither night nor  
day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 19.

*King Henry*. O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-  
lids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to  
thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the  
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest  
melody ?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with  
the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the  
kingly couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?

*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 4.

*King Henry*. Canst thou, O partial  
sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
And in the calmest and most stillest  
night,

With all appliances, and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low,  
lie down !

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Ibid.* II. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 26.

*Bottom*. And I pray you let none of  
your people stir me : I have an exposi-  
tion of sleep come upon me.

*Ibid.* *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 42.

The timely dew of sleep.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 146.

Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers  
wait  
With glorious Visions of her future  
state.

DRYDEN. *Hind and Panther.*

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous  
man.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Ede s'endormit du sommeil des justes.  
She slept the sleep of the just.

RACINE. *Abrégé de l'Histoire de Port  
Royal.* (Quevres, 1865, vol. iv. p.  
519.)

Each night we die ;  
Each morn are born anew : each day a  
life !

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night ii. l. 286.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy  
sleep !

He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he  
forsakes.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts.* Night i. l. 1.

Oh, we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin' ;  
Oh, we're a' noddin' at our house at  
hame.

LADY NAIRNE. *We're a Noddin'.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep ! the  
friend of woe ;

But 'tis the happy who have called thee  
so.

SOUTHEY. *Curse of Kehama.* Canto xv.  
St. 12.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. v.

Our life is two-fold ; sleep hath its own  
world,

A boundary between the things mis-  
named

Death and existence : Sleep hath its own  
world,

And a wide realm of wild reality.  
BYRON. *Dream.* l. 1.

Strange state of being ! (for 'tis still to  
be)

Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to  
see.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 30.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight !  
Shutting, with careful fingers and ben-  
nign,

Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from  
the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.

KEATS. *To Sleep.* Sonnet ix.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of  
the mind

Till it is hush'd and smooth !

*Ibid.* *Endymion.* l. 456.

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
one, sleep.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.* iii. St. 2. last  
line.

## SMELL.

*Falstaff.* The rankest compound of  
villainous smell that ever offended nos-  
tril.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of  
Windsor.* Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 94.

*Trinculo.* He hath a very ancient and  
fishlike smell.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavement fang'd with murderous  
stones,

And rags and hags, and hideous wenches,  
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,  
All well defined, and several stinks !

COLERIDGE. *Cologne.*

Do you not smell a rat ?

BEN JONSON. *Tale of a Tub.* Act iv. Sc.  
3.

I smell a rat.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l.  
821.

## SMILE.

*Hamlet.* One may smile, and smile,  
and be a villain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
108.

Smile with an intent to do mischief or  
cozen him whom he salutes.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* *Democritus to the Reader.*

*Cæsar.* Seldom he smiles, and smiles  
in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd  
his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any-  
thing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 205.

But owned that smile, if oft observed and  
near,  
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer.  
BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 17.

To whom the angel, with a smile that  
glowed  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 618.

For smiles from reason flow  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the  
food.  
*Ibid* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 239.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn  
Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a  
frown;  
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,  
But at her smile the beau revived again.  
POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto v. l. 67.

A smile is ever the most bright and  
beautiful with a tear upon it. What is  
the dawn without the dew? The tear  
is rendered by the smile precious above  
the smile itself.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations*:  
*Dante and Gemma Donati*.

With a smile on her lips and a tear  
in her eye.

SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto v. St. 12.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her  
eye.

SAMUEL LOVER. *Rory O'More*.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast sub-  
stantial smile.

DICKENS. *Christmas Carol*. Stave 2.

With the smile that was child-like  
and bland.

BRET HARTE. *Plain Language from  
Truthful James*. St. 4. l. 6.

### SNOW.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven  
snow,  
Emblems right meet of decency does  
yield.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. *The Schoolmistress*.  
St. 6.

Through the sharp air a flaky torrent  
flies,  
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the  
gloomy skies;

The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms  
bare,  
And shed their substance on the floating  
air.

CRABBE. *Inebriety*.

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments  
shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent and soft and slow  
Descends the snow.

LONGFELLOW. *Snow-flakes*.

Announced by all the trumpets of the  
sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the  
fields,

Seems nowhere to alight: the whited  
air

Hides hills and woods, the river, and  
the heaven,

And veils the farmhouse at the garden's  
end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the  
courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-  
mates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

EMERSON. *The Snow-storm*.

The frolic architecture of the snow.

*Ibid*. *The Snow-storm*.

### SNOB.

He who meanly admires a mean  
thing is a Snob—perhaps that is a safe  
definition of the character.

THACKERAY. *Book of Snobs*. Ch. ii.

. . . rough to common men,  
But honeying to the whisper of a lord.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *The Princess*.  
Prologue. ll. 114, 115.

### SOLDIER.

*Othello*. 'Tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd  
with strife.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l.  
257.

*Iago.* 'Tis the curse of the service,  
Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each  
second

Stood heir to the first.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1.

*Falstaff.* Food for powder: they'll fill  
a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal  
men, mortal men.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 71.

*Iago.* A soldier's a man: O man's  
life's but a span;  
Why, then, let a soldier drink?

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Acheruntis pabulum.

Food for Acheron.

PLAUTUS. *Casina.* ii. 1, 2.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and  
afear'd?

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 41.

*Cassius.* I said, an elder soldier, not a  
better:

Did I say "better"?

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 56.

But we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant  
prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in  
love!

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act 1. Sc.  
3. l. 286.

The country rings with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia  
swarms;

Mouths without hands; maintain'd at  
vast expense,

In peace a charge, in war a weak de-  
fence:

Stout once a month they march, a blus-  
tering band,

And ever, but in times of need, at hand.  
This was the morn, when, issuing on

the guard,

Drawn up in rank and file they stood  
prepared

Of seeing arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business

of the day.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* l. 399.

There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. l.  
957.

Such is the country maiden's fright,  
When first a red-coat is in sight;  
Behind the door she hides her face;  
Next time at distance eyes the lace.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 13.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind.

POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Bk. XIV.  
l. 246.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night  
away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sor-  
row done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how  
fields were won.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 155.

Of boasting more than bomb afraid,  
A soldier should be modest as a maid.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire iv.

Glory is the sodger's prize,

The sodger's wealth is honour.

BURNS. *When Wild War's Deadly Blast.*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
ing;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake.*  
Canto i. 31.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on Life's parade shall meet

The brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

THEODORE O'HARA. *The Bivouac of the*  
*Dead.* St. 1.

Who, doomed to go in company with  
Pain

And Fear and Bloodshed,—miserable  
train!—

Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

WORDSWORTH. *Character of the Happy*  
*Warrior.*

Controls them and subdues, transmutes,  
bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good  
receives.

WORDSWORTH. *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven  
has joined

Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
Is happy as a lover.

*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

And through the heat of conflict keeps  
the law

In calmness made, and sees what he  
foresaw.

*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-  
may,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Last night, among his fellow-roughs

He jested, quaffed, and swore;

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown,

And type of all her race.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE. *The Private of the Buffs.*

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do and die.

TENNYSON. *Charge of Light Brigade.*  
St. 2. ll. 5-7.

Why, soldiers, why

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why,

Whose business 'tis to die.

ANON.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *Tommy.*

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, go away,"

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"  
when the band begins to play.

*Ibid.* *Tommy.*

## SONG.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the  
mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow-spray that  
hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods  
of delirious music

That the whole air and the woods and  
the waves seemed silent to listen.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline.* Pt. ii.  
2. ll. 133-6.

That's the wise thrush; he sings each  
song twice over,

Let you should think he never could  
recapture

The first fine careless rapture.

*Ibid.* *Home-Thoughts from Abroad.* ii.

June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;  
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blossoms he  
swings,

Or climbs against the breeze with quiv-  
erin' wings,

Or givin' way to 't in a mock despair,  
Runs down a brook o' laughter, thru'  
the air.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers.* Ser. ii.  
letter 6.

I think that life is not too long;

And therefore I determine,

That many people read a song

Who will not read a sermon.

PRÆD. *Ballad of Brazenhead.*

## SONNET.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have  
frowned,

Mindless of its just honors; with this  
key

Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

WORDSWORTH. *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

With this same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart? once more  
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakes-  
peare he!

R. BROWNING. *House.*

And when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
hand

The thing became a trumpet; whence  
he blew

Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.  
WORDSWORTH. *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

Yon silvery billows breaking on the  
beach

Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine  
clear,

The while my rhymes are murmuring  
in your ear

A restless lore like that the billows  
teach;

For on these sonnet-waves my soul  
would reach

From its own depths, and rest within  
you, dear,

As, through the billowy voices yearning  
here,

Great nature strives to find a human  
speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody:  
From heaving waters of the impassion'd  
soul

A billow of tidal music one and whole  
Flows in the "octave"; then returning  
free,

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll  
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous  
sea.

THEODORE WATTS. *The Sonnet's Voice:  
A Metrical Lesson by the Seashore.*

The Sonnet is a world, where feelings  
caught

In webs of phantasy, combine and  
fuse

Their kindred elements 'neath mystic  
dews

Shed from the ether round man's dwell-  
ing wrought;

Distilling heart's content, star-fragrance  
fraught

With influences from the breathing  
fires

Of heaven in everlasting endless  
gyres

Enfolding and encircling orbs of  
thought.

Our Sonnet's world hath two fixed hemi-  
spheres:

This, where the sun with fierce strength  
masculine

Pours his keen rays and bids the noon-  
day shine;

That, where the moon and the stars,  
concordant powers,

Shed milder rays, and daylight disap-  
pears

In low melodious music of still hours.  
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. *The Sonnet.*  
iii.

### SOPHIST; SOPHISM.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one  
cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread  
anew:

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again.  
POPE. *Prologue to the Satires.* 1. 89.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild  
Rousseau,

The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from  
woe

Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first  
drew

The breath which made him wretched.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St.  
77.

### SORROW.

(See GRIEF; MISERY; MISFORTUNE.)

*Constance.* Oh! if thou teach me to  
believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me  
die;

And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and  
die.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. 1. 99.

*Richard.* In wooing sorrow let's be  
brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length  
in grief.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 93.

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing  
sorrow,

Thy element's below.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 57.

*Lear.* Henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction till it do cry out itself,  
Enough, enough, and die.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6. 1. 75.

*Horatio.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 232.

Do not drop in for an after-loss,  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd  
this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd  
woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy mor-  
row,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet.* xc.

The path of sorrow, and that path  
alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
known.

COWPER. *To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

Ah, what a warning for a thoughtless  
man,  
Could field or grove, could any spot of  
earth,  
Show to his eye an image of the  
pangs  
Which it hath witnessed,—render back  
an echo  
Of the sad steps by which it hath been  
trod!

WORDSWORTH. *Excursion.* Bk. vi.

Lift not the festal mask!—enough to  
know,  
No scene of mortal life but teems with  
mortal woe.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles.* Canto  
ii. l.

I was not always a man of woe.

*Ibid.* *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto i.  
St. 12

I stood in unimaginable trance  
And agony that cannot be remembered.

COLERIDGE. *Remorse.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

*Ibid.* *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. vii.

Doch grosse Seelen dulden still.

Great souls suffer in silence.

SCHILLER. *Don Carlos.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 52.

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer.

My peace is gone, my heart is  
heavy.

GOETHE. *Faust.* Pt. i. l. 15.

To sorrow

I bade good-morrow

And thought to leave her far away be-  
hind;

But cheerly, cheerly,  
She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me and so kind.

KEATS. *Endymion.* Bk. iv.

Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's  
self.

*Ibid.* *Hyperion.* Bk. iv.

Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,  
Keeps real sorrow far away.

TENNYSON. *Margaret.*

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils!  
this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-  
membering happier things

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall.*

[The poet is Dante, and the particular  
passage is one of the most famous in the  
*Divine Comedy (Inferno, Canto v., l. 121)*;

Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.

No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy when misery is at hand.

(CARY, trans.)

There is no greater sorrow  
Than to be mindful of the happy time  
In misery.

(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

Chaucer has the same thought:

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,—  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember whan it passed is.

*Troilus and Cressida.* Bk. iii. l. 1625.

Probably both Chaucer and Dante found  
their inspiration in Boethius:

In omne adversitate fortunae infeliciis-  
simum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem.

In every reverse of fortune, the most un-  
happy condition of misfortune is to have  
known happiness.

*De Consolatione Philosophiae.* ii. 4.]

Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remem-  
brance!

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave.* l. 109.

## SOUL.

For what is a man profited, if he  
shall gain the whole world, and lose his  
own soul? or what shall a man give in  
exchange for his soul?

*New Testament.* Matthew xvi. 26.

Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *The Farewell.*

I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough for  
more.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Give ample room and verge enough.  
GRAY. *The Bard.* ii. 1.

The soul, uneasy, and confined from  
home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epis. 1. 1. 97.

Or looks on heaven with more than  
mortal eyes,  
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
Survey the region, and confess her home!  
*Ibid.* *Windsor Forest.* 1. 264.

Above the vulgar flight of common  
souls.

ARTHUR MURPHY. *Zenobia.* Act v. Sc.  
1. 1. 154.

A charge to keep I have,

A God to glorify :

A never-dying soul to save

And fit it for the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Hymns.* 318.

There was a little man and he had a  
little soul;  
And he said, "Little soul, let us try,  
try, try."

MOORE. *Little Man and Little Soul.*

Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal  
nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
prised.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode on the Intimations of  
Immortality.* St. 9.

For the gods approve  
The depths and not the tumult of the  
soul.

*Ibid.* *Laodamia.*

But who would force the soul, tilts with a  
straw

Against a champion eased in adamant.

*Ibid.* *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.* *Persecution  
of the Scottish Covenanters.* Pt. iii. 7.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,  
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark  
Of the unfathomed centre.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Poems.* *To Shake-  
speare.*

And I have written three books on the  
soul,

Proving absurd all written hitherto,  
And putting us to ignorance again.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Cleon.*

Light flows our war of mocking words,  
and yet,

Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!  
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.  
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,  
We know, we know that we can smile!  
But there's a something in this breast,  
'To which thy light words bring no rest,  
And thy gay smiles no anodyne;  
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,  
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,  
And let me read there, love! thy in-  
most soul.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life.*

'T is an awkward thing to play with  
souls,

And matter enough to save one's own:  
Yet think of my friend, and the burn-  
ing coals:

We played with for bits of stone!

BROWNING. *A Light Woman.*

Yet still, from time to time, vague and  
forlorn,

From the soul's subterranean depth up-  
borne

As from an infinitely distant land,  
Come airs, and floating echoes, and con-  
vey

A melancholy into all our day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life.*

## SPEECH.

Out of the abundance of the heart the  
mouth speaketh.

*New Testament.* Matthew xii. 34.

[Frequently quoted in the Latin form from  
the Vulgate:

Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur.]

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  
O, else my heart, concealing it, will break.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew.*  
Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 00.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas,  
sæpe caveto.

Beware, if there is room  
For warning, what you mention, and to  
whom.

HORACE. *Epistles* 1, 18, 68. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

If you your lips would keep from slips  
Five things observe with care;  
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

ANON.

[Quoted by W. E. Norris in *Thiriby Hall*.  
Vol. i. p. 315.]

The windy satisfaction of the tongue.  
POPE. *Odyssey of Homer*. Bk. iv. l. 1092.

Then he will talk—good gods, how he  
will talk!

NATHANIEL LEE. *Alexander the Great*.  
Act 1. Sc. 1.

Mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1.  
l. 96.

I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 228.

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 234.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine  
ear.

*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*.

Alonzo. I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such  
sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue)  
a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 36.

With thee conversing I forget all  
time.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 639.

With thee conversing I forget the way.  
GAY. *Trivia*. Bk. ii. l. 480.

Prince above princes, gently hast thou  
told

Thy message, which might else in tell-  
ing wound

And in performing end us.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 298.

But far more numerous was the herd of  
such,  
Who think too little, and who talk too  
much.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
l. 533.

They never taste who always drink;  
They always talk who never think.

PRIOR. *Upon a Passage in Scatigeriana*.

They only babble who practise not reflec-  
tion.

SHERIDAN. *Pizarro*. Act i. Sc. 1.

But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto ii. l.  
443.

They would talk of nothing but high  
life, and high-lived company, with other  
fashionable topics, such as pictures,  
taste, Shakespeare, and the musical  
glasses.

GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield*.  
Ch. ix.

Speech, thought's canal! speech,  
thought's criterion, too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth  
gold or dross;

When coin'd in words, we know its *real*  
worth.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 469.

Words learned by rote a parrot may  
rehearse,

But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine  
The constant creaking of a country sign.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 7.

La parole a été donné à l'homme  
pour déguiser sa pensée.

Speech has been given to man to con-  
ceal his thoughts.

[A famous mot currently attributed to  
Talleyrand during his lifetime. After Tal-  
leyrand's death, Harel, the famous fabri-  
cator of *mots* which he attributed to the il-  
lustrious, claimed that he himself had put  
this phrase into Talleyrand's mouth. In  
any event, the phrase was not original. The  
verbal form, with the change of a single  
word, is borrowed from Molière:—

La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour  
exprimer ses pensées.

*Le Mariage Forcé*. Sc. v.

It will be seen that the mere substitution  
of "déguiser" (to disguise) for "exprimer"  
(to express) converts a truism into a para-  
dox.

But the paradox itself was stolen, as well

as its verbal clothing. Voltaire, in his satiric dialogue, *Le Chapon et la Poularde*, written in 1766, makes his capon complain of the treachery of men:

ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.

Men use thought only to justify their wrong doings, and employ words only to conceal their thoughts.

*Oeuvres Complètes*. Vol. xxix., p. 83, ed. 1822.

Seven years previous Goldsmith had said much the same thing:

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

*The Bee*, No. 3. Oct. 20, 1759.

Now, in this same year, 1759, there appeared a posthumous collection of "Samuel Butler's Remains," which Goldsmith reviewed in the *Critical Review* for July 1, 1759. It is not impossible that Goldsmith's eye may have fallen upon the following passage:

He who does not make his words rather serve to conceal than discover the sense of his heart, deserves to have it pulled out like a traitor's, and strewn publicly to the rabble.

BUTLER. *Remains*. Vol. ii. p. 25.

O monstrous, dead, unprofitable world,  
That thou canst hear, and hearing, hold  
thy way!

A voice oracular hath peal'd to-day,  
To-day a hero's banner is unfurl'd.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Written in Emerson's Essays*.

Goldsmith may also have been familiar with these lines of Young's:

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

*Love of Fame*. Satire ii. l. 207.

Likewise, both Goldsmith and Young may have read one or both of these passages:

In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it.

ROBERT SOUTH. *Sermon Preached in Westminster Abbey*. April 30, 1676.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it.

LLOYD. *State Worthies*. (1665; edited by Whitworth). Vol. i. p. 503.

A far-off likeness to the thought may be found in the following quotations:

It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

*Measure for Measure*. Act li. Sc. 4.

Perspicite tecum tacitus quid quisque loquatur;

Sermo hominum mores et celat et indicat idem.

Consider in silence whatever any one says: speech both conceals and reveals the inner soul of man.

DIONYSIUS CATO. *Distich*. iv. 20.

It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 322.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. ix. l. 412.

Thought is deeper than all speech;

Feeling deeper than all thought;

Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

C. P. CRANCHE. *Gnosis*.

God's great gift of speech abused

Makes thy memory confused.

TENNYSON. *A Dirge*.

In after-dinner talk,

Across the walnuts and the wine.

*Ibid*. *The Miller's Daughter*. St. 4.

And not to serve for a table-talk.

MONTAIGNE.

Let it serve for table-talk.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iii. Sc. 5.

That large utterance of the early gods!

KEATS. *Hyperion*. Bk. i.

Thou mindest me of gentle folks,

Old gentle-folks are they,

Thou sayst an undisputed thing

In such a solemn way.

HOLMES. *The Katydid*.

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,

Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs.

*Ibid*. *A Rhymed Lesson: Urania*.

Who hath given man speech? or who hath set therein

A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?

A. C. SWINBURNE. *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

## SPENSER, EDMUND.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,

Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse

Whilst thou didst live, lived English  
poetry ;  
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall  
die.

ANON. *Epitaph on Spenser.*

[The quatrain is preserved in William  
Camden's *Reges Reginae Nobiles et alii in  
Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii  
Sepulti usque ad annum, 1606.*]

Discouraged, scorned, his writings vili-  
fied,

Poorly—poor man—he lived ; poorly—  
poor man—he died.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *The Purple Island.*  
iv. 19.

The nobility of the Spencers has been  
illustrated and enriched by the trophies  
of Marlborough, but I exhort them to  
consider the Faerie Queene as the most  
precious jewel of their coronet.

EDWARD GIBBON. *Memoirs.* p. 3.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,  
And as its martial notes to silence flee,  
From a virgin chorus flows

A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.  
'Tis still Wild! warblings from the  
Æolian lyre

Enchantment softly breathe, and trem-  
blingly expire.

KEATS. *Ode to Apollo.* St. 6.

Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As passing all conceit needs no defence.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. *To His Friend,*  
*Master R. I.*

[This couplet is also in *Passionate Pilgrim.*  
St. 6.]

Like Spenser ever in thy Fairy Queene,  
Whose like (for deep conceit) was never  
scene :

Crowned mayst thou unto thy more re-  
nowne

(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell  
Crowne.

*Ibid.* *Remembrance of Some English  
Poets.*

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic  
rage,

In ancient tales amused a barbarous age.

But now the mystic tale that pleased of  
yore

Can charm an understanding age no  
more.

We view well-pleased at distance all the  
sights  
Of arms and palfreys, battle-fields and  
fights

And damsels in distress and courteous  
knights ;

But, when we look too near, the shades  
decay.

And all the pleasing landscape fades  
away.

JOSEPH ADDISON. *An Account of the  
Greatest English Poets.*

## SPIDER.

There webs were spread of more than  
common size,

And half-starved spiders prayed on half-  
starved flies.

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine.*  
l. 327.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the  
line.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Es. 1. l. 217.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit  
In middle of her web, which spreadeth  
wide :

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,  
She feels it instantly on every side.

SIR JOHN DAVIES. *The Immortality of  
the Soul.* Sec. xviii. *Feeling.*

Or almost like a spider, who, confin'd  
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde,  
Moves in an instant if the buzzing flye  
Stir but a string of her lawn canaple.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes.*  
First Week. Sixth Day. JOHN SYL-  
VESTER, trans.

Our souls sit close and silently within,  
And their own web from their own entrails  
spin ;

And when eyes meet far off, our sense is  
such,

That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest  
touch.

DRYDEN. *Marriage à la Mode.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said  
a spider to a fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that  
ever you did spy."

MARY HOWITT. *The Spider and the Fly.*

## SPIRE.

Who taught that heaven-directed  
spire to rise ?

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. l. 261.

How the tall temples, as to meet their  
 gods,  
 Ascend the skies !  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vi. l. 781.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains !  
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple  
 towers,  
 And spires whose "silent finger points  
 to heaven."  
 WORDSWORTH. *Excursion*. Bk. vi. l. 17.

[The quotation marks are an acknowledgment of indebtedness to Coleridge:  
 An instinctive taste teaches men to build  
 their churches in flat countries, with spire  
 steeples, which, as they cannot be referred  
 to any other object, point as with silent  
 finger to the sky and star.  
*The Friend*. Sec. i. No. 14.]

At leaving even the most unpleasant  
 people  
 And places, one keeps looking at the  
 steeple.  
 BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 14.

I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the  
 bridge ;  
 To watch the three tall spires ; and  
 there I shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this.  
 TENNYSON. *Godiva*.

Full seven-score years our city's pride—  
 The comely Southern spire—  
 Has cast its shadow, and defied  
 The storm, the foe, the fire ;  
 Sad is the sight our eyes behold ;  
 Woe to the three-hilled town,  
 When through the land the tale is told—  
 The brave "Old South" is down.  
 O. W. HOLMES. *An Appeal for the Old  
 South Church*.

## SPIRIT.

Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd  
 To be on earth the guardians of man-  
 kind :  
 Invisible to mortal eyes they go,  
 And mark our actions, good or bad,  
 below :  
 The immortal spies with watchful care  
 preside,  
 And thrice ten thousand round their  
 charges glide.  
 HESIOD. *Works and Days*. l. 164.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the  
 earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we  
 sleep.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 677.

Unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
 The light militia of the lower sky.  
 POPE. *The Rape of the Lock*. Canto i. l.  
 41.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant and erring spirit lies  
 To his confine.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l.  
 153.

*Ariel*. Pardon, master :  
 I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spiriting gently.  
*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 298.

*Glendower*. I can tell spirits from the  
 vasty deep.  
*Hotspur*. Why, so can I ; or so can  
 any man ; but will they come, if you  
 do call for them ?  
*Ibid.* *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 52.

When some were saying that if Cæsar  
 should march against the city they could  
 not see what forces there were to resist him,  
 Pompey replied with a smile, bidding them  
 be in no concern, "for whenever I stamp  
 my foot in any part of Italy there will rise  
 up forces enough in an instant, both horse  
 and foot."  
 PLUTARCH. *Life of Pompey*.

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shad-  
 ows dire  
 And airy tongues that syllable men's  
 names.  
 MILTON. *Comus*. l. 207.

Spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence  
 pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of  
 bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape  
 they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aëry purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 423.

Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal  
wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid  
air:  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all  
ear,  
All intellect, all sense; and as they  
please  
They limb themselves, and color, shape,  
or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or  
rare.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 344.

fake, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—  
fake, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.  
UHLAND. *The Passage*. Ednburgh Re-  
view. October, 1832. (SARAH AUSTIN,  
trans.)

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.  
LONGFELLOW. *Haunted House*.

If only in dreams may man be fully  
blest,  
Is heav'n a dream? Is she I clasp'd a  
dream?  
Or stood she here even now where dew-  
drops gleam  
And miles of furze shine golden down  
the West?  
I seem to clasp her still—still on my  
breast  
Her bosom beats,—I see the blue eyes  
beam:—  
I think she kiss'd these lips, for now  
they seem  
Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips  
they press'd!  
Yon thicket's breath—can that be  
eglantine?  
Those birds—can they be morning's  
choristers?  
Can this be earth? Can these be banks  
of furze?  
Like burning bushes fir'd of God they  
shine!  
I seem to know them, though this body  
of mine  
Pass'd into spirit at the touch of hers!  
THEODORE WATTS. *The First Kiss*.

## SPRING.

The seson pricketh every gentil herte,  
And maketh him out of his slepe to  
sterter.  
CHAUCER. *The Knights Tale*. l. 1045.

Sweet April showers  
Do bring May flowers.  
TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry*. Ch. xxxix.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made.  
RICHARD BARNFIELD. *Address to the  
Nightingale*.

*Cæsar*. The ides of March are come.  
*Soothsayer*. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 1.

Cæsar said to the soothsayer, "The ides  
of March are come"; who answered him  
calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are  
not past."  
PLUTARCH. *Life of Cæsar*.

It was a lover, and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey  
nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring  
time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,  
ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act v.  
Sc. 3. (Song.)

*Capulet*. When well apparel'd April  
on the heel  
Of limping winter treads.  
*Ibid.*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act 1. Sc. 2.  
l. 27.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.  
*Ibid.*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc.  
2. (Song.)

*Antony*. The April's in her eyes: it  
is Love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.  
*Ibid.*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 43.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all  
his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.  
SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet xcviil.*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender  
spring.

*Ibid. Rape of Lucrece.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
roses,

A box where sweets compacted lie.

GEORGE HERBERT. *Virtue.*

Now the bright morning-star, Day's  
harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads  
with her  
The flowery May, who, from her green  
lap, throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-  
rose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth, and warm desire !  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

MILTON. *Song on May Morning.*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,  
come ;

And from the bosom of your dropping  
cloud,

While music wakes around, veiled in a  
shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains de-  
scend.

THOMSON. *Seasons : Spring.* 1. 1.

But winter lingering chills the lap of  
May.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller.* 1 172.

Now spring returns : but not to me re-  
turns

The vernal joy my better years have  
known ;

Dim in my breast life's dying taper  
burns,

And all the joys of life with health  
are flown.

MICHAEL BRUCE. *Elegy Written in Spring.*

The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for All Fool's day ;  
But why the people call it so,  
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.

*Poor Robin's Almanac.* 1760. *All Fool's  
Day.*

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the  
trees,  
Rocked in the cradle of the western  
breeze.

COWPER. *Tirocinium.* 1. 43.

Health on the gale, and freshness in  
the stream.

BYRON. *Lara.* Canto ii. St. 2.

Spring would be but gloomy weather,  
If we had nothing else but Spring.

T. MOORE. *Juvenile Poems.* To ———.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is  
in the bud,

And Earth's beginning now in her veins  
to feel the blood,

Which, warmed by summer suns in the  
alembic of the vine,

From her founts will overrun in a ruddy  
gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall  
decorate the flower,

Are quickening in the gloom of their  
subterranean bower ;

And the juices meant to feed trees,  
vegetables, fruits,

Unerringly proceed to their pre-  
appointed roots.

HORACE SMITH. *First of March.*

When Spring unlocks the flowers  
to paint the laughing soil.

BISHOP HEBER. *Hymn for Seventh Sun-  
day after Trinity.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on  
the burnish'd dove ;

In the spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of love.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.* 1. 19.

And even into my inmost ring

A pleasure I discern'd,

Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd.

*Ibid. The Talking Oak.*

You must wake and call me early, call  
me early, mother dear,

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of  
all the glad New Year ;

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the  
maddest, merriest day ;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

*Ibid. The May-Queen.* St. 1.

## SPY.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;  
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
 The fatal byword of all years to come.  
 Boring a little augur-hole in fear,  
 Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will  
 Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,  
 And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
 On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused.

TENNYSON. *Godiva*.

## STAGE.

(See THEATRE.)

*Jaques*. All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players.  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the bard;  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 139.

I take the world to be but as a stage,  
 Where net-maskt men do play their personage.

DU BARTAS. *Dialogue Between Heraclitus and Democritus*.

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage  
 Whereon many play their parts: the lookers-on the sage  
 Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn  
 The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

R. EDWARDS. *Damon and Pithias*.

Is it not a noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre?

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of the Most Excellent Men*.

The world's a stage on which all parts are played

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *A Game at Chess*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Bassanio*. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
 A stage, where every man must play a part,  
 And mine a sad one.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 76.

*Duke S*. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 137.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage  
 Which God and Nature do with actors fill.  
 THOMAS HEYWOOD. *Applying for Actors*.

The world's a stage where God's omnipotence,  
His justice, knowledge, love, and providence  
Do act the parts.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Dayes.*  
First week, First day.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night ii. l. 360.

The world's a stage,—as Shakspeare said  
one day;

The stage a world—was what he meant to  
say.

O. W. HOLMES. *A Prologue.*

The growing drama has outgrown such  
toys

Of simulated stature, face, and speech :

It also peradventure may outgrow

The simulation of the painted scene,

Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight, and  
costume,

And take for a worthier stage the soul  
itself,

Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,

With all its grand orchestral silences

To keep the pauses of its rhythmic  
sounds.

MES BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh.* Bk. v.

Where they do agree on the stage,  
their unanimity is wonderful.

SHERIDAN. *The Critic.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded  
stage,

Holds its warped mirror to a gaping  
age.

CHARLES SPRAGUE. *Curiosity.*

### STARS.

These blessed candles of the night.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 220.

There's husbandry in heaven ;

Their candles are all out.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 5.

Lorenzo. Look, how the floor of  
heaven

Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright  
gold ;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou  
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cheru-  
bims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But, while this muddy vesture of  
decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear  
it.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice.*  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 58.

From little signs, like little stars,

Whose faint impression on the sense

The very looking straight at mars,

Or only seen by confluence.

COVENTRY PATMORE. *The Angel in the  
House.*

You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light ;

You common people of the skies,—

What are you when the moon shall  
rise ?

SIR H. WOTTON. *On His Mistress, the  
Queen of Bohemia.*

Planets and the pale populace of Heaven.  
R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure.*

As night the life-inclining stars best  
shows,

So lives obscure the starriest souls dis-  
close.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Epilogue to Transla-  
tions.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. v. l. 166.

The starry cope

Of heaven.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iv. l. 992.

Hither, as to their fountain, other  
stars

Repairing, in their golden urns draw  
light.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. l. 00.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is  
gold,

And pavement stars,—as stars to thee  
appear

Seen in the galaxy, that milky way

Which nightly as a circling zone thou  
seest

Powder'd with stars.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. l. 00.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,  
Are ignorantly led

To think those glorious lamps were made

To light Tom Fool to bed.

Rowe. *On a Fine Woman Who Had a Dull Husband.* iv.

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,

Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;

Near and more near your beamy cars approach

And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;

Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,

Frail as your silken sisters of the field! Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,

Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,

Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,

And death, and night, and chaos, mingle all!

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,

Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,

Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,

And soars and shines, another and the same.

ERASMUS DARWIN. *Economy of Vegetation.* Canto iv.

When twilight dews are falling soft

Upon the rosy sea, love,

I watch the star whose beam so oft

Has lighted me to thee, love.

THOMAS MOORE. *When Twilight Dews.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,

For lovers love the western star.

SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto iii.

With battlements that on their restless fronts

Bore stars.

WORDSWORTH. *Excursion.* Bk. ii.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,

And, haply, there the spirits of the blest dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest.

*Ibid.* *Sonnets.* Pt. ii. Sonnet 25.

But he is risen, a later star of dawn.

WORDSWORTH. *A Morning Exercise.*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,

If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven, That in our aspirations to be great,

Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state, And claim a kindred with you; for ye are

A beauty and a mystery, and create

In us such love and reverence from afar, That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 88.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 2. l. 00.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.

CAMPBELL. *The Soldier's Dream.*

The starres, bright centinels of the skies.

HABINGTON. *Castara: Dialogue between Night and Araphel.*

The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War.* Bk. viii. civ.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline.* Pt. i. iii. l. 83.

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul

Strike thro' a finer element of her own.

TENNYSON. *Aylmer's Field.*

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall.* St. 4.

And you, ye stars,  
Who slowly begin to marshal,  
As of old, in the fields of heaven,  
Your distant, melancholy lines!  
MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Empedocles on Etna.*

## STATE.

It seems to me that only Themistocles, of all men, has truthfully, or at any rate carefully, shown briefly what are the words which the poet Alcaeus sang long ago, for many receiving them, one from another, they afterwards came to be. Nor stones nor timbers nor the art of building forms cities, but whenever and wherever there may be found men ready to defend themselves, there is the city and the fortress.

ARISTIDES. *Oration* (Jebb's edition).  
Vol. ii.

[This probably gives the sense of what the ancients considered one of the greatest orders of Alcaeus. But a single line of the original has survived—

Fighting men are the city's fortress.

It was the version given by Aristides which inspired Sir William Jones:

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned,

No; men, high-minded men,

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

*Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus.*

L'état !—c'est moi !

The state !—it is I !

Ascribed to LOUIS XIV.

*Marcellus.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 90.

States, as great engines, move slowly.

BACON. *Advancement of Learning.* Bk ii.

What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,

And he returned a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love, mankind may strongly draw,

When love was liberty, and nature law.

Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown,

Till common interest placed the sway in one.

'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms, Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),

The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,

A prince the father of a people made.

POPE. *Essay on Man.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;

An hour may lay it in the dust.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 84.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship.*  
l. 367.

## STATURE.

*Learn.* Ay, every inch a king.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act. iv. Sc. 6, l. 114.

Her stature tall,—I hate a dumphy woman.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Ca. i. St. 61.

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer.* Bk. v. l. 999.

## STORM.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

*New Testament.* Matthew vii. 25.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

*Ibid.* Matthew vii. 27.

Dorion, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timo-

theus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.

ATHENAEUS. *The Deipnosophists*. viii  
19.

[Hence the proverb, "a tempest in a teapot."]

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves?

PLUTARCH. *Natural Questions*. ix.

Remember to throw into the sea the oil which I give to you, when straightway the winds will abate, and a calm and smiling sea will accompany you throughout your voyage.

BEDE. *Ecclesiastical History*. Bk. iii.  
Ch. xv.

[Hence the expression, "To throw oil on troubled waters."]

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true."

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Glory*.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds,

But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
3. 1. 5.

*Lear*. Blow winds and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples.

*Ibid*. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. i.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept,  
and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. 1. 114.

*Alonzo*. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass,

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded

And with him there lie mudded.

*Ibid*. *The Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 95.

'T was when the sea was roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

GAY. *The What d'ye call it*. Act ii. Sc. 8.

Come as the winds come, when

Forests are rended;

Come as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded.

SCOTT. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*.

Come hither, hither, my little page!

Why dost thou weep and wail?

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,

Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;

Our ship is swift and strong:

Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly

More merrily along.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. St. 13.

Come hither, come hither, my little daughter

And do not tremble so.

This ship can weather the stoutest gale

That ever wind did blow.

LONGFELLOW. *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the  
light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags  
among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from  
one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found  
a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty  
shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
aloud!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 92.

And this is in the night:—Most glo-  
rious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let  
me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric  
sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to  
the earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now,  
the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its  
mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young  
earthquake's birth.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Canto  
iii. St. 93.

A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!  
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pity them  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

WILLIAM PITT. *The Sailor's Consolation*.

O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *The Pilot*.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES. *Old Ironsides*.

The beating of her restless heart  
Still sounding through the storm.

*Ibid.* *The Steamboat*.

[Emerson misquotes and improves on  
Holmes:

The pulses of her iron heart  
Go beating through the storm.  
*Society and Solitude: Civilization.*]

## STRENGTH.

*Isabella*. Oh, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is  
tyrannous

To use it as a giant.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 108.

Oh fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW. *The Light of Stars*.

One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.

TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. i. X. St. 5.

## STUDY.

(See LEARNING.)

Pythias once, scoffing at Demosthenes,  
said that his arguments smelt of the  
lamp.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Demosthenes*.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

GAY. *Fables*. Introduction.

There is no other Royal path which  
leads to geometry.

EUCLID TO PTOLEMY I. See *Proclus' Com-  
mentaries on Euclid's Elements*. Bk.  
ii. Ch. iv.

*Biron*. What is the end of study?  
Let me know?

*King*. Why, that to know, which else  
we should not know.

*Biron*. Things hid and barr'd, you  
mean, from common sense?

*King*. Ay, that is study's god-like  
recompense.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 55.

[See under SCIENCE.]

*Tranio*. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master  
mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your re-  
solve

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Talk logic with acquaintance that you  
have,

And practise rhetoric in your common  
talk :

Music and poesy use to quicken you :  
The mathematics and the metaphysics  
Fall to them as you find your stomach  
serves you :

No profit grows where is no pleasure  
ta'en ;—

In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act  
I. Sc. 1. l. 21.

It seems to me (said she) that you are  
in some brown study.

JOHN LYLY. *Euphues*. p. 80.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or  
wine,

But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;  
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend,  
were thine.

COWLEY. *On the Death of Mr. William  
Harvey*.

Learning by study must be won ;  
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.

GAY. *Fables. The Pack Horse and Carrier*.  
l. 41.

### STUPIDITY.

Peter was dull ; he was at first  
Dull,—Oh, so dull—so very dull !

Whether he talked, wrote, or re-  
hearsed—

Still with this dulness was he cursed—  
Dull—beyond all conception—dull.

SHELLEY. *Peter Bell the Third*. Pt. vii.  
xi.

Against stupidity the very gods  
Themselves contend in vain.

SCHILLER. *The Maid of Orleans*. Act iii.  
Sc. 6.

La faute en est aux dieux, qui la  
frent si bête.

The fault rests with the gods, who  
have made her so stupid.

GRESSET. *Mechant*. ii. 7.

Schad' um die Leut'! Sind sonst wackre  
Brüder.

Aber das denkt, wie ein Seifensieder.

A pity about the people! they are  
brave enough comrades, but they have  
heads like a soapboiler's.

SCHILLER. *Wallenstein's Lager*. xl. 347.

### STYLE.

It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*,—  
our style bewrays us.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Demo-  
critus to the Reader*.

Le style est l'homme même.

The style is the man himself.

BUFFŌ. *Discours de Réception (Recueil de  
l'Académie, 1750)*.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*.

Dress covers the mortal body and adorns  
it, but style is the vehicle of the spirit.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Letter to Miss G. Har-  
court, 1842*.

Master, alike in speech and song,  
Of Fame's great antiseptic,—style.  
LOWELL. *To Holmes on his Birthday*. 1884.

### SUCCESS.

Success the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand, can always hit.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 879.

What though success will not attend on  
all,

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk  
a fall.

SMOLLETT. *Advice*. l. 207.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;  
But we'll do more, Sempronius : we'll  
deserve it.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 2.

'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give  
success.

POPE. *Iliad of Homer*. Bk. vi. l. 427.

Success, a sort of suicide,

Is ruin'd by success.

YOUNG. *Resignation*. Pt. ii.

The true touchstone of desert—suc-  
cess.

BYRON. *Marino Faliero*. Act i. Sc. 2.

They who strive  
With Fortune, win or weary her at last.  
*Ibid.* Werner. Act i. Sc. 1.

Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took all eyes.

EMERSON. *In Memoriam*.

God will estimate  
Success one day.

R. BROWNING. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.

SUICIDE.

(See DEATH.)

*Hamlet*. O that this too too-solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 129.

*Hamlet*. To sleep! perchance to dream:  
ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams  
may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal  
coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and  
scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's  
delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy  
takes,

When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels  
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after  
death,—

The undiscovered country, from whose  
bourn

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we  
have

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus, conscience does make cowards of  
us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought;

And enterprises of great pith and mo-  
ment,

With this regard their currents turn  
awry,

And lose the name of action.—Soft you  
now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy ori-  
sons

Be all my sins remember'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 65.

As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be  
gone;

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone,  
*Ibid.* *Sonnet lxxvi*.

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot  
come,

Tyrants can tie him up from your re-  
lief:

Nor has a Christian privilege to die.  
Alas, thou art too young in thy new  
Faith.

Brutus and Cato might discharge their  
souls,

And give them furlow's for another world:  
But we like sentries are oblig'd to stand  
In starless nights, and wait th' ap-  
pointed hour.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

When all the blandishments of life are  
gone,

The coward sneaks to death, the brave  
live on.

GEORGE SEWELL. *The Suicide*. From  
*Martial*. Bk. xi. Epis. 56.

There is no refuge from confession but  
suicide; and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument on the Mur-  
der of Captain White*. April 6, 1830.

Less base the fear of death than fear of  
life;

O, Britain! infamous for suicide!  
An island, in thy manners, far disjoin'd  
From the whole world of rationals

beside!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night v. l. 441.

Self-murder! name it not; our island's  
shame;  
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring  
states.

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 403.

One more unfortunate  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death.

THOMAS HOOD. *The Bridge of Sighs*. l. 1.

Over the brink of it  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man  
Lave in it—drink of it  
Then, if you can.  
*Ibid.* *The Bridge of Sighs*, l. 76.

Again the voice spake unto me:  
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be."

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*.

### SUMMER.

Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groeth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springth the wude nu,  
Sing cuccu!

[Tradition assigns to this lyric the honour of being the most ancient song, with or without the musical notes, in the English language. In all probability it was composed as early as 1250. It is preserved in the Harleian MS. No. 978, and was first published in Sir John Hawkins' *History of Music*.]

This is very midsummer madness.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Of evening tinct,  
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
THOMSON. *Seasons: Summer*. l. 150.

The leafy month of June.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. v.

It is the month of June,  
The month of leaves and roses,  
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,  
And pleasant scents the noses.  
N. P. WILLIS. *The Month of June*.

The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witching of the soft blue sky!  
WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell*. Pt. 1. St. 15.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.  
LOWELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

### SUN.

The glorious sun,  
Stays in his course and plays the al-  
chemist;  
Turning, with splendor of his precious  
eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering  
gold.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 77.

Aaron. As when the golden sun sa-  
lutes the morn,  
And having gilt the ocean with his  
beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening  
coach,  
And overlooks the highest peering hills.  
*Ibid.* *Titus Andronicus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 5.

*Perdita*. The self-same sun that shines  
upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 455.

O thou that with surpassing glory  
crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the  
god  
Of this new world; at whose sight all  
the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads!  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 32.

Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, with-  
draw your blaze!  
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. iii. l. 282.

There swift return  
Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual  
spot.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 21.

Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth or earth rise on the  
sun,  
He from the east his flaming road begin  
Or she from the west her silent course  
advance

With inoffensive pace, that spinning  
sleeps

On her soft axle, while she paces even  
And bears these soft with the smooth air  
along,—

Solicit not thy thoughts with matters  
hid;

Leave them to God above, him serve  
and fear.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 160.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-  
pear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove afield, and both together  
heard

What time the grey-fly winds her sultry  
horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews  
of night

Oft till the star that rose at evening  
bright,

Tow'rds Heav'n descent had sloped his  
west'ring wheel.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. l. 25.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-  
spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning  
☉ sky.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. l. 168.

Let others hail the rising sun :

I bow to that whose course is run.

GARRICK. *On the Death of Mr. Pelham*.

Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more  
worshipped the rising than the setting sun.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Pompey*.

He (Tiberius) upbraided Macro in no ob-  
scure and indirect terms "with forsaking  
the setting sun and turning to the rising."

TACITUS. *Annals*. Bk. iv. Ch. xlvii. 20.

On this question of principle, while  
actual suffering was yet afar off, they  
[the Colonies] raised their flag against  
a power to which, for purposes of foreign  
conquest and subjugation, Rome in the  
height of her glory is not to be compared,  
—a power which has dotted over the sur-  
face of the whole globe with her posses-  
sions and military posts, whose morning  
drum-beat, following the sun, and keep-  
ing company with the hours, circles the

earth with one continuous and unbroken  
strain of the martial airs of England.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech*. May 7, 1834.  
p. 110.

The martial airs of England

Encircle still the earth.

AMELIA B. RICHARDS. *The Martial Airs  
of England*.

Till now the name of names, England, the  
name of might,

Flames from the austral bounds to the ends  
of the boreal night;

And the call of her morning drum goes in a

girdle of sound,  
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great

globe round and round.  
W. E. HENLEY. *Poems: Rhymes and  
Rhythms, II*. To R. F. B. st. 8 and 9.

Why should the brave Spanish soldier  
brag the sun never sets in the Spanish do-  
minions, but ever shineth on one part or  
other we have conquered for our king?

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. *Advertisements for  
the Unexperienced, etc.* (Mass. Hist.  
Soc. Coll., Third Series, vol. iii. p. 49.)

It may be said of them (the Hollanders)  
as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets  
on their dominions.

GAGE. *New Survey of the West Indies.  
Epistle Dedicatory*. London, 1648.

*Philip II*. I am called

The richest monarch in the Christian world;  
The sun in my dominions never sets.

SCHILLER. *Don Carlos*. Act i. Sc. 6.

The sun never sets on the immense em-  
pire of Charles V.

Altera figlia

Di quel monarca, a cui

Nè anco, quando annotta il sol tramonta.

*Ibid.* February, 1807.

(The proud daughter of that monarch to  
whom when it grows dark [elsewhere] the  
sun never sets.)

GUARINI. *Pastor Fido* (1590). On the  
marriage of the Duke of Savoy with  
Catherine of Austria.

[The boast is equally true of America.  
When it is 6 P. M. at Attoo Island, Alaska, it  
is 9.36 A. M. the next day on the eastern  
coast of Maine.]

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship  
ere

The mystery of thy making was re-  
vealed!

Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladdened, on their mountain  
tops, the hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they  
poured

Themselves in orisons! Thou material  
God!

And representative of the Unknown—  
Who chose thee for His shadow!  
BYRON. *Manfred*. Act iii. Sc. 2.

There sinks the nebulous star we call  
the sun.

TENNYSON. *Pt. iv. l. 1.*

### SUNDAY.

And he said unto them, The sabbath  
was made for man, and not man for the  
sabbath: therefore the Son of man is  
Lord also of the sabbath.

*New Testament. Mark ii. 27, 28.*

Whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the  
week.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 76.

So sang they, and the empyrean rung  
With Hallelujahs. Thus was Sabbath  
kept.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 632.

Hanging of his cat on Monday  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

*Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys* (edi-  
tion of 1865, p. 5).

No place is sacred, not the church is  
free,

Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to  
me.

POPE. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Pro-  
logue to the Satires*. l. 11.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath  
keep,

And all the western world believe and  
sleep.

*Ibid. The Dunciad*. Bk. iii. l. 99.

Of all the days that's in the week

I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday.

HENRY CAREY. *Sally in Our Alley*.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor  
man's day:

On other days the man of toil is doom'd  
To eat his joyless bread, lonely—the  
ground

Both seat and board—screened from the  
winter's cold

And summer's heat, by neigh'ring  
hedge or tree;

But on this day, embosom'd in his home,  
He shares the frugal meal with those he  
loves.

GRAHAME. *Sabbath*.

Now really this appears the common  
case

Of putting too much Sabbath into Sun-  
day.

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?  
THOMAS HOOD. *An Open Question*.

Take the Sunday with you through the  
week,

And sweeten with it all the other days.  
LONGFELLOW. *Michael Angelo*. Pt. i. 5.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well  
be sure

He who ordained the Sabbath loves the  
poor!

O. W. HOLMES. *Urania; or, A Rhymed  
Lesson*. l. 325.

### SUNRISE.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. iii. l. 621.  
(POPE'S trans.)

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie.  
CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*. l. 2275.

At last, the golden orientall gate  
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,

And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to  
his mate,

Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie  
hayre;

And hurls his glistering beams through  
gloomy ayre.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto  
v. St. 2.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of  
the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what en-  
vious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder  
east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jo-  
cund day

Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain's  
top.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 5. l. 6.

But yonder comes the powerful king of  
day,  
Rejoicing in the east.

THOMSON. *Summer*. l. 81.

Wake! for the Sun, who scatter'd into  
flight

The Stars before him from the Field  
of Night,

Drives Night along with them from  
Heav'n, and strikes

The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of  
Light.

FITZGERALD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. l.

Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er night's brim, day boils at last;

Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's  
brim

Where spurting and suppress'd it lay—

For not a froth-flake touched the rim

Of yonder gap in the solid gray

Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;

But forth one wavelet, then another,  
curled,

Till the whole sunrise, not to be sup-  
prest,

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast

Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then  
overflowed the world.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Pippa Passes*. Sc. 1.

### SUNSET.

Now was the hour that wakens fond  
desire

In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful  
heart

Who in the morn have bid sweet friends  
farewell,

And pilgrim, newly on his road, with  
love

Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from  
far

That seems to mourn for the expiring  
day.

DANTE. *Purgatorio*. viii. 1. (CARY  
trans.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.  
St. 1.

The gaudy, blabby, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 1.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be  
run,

Along Morea's hills the setting sun;

Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely  
bright,

But one unclouded blaze of living light!

O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam  
he throws,

Gilds the green wave, that trembles as  
it glows.

BYRON. *The Corsair*.

### SUPERFLUITY.

In silvam non ligna feras insanius.

It would be as silly as to carry sticks  
into the forest.

HORACE. *Satires*. i. 10, 34.

[Hence the proverb, *In silvan ligna ferre*  
(to carry logs into the wood) = to labour in  
vain, to "carry coals to Newcastle." The  
Greeks have a proverb to the same effect,  
Γλαυκ' Ἀθηνάζε, *Owls to Athens* (ARISTOPHANES.  
*The Birds*. 301), the owl being Athene's  
bird; so, too, *Fish to the Hellespont*.]

*Salisbury*. Therefore, to be possess'd  
with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to  
garnish,

Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iv. Sc.  
2. l. 11.

*Rosalind*. Can one desire too much of  
a good thing.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 123.

To enlarge or illustrate the power  
and effect of love is to set a candle in  
the sun.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Sec. ii.  
Memb. 1. Subsec. 2.

How commentators each dark passage shun  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

YOUNG. *Satire* vii. l. 97.

### SUPERSTITION.

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,

Who with no deep researches vex the brain,  
Who from the dark and doubtful love to

run,  
And hold their glimmering tapers to the  
sun.

CRABBE. *The Parish Register*. Part. 1.  
*Introduction*.

Alas! you know the cause too well;  
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.  
Then to contribute to my loss,  
My knife and fork were laid across;  
On Friday, too! the day I dread;  
Would I were safe at home, in bed!  
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)  
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.  
Next post some fatal news shall tell:  
God send my Cornish friends be well!

GAY. *Fables*. Pt. i. Fable 37.

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

The many chambered school  
Where superstition weaves her airy  
dreams.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. iv.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent,  
cross,

For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general  
loss!

Who from true worship's gold can  
separate thy dross?

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 44.

### SURFEIT.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Like warmed-up cabbage served at each  
repast,

The repetition kills the wretch at last.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. vii. 154. (GIFFORD, trans.)

[Said of recitations which masters had to endure in school.]

With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor.

DRAYTON. *Legend of Matilda the Fair*.

*Nerissa*. They are sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*. Act 1. Sc. 2. 1. 5.

*Friar Laurence*. These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume; the sweetest honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii. Sc. 6. 1. 9.

*Claudio*. As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint.

*Ibid*. *Measure for Measure*. Act i. Sc. 3. 1. 130.

*King*. There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still; For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 7. 1. 115.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.  
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 4.

*Lysander*. A surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

SHAKESPEARE. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. 137.

### SUSPICION.

*Northumberland*. See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not know,

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,

That what he feared is chanced.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry IV*. Act i. Sc. 1. 1. 84.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*Ibid*. *Henry VI*. Pt. iii. Act v. Sc. 6. 1. 11.

*Hamlet.* All is not well;  
I doubt some foul play.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 255.

*Cæsar.* Would he were fatter! but I  
fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius.

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 198.

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

There is nothing makes a man suspect  
much, more than to know little.

BACON. *Essay XXXI, of Suspicion.*

All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.* l. 568.

### SWALLOW.

One swallow maketh not a spring, nor  
a woodcock a winter.

ARISTOTLE. *Ethics.* Bk. i.

One swallow maketh not summer.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Bk. ii. Ch. v.

One foul wind no more makes a winter,  
than one swallow makes a summer.

C. DICKENS. *Martin Chuzzlewit.* Ch. xliii.

The swallow follows not the summer more  
willing than we do your lordship.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act iii.  
Sc. 6. l. 31.

*Banquo.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his love'd mansionry, that the  
heaven's breath

Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this  
bird

Hath made its pendent bed, and pro-  
creant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I  
have observ'd,

The air is delicate.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 6. l. 3.

When autumn scatters his departing  
gleams,

Warned of approaching winter, gather-  
ed, play

The swallow-people; and tossed wide  
around,

O'er the calm sky in convolution swift,  
The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing  
once,

Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Autumn.* l. 836.

Nature's licensed vagabond, the swal-  
low.

TENNYSON. *Queen Mary.* Act v. Sc. 1.

It's surely summer, for there's a swal-  
low:

Comes one swallow, his mate will follow,  
The bird-race quicken and wheel and  
thicken.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *A Bird Song.*  
St. 2.

### SWAN.

You think that upon the score of  
fore-knowledge and divining I am in-  
finitely inferior to the swans. When  
they perceive approaching death they  
sing more merrily than before, because  
of the joy they have in going to the  
God they serve.

SOCRATES. *In Phædo.* 77.

*Prince Henry.* 'Tis strange that death  
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own  
death:

And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act v. Sc. 7.  
l. 21.

*Othello.* I will play the swan and die in  
music.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2. l. 247.

*Portia.* He makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 44.

There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 86.

*York.* As I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the  
tide,

And spend her strength with over-  
matching waves.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.  
l. 19.

The swan, with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling  
proudly, rows

Her state with oary feet.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. vii. l. 438.

The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-  
isle,  
Protective of his young.

THOMSON. *The Seasons: Spring*. l. 775.

On thy fairy bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break  
As down he bears before the gale.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL. *To Seneca Lake*.

### SWEETNESS.

Queen. Sweets to the sweet ; farewell !  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1.  
l. 266.

[See under LIKE.]

Sweets with sweets war not, joy de-  
lights in joy.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet*. viii.

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove  
in digestion sour.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 237.

The bitter goes before the sweet.  
Yea, and for as much as it doth, it  
makes the sweet the sweeter.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pt. ii.

The little sweet doth kill much bitterness.

KEATS. *Isabella*. xiii.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the  
sweets.

GAY. *Beggar's Opera*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

For the rest, whatever we have got  
has been by infinite labor and search,  
and ranging through every corner of  
nature ; the difference is, that, instead  
of dirt and poison, we have rather  
chosen to fill our hives with honey and  
wax, thus furnishing mankind with the  
two noblest of things, which are, sweet-  
ness-and light.

SWIFT. *The Battle of the Books: The  
Spider and the Bee*.

The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door.

WORDSWORTH. *Lucy Gray*. St. 2.

### SWINE.

Give not that which is holy unto the  
dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before  
swine, lest they trample them under  
their feet, and turn again and rend you.

*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 6.

The wrong sow by th' eare.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. ix.

Shear swine, all cry and no wool.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l. 852.

Moche Crye and no Wull.

JOHN FORTESCUE. *De Laudibus Legum  
Angliac*. Ch. x.

How Instinct varies in the grov'ling  
swine.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Epis. i. l. 221.

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys  
thy call,

Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Man*. Epis. iii. l. 41.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,  
Good Musselman, abstain from pork.

COWPER. *Love of the World Reproved*.

[This poem is founded on an ancient  
Arabian apologue, which feigned that Ma-  
homedd allowed his followers to eat every  
portion of the hog, save only one, which he  
slyly left unspecified. Therefore, Moham-  
medans let the hog entirely alone, lest they  
might eat the forbidden portion. But the  
later followers of the prophet thought it hard

From the whole hog to be debarred,

because a single part had been forbidden.  
So one took a leg, another a shoulder, a  
third, and a fourth, and so on, each his par-  
ticular titbit :

With sophistry their sauce they sweeten  
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Hence the proverb to go the whole hog.]

### SWORD.

Then said Jesus unto him, Put up  
again thy sword into his place: for all  
they that take the sword, shall perish  
with the sword.

*New Testament*. Matthew xxvi. 52.

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ  
once more  
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar . .  
O men and brothers ! let that voice be heard,  
War fails, try peace ; put up the useless  
sword.

DISARMAMENT.

Better die with the sword, than by the  
sword.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War*. Bk. vii. 26.

*Richelieu*. Take away the sword—  
States can be saved without it.

BULWER LYTTON. *Richelieu*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2.

Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword.

POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer*. Bk. xx. l. 461.

When valour preys on reason  
It eats the sword it fights with.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 199.

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

By the sword she seeks a quiet peace with liberty.

*Motto of Massachusetts.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself, for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.

SAMUEL BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto 1. l. 359.

### SYMPATHY.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

Being myself no stranger to suffering,  
I have learned to relieve the sufferings  
of others.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. i. 630.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned  
to glow,

For other's good, and melt at other's woe.  
HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xviii. l. 269.  
(POPE, trans.)

Accept these grateful tears! for thee they  
flow,—

For thee, that ever felt another's woe!  
*Ibid.* *Iliad*. Bk. xix. l. 319. (POPE,  
trans.)

Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi.

If you wish me to weep, you must  
mourn first yourself.

HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. cii.

But spite of all the criticising elves,  
Those who would make us feel, must feel  
themselves.

CHURCHILL. *Rosciad*. l. 961.

Needs there groan a world in anguish just  
to teach us sympathy.

R. BROWNING. *La Saisiaz*.

(The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive  
ghost:)

He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em  
most.

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. Last line.

*Zelmane*. None can speak of a wound  
with skill, if he hath not a wound felt.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*. Bk. i. *Domo*  
and *Zelmane*.

*Romeo*. He jests at scars, that never felt a  
wound.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. ii. l. 72.

For let our finger ache, and it endues  
Our other healthful members even to  
that sense

Of pain.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 146.

When the head aches, all the members  
partake of the pain.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. ii.

For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, joined in con-  
nection sweet.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. x. l. 357.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's  
pity.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act 1. Sc. 1.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to  
soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.  
POPE. *Eloise to Abelard*. l. 57.

To each his sufferings: all are men  
Condemn'd alike to groan;

The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.

GRAY. *Prospect of Eton College*. 10.

In misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh  
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his  
groan,

And lonely want retired to die.

DR. JOHNSON. *Verses on the Death of Mr.*  
*Robert Level*.

And the weak soul, within itself un-  
bless'd,

Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 271.

Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

*Ibid.* *The Hermit*. St. 6.

Their cause I plead—plead it in heart  
and mind;

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous  
kind.

DAVID GARRICK. *Epilogue on Quitting*  
*the Stage*. 1770.

[The credit of the famous last line is given sometimes to Shakespeare and sometimes to Byron. The latter quotes it in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" with "one" changed to "us."]

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Democritus to the Reader.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery.

GIBBON. *Decline and Fall*. Ch. xlix.

We have lived and loved together  
Through many changing years;  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears.

CHARLES JEFFERYS. *We have Lived and Loved Together*.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know

Which, like the needle true,

Turns at the touch of joy or woe,

But turning, trembles too.

MRS. GREVILLE. *A Prayer for Indifference*.

And the touched needle trembles to the pole.

POPE. *Temple of Fame*. l. 431.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

BEATTIE. *The Hermit*. l. 8.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
Whose veil is unremoved  
Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
And the lover is beloved.

WORDSWORTH. *To ———*. *Let other Bards of Angels Sing*.

She<sup>1</sup> gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love and thought and joy.

WORDSWORTH. *The Sparrow's Nest*.

Sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

*Ibid.* *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*.

What gem hath dropp'd sparkles o'er his chain?

The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to Wordsworth's wife.

That starts at once—bright pure—from Pity's mine,

Already polish'd by the hand divine!

BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto ii. St. 15.

Every woe a tear can claim,

Except an erring sister's shame.

*Ibid.* *The Giaour*.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 23.

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble

Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

LONGFELLOW. *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Pt. vi. l. 12.

No one is so accursed by fate,

No one so utterly desolate,

But some heart, though unknown,

Responds unto his own.

*Ibid.* *Endymion*.

Somewhere or other there must surely be

The face not seen, the voice not heard,  
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!

Made answer to my word.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Somewhere or Other*.

Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?

Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

TENNYSON. *Maud*.

Why waste a word or let a tear escape  
While other sorrows wait you in the world?  
R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*.

## TALE.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.  
*Old Testament*. Psalm xc. 3.

And what so tedious as a twice told tale?

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. last line.  
(POPE trans.)

[Bryant's version is more literal but less succinct:

I hate

To tell again a tale once fully told.

Pope possibly had in mind the line which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Lewis:

*Lewis*. Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 108.]

Soft as some song divine thy story flows.  
HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l. 458.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail.  
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale.

BYRON. *Hints from Horace*.

Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

Wherefore do you laugh?

Change but the name, of thee the tale is told.

HORACE. *Satires I*. i. 69. (FRANCIS trans.)

Who so shall tell a tale after a man,  
He must rehearse, as nigh he ever can  
Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large.

Or elles he must tellen his tale untrue,  
Or feinen things or finden wordes new.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*. Prologue. l. 733.

To tell tales out of schoole.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. 1. ch. x.

He cometh unto you with a tale which  
holdeth children from play, and old men  
from the chimney corner.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *The Defense of Poesy*.

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 113.

*Queen Elizabeth*. An honest tale  
speeds best, being plainly told.

*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act iv. Sc. 4. l. 358.

*Prince*. Mark now, how a plain tale  
shall put you down.

*Ibid.* *I. King Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 4.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly  
told.

*Ibid.* *King Richard III*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 38.

*Touchstone*. And thereby hangs a tale!

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 28.

Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

l. 60. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 9.

*Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act i. Sc. 4. l. 159.

*Lady Capulet*. That book in many's  
eyes doth share the glory  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden  
story.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 91.

*Othello*. Yet, by your gracious pa-  
tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what  
drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty  
magic,

(For such proceeding I am charg'd  
withal)

I won his daughter with.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 122.

*Othello*. Her father lov'd me; oft in-  
vited me;

Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges,  
fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish  
days,

To the very moment that he bade me  
tell it.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous  
chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent  
deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption  
thence,

And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts  
wild,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose  
heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 123.

*Hamlet*. The story is extant, and writ  
in choice Italian.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 274.

*King*. And tell sad stories of the  
death of kings.

*Ibid.* *Richard II*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 156.

Do not believe what I tell you here  
any more than if it were some tale of a  
tub.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. iv. Ch. 38.

And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the vale.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 67.

[It is more than probable that the word "tale" here means "tally" or "score." Yet possibly Goldsmith had Milton in mind when he wrote:

The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

*The Deserted Village*. l. 13.]

I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

*Ibid. Comus*. l. 43.

For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true.

WM. SHENSTONE. *Jemmy Dawson*.

He left the name at which the world  
grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*. l. 222.

This story will never go down.

FIELDING. *Tumble-Down Dick*. Air i.

Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!

CANNING. *Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-grinder*.

Three stories high, long, dull, and old  
As great lords' stories often are.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *The Maid of the Moor*.

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

COLERIDGE. *Christabel*. Pt. i.

'Tis an old tale and often told;

But did my fate and wish agree,  
Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
Of maiden true, betrayed for gold,  
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto ii. St. 27.

Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,

Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!

*Ibid. Marmion*. Canto vi. St. 34.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

*Ibid. Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto ii. St. 22.

[Bret Harte rather improves upon Scott, and has at least given literary assent to an already popular misquotation:

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

*A Newport Romance*. l. 2.]

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 2.

Oh, Reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
Oh, gentle Reader! you would find  
A tale in everything.

WORDSWORTH. *Simon Lee*.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear

Long, long ago; long, long ago.

THOMAS HAINES BAYLY. *Long, long Ago*.

But that's another story.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[This is a favorite saying of his hero, Private Mulvaney, and constantly reappears in his short stories.]

## TALENT.

And sure th' Eternal Master found

His single talent well employ'd.

DR. JOHNSON. *Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levett*. St. 7.

Talents angel-bright,

If wanting worth, are shining instruments

In false ambition's hand, to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vi. l. 273.

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,  
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

A talent is developed in retirement,  
character is formed in the rush of the world.

GOETHE. *Tasso*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Every man has his gift, and the tools  
go to him that can use them.

C. KINGSLEY. *The Saints' Tragedy*. Act ii. Sc. 6.

## TASTE.

Touch not, taste not, handle not.

*New Testament*. Colossians ii. 21.

De gustibus non est disputandum.

There can be no disputing about tastes.

Proverb.

[The French proverb, *Chacun à son gout*, "everyone to his taste," embodies a similar sentiment.]

*Hamlet*. Come, give us a taste of your quality.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 452.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice  
Of attic taste?

MILTON. *To Mr. Laurence*.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

AEKENSIDE. *Pleasures of the Imagination*. Bk. iii. l. 567.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity, with a little more taste.

LE SAGE. *Gil Blas*. Bk. vii. Ch. 4.

*Sir Peter*. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

By doing his work, he makes the need felt which he can supply. He creates the taste by which he is enjoyed. He provokes the wants to which he can minister.

EMERSON. *Essays*. First Series. *Self-reliance*.

### TAX.

In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

FRANKLIN. *Letter to M. Leroy*. 1789.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains

To tax our labours and excise our brains.

CHURCHILL. *Night*. l. 271.

The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.

BURNS. *The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman*. Chorus. l. 2.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Essays: Review of Seybert's Annals*.

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in.

LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal*. Prelude to Part. 1.

Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation.

ABRAHAM S. HEWITT. *Democratic Platform of 1834*.

### TEA.

Tea does our fancy aid,

Repress those vapours which the head invade,

And keeps that palace of the soul serene.

EDMUND WALLER. *Of Tea*.

Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto iii. l. 7.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid;—thou female tongue-running, smile-soothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.

COLLEY CIBBER. *The Lady's Last Stake*. Act i. Sc. 1.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,

Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire vi. l. 190.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups

That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. l. 34. *Winter Evening*. l. 34.

(Tar water) is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.

BISHOP BERKELEY. *Siris*. Par. 217.

[Quoted by Scott, head of Chap. vii., St. Roman's Well.]

## TEARS.

Behold who ever wept, and in his tears  
Was happier far than others in their  
smiles.

PETARCH. *The Triumph of Eternity!*  
1. 95. (Charlemont.)

Valentine. Eye-offending brine.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act i.  
Sc. 1. 1. 30.

Lord. If the boy have not a woman's  
gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift.

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction.  
Sc. 1. 1. 124.

Hubert. How now, foolish rheum!

*Ibid.* *King John*. Act iv. Sc. i. 1. 33.

Enobarbus. The tears live in an onion  
that should water this sorrow.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
1. 176.

Father. See, see what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my  
heart.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI*. Act ii. Sc. 5. 1. 85.

King Henry. He has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act v. Sc. 1. 1. 157.

Q. Katherine. I am about to weep;  
but, thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd  
so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of  
tears

I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 70.

Richard. I cannot weep; for all my  
body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-  
burning heart.

*Ibid.* *III. Henry VI*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 79.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to  
shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd  
me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the  
woman.

*Ibid.* *Henry VIII*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 428.

Exeter. I had not so much of man in  
me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V*. Act iv. Sc.  
6. 1. 30.

Lear. O, let not women's weapons,  
water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 280.

Gentleman. There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour moistened.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 31.

King Lear. No, I'll not weep:  
I have full cause of weeping; but this  
heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand  
flaws

Or ere I'll weep.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act ii. Sc. 4. 1. 286.

Duncan. My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide them-  
selves

In drops of sorrow.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 4. 1. 38.

Othello. One, whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act v. Sc. 2. 1. 348.

Othello. If that the earth could teem  
with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a croco-  
dile.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iv. Sc. 1. 1. 256.

Q. Margaret. Gloster's show  
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

*Ibid.* *II. Henry VI*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 225.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not  
wear?

*Ibid.* *A Lover's Complaint*. 1. 288.

Antony. Friends, Romans, country-  
men, lend me your ears,  
If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

*Ibid.* *Julius Caesar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. 173.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to  
wail

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no  
contempt,

Dispraise or blame—nothing but well  
and fair,

And what may quiet us in death so  
noble.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*. l. 1721.

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of  
scorn

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. i. l. 619.

Without the meed of some melodious  
tear.

*Ibid.* *Lycidas*. l. 14.

What precious drops are those  
Which silently each other's track pur-  
sue,

Bright as young diamonds in their infant  
dew?

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Grenada*. Pt. ii.  
Act iii. Sc. 1.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.  
GRAY. *Education and Government*.

Weep no more, Lady! weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain;

For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.

PERCY. *Reliques*. *The Friar of Orders*  
*Gray*.

No radiant Pearl, which crested Fortune  
wears,

No gem that twinkling hangs from wo-  
men's ears,

Not the bright stars which Night's blue  
arch adorn

Nor rising suns that gild the vernal  
morn,

Shine with such lustre as the tear that  
flows

Down Virtue's manly cheek for other's  
woes.

ERASMUS DARWIN. *The Botanic Garden*.  
Pt. ii. Canto 3. l. 459.

And the tear that we shed, though in  
secret it rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in  
our souls.

MOORE. *Oh, Breathe Not His Name*.

The glorious angel who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd

Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, where it lies  
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins  
say—

Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*. *Paradise and*  
*the Peril*.

Child of mortality, whence comest  
thou? Why is thy countenance sad,  
and why are thine eyes red with weep-  
ing?

MRS. BARBAULD. *Hymns in Prose*. xiii.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that  
flows,

Is like the dewdrop on the rose;  
When next the summer breeze comes by  
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SCOTT. *Rokeby*. Canto iv. St. 11.

But woe awaits a country, when  
She sees the tears of bearded men.

*Ibid.* *Marmion*. Canto v. St. 16.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—  
In woman's eyes th' unanswerable tear!  
That weapon of her weakness she can  
wield

To save, subdue, at once her spear and  
shield.

BYRON. *The Corsair*. Canto ii. St. 15.

She was a good deal shocked,—not  
shocked at tears;

For women shed and use them at  
their liking;

But there is something when man's eye  
appears

Wet, still more disagreeable and  
striking.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan*. Canto v. St. 118.

Oh would I were dead now,

Or up in my bed now,

To cover my head now,

And have a good cry.

HOOD. *A Table of Errata*.

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether  
silently.

KEATS. *To One who has been long in City*  
*pent*.

There shall be love when genial morn  
appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling through  
her tears.  
CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. 1. 95.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what  
they mean.  
Tears from the depth of some divine  
despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no  
more.  
TENNYSON. *Princess*. iv. Song. 1. 1.

### TEMPERANCE.

(See MODERATION.)

Impostor! do not charge most innocent  
Nature  
As if she would her children should be  
riotous  
With her abundance. She, good ca-  
teress,  
Means her provision only to the good,  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.  
MILTON. *Comus*. 1. 762.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of  
sense,  
Lie in three words, health, peace, and  
competence.  
But health consists with temperance  
alone;  
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy  
own.  
POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iv. 1. 79.

Call'd to the temple of impure delight  
He that abstains, and he alone, does  
right.  
If a wish wander that way, call it home;  
He cannot long be safe whose wishes  
roam.  
COWPER. *The Progress of Error*. 1. 557.

### TEMPTATION.

*Angelo*. Most dangerous  
Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*.  
Act ii. St. 2. 1. 181.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act  
iv. Sc. 31. 257.

Temptations hurt not, though they have  
access;  
Satan o'ercomes none but by willing-  
ness.  
HERRICK. *Hesperides*.

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him,  
Reckoning his skill with opportunity.  
GEORGE ELIOT. *Felix Holt*. Ch. xlvii.

The subtlest tempter hath the smooth-  
est style,  
Sirens sing sweetest when they would  
betray.  
DRAYTON. *Legend of Matilda the Fair*.

He comes too near that comes to be de-  
nied.  
SIR THOS. OVERBURY. *A Wife*. St. 36.

In part she is to blame that has been tried:  
He comes too near that comes to be denied.  
LADY M. W. MONTAGU. *The Lady's Re-  
solve*.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship  
to behold,  
And longed to tempt him like good Job  
of old;  
But Satan now is wiser than of yore.  
And tempts by making rich, not making  
poor.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. iii. 1. 349.

As the Sandwich Islander believes  
that the strength and valor of the  
enemy he kills, passes into himself, so  
we gain the strength of the temptation  
we resist.  
EMERSON. *Essays*. First Series. *Com-  
pensation*.

But in spite of all temptations,  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!  
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. *H. M. S. Pina-  
fore*. Act ii.

Why comes temptation, but for man to  
meet  
And master and make crouch beneath  
his foot,  
And so be pedestaled in triumph?  
BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*. The  
Pope. 1. 1185.

## THANKS.

Thank you for nothing.  
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*.

*Bolingbroke*. Evermore thanks, the  
exchequer of the poor.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II*. Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 65.

*Hamlet*. Beggar that I am, I am even  
poor in thanks.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 280.

Your bounty is beyond my speak-  
ing,  
But though my mouth be dumb, my  
heart shall thank you.

NICHOLAS ROWE. *Jane Shore*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Words are but empty thanks.  
COLLEY CIBBER. *Woman's Wit*. Act v.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.  
COLMAN THE YOUNGER. *The Poor Gentle-  
men*. Act i. Sc. 2.

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm  
thanked enough,  
I've done my duty, and I've done no  
more.

FIELDING. *The Life and Death of Tom  
Thumb the Great*. Act i. Sc. 3.

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some would eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

BURNS. *Grace before Meat*.

## THIEF; THIEVING.

Set a thief to catch a thief.  
*Old Proverb*.

[Zeno first started that doctrine that  
knavery is the best defense against a  
knave.] PLUTARCH. *Of Bashfulness*.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;  
Stolen kisses much completer;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. *Song of Fairies*.

*Timon*. I'll example you with thiev-  
ery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great  
attraction

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant  
thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the  
sun;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge re-  
solves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a  
thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture  
stolen

From general excrement: each thing's  
a thief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens*. Act iv.  
Sc. 3. l. 438.

*Duke*. The robb'd, that smiles, steals  
something from the thief.

He robs himself that spends a bootless  
grief.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 208.

*Othello*. He that is robb'd, not want-  
ing what is stol'n,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd  
at all.

*Ibid.* *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 342.

What loss feels he that wots not what he  
loses?

BROOME. *The Merry Beggars*. Act i. Sc. 1.

*Angelo*. Thieves for their robbery  
have authority

When judges steal themselves.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 176.

*Angus*. Those he commands, move  
only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his  
title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's  
robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 19.

I this morning said

In my extremity, entreat the thief!  
Try if he have in him no honest touch!

A thief might save me from a murderer.  
'Twas a thief said the last kind word to

Christ:

Christ took the kindness and forgave the  
theft.

ROBERT BROWNING. *The Ring and the  
Book*, VI.: *Giuseppe Caponsacchi*.  
ll. 865-70.

## THOUGHT.

Cogito, ergo sum.  
I think, therefore I am.

DESCARTES.

And which of you with taking thought  
can add to his stature one cubit?

*New Testament. Luke xii. 25.*

[The Revised Version reads "and which  
of you by being anxious can add a cubit to  
his stature?"]

High erected thoughts seated in the  
heart of courtesy.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Arcadia. Bk. i.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts  
remain below :

Words without thoughts never to heaven  
go.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3.*  
1. 97.

*Cleopatra.* On the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.

*Ibid. Antony and Cleopatra. Act i. Sc. 1.*

When to the sessions of sweet silent  
thought

I summon up remembrance of things  
past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear  
time's waste.

*Ibid. Sonnet xxx.*

And yet, as angels in some brighter  
dreams

Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our  
wonted themes,

And into glory peep.

VAUGHAN. *They Are All Gone.*

Second thoughts, they say, are best.

DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Among mortals second thoughts are the  
wisest.

EURIPIDES. *Hippolytus. 438.*

Their own second and sober thoughts.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Exposition. Job vi. 29.*

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he  
sought,

And whistled as he went, for want of  
thought.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia. 1. 84.*

In indolent vacuity of thought.

COWPER. *The Task. Bk. iv. 1. 297.*

Thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. iii. 1. 37.*

Who think too little, and who talk too  
much.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel. Pt. i.*  
1. 534.

We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and elo-  
quent blood

Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly  
wrought

That one might almost say her body  
thought.

JOHN DONNE. *Funeral Elegies. On the  
Death of Mistress Drury.*

Perish that thought!

COLLEY CIBBER. *Revision of Shakespeare's  
Richard III. Act v. Sc. iii.*

With too much quickness even to be  
taught;

With too much thinking to have com-  
mon thought.

POPE. *Moral Essays. Ep. ii. 1. 97.*

And what he greatly thought, he nobly  
dared.

*Ibid. Odyssey of Homer. Bk. ii. 1. 312.*

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

LOWELL. *Commemoration Ode.*

Is there no great reversion in the sky  
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

POPE. *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady. 1. 9.*

For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those who think must govern those  
that toil.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller. 1. 372.*

They never taste who always drink;  
They always talk who never think.

MATTHEW PRIOR. *Upon a Passage in the  
Scaligerana. [See DRINK.]*

Thoughts shut up want air

And spoil, like bales unopened to the  
sun.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night ii. 1. 466.*

So in the way of writing without think-  
ing,

Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.

DORSET. *Satire on Edward Howard.*

*Falstaff.* You may know by my size that I  
have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the  
bottom were as deep as hell I should down.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
Act iii. Sc. 5. 1. 12.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,

Preys on itself and is destroyed by thought.

CHURCHILL. *Epistle to William Hogarth*.  
l. 645.

And like a passing thought, she fled in light away.

BURNS. *Epistle to James Smith*.

Though man a thinking being is defined,

Few use the grand prerogative of mind.  
How few think justly of the thinking few!

How many never think, who think they do!

JANE TAYLOR. *Essays in Rhyme*. Essay 1.  
St. 45.

Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
Thoughts so all unlike each other;  
To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

COLERIDGE. *Christabel*. Conclusion to  
Part ii.

When thus the heart is in a vein  
Of tender thought, the simplest strain  
Can touch it with peculiar power.

MOORE. *Evenings in Greece*. First evening.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet 13*.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed, and  
lowly taught.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 4.

And when the stream

Which overflowed the soul was passed  
away,

A consciousness remained that it had  
left

Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory images and precious  
thoughts

That shall not die, and cannot be de-  
stroyed.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*. Bk. vii.

A mind forever

Voyaging through strange seas of  
thought alone.

*Ibid.* *The Prelude*. Bk. iii.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought  
When such are wanted.

*Ibid.* *To the Daisy*.

But with the morning cool reflection  
came.

SCOTT. *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Ch. iv.

At length the morn and cold indifference  
came.

ROWE. *The Fair Penitent*. Act i. Sc. 1.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:

A sadder and a wiser man,

He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Con-  
cluding lines.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

SCOTT. *Rokeya*. Canto i. St. 23.

A thought by thought is piled till some  
great truth

Is loosened, and the nations echo round  
Shaken to their roots, as do the moun-  
tains now.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*. Act. ii.  
Sc. 3.

Whatso'er thy birth

Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly  
bodied forth.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iv. St. 115.

The power of thought,—the magic of  
the mind!

*Ibid.* *The Corsair*. Canto i. St. 8.

What exile from himself can flee

To zones, though more and more  
remote,

Still, still pursues, where'er I be

The blight of life—the demon  
Thought.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold. To Inez*. Canto i.  
St. 84. l. 6.

But words are things, and a small drop  
of ink,

Falling like dew upon a thought, pro-  
duces

That which makes thousands, perhaps  
millions think.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. St. 88.

I stood

Among them, but not of them! in a  
shroud

Of thoughts which were not their  
thoughts.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Canto  
iii. St. 113.

My thoughts and I were of another world.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man Out of His Hu-  
mour*. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything and every-  
thing is nought.

HORACE SMITH. *Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?*

[This is a parody on Byron.]

The power of Thought—the magic of  
the Mind!

BYRON. *The Corsair. Canto i. St. 8.*

We figure to ourselves  
The thing we like; and then we build  
it up,  
As chance will have it, on the rock or  
sand,—  
For thought is tired of wandering o'er  
the world,  
And home-bound Fancy runs her bark  
ashore.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. *Philip Van Artevelde. Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 5.*

Thought is deeper than all speech;  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

C. P. CRANCH. *Gnosis.*

And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with  
Speech.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam. xxiii. St. 4. ll. 3-4.*

Great thoughts come from the heart.  
MARQUIS OF VAUVENARGUES. *Maxim 127.*

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown  
rose,  
Flushing his brow.

KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes. St. 16.*

The boy sprang up . . . and ran  
Stung by the splendor of a sudden thought.

R. BROWNING. *A Death in the Desert.*

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

BYRON. *The Dream. St. 2.*

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Great men are they who see that  
spiritual is stronger than any material  
force; that thoughts rule the world.

EMERSON. *Progress of Culture.*

In every epoch of the world, the great  
event, parent of all others, is it not the  
arrival of a Thinker in the world.

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero-worship. Lec-  
ture i.*

Thought once awakened does not  
again slumber.

*Ibid. Heroes and Hero-worship. Lecture i.*

Great thoughts, great feelings came to  
them,

Like instincts, unawares.

LORD HOUGHTON. *The Men of Old. Cf. Hebrews, xiii. 2. " . . . for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."*

And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,  
Is quick and transient,—comes, and lo!  
is gone,

While Northern thought is slow and  
durable.

R. BROWNING. *Luria. Act v.*

The kings of modern thought are dumb.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.*

In every work of genius we recognize  
our own rejected thoughts: they come  
back to us with a certain alienated ma-  
jesty.

EMERSON. *Essays. First Series. Self Reliance.*

The ancestor of every action is a thought.

*Ibid. Essays. First Series. Spiritual Laws.*

A very model Ruler for To-day,  
Whose fetish, if thou peel it to the core,  
Public opinion, is no more than this,  
What people think that other people  
think.

ALFRED AUSTIN. *Prince Lucifer. Act vi. Sc. 2.*

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul.

LOWELL. *An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or  
three

High souls, like those far stars that  
come in sight

Once in a century.

*Ibid. An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs  
were bred,

Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;

The diver Omar plucked them from  
their bed,  
Fitzgerald strung them on an English  
thread.

LOWELL. *In a Copy of Omar Khayyam.*

## THRIFT.

*Shylock.* Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
ii. Sc. 5. l. 54.

HEYWOOD. *Proverbs.* Pt. i. Ch. 3.

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate;  
Small shots paid often waste a vast  
estate.

HERRICK. *Hesperides.* 28.

Free livers on a small scale; who are  
prodigal within the compass of a guinea.

WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Stout Gentle-  
man.*

Annual income twenty pounds, annual  
expenditure nineteen six, result  
happiness. Annual income twenty  
pounds, annual expenditure twenty  
pounds ought and six, result misery.

DICKENS. *David Copperfield.* Ch. 12.  
[Put into the mouth of Mr. Micawber.]

## TIME.

The signs of the times.

*New Testament.* Matthew xvi. 3.

Time brings the truth to light.

MENANDER. *Monosticha.* xi.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning  
hides.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 00.

O tempora, O mores!

Oh what times! what morals!

CICERO. *Orations in Catilinum.* I. 2.

Think not thy time short in this  
world, since the world itself is not long.  
The created world is but a small paren-  
thesis in eternity and a short interposi-  
tion, for a time, between such a state of  
duration as was before it and may be  
after it.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Christian Morals.*  
Pt. iii. 29.

*Prospero.* What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of  
time?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 00.

*King.* The inaudible and noiseless  
foot of Time.

*Ibid.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act v.  
Sc. 3. l. 39.

*Bastard.* Old Time the clock-setter,  
that bald sexton time.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act iii. Sc. i. l. 350.

That old bald cheater, Time.

BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster.* Act i. Sc. 5.

*Salisbury.* O, call back yesterday, bid  
time return.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 69.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your  
flight!

Make me a child again, just for to-night!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. *Rock Me to  
Sleep.*

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the  
years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain!  
Take them and give me my childhood  
again.

*Ibid.* *Rock Me to Sleep.*

*King Henry.* So many hours must  
I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI.* Act ii.  
Sc. 5. l. 32.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in  
illis.

Times change and we change with them.

[This mediæval saying seems to be a mis-  
quotation of a line which Matthias Bon-  
bonius (*Deliciae Poetarum Germanorum*, vol. i.  
p. 685) attributes to Lotharius I. (circa 830):  
Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis].

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with  
climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with  
times.

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epis. i. l. 172.

*Clown.* Thus the whirligig of time brings in  
his revenges.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night.* Act v. Sc.  
l. 1. 384.

Thus times do shift,—each thing his turn  
does hold;

New things succeed, as former things grow  
old.

HERRICK. *Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.*

His golden locks time hath to silver  
turned;

O time too swift! O swiftness never  
ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath  
ever spurned,

But spurned in vain, youth waneth  
by encreasing.

GEORGE POOLE. *Sonnet. Polyhymnia.*

I made a posy while the day ran by;  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and  
they

By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And wither'd in my hand.

HERBERT. *The Temple. Life.*

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and  
time,

And make two lovers happy.

POPE. *Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of  
Sinking in Poetry. Chap. xi.*

The bell strikes one, we take no note of  
time,

But from its loss: to give it then a  
tongue

Is wise in man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night i. l. 55.*

Time elaborately thrown away.

*Ibid. The Last Day. Bk. i.*

These are the times that try men's souls.

THOMAS PAINE. *The American Crisis.*

Remember that time is money.

B. FRANKLIN. *Advice to a Young Trades-  
man.*

Time has touched me gently in his race,  
And left no odious furrows in my face.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall. Bk. xvii.  
The Widow.*

Touch us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream

Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream.

BARRY CORNWALL. *A Petition to Time.*

I recognize that face

Though time has touched it in his flight.

LONGFELLOW. *Golden Legend IV.*

See also under OCEAN.

Time whereof the memory of man  
runneth not to the contrary.

SIR W. BLACKSTONE. *Commentaries. Ch.  
xviii. Sec. 472.*

Oh! what a crowded world one mo-  
ment may contain!

F. HEMANS. *The Last Constantine. lix.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake. Canto iii.  
St. 1.*

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and an-  
chor'd ne'er shall be.

BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.  
Canto iii. St. 70.*

Why should we break up

Our snug and pleasant party?

Time was made for slaves,

But never for us so heartily.

J. B. BUCKSTONE. *Billy Taylor.*

[The burlesque of *Billy Taylor* was first  
acted in 1830.]

The horologe of Eternity

Sayeth this incessantly,—

“For ever—never,—

Never—for ever!”

H. W. LONGFELLOW. *The Old Clock on the  
Stairs. St. 9.*

Old Time, in whose banks we deposit  
our notes,

Is a miser who always wants guineas for  
groats;

He keeps all his customers still in ar-  
rears

By lending them minutes and charging  
them years.

O. W. HOLMES. *Poems of the Class of '29.  
Our Banker. 1874.*

A wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it runs through the realms of  
Tears,

With a faultless rhythm, and a musical  
rhyme,

And a broader sweep, and a surge sub-  
lime

As it blends with the ocean of Years.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. *The Long Ago.*

The clock indicates the moment—but  
what does eternity indicate?

WALT WHITMAN. *Leaves of Grass: Song  
of Myself. xliv. l. 4.*

He said “What's Time?” Leave Now  
for dogs and apes

Man has forever.

R. BROWNING. *A Grammarian's Funeral.*

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce

Through all the worlds.

D. G. ROSSETTI. *The Blessed Damozel.*

## TOAST.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.

BEN JONSON. *The Forest: To Celia*. Cf.  
DICKENS. *Our Mutual Friend*. Bk. iii.  
Ch. 14.

*King*. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens  
to earth,

*Now the king drinks to Hamlet*.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 2.  
l. 288.

*Simonides*. Here with a cup that's  
stored unto the brim  
We drink this health to you.

*Ibid*. *Pericles*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 54.

And he that will this health deny  
Down among the dead men let him lie.  
DYER. *Song*.

[This song appeared anonymously in the  
early part of the reign of George I. It has  
been ascribed to one Dyer, first name un-  
known. Empty bottles were colloquially  
known as "dead men."]

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant  
quean;  
And here's to the house-wife that's  
thrifty.

Let the toast pass.  
Drink to the lass.

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for  
the glass.  
SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal*. Act iii.  
Sc. 3. *Song*.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.  
BYRON. *To Thomas Moore*. St. 2.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize.  
A cup to the dead already,—  
Hurrah for the next that dies.  
BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING. *Revelry in  
India*.

## TOBACCO.

Ods me! I marle what pleasure or  
felicity they have in taking their rogu-  
ish tobacco. It is good for nothing but  
to choke a man and fill him full of  
smoke and embers.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man in His Humour*.  
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair  
annoys,  
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,  
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours  
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 251.

For I hate, yet love thee, so,  
That whichever thing I show,  
The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrained hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More from a mistress than a weed.

LAMB. *A Farewell to Tobacco*. l. 1.

For thy sake, tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die.  
*Ibid*. *A Farewell to Tobacco*. l. 123.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheer the tar's labor or the Turkman's  
rest;

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
His hours and rivals opium and his  
brides;  
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
Though not less loved, in Wapping or  
the Strand:

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich,  
and ripe;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzling when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!  
BYRON. *The Island*. Canto ii. St. 19.

For Maggie has written a letter to give  
me my choice between  
The wee little whimpering Love and the  
great god Nick O' Teen.

KIPLING. *The Betrothed*.

Woman in this scale, the weed in that;  
Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh  
them both, and if thou give the preference  
to woman all I can say is, the next time  
Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter! try the weed.  
BULWER-LYTTON. *What Will He Do With  
It?* Bk. i. Ch. 6.

## TODAY; TOMORROW.

(See YESTERDAY.)

Boast thyself not of tomorrow: for  
thou knowest not what a day may bring  
forth.

*Old Testament. Proverbs, xxvii. 1.*

*Macbeth.* To-morrow, and to-morrow,  
and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to  
day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted  
fools  
The way to dusty death.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 5.  
l. 19.

Dreaming of tomorrow, which tomor-  
row  
Will be as distant then as 'tis today.

TOME DE BURGUILLOS. *Tomorrow.* (BOW-  
RING, trans.)

In human hearts what bolder thoughts  
can rise  
Than man's presumption on tomorrow's  
dawn!

When is tomorrow?

YOUNG. *Night Thought.* Night i. l. 374.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?  
When young and old, and strong and  
weak,

Rich and poor, through joy and sor-  
row,

Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—  
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!  
We find the thing we fled—To-day!

SHELLEY. *To-Morrow.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident tomorrows.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.* Bk. vi.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that  
clears

*To-day* of past regrets and future fears:  
*To-morrow!*—Why to-morrow I may  
be

Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand  
years.

FITZGERALD. *The Rubaiyat of Omar  
Khayyam.*

Light to-morrow with to-day!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. *The  
Romance of the Swan's Nest.* St. 9.

Our past is clean forgot,  
Our present is and is not,  
Our future's a sealed seedplot,  
And what betwixt them are we?  
D. G. ROSSETTI. *The Cloud Confines.* St. 5.

Who can say  
Why today,  
Tomorrow will be yesterday?  
TENNYSON. *Song.*

We're curus critters: Now ain't jes' the  
minute

Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it;  
Long ez 'twus futur', 'twould be perfect  
bliss—

Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten 'o'  
this;

An' yit there ain't a man thet need be  
told

Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs of  
gold.

J. R. LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers.* Series  
ii. Letter 6.

*Bunthorn.* Oh to be wafted away,  
From this black Aceldama of sor-  
row,

Where the dust of an earthy to-day  
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!

A little thing of my own. I call it  
"Heart-Foam." I shall not publish it.  
Farewell!

W. S. GILBERT. *Patience.* Act ii.

## TRADE.

Love the little trade which thou hast  
learned and be content therewith.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations.* xxxi.

A tradesman thou! and hope to go to  
heaven?

PERSIUS. *Satire* 5. l. 204. (DRYDEN, trans.)

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

Let the cobbler stick to his last.

PLINY THE ELDER. *Natural History.* Bk.  
xxxv. Sec. 81.

[Pliny attributes the saying to Apelles,  
who, after accepting a cobbler's criticism  
on a sandal he had painted, rejected in  
these words an added criticism on the leg  
of the figure which wore the sandal.]

Chacun son métier;  
Les vaches seront bien gardées.

Each one to his own trade; ' then  
would the cows be well cared for.

FLORIAN. *Le Vacher et le Garde-chasse.*

Who friendship with a knave hath  
made

Is judged a partner in the trade.

GRAY. *Fables. The Old Woman and Her  
Cats.*

Aud trade's proud empire hastes to  
swift decay.

DR. JOHNSON. Line added to GOLD-  
SMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

To found a great empire for the sole  
purpose of raising up a people of cus-  
tomers may at first sight appear a pro-  
ject fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.

ADAM SMITH. *Wealth of Nations.* Vol. ii.  
Bk. iv. Ch. 7. Pt. 3.

A fellow in a market town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and down.  
J. WOLCOT [Peter Pindar]. *Farewell Odes.*  
iii.

Doing good.

Disinterested good is not our trade.

COWPER. *The Task.* Bk. i. l. 673.

The moving accident is not my trade.

WORDSWORTH. *Heart Was Well.*

The ugliest of trades have their mo-  
ments of pleasure. Now, if I were a  
grave-digger, or even a hangman, there  
are some people I could work for with a  
great deal of enjoyment.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Ugly Trades.*

In matters of commerce the fault of the  
Dutch

Is offering too little and asking too  
much.

The French are with equal advantage  
content—

So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20  
per cent.

*Chorus of English Custom House officers  
and French Douaniers.*

*English.* We clap on Dutch bottoms  
just 20 per cent.

*French.* Vous frappez Falk avec 20  
per cent.

GEORGE CANNING. *Notes and Queries.*  
9th series. Vol. x. p. 270.

She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all  
mankind.

LOWELL.

## TRANSPOSITION.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde.  
Have mercy o' my soul, Lord God,  
As I would do were I Lord God,  
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

[This is one of many variants of an epi-  
taph frequently found in British and Ameri-  
can graveyards. George Macdonald cites it  
in this form in his novel of *David Elginbrod.*  
James Howells, in one of his letters, gives  
the following quotation as the versification  
of a passage in St. Augustine:

If I were Thou and Thou wert I,  
I would resign the Deity,  
Thou shouldst be God, I would be man—  
Is't possible that Love more can?

The sentiment has been traced back as  
far as the Rig Veda and other sacred books  
of the Orient. One example must suffice:

Were I thou, Agni, and wert thou I, this  
aspiration should be fulfilled.  
*Rig Veda,* viii. 19, 25.]

*Isabella.* I would to heaven I had your  
potency

And you were Isabel! Should it then  
be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a  
judge,

And what a prisoner.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 67.

If I could dwell

Where Israfel

Hath dwelt, and he where I,—

He might not sing so wildly well

A mortal melody,

While a bolder note than his might  
swell

From my lyre within the sky.

POE. *Israfel.*

If there be any one can take my place  
And make you happy whom I grieve

to grieve,

Think not that I can grudge it, but  
believe

I do commend you to that nobler grace  
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter  
face.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Monna Innoni-  
nata.*

## TREASON.

Punic fide.

With Punic faith.

SALLUST. *Jugurtha,* 108.

[The Poeni or Carthaginians were reputed by the Romans to be a perfidious race. In similar vein Horace speaks of *Parthis mendacior*, "more lying than the Parthians," while Epimenides, and after him St. Paul, say "the Cretans are always liars."  
*New Testament. Titus i. 12.]*

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?

Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. *Epigrams. Bk. iv. 5.*

Prosperum ac Felix scœlus.  
 Virtus vocat.

Successful and fortunate crimē he calls virtue.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens. ii. 250.*

Treason is not owned when 'tis descried;  
 Successful crimes alone are justified.

DRYDEN. *The Medal. 1. 207.*

*Volumnia.* The man was noble,  
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out;

Destroyed his country, and his name remains

To the ensuing age abhorred.

SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 145.*

*Gloster.* To say the truth, so Judas  
 kissed his master,  
 And cried "All hail!" whereas he  
 meant all harm.

*Ibid. III. Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 7. l. 33.*

And forthwith he came to Jesus and said  
 "Hail Master," and kissed him.

*New Testament. Matthew xxvi. 49.*

But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest  
 thou the Son of Man with a kiss?

*Ibid. Luke xxiii. 48.*

Is there not some chosen curse,  
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of  
 heaven,

Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man

Who owes his greatness to his country's  
 ruin?

ADDISON. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave  
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave  
 And blasts them in their hour of  
 might!

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

The traitor to humanity is the traitor  
 most accursed.

Man is more than constitutions, better  
 rot beneath the sod

Than be true to Church and State while  
 we are doubly false to God.

LOWELL. *On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves.*

## TRAVEL.

Many shall run to and fro, and knowl-  
 edge shall be increased.

*Old Testament. Daniel xii. 4.*

I have been a stranger in a strange  
 land.

*Ibid. Exodus ii. 22.*

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part  
 of education; in the elder, a part of ex-  
 perience. He that travelleth into a  
 country before he hath some entrance  
 into the language, goeth to school, and  
 not to travel.

BACON. *Essays of Travel.*

*Valentine.* Home keeping youth have  
 ever homely wits,  
 Wer't not affection chains thy tender  
 days

To the sweet glances of thy honoured  
 love,

I rather would entreat thy company  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad  
 Than living duly sluggardized at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with sleepless idleness.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 2.*

*Clown.* Journeys ending in lovers  
 meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Ibid. Twelfth Night. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 44.*

*Touchstone.* Ay, now am I in Arden.  
 When I was at home I was in a better  
 place; but travellers must be content.

*Ibid. As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 17.*

Go far—too far you cannot, still the  
 farther

The more experience finds you: And  
 go sparing;—

One meal a week will serve you, and  
 one suit,

Through all your travels; for you'll  
find it certain,  
The poorer and the baser you appear,  
The more you look through still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Woman's  
Prize*. Act iv. Sc. 5. l. 199.

Know most of the rooms of thy native  
country before thou goest over the  
threshold thereof.

FULLER. *The Holy and Profane States*.  
Maxim 4.

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss.

A. PHILLIPS. *Pastoral*. 2.

As the Spanish proverb says, "He  
who would bring home the wealth of  
the Indies must carry the wealth of the  
Indies with him." So it is in travelling:  
A man must carry knowledge with him  
if he would bring home knowledge.

DR. JOHNSON. BOSWELL. *Life of John-  
son* (1778).

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. l. 1.

I pity the man who can travel from  
Dan to Beersheoa and cry, "'Tis all  
barren!"

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey: In the  
Street*,

[The allusion is to the Old Testament:

From Dan even to Beersheba.  
*Old Testament*. Judges xx. 1.]

The more I see of other countries the  
more I love my own.

MADAME DE STAEL. *Corinne*.

[This sentence has been much para-  
phrased, the favorite form being:

The more I see of men the more I like  
dogs.]

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,  
And many friends I've met;  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *Oh, Steer My  
Bark to Erin's Shore*.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's  
foam,

Where the shrill winds whistle free.  
CHARLES MACKAY. *Some Love to Roam*.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to  
it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*.

Travelling is no fool's errand to him  
who carries his eyes and itinerary along  
with him.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT. *Table-talk*.  
*Travelling*.

Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans  
mare current.

Their sky, not their mind, they change  
who traverse the sea.

HORACE. *Letters*. i. 2. 27.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to  
our first journeys the discovery that place  
is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples,  
at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty,  
and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, em-  
brace my friends, embark on the sea, and  
at last wake up in Naples, and there beside  
me is the stern Fact, the sad self, unrelent-  
ing, identical, that I fled from. I seek the  
Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be in-  
toxicated with sights and suggestions, but  
I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with  
me wherever I go.

EMERSON. *Essays: Self-reliance*.

And what should they know of England  
who only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that  
vapour and fume and brag.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *Barrack-room Bal-  
lads: The English Flag*. St. 1.

## TREE.

(See WOOD.)

The laurell, meed of mightie conquer-  
ours

And poets sage; the firre that weep-  
eth still;

The willow, worne of forlorne para-  
mours;

The eugh, obedient to the bender's  
will;

The birch, for shafts; the sallow for  
the mill;

The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter  
wound;

The warlike beech; the ash for noth-  
ing ill;

The fruitful olive; and the platane  
round;

The carver holme; the maple seldom  
inward sound.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*. Bk. i. Canto i.  
St. 8.

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
No enemy here shall he see,  
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 5. 1. 1.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching  
palm,  
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. 1. 139.

Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair; and to the thicket  
sonie;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn.  
THOMSON. *Seasons: Autumn*. 1. 950.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly-tree?

The eye that contemplates it well per-  
ceives

Its glossy leaves.

Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-  
tries.

SOUTHEY. *The Holly Tree*. St. 1.

A brotherhood of venerable trees.  
WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet composed at* —  
*Castle*.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
G. P. MORRIS. First lines of song.

Those trees in whose dim shadow  
The ghastly priest doth reign,—  
The priest who slew the slayer,  
And shall himself be slain.

MACAULAY. *Battle of Lake Regillus*.

O Love, what hours were thine and mine  
In lands of palm and southern pine;  
In lands of palm and orange-blossom,  
Of orange, aloe, and maize, and vine.

TENNYSON. *The Daisy*. St. 1.

A little peach in the orchard grew,—  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

EUGENE FIELD. *Little Book of Western*  
*Verse: The Little Peach*. St. 1.

### TRIFLES.

Magno iam conatu magnas nugas.  
By great efforts obtain great trifles.

TERENCE. *Heautontimorumenos*. iv. 1. 8.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor  
hiatu?

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus  
mus.

What's coming, pray, that thus he winds  
his horn?

The mountain labours, and a mouse is  
born.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*, 138. (CONING-  
TON, trans.)

[The allusion is to Æsop's fable of the  
Mountain in Labour, which Phædrus (iv.  
22) renders:

Mons parturibat, gemitus immanes eiens;  
Eratque in terris maxima expectatio.  
At ille murem peperit.

The mountain groaned in pangs of birth:  
Great expectation fill'd the earth;  
And lo! a mouse was born!]

The soft droppes of raine perce the  
hard Marble, many strokes overthrow  
the tallest Oke.

LYLY. *Euphues*. ARBER'S reprint. 1579.  
P. 81.

Iago. Trifles light as air.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act iii. Sc. 3.  
1. 322.

*Hotspur*. And such a deal of skimble  
skamble stuff.

*Ibid*. I. *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. 1. 169.

*Autolycus*. A snapper-up of unconsid-  
ered trifles.

*Ibid*. *A Winter's Tale*. Act iv. Sc. 3.  
1. 26.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on  
trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for  
other revels.

*Ibid*. *Pericles*. Act ii. Sc. 3. 1. 92.

For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for  
want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want  
of a horse the rider is lost.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for  
want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for  
want of a horse the rider was lost.

F. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*.  
1758.

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,  
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,  
For the want of a horse the rider was lost,  
For the want of a rider the battle was lost,  
For the want of a battle the kingdom was  
lost—

And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.  
ANON.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,  
That Mynheer Handel's but a niny;  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.

Strange all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

DR. JOHN BYROM.

[Written in 1720, when Handel and Bononcini were rivals for popular favor in London.

Half a century later the famous quarrel between the Gluckists and Piccinists in Paris provoked the following cognate epigram from the Chevalier de Ruthières:

Est-ce Gluck, est-ce Piccini,  
Que doit couronner Polymnie?  
Donc, entre Gluck et Piccini  
Tout le Parnasse est désuni;  
L'un soutient ce que l'autre nie,  
Et Clio veut battre Uranie.  
Pour moi, qui crains toute manie,  
Plus irrésolu que Babouc,  
N'épousant Piccini ni Gluck,  
Je n'y connais rien; ergo, Gluck.]

At every trifle scorn to take offence;  
That always shows great pride or little  
sense.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. 1. 386.

Think nought a trifle, though it small  
appear;

Small sands the mountain, moments  
make the year.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame*. Satire 6. 1. 205.

These little things are great to little  
men.

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*. 1. 42.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant  
land;

So the little minutes, humble though they  
be,

Make the mighty ages of eternity.

JULIA A. FLETCHER (MRS. CARNEY).  
*Little Things*.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of  
love,  
Help to make earth happy like the heaven  
above.

JULIA A. FLETCHER (MRS. CARNEY).  
*Little Things*.

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.

TENNYSON. *Sea Dreams*. 1. 140.

It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music  
inute

And, ever widening, slowly silence all.  
*Ibid. Idylls: Merlin and Vivien* (Vivien's  
song).

Oh the little more, and how much it is!  
And the little less and what worlds  
away!

How a sound shall quicken content to  
bliss

Or a breath suspend the blood's best  
play,

And life be a proof of this.

BROWNING. *By the Fireside*.

Alas! how easily things go wrong;

A sigh too much or a kiss too long.

And there follows a mist and a weeping  
rain,

And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!

'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night,  
For the sigh will come and the kiss will

stay,

And the summer's night is a winter's  
day.

GEORGE MACDONALD. *Alas! How Easily  
Things Go Wrong*.

Ocean into tempest wrought

To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night i. 1. 153.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,

And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

AKENSIDE. *The Virtuoso*. St. 10.

Since trifles make the sum of human  
things,

And half our misery from our foibles  
springs.

HANNAH MOORE. *Sensibility*.

Small habits well pursued betimes

May reach the dignity of crimes.

*Ibid. Florio*. Pt. i.

The trivial round, the common task,

Would furnish all we ought to ask.

J. KEBLE. *Morning*.

## TRINITY.

There are three that bear record in  
heaven, the Father, the Word, and the  
Holy Ghost: and these three are one.  
*New Testament. 1 John v. 7.*

Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same in threefold guise.

The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three  
are One!

WHITTIER. *Trinitas.*

## TROY.

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum.

We have been Trojans: Troy has been:  
She sat, but sits no more, a queen.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*, ii. 325. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

Troja fuit.

Troy has been.

*Ibid. Æneid*, iii. 11.

Had doting Priam checked his son's  
desire,

Troy had been bright with fame and  
not with fire.

SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece*. 1. 1490.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*. 1. 97.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of  
gold;

Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,  
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride  
of sway,

Can bribe the poor possession of the day.  
POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. ix. 1. 524.

What's not devoured by Time's devour-  
ing hand?

Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole  
in the Strand?

BRAMSTON. *Art of Politics*.

## TRUST.

We trust in the living God.

*New Testament. 1 Timothy v. 10.*

And this be our motto, "In God is our  
trust."

F. S. KEY. *The Star-spangled Banner*.

I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's  
knee;

"All is of God that is, and is to be;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us  
still,

Resting in childlike trust upon his will  
Who moves to his great ends un-  
thwarted by the ill.

COWPER. *Trust*.

*Othello*. My life upon her faith!

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act 1. Sc. 3.  
l. 295.

*Hotspur*. Thou wilt not utter what  
thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee.

*Ibid. 1. Henry IV*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 114.

Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiv-  
ing

Than doubt one heart, that if believed  
Had blest one's life with true believ-  
ing.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. *Faith*.

Trust men and they will be true to  
you; treat them greatly, and they will  
show themselves great.

EMERSON. *Essays: On Prudence*.

Those who trust us, educate us.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda*.

Like simple noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for, good in friend or  
foe,

There most in those who most have  
done them ill.

TENNYSON. *Idylls: Geraint and Enid*, ii.  
ll. 877, 879.

I think ye hardly know the tender  
rhyme

Of "trust me not at all or all in all."

*Ibid. Idylls: Merlin and Vivien*. ll. 241, 242.

## TRUTH.

Magna est veritas et praevallet.

Great is truth and it prevails.

*Old Testament. The Vulgate. 1 Esdras iv. 41.*

[The King James version runs:

Great is truth and mighty above all things.

Popular usage has substituted the future tense *prævalebit*, "will prevail," for *prævalet*.]

Truth lies at the bottom of a well.

Proverb.

Nature has buried truth deep in the bottom of the sea.

Attributed to DEMOCRITUS by CICERO.  
*Academic Questions*. Bk. ii. Ch. 10.

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell

(Strange mansion)! in the bottom of a well. Questions are then the windlass and the rope

That pull the grave old Gentlewoman up.  
JOHN WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR). *Birth-day Ode*.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truth:

Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not.

They are too late to serve us; and sad things Are eye too true. We never see the stars Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.

And yet if one would look down a deep well,  
Even at noon, we might see those same stars.

PHILIP J. BAILEY. *Festus*.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

CHAUCER. *The Frankeleines Tale*. l. 11, 789.

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little thus more as I grow older.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Repentance*.

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.

VOLTAIRE. *Letter to Cardinal de Bernis*.  
April 23, 1761.

*Isabella*. Truth is truth

To the end of the reckoning.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 45.

*Hotspur*. Tell truth and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

*Ibid.* *I. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 50.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. *The Author's Prologue to the Fifth Book*.

But no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of Truth.

BACON. *Essays: Of Truth*.

It is good news, worthy of all acceptance, and yet not too good to be true.

MATTHEW HENRY. *Commentaries*. Timothy i.

Beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.

MILTON. *The Reason of Church Governments: Introduction*.

And truth swore, by fairy fiction drest.

GRAY. *The Bard*. iii. 3. l. 3.

Truth never was indebted to a lie.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night 8. l. 587.

The truth is always right.

SOPHOCLES. *Antigone*, 195. Oxford tr.

For truth is precious and divine;

Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto ii. l. 257.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue  
To false persuasion than the right and true;

For error and mistake are infinite,  
But truth lias but one way to be i' th' right.

*Ibid.* *Miscellaneous Thoughts*. l. 113.

True as the dial to the sun,

Although it be not shin'd upon.

*Ibid.* *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto ii. l. 175.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt. i. l. 33.

(See under VICE.)

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
But stooped to truth and moralized his song.

POPE. *Prologue to the Satires*. l. 340.

Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene: Introduction*. St. i.

'Tis not enough your counsel shall be true :

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. iii. l. 13.

All things to all men only fools will tell,  
Truth profits none but those that use it well.

J. S. BLACKIE. *The Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras*.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put

To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iii. l. 270.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?  
And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews.

*New Testament*. John xviii. 38.

For truth is unwelcome, however divine.

COWPER. *The Flatt'ning Mill*. St. 6.

Jane borrow'd maxims from a doubting school,

And took for truth the test of ridicule ;  
Lucy saw no such virtue in a jest,

Truth was with her of ridicule the test.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall*. Bk. viii. l. 126.

But truths on which depend our main concern,

That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,

Shine by the side of every path we tread

With such a lustre he that runs may read.

COWPER. *Tirocinium*. l. 77.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,  
Men will believe, because they love the lie ;

But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,

Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*. l. 291.

'Tis strange—but true ; for truth is always strange,—

Stranger than fiction.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto xiv. St. 101.

There is nothing so powerful as truth,  
and often nothing so strange.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech: Murder of Captain White*. Works. Vol. vi. p. 68.

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

BURKE. *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent*. Works. Vol. i. p. 116.

*Fabian*. If this were played upon a stage now, I would condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 121.

But now being lifted into high society,  
And having pick'd up several odds and ends

Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,

He deem'd, being in a lone isle among friends,

That, without any danger of a riot, he

Might for long, lying, make himself amends ;

And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,

Agree to a short armistice with truth.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto iii. St. 83.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :  
Th' eternal years of God are hers ;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT. *The Battle Field*. St. 9.

Virtus nunquam perit.

Truth never perishes.

SENECA.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple : who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

MILTON. *Areopagitica*.

Error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it.

JEFFERSON. *Inaugural Address*.

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,  
As round and round we run ;

And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
And justice shall be done.

CHARLES MACKAY. *Eternal Justice*.

Truth ! though the Heavens crush me for following her.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. ii. Ch. vii.

Though love repine and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply :

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die.

EMERSON. *Quatrain, Sacrifice*.

Man, a dunce uncouth,  
Errs in age and youth :  
Babies know the truth.  
A. C. SWINBURNE. *Cradle Songs*. iv.  
St. 4.

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong  
forever on the throne.  
LOWELL. *The Present Crisis*.

Then to side with Truth is noble when  
we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause brings fame and profit,  
and 'tis prosperous to be just ;  
Then it is the brave man chooses while  
the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his  
Lord is crucified.  
*Ibid.* *The Present Crisis*.

## TYRANTS.

Sic semper tyrannis !

Thus be it ever with tyrants.  
*Motto of Virginia.*

Twixt kings and tyrants there's this dif-  
ference known,  
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants  
their own.  
HERRICK. *Kings and Tyrants*.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to  
God.  
*Inscription on a Cannon near which the ashes  
of Pres. John Bradshaw were lodged, on top  
of hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy,  
when subjects are rebels from principle.  
BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France*. Works. Vol. iii. p. 334.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,  
For Freedom only deals the deadly  
blow ;  
Then sheathes in calm repose the venge-  
ful blade  
For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed  
shade.  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. *Written in an Al-  
bum*. 1842.

[A free translation of the lines which Al-  
gernon Sidney wrote in the album of the  
University of Copenhagen :

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis  
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.  
See *Notes and Queries*. March 10, 1866.]

## UNDERSTANDING.

I shall light a candle of understand-  
ing in thine heart which shall not be  
put out.

*Old Testament*. 2 Esdras xiv. 25.

*Hamlet*. Whatsoever else shall hap  
to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 250.

The understanding is always the dupe  
of the heart.  
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim 102*.

Tout comprendre rend très indulgent.  
To understand all is to become very  
lenient.  
MADAME DE STAEL. *Corinne*. Bk. xviii.  
Ch. v.

[This phrase has developed into the fa-  
miliar and far superior misquotation :  
Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.  
To understand all is to forgive all.]

## UNION.

Then join hand and hand, brave Amer-  
icans all—  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we  
fall ;  
In so righteous a cause we may hope to  
succeed,  
For Heaven approves every generous  
deed.  
JOHN DICKINSON. *The Patriot's Appeal*.

[This song was originally published July  
4, 1776, in the *Pennsylvania Chronicle* of  
Philadelphia. Parodied by the Tories, it  
brought forth a counter-parody in the  
*Massachusetts Liberty Song*. Morris alludes  
to the vogue of Dickinson's famous second  
line :

A song for our banner! The watchword  
recall  
Which gave the Republic her station :  
"United we stand, divided we fall!"  
It made and preserves us a nation!  
The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The union of States none can sever,  
The union of hearts, the union of hands  
And the flag of our union forever.  
GEORGE P. MORRIS. *The Flag of Our  
Union*.

In the form, "United we stand, divided  
we fall," Dickinson's line, as amended by  
Morris, became the motto of the State of  
Kentucky. The idea itself goes back to  
remotest antiquity :

Concordiâ res parvæ cresunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabantur.

By union the smallest states thrive, by discord the greatest are destroyed.

SALLUST. *Jugurtha*. x.]

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution*. Jan. 26, 1830.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

RUFUS CHOATE. *Letter to the Whig Convention*. 1855.

The Constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible union composed of indestructible States.

SALMON P. CHASE. *Decision in Texas vs. White*. See WERDEN'S *Private Life and Public Services of Salmon P. Chase*, P. 664.

[The States-Rights or Southern view is thus stated by Calhoun:

I never use the word "nation" in speaking of the United States. I always use the word "Union" or "Confederacy." We are not a nation but a union, a confederacy of equal and sovereign States.

*Letter to Oliver Dyer*. Jan. 1, 1849.]

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:

Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die!

Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,

The Blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal.

HOLMES. *Brother John's Lament for Sister Caroline*.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
One nation, evermore!

*Ibid.* 1862.

Sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,

Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*.

Scilurus on his death-bed, being about to leave fourscore sons surviving, offered a bundle of darts to each of them, and bade them break them. When all refused, drawing out one by one, he easily broke them,—thus teaching them that if they held together they would continue strong; but if they fell out and were divided they would become weak.

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms of Kings and Great Commanders*. Scilurus.

All your strength is in your union,

All your danger is in discord.

LONGFELLOW. *Hiawatha*. Bk. l. 1. 113.

Our cause is just, our union is perfect.

JOHN DICKINSON. *Declaration on taking up Arms in 1776*.

If this bill [for the admission of Orleans Territory as a State] passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation,—amicably if they can, violently if they must.

JOSEPH QUINCY. *Abridged Cong. Debates*. Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.

The gentleman [Mr. Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House—"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

HENRY CLAY. *Speech*. Jan. 8, 1813.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

ANDREW JACKSON. *Benton's Thirty Years' View*. 1. 148. *Toast given, Jefferson Birthday Celebration*. 1830.

This glorious Union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our fathers, it shall go down honored and cherished to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!

EDWARD EVERETT. *Orations and Speeches*. *Union Meeting in Faneuil Hall*.

*Enobarbus.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 200.

*Posthumus.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.  
*Ibid.* *Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 27.

*Shylock.* But ships are boards, sailors are but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of the waters, winds, and rocks.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 22.

Ships, ships, I will descree you  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim.  
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading,  
Hallo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?  
WILLIAM HAEVEY. *Hallo! My Fancie.*

Ships dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Summer.* l. 946.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:

While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock.*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel, with gentle gale.  
MATTHEW GREEN. *The Spleen.* l. 814.

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way.  
*Ibid.* *The Spleen.* l. 826.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.  
DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life.* 1759.

As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.  
COLERIDGE. *Ancient Mariner.* Pt. ii.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire—  
the wreck—  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?  
BYRON. *The Corsair.* Canto i. 3.

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore.  
T. K. HERVEY. *The Devil's Progress.*

And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel!  
LONGFELLOW. *The Launch of the Ship.*

Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. iii.

### SHIPWRECK.

*Miranda.* O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! poor souls!  
they perish'd.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 5.

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail

Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.  
HERRICK. *Shipwreck*.

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore:

Ships have been drown'd where late they danc'd before.

*Ibid.* *Safety on the Shore*.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock

Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—  
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries

The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes,

In wild despair; while yet another stroke,

With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:

Ah, Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!

She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.

FALCONER. *Shipwreck*. Canto iii. l. 64.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—

Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave,—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,

And down she sucked with her the whirling wave.

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 52.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.  
LONGFELLOW. *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. St. 15.

### SHOES; SHOEMAKER.

Ne sutor supra crepidam.

A cobbler should stick to his last.

PLINY. 85, 10.

[When a cobbler, not content with pointing out defects in a shoe of Apelles' painting, presumed to criticise the drawing of the leg, the artist checked him with the above rebuke.]

*Second Citizen*. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon meat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 1. l. 27.

*Arviragus*. And put

My clouted brogues from off my feet.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 214.

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Democritus to the Reader.

Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Pt. i. Ch. ix.

Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,

Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handiwork peruse,

Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. l. 751.

Marry, because you have drank with the King,

And the King hath so graciously pledged you,

You shall no more be called shoemakers;

But you and yours, to the world's end,  
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

ANON. *George a-Greene*. 1599.

[According to tradition the king was Edward IV., who once drank incognito with a party of shoemakers and pledged them.]

### SICKNESS.

*Cassius*. He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe

the world  
Did lose his lustre.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 119.

*Timon.* My long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens.* Act v.  
Sc. 1. l. 189.

*Portia.* What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome  
bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 263.

So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 't is a poor relief we gain  
To change the place, but keep the pain.

ISAAC WATTS. *Spiritual Hymns.* Hymn  
146.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain  
At length repair his vigour lost,  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.

GRAY. *Ode on a Vicissitude.*

## SIGH.

(See SORROW.)

Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again.  
DRYDEN *Alexander's Feast.* l. 120.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.  
THOMSON. *The Seasons: Summer.* l. 1188.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*  
St. 20.

Who hath not paused while Beauty's pen-  
sive eye  
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
CAMPELL. *The Pleasures of Hope.* ii.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
To weep, yet scarce know why,  
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by.  
THOMAS MOORE. *Songs from M. P.: The  
Blue Stocking.*

## Sighs

Which perfect Joy, perplexed for utter-  
ance,  
Stole from her sister, Sorrow.  
TENNYSON. *The Gardener's Daughter.* l.  
249.

## SILENCE.

Φησιν σωπῶν.

His silence answers yes.  
EURIPIDES. *Orestes.* 1592.

Qui tacet consentire videtur.  
He who is silent is understood to consent.  
BONIFACE VIII. *Sexti Decretalium Liber.*  
Bk. v. Tit. xii. de Regulis Juris, 43.

Silence gives consent.  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *The Good-natured  
Man.* Act ii.

Be silent or let thy words be worth  
more than silence.

PYTHAGORAS. *Stobæus, Florilegium.*  
XXXIV. 7.

Speak fitly or be silent wisely.  
GEORGE HERBERT.

Intelligisne me esse philosophum? . . .  
Intellexeram, si tacuisses.  
Do you understand that I am a philoso-  
pher? . . . I should have so understood had  
you remained silent.

BOETHIUS. *De Consolatione Philosophiæ.*  
ii. Prosa 7.

[Hence the phrase, "Si tacuisses, philo-  
sophus mansisses.]"

When Demaratus was asked whether he  
held his tongue because he was a fool or for  
want of words, he replied, "A fool cannot  
hold his tongue."

PLUTARCH. *Of Demaratus.*

A fool's mouth is his destruction.  
*Old Testament.* Proverbs. xviii. 6.

My tongue within my lips I reign;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
GAY. *Introduction to the Fables.* Pt. 1.  
l. 57.

The cur's bark is worse than his bite;  
the deepest rivers flow most silently.  
QUINTUS CURTIUS. *De Rebus Gestis Al-  
exandri Magni.* vii. 4, 13.

*Suffolk.* Smooth runs the water where the  
brook is deep;  
And in his simple show he harbors treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the  
lamb.

SHAKESPEARE. *II. Henry VI.* Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 53.

Passions are likened best to floods and  
streams:  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are  
dumb.

RALEIGH. *The Silent Lover.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the  
way.  
POPE. *Epistle to Arbuthnot.* l. 315.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.  
Light sorrows speak, but deeper ones  
are dumb.

SENECA. *Hippocrates*. 607.

Striving to tell his woes, words would not  
come;  
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs  
are dumb.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *Complaint of Rosamond*.  
St. 114.

Small griefs find tongues: full casks are  
ever found

To give (if any, yet) but little sound.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*. 38.

There are deeds  
Which have no form, sufferings which have  
no tongue.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

I tell thee hopeless grief is passionless.

MRS. BROWNING.

[See under GRIEF.]

Much talk, much foolishness.

*The Talmud*.

[From the Talmudic saying Corneille de-  
rived his line:

Mais qui parle beaucoup dit beaucoup de  
sottises.

He who talks much says many foolish  
things.

*Sequel to Le menteur*. Act iii. Sc. 1.]

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,  
Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales: The Man-  
ciples Tale*. l. 17281.

And I oft have heard defended,—

Little said is soonest mended.

GEORGE WITHER. *The Shepherd's Hunt-  
ing*.

Silence in love bewrays more woe

Than words, though ne'er so witty:

A beggar that is dumb, you know,

May challenge double pity.

RALEIGH. *The Silent Lover*. St. 9.

*Bassanio*. O! my Antonio, I do know  
of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 97.

*Hamlet*. The rest is silence.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 2. l. 368.

*Bassanio*. Sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages.

*Ibid*. *Merchant of Venice*. Act i. Sc. 1.  
l. 163.

Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.  
The silent countenance often speaks.

OVID. *Ars Amatoria*. i. 574.

Countess. Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine  
enemy

Rather in power, than use; and keep  
thy friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd  
for silence,

But never tax'd for speech.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 73.

The heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the  
tongue.

*Ibid*. *Venus and Adonis*. l. 329.

Think all you speak; but speak not all  
you think:

Thoughts are your own; your words are  
so no more.

Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make  
you sink:

Lips never err, when she does keep the  
door.

DELAUNE. *Epigram*.

They that govern the most make the  
least noise.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk: Power*.

Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under  
a fern make the field ring with their im-  
portunate chink, whilst thousands of great  
cattle reposed beneath the shadow of the  
British oak, chew the cud and are silent,  
pray do not imagine that those who make  
the noise are the only inhabitants of the  
field; that of course they are many in num-  
ber; or that, after all, they are other than  
the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping,  
though loud and troublesome insects of the  
hour.

BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in  
France*. Vol. iii. p. 344.

Come then, expressive silence, muse  
His praise.

THOMSON. *Hymn*. l. 118.

There is a silence where hath been no  
sound,

There is a silence where no sound may  
be,—

In the cold grave, under the deep, deep  
sea,

Or in the wide desert where no life is  
found.

THOMAS HOOD. *Sonnet: Silence*.

Silent in seven languages.

SCHLEIERMACHER. *Reported in Letter of Zeller to Goethe.* March 15, 1830.

All silent and all damned.

WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell.* Pt. i. (In original issue, omitted afterward.)

Silence! Oh well are Death and Sleep  
and Thou

Three brethren named, the guardians  
gloomy-winged,

Of one abyss, where life and truth and  
joy

Are swallowed up.

SHELLEY. *Fragments: Silence.*

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives  
'Twi'x't it and silence.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *Virginus.*  
Act v. Sc. 2.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-  
heard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
play on,—

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
dear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

KEATS. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Speech is great, but silence is greater.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

As the Swiss inscription says:  
*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden—*  
Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; or,  
as I might rather express it, Speech is  
of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

*Ibid.* *Sartor Resartus.* Bk. iii. Ch. iii.

Under all speech that is good for any-  
thing there lies a silence that is better.  
Silence is deep as Eternity; Speech is  
shallow as Time.

*Ibid.* *Essays: Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The uttered part of a man's life, let  
us always repeat, bears to the unuttered,  
unconscious part a small unknown pro-  
portion. He himself never knows it,  
much less do others.

*Ibid.* *Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best  
Of all expression that which cannot be ex-  
pressed.

W. W. STORY. *The Unexpressed.*

And silence, like a poultice comes,  
To heal the blows of sound.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Music-grinder.*

The silent organ loudest chants

The master's requiem.

EMERSON. *Dirge.*

Three silences there are: the first of  
speech,

The second of desire, the third of  
thought.

LONGFELLOW. *The Three Silences of Mo-  
linos.*

### SIMPLICITY.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity  
And captive good attending captain ill.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet.* lvi.

Elegant as simplicity and warm as  
ecstasy.

COWPER. *Table Talk.* 1. 588.

Nothing is more simple than great-  
ness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

EMERSON. *Miscellanies: Literary Ethics.*

And as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime.

TENNYSON. *Burial of the Duke of Wel-  
lington.*

We have exchanged the Washing-  
tonian dignity for the Jeffersonian sim-  
plicity, which was in truth only another  
name for the Jeffersonian vulgarity.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. *Address at the  
Washington Centennial Service.* New  
York, April 30, 1889.

### SIN.

He that is without sin among you let  
him cast the first stone.

*New Testament.*

If we desire to judge all things justly,  
we must first persuade ourselves that none  
of us is without sin.

SENECA. *Of Anger.* ii. 28, 1.

Bonus judex damnat improbanda, non  
odit.

The upright judge condemns the  
crime, but does not hate the criminal.

*Ibid.* *Of Anger.* i. 16, 7.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of  
it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure.* Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 35.

She hugged th' offender, and forgave th' offence.

Sex to the last.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*.

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

POPE. *Eloisa to Abelard*. l. 191.

Cæsar said he loved the treason, but  
hated the traitor.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Romulus*.

Princes in this case  
Do hate the Traitor, tho' they love the  
Treason.

S. DANIEL. *Tragedy of Cleopatra*. Act  
iv. Sc. 1.

This principle is old, but true as fate,  
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.

MIDDLETON. *The Honest Whore*. Act iv.

Magna pars hominum est quæ non pec-  
catis irascitur, sed peccantibus.

A large part of mankind is angry not with  
the sins, but with the sinners.

SENECA. *De Ira*. ii. 28, 8.

A wrong-doer is often a man that has  
left something undone, not always he  
that has done something.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *Meditations*. ix. 5.

Hell gives us art to reach the depth of  
sin;

But leaves us wretched fools, when we  
are in.

FLETCHER. *The Queen of Corinth*. Act  
iv. Sc. 3.

Our compell'd sins

Stand inore for number than for accompt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 4. l. 57.

*Escalus*. Some rise by sin, and some  
by virtue fall:

Some run from brakes of vice, and an-  
swer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Ibid.* *Measure for Measure*. Act ii. Sc. 1.  
l. 38.

*King*. My offence is rank, it smells to  
heaven.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 36.

*Lear*. I am a man

More sinned against than sinning.

*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 60.

He that falls into sin is a man; that  
grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of  
it is a devil.

THOS. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*:  
*Holy State, of Self-praising*.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

FR. VON LOGUN. *Sinngedichte*: *Sin*.  
(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

Anger and just rebuke, and judgment  
given,

That brought into this world a world of  
woe,

Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's harbinger.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 10.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. l.  
215.

See sin in state, majestically drunk;  
Proud as a peeres, prouder as a punk.

POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. ii. l. 69.

Our outward act is prompted from  
within,

And from the sinner's mind proceeds  
the sin.

PRIOR. *Henry and Emma*. l. 481.

[For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed  
Devised is done.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. xiii. 209.]

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

TENNYSON. *Queen Mary*. Act v. Sc. 2.

## SKELETON; SKULL.

*Hamlet*. Why may not that be the  
skull of a lawyer? Where be his quid-  
dities now, his quillets, his cases, his  
tenures, and his tricks?

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l.  
107.

*Hamlet*. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew  
him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest,  
of most excellent fancy. He hath borne  
me on his back a thousand times; and  
now, how abhorred in my imagination  
it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung  
those lips that I have kissed I know not  
how oft. Where be your gibes now;  
your gambols, your songs? your flashes  
of merriment, that were wont to set the  
table on a roar? Not one now, to mock  
your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen?  
Now get you to my lady's chamber, and  
tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to  
this favour she must come.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act v. Sc. 1. l. 204.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the  
Soul<sup>1</sup> :

Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless  
hole ;

The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,  
And Passion's host, that never brook'd  
control :

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement  
reft ?

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 6.  
[Meditations on a skull found in the  
Acropolis.]

EDMUND WALLER. *On Tea*.

Behold this ruin ! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full.  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beautiful visions filled this spot !  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

ANON. *Lines to a Skeleton*.

Every family has a skeleton in the  
closet.

Proverb.

*Mrs. Craigie*. Dearest, every man—even  
the most cynical—has one enthusiasm—he  
is earnest about some one thing; the all-  
round trifler does not exist. If there is a  
skeleton—there is also an *idol* in the cup-  
board !

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. *The Ambassador*.  
Act ii.

## SLANDER.

(See CALUMNY; GOSSIP.)

*Pisanio*. No, 'tis Slander ;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword,  
whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ;  
whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth  
belie  
All comers of the world : Kings, Queens,  
and States,  
Maids, Matrons, nay, the secrets of the  
grave

This viperous slander enters.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc.  
4. l. 35.

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,

<sup>1</sup> And keeps the palace of the soul.

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest  
air.

So thou be good, slander doth but ap-  
prove

Thy worth the greater.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*. lxx.

Slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diam-  
eter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot.

*Ibid*. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 40.

I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with : One doth not  
know

How much an ill word may empoison  
liking.

*Ibid*. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 85.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,  
Was the Hero that here lies.

*Ibid*. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act v.  
Sc. 3. l. 3.

Audacter calumniare, semper aliquid  
haeret.

Hurl your calumnies boldly ; some-  
thing is sure to stick.

BACON. *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. viii.  
2.

Colomniez, calomniez, il en restc toujours  
quelque chose.

Calumniate, calumniate, some of it will  
remain always.

BEAUMARCHAIS. *Barbier de Séville*.

[Archbishop Whately used to say, "If you  
only throw dirt enough, some of it is sure to  
stick."]

I hate the man who builds his name  
On ruins of another's fame.

GAY. *Fables*. xlv. l. 1.

Squint-eyed Slander.

BEATTIE. *The Judgment of Paris*.

Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.

POLLOCK. *Course of Time*. Bk. viii. l.  
725.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's  
tints,

With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood,  
sneers with smiles,

A thread of candor with a web of wiles ;

A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken  
 seeming,  
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-  
 harden'd scheming;  
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal;  
 And, without feeling, mock at all who  
 feel:  
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would  
 disown,  
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of  
 stone.

BYRON. *Sketch*. 1. 55.

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell—  
 And woman's slander is the worst.

TENNYSON. *The Letters*.

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our  
 dream  
 When sweetest; and the vermin voices  
 here  
 May buzz so loud—we scorn them—but  
 they sting.

*Ibid.* *Lancelot and Elaine*.

### SLAVERY.

(See NEGRO.)

Whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth  
 away.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xvii. 1. 392.  
 (POPE, trans.)

None can be free who is a slave to,  
 and ruled by, his passions.

PYTHAGORAS. *Stobæus, Florilegium*. xviii.  
 23.

The most onerous slavery is to be a slave  
 to oneself.

SENECA. *Natural Questions*. iii. Prae-  
 fatio. 17.

He that is one man's slave, is free  
 from none.

CHAPMAN. *The Gentleman Usher*. Act i.  
 Sc. 1.

Every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
 3. 1. 101.

O execrable son! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurped from God, not given,  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By His donation; but man over men

He made not lord, such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xii. l. 64.

The meanest Briton scorns the highest  
 slave.

ADDISON. *The Campaign*.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still,  
 Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter  
 draught.

STERNE. *Sentimental Journey. The Pass-  
 port*.

I would not have a slave to till my  
 ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the  
 wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever  
 earn'd.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk ii. l. 29.

Lord Mansfield first established the  
 grand doctrine that the air of England  
 is too pure to be breathed by a slave.

CAMPBELL. *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*.  
 Vol. ii. p. 418.

[The reference is to Mansfield's decision  
 in the case of James Somerset, a negro slave  
 from Jamaica, who, accompanying his mas-  
 ter to England, claimed his freedom and  
 was brought into court on a writ of Habeas  
 Corpus (1772). The decision upheld the ar-  
 gument of Hargrave, Somerset's counsel,  
 that England is "a soil whose air is deemed  
 too pure for slaves to breathe in." But the  
 words were Hargrave's, not Lord Mans-  
 field's. As reported in the State Trials, vol.  
 xx, p. 1, Lord Mansfield declared that—

Every man who comes into England is  
 entitled to the protection of the English  
 law, whatever oppression he may heretofore  
 have suffered, and whatever may be the  
 color of his skin:

Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus.  
 Cowper has summarized the plea of Har-  
 grave and its endorsement by Mansfield in  
 the famous lines:

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their  
 lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free!  
 They touch our country and their shackles  
 fall.

*The Task*. Bk. ii. *The Timepiece*. 1. 40.

Later John Philpot Curran amplified the  
 idea:

I speak in the spirit of the British law,  
 which makes liberty commensurate with  
 and inseparable from British soil; which  
 proclaims even to the stranger and so-  
 journeyer, the moment he sets his foot upon  
 British earth, that the ground on which he  
 treads is holy and consecrated by the genius  
 of universal emancipation.

Before any of these British authorities Bodinus, a French jurist who flourished in the sixteenth century had said :

*Servi peregrini, ut primum Gallia fines penetraverunt eodem momento liberi sunt.*  
Foreign slaves, as soon as they come within the limits of France, are free.

*Works. Bk. i. Ch. v.]*

That execrable sum of all villainies commonly called the slave-trade.

JOHN WESLEY. *Journal.* Feb. 12, 1792.

Where bastard Freedom waves  
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.

MOORE. *To the Lord Viscount Forbes.*

Written from Washington, D. C.

The compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. *Resolution Adopted by the Antislavery Society.* Jan. 27, 1843.

No more slave States; no slave Territories.

*Platform of the Free Soil National Convention.* 1848.

Where Slavery is, there Liberty cannot be; and where Liberty is, there Slavery cannot be.

CHARLES SUMNER. *Speech: Slavery and the Rebellion.*

I do not see how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute a state. I think we must get rid of slavery or we must get rid of freedom.

EMERSON. *The Assault upon Mr. Sumner's Speech.* May 26, 1856.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

LINCOLN. *Speech.* June 16, 1858.

This is a world of compensations, and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, they cannot long retain it.

*Ibid. Letter.* April 6, 1859. *Declining to Attend Festival in Honor of Anniversary of Jefferson's Birthday.*

24 And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

25 And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

26 And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.

*New Testament.* Mark iv.

Men! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?

LOWELL. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

## SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

*Old Testament.* Psalm cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

MRS. BROWNING. *Sleep.*

Diogenes the Cynic, when a little before his death he fell into a slumber, and his physician rousing him out of it asked him whether anything ailed him, wisely answered, "Nothing, sir; only one brother anticipates another,—Sleep before Death."

PLUTARCH. *Apothegms. Diogenes.*

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,  
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.

POPE. *Iliad.* Bk. xvi. l. 831.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.

SAMUEL DANIEL. *To Delia. Sonnet* 51.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's  
prayer,  
And, though Death's image, to my couch  
repair;  
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to  
lie,

And, without dying, oh how sweet to die!

JOHN WOLCOTT. *Epigram on Sleep.*

[See under DEATH.]

Stulte, quid est somnus gelidæ nisi  
mortis imago?

O fool, what else is sleep but chill  
death's likeness?

OVID. *Amores.* ii. 9, 41.

*Macduff.* Shake off this drowsy sleep,  
death's counterfeiter,  
And look on death itself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 81.

*Falstaff.* I would 'twere bed-time,  
Hal, and all well.

*Ibid. I. Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 125.

*Iachimo.* O sleep, thou ape of death.

*Ibid. Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 31.

Now, blessings light on him that first  
invented this same sleep! It covers a  
man all over, thoughts and all, like a

cloak ; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii. Ch. lxxviii. (LOCKHART, trans.)

God bless the man who first invented sleep,  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;  
And bless him also that he did not keep  
His great discovery to himself, nor try  
To make it,—as the lucky fellow might,—  
A close monopoly by patent-right.

JOHN G. SAXE. *Early Rising*.

Come Sleep ; oh sleep, the certain knot  
of Peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of  
woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's  
release,  
The indifferent judge, between the  
high and low.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella*.  
St. 39.

*Belarius*. Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty  
sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 6.  
l. 34.

The lowliest cot will give thee peaceful  
sleep,

While Caius tosses on his bed of down.

MARTIAL. *Epigrams*. ix. 93, 3.

*Friar Lawrence*. Care keeps his watch  
in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never  
lie ;

But where unbruised youth with un-  
stuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden  
sleep doth reign.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
ii. Sc. 3. l. 34.

I have not slept one wink.

*Ibid.* *Cymbeline*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 103.

*Macbeth*. Methought, I heard a voice  
cry, *Sleep no more !*

*Macbeth does murder Sleep !*—The inno-  
cent sleep.

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve  
of care,

The death of each day's life, sore  
Labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's  
second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast. . . .  
SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc.  
2. l. 34.

*Witch*. Sleep shall neither night nor  
day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 3. l. 19.

*King Henry*. O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-  
lids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to  
thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the  
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest  
melody ?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with  
the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the  
kingly couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?  
*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 4.

*King Henry*. Canst thou, O partial  
sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
And in the calmest and most stillest

night,

With all appliances, and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low,  
lie down !

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 26.

*Bottom*. And I pray you let none of  
your people stir me : I have an exposi-  
tion of sleep come upon me.

*Ibid.* *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*.  
Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 42.

The timely dew of sleep.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 146.

Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers  
wait  
With glorious Visions of her future  
state.

DRYDEN. *Hind and Panther.*

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous  
man.

ADDISON. *Cato.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Ede s'endormit du sommeil des justes.  
She slept the sleep of the just.

RACINE. *Abrégé de l'Histoire de Port  
Royal.* (*Quevres*, 1865, vol. iv. p.  
519.)

Each night we die ;

Each morn are born anew : each day a  
life !

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night ii. l. 286.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy  
sleep !

He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he  
forsakes.

*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts.* Night i. l. 1.

Oh, we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin' ;  
Oh, we're a' noddin' at our house at  
hame.

LADY NAIRNE. *We're a Noddin'.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep ! the  
friend of woe ;

But 'tis the happy who have called thee  
so.

SOUTHEY. *Curse of Kehama.* Canto xv.  
St. 12.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. v.

Our life is two-fold ; sleep hath its own  
world,

A boundary between the things mis-  
named

Death and existence : Sleep hath its own  
world,

And a wide realm of wild reality.

BYRON. *Dream.* l. 1.

Strange state of being ! (for 'tis still to  
be)

Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to  
see.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 30.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight !  
Shutting, with careful fingers and ben-  
ign,

Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from  
the light,

Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.

KEATS. *To Sleep.* Sonnet ix.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of  
the mind

Till it is hush'd and smooth !

*Ibid.* *Endymion.* l. 456.

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
one, sleep.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.* iii. St. 2. last  
line.

## SMELL.

*Falstaff.* The rankest compound of  
villainous smell that ever offended nos-  
tril.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of  
Windsor.* Act iii. Sc. 5. l. 94.

*Trinculo.* He hath a very ancient and  
fishlike smell.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavement fang'd with murderous  
stones,

And rags and hags, and hideous wenches,  
I counted two-and-seventy stenchies,  
All well defined, and several stinks !

COLERIDGE. *Cologne.*

Do you not smell a rat ?

BEN JONSON. *Tale of a Tub.* Act iv. Sc.  
3.

I smell a rat.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. l.  
821.

## SMILE.

*Hamlet.* One may smile, and smile,  
and be a villain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5. l.  
108.

Smile with an intent to do mischief or  
cozen him whom he salutes.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.* *Democritus to the Reader.*

*Cæsar.* Seldom he smiles, and smiles  
in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd  
his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any-  
thing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc.  
2. l. 205.

But owned that smile, if oft observed and  
near,  
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer.  
BYRON. *Lara*. Canto i. St. 17.

To whom the angel, with a smile that  
glowed  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 618.

For smiles from reason flow  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the  
food.  
*Ibid* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 239.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn  
Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a  
frown ;  
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,  
But at her smile the beau revived again.  
POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto v. l. 67.

A smile is ever the most bright and  
beautiful with a tear upon it. What is  
the dawn without the dew? The tear  
is rendered by the smile precious above  
the smile itself.

LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations* :  
*Dante and Gemma Donati*.

With a smile on her lips and a tear  
in her eye,  
SCOTT. *Marmion*. Canto v. St. 12.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her  
eye.

SAMUEL LOVER. *Rory O'More*.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast sub-  
stantial smile.  
DICKENS. *Christmas Carol*. Stave 2.

With the smile that was child-like  
and bland.

BRET HARTE. *Plain Language from  
Truthful James*. St. 4. l. 6.

### SNOW.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven  
snow,  
Emblems right meet of decency does  
yield.  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE. *The Schoolmistress*.  
St. 6.

Through the sharp air a flaky torrent  
flies,  
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the  
gloomy skies ;

The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms  
bare,  
And shed their substance on the floating  
air.

CRABBE. *Inebriety*.

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments  
shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent and soft and slow  
Descends the snow.

LONGFELLOW. *Snow-flakes*.

Announced by all the trumpets of the  
sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the  
fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight : the whited  
air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and  
the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's  
end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the  
courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-  
mates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

EMERSON. *The Snow-storm*.

The frolic architecture of the snow.  
*Ibid*. *The Snow-storm*.

### SNOB.

He who meanly admires a mean  
thing is a Snob—perhaps that is a safe  
definition of the character.

THACKERAY. *Book of Snobs*. Ch. ii.

. . . rough to common men,  
But honeying to the whisper of a lord.  
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *The Princess*.  
Prologue. ll. 114, 115.

### SOLDIER.

*Othello*. 'Tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd  
with strife.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l.  
257.

*Iago.* 'Tis the curse of the service,  
Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each  
second

Stood heir to the first.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act 1. Sc. 1.

*Falstaff.* Food for powder: they'll fill  
a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal  
men, mortal men.

*Ibid.* 1. *Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2. 1. 71.

*Iago.* A soldier's a man: O man's  
life's but a span;  
Why, then, let a soldier drink?

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Acheruntis pabulum.

Food for Acheron.

PLAUTUS. *Casina.* ii. 1, 2.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and  
afear'd?

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1.  
1. 41.

*Cassius.* I said, an elder soldier, not a  
better:

Did I say "better"?

*Ibid.* *Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3. 1. 56.

But we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant  
prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in  
love!

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act 1. Sc.  
3. 1. 286.

The country rings with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia  
swarms;

Mouths without hands; maintain'd at  
vast expense,

In peace a charge, in war a weak de-  
fence:

Stout once a month they march, a blus-  
tering band,

And ever, but in times of need, at hand.  
This was the morn, when, issuing on

the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file they stood  
prepared

Of seeing arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business

of the day.

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* 1. 399.

There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. l.  
957.

Such is the country maiden's fright,  
When first a red-coat is in sight;  
Behind the door she hides her face;  
Next time at distance eyes the lace.

GAY. *Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 13.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind.

POPE. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Bk. XIV.  
l. 246.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night  
away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sor-  
row done,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how  
fields were won.

GOLDSMITH. *Deserted Village.* l. 155.

Of boasting more than bomb afraid,  
A soldier should be modest as a maid.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire iv.

Glory is the sodger's prize,

The sodger's wealth is honour.

BURNS. *When Wild War's Deadly Blast.*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
ing;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake.*  
Canto i. 31.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on Life's parade shall meet

The brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

THEODORE O'HARA. *The Bivouac of the*  
*Dead.* St. 1.

Who, doomed to go in company with  
Pain

And Fear and Bloodshed,—miserable  
train!—

Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

WORDSWORTH. *Character of the Happy*  
*Warrior.*

Controls them and subdues, transmutes,  
bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good  
receives.

WORDSWORTH. *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven  
has joined

Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
Is happy as a lover.

*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

And through the heat of conflict keeps  
the law

In calmness made, and sees what he  
foresaw.

*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-  
may,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray.  
*Ibid.* *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Last night, among his fellow-roughs

He jested, quaffed, and swore;

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown,

And type of all her race.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE. *The Private of the Buffs.*

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do and die.

TENNYSON. *Charge of Light Brigade.*  
St 2. ll. 5-7.

Why, soldiers, why

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why,

Whose business 'tis to die.

ANON.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *Tommy.*

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, go away,"

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"  
when the band begins to play.

*Ibid.* *Tommy.*

## SONG.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the  
mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow-spray that  
hung o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods  
of delirious music

That the whole air and the woods and  
the waves seemed silent to listen.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline.* Pt. ii.  
2. ll. 133-6.

That's the wise thrush; he sings each  
song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could  
recapture

The first fine careless rapture.

*Ibid.* *Home-Thoughts from Abroad.* ii.

June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;

Half-hid in tip-top apple-blossoms he  
swings,

Or climbs against the breeze with quiv-  
erin' wings,

Or givin' way to 't in a mock despair,

Runs down a brook o' laughter, thru'  
the air.

LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers.* Ser. ii.  
letter 6.

I think that life is not too long;

And therefore I determine,

That many people read a song

Who will not read a sermon.

*Præd.* *Ballad of Brazenhead.*

## SONNET.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have  
frowned,

Mindless of its just honors; with this  
key

Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

WORDSWORTH. *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

With this same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart? once more  
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakes-  
peare he!

R. BROWNING. *House.*

And when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
hand

The thing became a trumpet; whence  
he blew

Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.  
WORDSWORTH. *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

Yon silvery billows breaking on the  
beach

Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine  
clear,

The while my rhymes are murmuring  
in your ear

A restless lore like that the billows  
teach;

For on these sonnet-waves my soul  
would reach

From its own depths, and rest within  
you, dear,

As, through the billowy voices yearning  
here,

Great nature strives to find a human  
speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody:

From heaving waters of the impassion'd  
soul

A billow of tidal music one and whole  
Flows in the "octave"; then returning  
free,

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll  
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous  
sea.

THEODORE WATTS. *The Sonnet's Voice:  
A Metrical Lesson by the Seashore.*

The Sonnet is a world, where feelings  
caught

In webs of phantasy, combine and  
fuse

Their kindred elements 'neath mystic  
dews

Shed from the ether round man's dwell-  
ing wrought;

Distilling heart's content, star-fragrance  
fraught

With influences from the breathing  
fires

Of heaven in everlasting endless  
gyres

Enfolding and encircling orbs of  
thought.

Our Sonnet's world hath two fixed hemi-  
spheres:

This, where the sun with fierce strength  
masculine

Pours his keen rays and bids the noon-  
day shine;

That, where the moon and the stars,  
concordant powers,

Shed milder rays, and daylight disap-  
pears

In low melodious music of still hours.  
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. *The Sonnet.*  
iii.

### SOPHIST; SOPHISM.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one  
cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread  
anew:

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again.  
POPE. *Prologue to the Satires.* l. 89.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild  
Rousseau,

The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from  
woe

Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first  
drew

The breath which made him wretched.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St.  
77.

### SORROW.

(See GRIEF; MISERY; MISFORTUNE.)

Constance. Oh! if thou teach me to  
believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me  
die;

And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,

Which, in the very meeting, fall, and  
die.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John.* Act iii. Sc.  
1. l. 99.

Richard. In wooing sorrow let's be  
brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length  
in grief.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 93.

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing  
sorrow,

Thy element's below.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 57.

Lear. Henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction till it do cry out itself,  
Enough, enough, and die.

*Ibid.* *King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6. l. 75.

*Horatio.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 232.

Do not drop in for an after-loss,  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd  
this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd  
woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy mor-  
row,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet.* xc.

The path of sorrow, and that path  
alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
known.

COWPER. *To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

Ah, what a warning for a thoughtless  
man,  
Could field or grove, could any spot of  
earth,  
Show to his eye an image of the  
pangs  
Which it hath witnessed,—render back  
an echo  
Of the sad steps by which it hath been  
trod!

WORDSWORTH. *Excursion.* Bk. vi.

Lift not the festal mask!—enough to  
know,  
No scene of mortal life but teems with  
mortal woe.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles.* Canto  
ii. l.

I was not always a man of woe.

*Ibid.* *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto i.  
St. 12

I stood in unimagined trance  
And agony that cannot be remembered.

COLERIDGE. *Remorse.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

*Ibid.* *The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. vii.

Doch grosse Seelen dulden still.

Great souls suffer in silence.

SCHILLER. *Don Carlos.* Act i. Sc. 4. l. 52.

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer.

My peace is gone, my heart is  
heavy.

GOETHE. *Faust.* Pt. i. l. 15.

To sorrow

I bade good-morrow

And thought to leave her far away be-  
hind;

But cheerly, cheerly,

She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me and so kind.

KEATS. *Endymion.* Bk. iv.

Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's  
self.

*Ibid.* *Hyperion.* Bk. iv.

Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,

Keeps real sorrow far away.

TENNYSON. *Margaret.*

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils!

this is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-  
membering happier things

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall*

[The poet is Dante, and the particular  
passage is one of the most famous in the  
*Divine Comedy* (*Inferno*, Canto v., l. 121):

Nessun maggior dolore

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Nella miseria.

No greater grief than to remember days

Of joy when misery is at hand.

(CARY, trans.)

There is no greater sorrow  
Than to be mindful of the happy time  
In misery.

(LONGFELLOW, trans.)

Chaucer has the same thought:

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,—  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember whan it passed is.

*Troilus and Cressida.* Bk. iii. l. 1625.

Probably both Chaucer and Dante found  
their inspiration in Boethius:

In omne adversitate fortunae infelicissimum  
genus est infortunii fuisse felicem.

In every reverse of fortune, the most un-  
happy condition of misfortune is to have  
known happiness.

*De Consolatione Philosophiae.* ii. 4.]

Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remem-  
brance!

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave.* l. 109.

## SOUL.

For what is a man profited, if he  
shall gain the whole world, and lose his  
own soul? or what shall a man give in  
exchange for his soul?

*New Testament.* Matthew xvi. 26.

Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *The Farewell.*

I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough for  
more.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Give ample room and verge enough.  
GRAY. *The Bard.* ll. 1.

The soul, uneasy, and confined from  
home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epis. 1. l. 97.

Or looks on heaven with more than  
mortal eyes,

Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
Survey the region, and confess her home!  
*Ibid.* *Windsor Forest.* l. 264.

Above the vulgar flight of common  
souls.

ARTHUR MURPHY. *Zenobia.* Act v. Sc.  
1. l. 154.

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify:  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Hymns.* 318.

There was a little man and he had a  
little soul;

And he said, "Little soul, let us try,  
try, try."

MOORE. *Little Man and Little Soul.*

Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal  
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
prised.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode on the Intimations of  
Immortality.* St. 9.

For the gods approve  
The depths and not the tumult of the  
soul.

*Ibid.* *Laodamia.*

But who would force the soul, tilts with a  
straw  
Against a champion cased in adamant.

*Ibid.* *Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Persecution  
of the Scottish Covenanters.* Pt. lii. 7.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,  
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark  
Of the unfathomed centre.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Poems. To Shake-  
speare.*

And I have written three books on the  
soul,

Proving absurd all written hitherto,  
And putting us to ignorance again.

ROBERT BROWNING. *Cleon.*

Light flows our war of mocking words,  
and yet,

Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!  
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,  
We know, we know that we can smile!  
But there's a something in this breast,  
To which thy light words bring no rest,  
And thy gay smiles no anodyne;

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,  
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,  
And let me read there, love! thy in-  
most soul.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life.*

'T is an awkward thing to play with  
souls,

And matter enough to save one's own:  
Yet think of my friend, and the burn-  
ing coals:

We played with for bits of stone!

BROWNING. *A Light Woman.*

Yet still, from time to time, vague and  
forlorn,

From the soul's subterranean depth up-  
borne

As from an infinitely distant land,  
Come airs, and floating echoes, and con-  
vey

A melancholy into all our day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *The Buried Life.*

## SPEECH.

Out of the abundance of the heart the  
mouth speaketh.

*New Testament.* Matthew xii. 34.

[Frequently quoted in the Latin form from  
the Vulgate:

Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur.]

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  
O, else my heart, concealing it, will break.

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew.*  
Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 00.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas,  
sæpe caveto.

Beware, if there is room  
For warning, what you mention, and to  
whom.

HORACE. *Epistles* 1, 18, 68. (CONINGTON,  
trans.)

If you your lips would keep from slips  
Five things observe with care;  
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

ANON.  
[Quoted by W. E. Norris in *Thirby Hall*.  
Vol. i. p. 315.]

The windy satisfaction of the tongue.  
POPE. *Odyssey of Homer*. Bk. iv. l. 1092.

Then he will talk—good gods, how he  
will talk!

NATHANIEL LEE. *Alexander the Great*.  
Act 1. Sc. 1.

Mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1.  
l. 96.

I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 228.

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not.  
*Ibid.* *King Lear*. Act 1. Sc. 1. l. 234.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine  
ear.  
*Ibid.* *Venus and Adonis*.

Alonzo. I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such  
sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue)  
a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.  
*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 3. l. 36.

With thee conversing I forget all  
time.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 639.

With thee conversing I forget the way.  
GAY. *Trivia*. Bk. ii. l. 480.

Prince above princes, gently hast thou  
told

Thy message, which might else in tell-  
ing wound

And in performing end us.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. xi. l. 298.

But far more numerous was the herd of  
such,

Who think too little, and who talk too  
much.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. i.  
l. 533.

They never taste who always drink;  
They always talk who never think.  
PRIOR. *Upon a Passage in Scaligeriana*.

They only babble who practise not reflec-  
tion.

SHERIDAN. *Pizarro*. Act i. Sc. 1.

But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto ii. l.  
443.

They would talk of nothing but high  
life, and high-lived company, with other  
fashionable topics, such as pictures,  
taste, Shakespeare, and the musical  
glasses.

GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield*.  
Ch. ix.

Speech, thought's canal! speech,  
thought's criterion, too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth  
gold or dross;

When coin'd in words, we know its real  
worth.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 469.

Words learned by rote a parrot may  
rehearse,

But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine  
The constant creaking of a country sign.

COWPER. *Conversation*. l. 7.

La parole a été donnée à l'homme  
pour déguiser sa pensée.

Speech has been given to man to con-  
ceal his thoughts.

[A famous mot currently attributed to  
Talleyrand during his lifetime. After Tal-  
leyrand's death, Harel, the famous fabri-  
cator of *mots* which he attributed to the il-  
lustrious, claimed that he himself had put  
this phrase into Talleyrand's mouth. In  
any event, the phrase was not original. The  
verbal form, with the change of a single  
word, is borrowed from Molière:—

La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour  
exprimer ses pensées.

*Le Mariage Forcé*. Sc. v.

It will be seen that the mere substitution  
of "déguiser" (to disguise) for "exprimer"  
(to express) converts a truism into a para-  
dox.

But the paradox itself was stolen, as well

as its verbal clothing. Voltaire, in his satiric dialogue, *Le Chapon et la Poularde*, written in 1766, makes his eapon complain of the treachery of men :

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.

Men use thought only to justify their wrong doings, and employ words only to conceal their thoughts.

*Oeuvres Complètes*. Vol. xxix., p. 83, ed. 1822.

Seven years previous Goldsmith had said much the same thing :

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

*The Bee*, No. 3. Oct. 29, 1759.

Now, in this same year, 1759, there appeared a posthumous collection of "Samuel Butler's Remains," which Goldsmith reviewed in the *Critical Review* for July 1, 1759. It is not impossible that Goldsmith's eye may have fallen upon the following passage :

He who does not make his words rather serve to conceal than discover the sense of his heart, deserves to have it pulled out like a traitor's, and strewn publicly to the rabble.

BUTLER. *Remains*. Vol. ii. p. 25.

O monstrous, dead, unprofitable world,  
That thou canst hear, and hearing, hold  
thy way !

A voice oracular hath peal'd to-day,  
To-day a hero's banner is unfur'd.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Written in Emerson's Essays*.

Goldsmith may also have been familiar with these lines of Young's :

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

*Love of Fame*. Satire ii. l. 207.

Likewise, both Goldsmith and Young may have read one or both of these passages :

In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it.

ROBERT SOUTH. *Sermon Preached in Westminster Abbey*. April 30, 1676.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him ; to promote eommerce, and not betray it.

LOYD. *State Worthies*. (1665 ; edited by Whitworth). Vol. i. p. 503.

A far-off likeness to the thought may be found in the following quotations :

It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

*Measure for Measure*. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Perspicite tecum tacitus quid quisque lo-  
quatur :  
Sermo hominum mores et celat et indicat  
idem.

Consider in silence whatever any one says : speech both conceals and reveals the inner soul of man.

DIONYSIUS CATO. *Distich*. iv. 20.

It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 322.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. ix. l. 412.

Thought is deeper than all speech ;  
Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

C. P. CRANCH. *Gnosia*.

God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confused.

TENNYSON. *A Dirge*.

In after-dinner talk,  
Across the walnuts and the wine.

*Ibid*. *The Miller's Daughter*. St. 4.

And not to serve for a table-talk.

MONTAIGNE.

Let it serve for table-talk.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act iii. Sc. 5.

That large utterance of the early gods !

KEATS. *Hyperion*. Bk. i.

Thou mindest me of gentle folks,

Old gentle-folks are they,

Thou sayst an undisputed thing

In such a solemn way.

HOLMES. *The Katydid*.

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,

Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs.

*Ibid*. *A Rhymed Lesson : Urania*.

Who hath given man speech ? or who hath set therein

A thorn for peril and a snare for sin ?

A. C. SWINBURNE. *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

### SPENSER, EDMUND.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,

Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse

Whilst thou didst live, lived English  
poetry ;  
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall  
die.

ANON. *Epitaph on Spenser.*

[The quatrain is preserved in William  
Camden's *Reges Reginae Nobiles et alii in  
Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii  
Sepulti usque ad annum, 1606.*]

Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilified,

Poorly—poor man—he lived ; poorly—  
poor man—he died.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *The Purple Island.*  
iv. 19.

The nobility of the Spencers has been  
illustrated and enriched by the trophies  
of Marlborough, but I exhort them to  
consider the Faerie Queene as the most  
precious jewel of their coronet.

EDWARD GIBBON. *Memoirs.* p. 3.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,  
And as its martial notes to silence flee,  
From a virgin chorus flows

A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.  
'Tis still Wild! warblings from the  
Æolian lyre

Enchantment softly breathe, and trem-  
blingly expire.

KEATS. *Ode to Apollo.* St. 6.

Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As passing all conceit needs no defence.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. *To His Friend,*  
*Master R. I.*

[This couplet is also in *Passionate Pilgrim.*  
St. 6.]

Like Spenser ever in thy Fairy Queene,  
Whose like (for deep conceit) was never  
seene :

Crowned mayst thou unto thy more re-  
nowne

(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell  
Crowne.

*Ibid.* *Remembrance of Some English  
Poets.*

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic  
rage,

In ancient tales amused a barbarous age.

But now the mystic tale that pleased of  
yore

Can charm an understanding age no  
more.

We view well-pleased at distance all the  
sights

Of arms and palfreys, battle-fields and  
fights

And damselfs in distress and courteous  
knights ;

But, when we look too near, the shades  
decay,

And all the pleasing landscape fades  
away.

JOSEPH ADDISON. *An Account of the  
Greatest English Poets.*

### SPIDER.

There webs were spread of more than  
common size,

And half-starved spiders prayed on half-  
starved flies.

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine.*  
l. 327.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the  
line.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Es. 1. l. 217.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit  
In middle of her web, which spreadeth  
wide :

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,  
She feels it instantly on every side.

SIR JOHN DAVIES. *The Immortality of  
the Soul.* Sec. xviii. *Feeling.*

Or almost like a spider, who, confin'd  
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde,  
Moves in an instant if the buzzing flie  
Stir but a string of her lawn canaple.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Workes.*  
Flrst Week. Sixth Day. JOHN SYL-  
VESTER, trans.

Our souls sit close and silently within,  
And their own web from their own entrails  
spin ;

And when eyes meet far off, our sense is  
such,

That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest  
touch.

DRYDEN. *Marriage à la Mode.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said  
a spider to a fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that  
ever you did spy."

MARY HOWITT. *The Spider and the Fly.*

### SPIRE.

Who taught that heaven-directed  
spire to rise?

POPE. *Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. l. 261.

How the tall temples, as to meet their  
 gods,  
 Ascend the skies !  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vi. l. 781.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains !  
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple  
 towers,  
 And spires whose "silent finger points  
 to heaven."  
 WORDSWORTH. *Excursion*. Bk. vi. l. 17.

[The quotation marks are an acknowledgment of indebtedness to Coleridge:  
 An instinctive taste teaches men to build  
 their churches in flat countries, with spire  
 steeples, which, as they cannot be referred  
 to any other object, point as with silent  
 finger to the sky and star.  
*The Friend*. Sec. i. No. 14.] †

At leaving even the most unpleasant  
 people  
 And places, one keeps looking at the  
 steeple.  
 BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ii. St. 14.

I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the  
 bridge ;  
 To watch the three tall spires ; and  
 there I shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this.  
 TENNYSON. *Godiva*.

Full seven-score years our city's pride—  
 The comely Southern spire—  
 Has cast its shadow, and defied  
 The storm, the foe, the fire ;  
 Sad is the sight our eyes behold ;  
 Woe to the three-hilled town,  
 When through the land the tale is told—  
 The brave "Old South" is down.  
 O. W. HOLMES. *An Appeal for the Old  
 South Church*.

## SPIRIT.

Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd  
 To be on earth the guardians of man-  
 kind :  
 Invisible to mortal eyes they go,  
 And mark our actions, good or bad,  
 below :  
 The immortal spies with watchful care  
 preside,  
 And thrice ten thousand round their  
 charges glide.  
 HESIOD. *Works and Days*. l. 164.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the  
 earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we  
 sleep.  
 MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 677.

Unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
 The light militia of the lower sky.  
 POPE. *The Rape of the Lock*. Canto i. l.  
 41.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine.  
 SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 1. l.  
 153.

*Ariel*. Pardon, master :  
 I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spiriting gently.  
*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 298.

*Glendower*. I can tell spirits from the  
 vasty deep.  
*Hotspur*. Why, so can I ; or so can  
 any man ; but will they come, if you  
 do call for them ?  
*Ibid.* *Henry IV*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 52.

When some were saying that if Cæsar  
 should march against the city they could  
 not see what forces there were to resist him,  
 Pompey replied with a smile, bidding them  
 be in no concern, "for whenever I stamp  
 my foot in any part of Italy there will rise  
 up forces enough in an instant, both horse  
 and foot."  
 PLUTARCH. *Life of Pompey*.

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shad-  
 ows dire  
 And airy tongues that syllable men's  
 names.  
 MILTON. *Comus*. l. 207.

Spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence  
 pure,  
 Not tied or manac'd with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of  
 bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape  
 they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aëry purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 423.

Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal  
wound

Receive, no more than can the fluid  
air :

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all  
ear,

All intellect, all sense ; and as they  
please

They limb themselves, and color, shape,  
or size

Assume, as likes them best, condense or  
rare.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vi. l. 344.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—

Take, I give it willingly ;

For, invisible to thee,

Spirits twain have crossed with me.

UHLAND. *The Passage*. Edinburgh *Review*. October, 1832. (SARAH AUSTIN, trans.)

The stranger at my fireside cannot see

The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
hear ;

He but perceives what is ; while unto me

All that has been is visible and clear.

LONGFELLOW. *Haunted House*.

If only in dreams may man be fully  
blest,

Is heav'n a dream ? Is she I clasp'd a  
dream ?

Or stood she here even now where dew-  
drops gleam

And miles of furze shine golden down  
the West ?

I seem to clasp her still—still on my  
breast

Her bosom beats,—I see the blue eyes  
beam :—

I think she kiss'd these lips, for now  
they seem

Scarce mine : so hallow'd of the lips  
they press'd !

Yon thicket's breath—can that be  
eglantine ?

Those birds—can they be morning's  
choristers ?

Can this be earth ? Can these be banks  
of furze ?

Like burning bushes fir'd of God they  
shine !

I seem to know them, though this body  
of mine

Pass'd into spirit at the touch of hers !

THEODORE WATTS. *The First Kiss*.

## SPRING.

The seson pricketh every gentil herte,  
And maketh him out of his slepe to  
sterte.

CHAUCER. *The Knightes Tale*. l. 1045.

Sweet April showers

Do bring May flowers.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Husbandry*. Ch. xxxix.

As it fell upon a day

In the merry month of May,

Sitting in a pleasant shade

Which a grove of myrtles made.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. *Address to the  
Nightingale*.

*Cæsar*. The ides of March are come.

*Soothsayer*. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 1.

Cæsar said to the soothsayer, "The ides  
of March are come"; who answered him  
calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are  
not past."

PLUTARCH. *Life of Cæsar*.

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey  
nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

In spring-time, the only pretty ring  
time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,  
ding ;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act v.  
Sc. 3. (Song.)

*Capulet*. When well apparel'd April  
on the heel

Of limping winter treads.

*Ibid*. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 27.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,

And lady-smocks all silver white,

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,

Do paint the meadows with delight.

*Ibid*. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act v. Sc.  
2. (Song.)

*Antony*. The April's in her eyes : it  
is Love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.

*Ibid*. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Act iii. Sc.  
2. l. 43.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all  
his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.  
SHAKESPEARE. Sonnet xviii.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender  
spring.

*Ibid.* Rape of Lucrece.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
roses,

A box where sweets compacted lie.  
GEORGE HERBERT. Virtue.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's  
harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads  
with her

The flowery May, who, from her green  
lap, throws

The yellow crowslip, and the pale prim-  
rose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth, and warm desire!

Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

MILTON. Song on May Morning.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,  
come;

And from the bosom of your dropping  
cloud,

While music wakes around, veiled in a  
shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains de-  
scend.

THOMSON. Seasons: Spring. 1. 1.

But winter lingering chills the lap of  
May.

GOLDSMITH. The Traveller. 1. 172.

Now spring returns: but not to me re-  
turns

The vernal joy my better years have  
known;

Dim in my breast life's dying taper  
burns,

And all the joys of life with health  
are flown.

MICHAEL BRUCE. Elegy Written in Spring.

The first of April, some do say,

Is set apart for All Fool's day;

But why the people call it so,

Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.

Poor Robin's Almanac. 1760. All Fool's  
Day.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the  
trees,  
Rocked in the cradle of the western  
breeze.

COWPER. Tirocinium. 1. 43.

Health on the gale, and freshness in  
the stream.

BYRON. Lara. Canto ii. St. 2.

Spring would be but gloomy weather,  
If we had nothing else but Spring.

T. MOORE. Juvenile Poems. To —.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is  
in the bud,

And Earth's beginning now in her veins  
to feel the blood,

Which, warmed by summer suns in the  
alembic of the vine,

From her founts will overrun in a ruddy  
gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall  
decorate the flower,

Are quickening in the gloom of their  
subterranean bower;

And the juices meant to feed trees,  
vegetables, fruits,

Unerringly proceed to their pre-  
appointed roots.

HORACE SMITH. First of March.

When Spring unlocks the flowers  
to paint the laughing soil.

BISHOP HEBER. Hymn for Seventh Sun-  
day after Trinity.

In the spring a livelier iris changes on  
the burnish'd dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of love.

TENNYSON. Locksley Hall. 1. 19.

And even into my inmost ring

A pleasure I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,

That show the year is turn'd.

*Ibid.* The Talking Oak.

You must wake and call me early, call  
me early, mother dear,

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of  
all the glad New Year;

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the  
maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

*Ibid.* The May-Queen. St. 1.

## SPY.

Then she rode back, clothed on with  
chastity :  
And one low churl, compact of thankless  
earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come.  
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,  
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had  
their will  
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his  
head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers,  
who wait  
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense mis-  
used.

TENNYSON. *Godiva*.

## STAGE.

(See THEATRE.)

*Jaques*. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players.  
They have their exits and their en-  
trances ;  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the  
infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's  
arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with  
his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the  
lover,  
Sigling like furnace, with a woful bal-  
lad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then  
a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like  
the bard ;  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then  
the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon  
lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal  
cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;

And so he plays his part. The sixth  
age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on  
side ;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world  
too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big  
manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene  
of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere ob-  
livion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act ii.  
Sc. 7. l. 139.

I take the world to be but as a stage,  
Where net-maskt men do play their per-  
sonage.

DU BARTAS. *Dialogue Between Heraclitus  
and Democritus*.

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a  
stage  
Whereon many play their parts : the lookers-  
on the sage  
Philosophers arc, saith he, whose part is to  
learn  
The manners of all nations, and the good  
from the bad to discern.

R. EDWARDS. *Damon and Pithias*.

Is it not a noble farce, wherein kings,  
republics, and emperors have for so many  
ages played their parts, and to which the  
whole vast universe serves for a theatre ?

MONTAIGNE. *Essays : Of the Most Excel-  
lent Men*.

The world's a stage on which all parts are  
played

THOMAS MIDDLETON. *A Game at Chess*.  
Act v. Sc. 1.

*Bassanio*. I hold the world but as the  
world, Gratiano ;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. l. 76.

*Duke S*. Thou seest, we are not all alone  
unhappy ;  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the  
scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Ibid*. *As You Like It*. Act ii. Sc. 7. l. 137.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage  
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.  
THOMAS HEYWOOD. *Applying for Actors*.

The world's a stage where God's omnipotence,  
His justice, knowledge, love, and providence  
Do act the parts.

DU BARTAS. *Divine Weekes and Dayes*.  
First week, First day.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 360.

The world's a stage,—as Shakspeare said  
one day;

The stage a world—was what he meant to  
say.

O. W. HOLMES. *A Prologue*.

The growing drama has outgrown such  
toys

Of simulated stature, face, and speech :

It also peradventure may outgrow

The simulation of the painted scene,

Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight, and  
costume,

And take for a worthier stage the soul  
itself,

Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,

With all its grand orchestral silences

To keep the pauses of its rhythmic  
sounds.

MRS BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. v.

Where they do agree on the stage,  
their unanimity is wonderful.

SHERIDAN. *The Critic*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded  
stage,

Holds its warped mirror to a gaping  
age.

CHARLES SPRAGUE. *Curiosity*.

### STARS.

These blessed candles of the night.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
v. Sc. 1. l. 220.

There's husbandry in heaven ;  
Their candles are all out.

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 5.

Lorenzo. Look, how the floor of  
heaven

Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright  
gold ;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou  
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cheru-  
bims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But, while this muddy vesture of  
decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear  
it.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*.  
Act v. Sc. 1. l. 58.

From little signs, like little stars,

Whose faint impression on the sense

The very looking straight at mars,

Or only seen by confluence.

COVENTRY PATMORE. *The Angel in the  
House*.

You meener beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light ;

You common people of the skies,—

What are you when the moon shall  
rise ?

SIR H. WOTTON. *On His Mistress, the  
Queen of Bohemia*.

Planets and the pale populace of Heaven.  
R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*.

As night the life-inclining stars best  
shows,

So lives obscure the starriest souls dis-  
close.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. *Epilogue to Transla-  
tions*.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. v. l. 166.

The starry cope  
Of heaven.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 992.

Hither, as to their fountain, other  
stars

Repairing, in their golden urns draw  
light.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 00.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is  
gold,

And pavement stars,—as stars to thee  
appear

Seen in the galaxy, that milky way

Which nightly as a circling zone thou  
seest

Powder'd with stars.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost*. Bk. vii. l. 00.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,  
Are ignorantly led

To think those glorious lamps were made

To light Tom Fool to bed.

ROWE. *On a Fine Woman Who Had a Dull Husband.* iv.

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,

Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;

Near and more near your beamy cars approach

And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;

Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,

Frail as your silken sisters of the field!  
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,

Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,

Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,

And death, and night, and chaos, mingle all!

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,

Immortal nature lifts her changeeful form,

Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,

And soars and shines, another and the same.

ERASMUS DARWIN. *Economy of Vegetation.* Canto iv.

When twilight dews are falling soft

Upon the rosy sea, love,

I watch the star whose beam so oft

Has lighted me to thee, love.

THOMAS MOORE *When Twilight Dews.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,

For lovers love the western star.

SCOTT *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto iii.

With battlements that on their restless fronts

Bore stars.

WORDSWORTH. *Excursion.* Bk. ii.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,

And, haply, there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest.

*Ibid.* *Sonnets.* Pt. ii. Sonnet 25.

But he is risen, a later star of dawn.

WORDSWORTH. *A Morning Exercise.*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,

If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,

Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye

are

A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,

That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
named themselves a star.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto iii. St. 88.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 60.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.

CAMPBELL. *The Soldier's Dream.*

The starres, bright centinels of the skies.

HABINGTON. *Castara: Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War.* Bk. viii. civ.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline.* Pt. i. iii. l. 83.

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul

Strike thro' a finer element of her own.

TENNYSON. *Aytmer's Field.*

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

*Ibid.* *Locksley Hall.* St. 4.

And you, ye stars,  
Who slowly begin to marshal,  
As of old, in the fields of heaven,  
Your distant, melancholy lines!  
MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Empedocles on Etna*.

## STATE.

It seems to me that only Themistocles, of all men, has truthfully, or at any rate carefully, shown briefly what are the words which the poet Alcaeus sang long ago, for many receiving them, one from another, they afterwards came to be. Nor stones nor timbers nor the art of building forms cities, but whenever and wherever there may be found men ready to defend themselves, there is the city and the fortress.

ARISTIDES. *Orations* (Jebb's edition).  
Vol. ii.

[This probably gives the sense of what the ancients considered one of the greatest odes of Alcaeus. But a single line of the original has survived.—

Fighting men are the city's fortress.

It was the version given by Aristides which inspired Sir William Jones:

What constitutes a State?  
Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned,  
No; men, high-minded men,

Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
*Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus.*

L'état !—c'est moi !  
The state !—it is I !

Ascribed to LOUIS XIV.

*Marcellus*. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i Sc. 4.  
l. 90.

States, as great engines, move slowly.  
BACON *Advancement of Learning*. Bk ii.

What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,  
And he returned a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love, mankind may strongly draw,  
When love was liberty, and nature law.  
Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown,  
Till common interest placed the sway in one.

'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,  
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),  
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,  
A prince the father of a people made.  
POPE. *Essay on Man*.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
An hour may lay it in the dust.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 84.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*.  
l. 367.

## STATURE.

*Lear*. Ay, every inch a king.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear*. Act. iv. Sc.  
6, l. 114.

Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy woman.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Ca. i. St. 61.

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.  
POPE. *The Iliad of Homer*. Bk. v. l. 999.

## STORM.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.  
*New Testament*. Matthew vii. 25.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell: and great was the fall of it.  
*Ibid*. Matthew vii. 27.

Dorion, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timo-

theus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.

ATHENÆUS. *The Deipnosophists*. viii  
19.

[Hence the proverb, "a tempest in a teapot."]

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves?

PLUTARCH. *Natural Questions*. ix.

Remember to throw into the sea the oil which I give to you, when straightway the winds will abate, and a calm and smiling sea will accompany you throughout your voyage.

BEDE. *Ecclesiastical History*. Bk. iii.  
Ch. xv.

[Hence the expression, "To throw oil on troubled waters."]

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true."

MONTAIGNE. *Essays: Of Glory*.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds,

But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Sc.  
3. 1. 5.

*Lear*. Blow winds and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples.

*Ibid*. *King Lear*. Act iii. Sc. 2. 1. i.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept,  
and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest*. Act ii. Sc.  
1. 1. 114.

*Alonzo*. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass,

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded

And with him there lie mudded.

*Ibid*. *The Tempest*. Act iii. Sc. 3. 1. 95.

'T was when the sea was roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

GAY. *The What d'ye call it*. Act ii. Sc. 8.

Come as the winds come, when

Forests are rended;

Come as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded.

SCOTT. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*.

Come hither, hither, my little page!

Why dost thou weep and wail?

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,

Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;

Our ship is swift and strong:

Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly

More merrily along.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. St. 13.

Come hither, come hither, my little daughter

And do not tremble so.

This ship can weather the stoutest gale

That ever wind did blow.

LONGFELLOW. *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

The sky is changed!—and such a

change! O night,

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

and drous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the  
light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags  
among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from  
one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found  
a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty  
shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
aloud!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 92.

And this is in the night:—Most glo-  
rious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let  
me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric  
sea,

And the big rain comes dancing to  
the earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now,  
the glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its  
mountain-mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young  
earthquake's birth.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Canto  
iii. St. 93.

A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!

Hark! don't you hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now!

WILLIAM PITT. *The Sailor's Consolation*.

O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,

There's danger on the deep.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *The Pilot*.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,

Set every threadbare sail,

And give her to the god of storms,

The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES. *Old Ironsides*.

The beating of her restless heart

Still sounding through the storm.

*Ibid.* *The Steamboat*.

[Emerson misquotes and improves on  
Holmes:

The pulses of her iron heart

Go beating through the storm.

*Society and Solitude: Civilization.*]

## STRENGTH.

*Isabella*. Oh, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is  
tyrannous

To use it as a giant.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*. Act  
ii. Sc. 2. l. 108.

Oh fear not in a world like this,

And thou shalt know ere long,

Know how sublime a thing it is

To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW. *The Light of Stars*.

One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,

Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one

Who can rule and dare not lie.

TENNYSON. *Maud*. Pt. i. X. St. 5.

## STUDY.

(See LEARNING.)

Pythias once, scoffing at Demosthenes,  
said that his arguments smelt of the  
lamp.

PLUTARCH. *Life of Demosthenes*.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil

O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

GAY. *Fables*. Introduction.

There is no other Royal path which  
leads to geometry.

EUCLID TO PTOLEMY I. See *Proclus' Com-  
mentaries on Euclid's Elements*. Bk.  
ii. Ch. iv.

*Biron*. What is the end of study?  
Let me know?

*King*. Why, that to know, which else  
we should not know.

*Biron*. Things hid and barr'd, you  
mean, from common sense?

*King*. Ay, that is study's god-like  
recompense.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost*.  
Act i. Sc. 1. l. 55.

[See under SCIENCE.]

*Tranio*. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master  
mine,

I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your re-  
solve

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Talk logic with acquaintance that you  
have,

And practise rhetoric in your common  
talk :

Music and poesy use to quicken you :  
The mathematics and the metaphysics  
Fall to them as you find your stomach  
serves you :

No profit grows where is no pleasure  
ta'en ;—

In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act  
i. Sc. 1. 1. 21.

It seems to me (said she) that you are  
in some brown study.

JOHN LYLY. *Euphues*. p. 80.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or  
wine,

But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;  
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend,  
were thine.

COWLEY. *On the Death of Mr. William  
Harvey*.

Learning by study must be won ;  
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.

GAY. *Fables. The Pack Horse and Carrier*.  
1. 41.

### STUPIDITY.

Peter was dull ; he was at first  
Dull,—Oh, so dull—so very dull !

Whether he talked, wrote, or re-  
hearsed—

Still with this dulness was he cursed—  
Dull—beyond all conception—dull.

SHELLEY. *Peter Bell the Third*. Pt. vii.  
xi.

Against stupidity the very gods  
Themselves contend in vain.

SCHILLER. *The Maid of Orleans*. Act iii.  
Sc. 6.

La faute en est aux dieux, qui la  
firent si bête.

The fault rests with the gods, who  
have made her so stupid.

GRESSET. *Mechant*. ii. 7.

Schad' um die Leut' ! Sind sonst wackre  
Brüder.

Aber das denkt, wie ein Seifensieder.

A pity about the people ! they are  
brave enough comrades, but they have  
heads like a soapboiler's.

SCHILLER. *Wallenstein's Lager*. xl. 347.

### STYLE.

It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*,—  
our style bewrays us.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Demo-  
critus to the Reader*.

Le style est l'homme même.

The style is the man himself.

BUFFÓ. *Discours de Réception (Recueil de  
l'Académie, 1750)*.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*.

Dress covers the mortal body and adorns  
it, but style is the vehicle of the spirit.

SYDNEY SMITH. *Letter to Miss G. Har-  
court, 1842*.

Master, alike in speech and song,  
Of Fame's great antiseptic,—style.

LOWELL. *To Holmes on his Birthday*. 1884.

### SUCCESS.

Success the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand, can always hit.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. i. Canto i. 1. 879.

What though success will not attend on  
all,

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk  
a fall.

SMOLLETT. *Advice*. 1. 207.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;  
But we'll do more, Sempronius : we'll  
deserve it.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act i. Sc. 2.

'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give  
success.

POPE. *Iliad of Homer*. Bk. vi. 1. 427.

Success, a sort of suicide,

Is ruin'd by success.

YOUNG. *Resignation*. Pt. ii.

The true touchstone of desert—suc-  
cess.

BYRON. *Marino Faliero*. Act i. Sc. 2.

They who strive  
With Fortune, win or weary her at last.

*Ibid.* Werner. Act i. Sc. 1.

Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took all eyes.

EMERSON. *In Memoriam.*

God will estimate  
Success one day.

R. BROWNING. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

### SUICIDE.

(See DEATH.)

*Hamlet.* O that this too too-solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 129.

*Hamlet.* To sleep! perchance to dream:  
ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams  
may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal  
coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and  
scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's  
delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy  
takes,

When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would far-  
dels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after  
death,—

The undiscovered country, from whose  
bourn

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we  
have

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus, conscience does make cowards of  
us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought;

And enterprises of great pith and mo-  
ment,

With this regard their currents turn  
awry,

And lose the name of action.—Soft you  
now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy ori-  
sons

Be all my sins remember'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.  
l. 65.

As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be  
gone;

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

*Ibid.* *Sonnet lxxi.*

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot  
come,

Tyrants can tie him up from your re-  
lief:

Nor has a Christian privilege to die.

Alas, thou art too young in thy new  
Faith.

Brutus and Cato might discharge their  
souls,

And give them furlo's for another world:  
But we like sentries are oblig'd to stand

In starless nights, and wait th' ap-  
pointed hour.

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

When all the blandishments of life are  
gone,

The coward sneaks to death, the brave  
live on.

GEORGE SEWELL. *The Suicide.* From  
*Martial.* Bk. xi. Epis. 56.

There is no refuge from confession but  
suicide; and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument on the Mur-  
der of Captain White.* April 6, 1830.

Less base the fear of death than fear of  
life;

O, Britain! infamous for suicide!

An island, in thy manners, far disjoint'd  
From the whole world of rationals  
beside!

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.* Night v. l. 441.

Self-murder! name it not; our island's  
shame;  
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring  
states.

ROBERT BLAIR. *The Grave*. l. 403.

One more unfortunate  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death.

THOMAS HOOD. *The Bridge of Sighs*. l. 1.

Over the brink of it  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man  
Lave in it—drink of it  
Then, if you can.  
*Ibid.* *The Bridge of Sighs*, l. 76.

Again the voice spake unto me :  
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be."  
TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*.

### SUMMER.

Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cucu! l  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springth the wude nu,  
Sing cucu l

[Tradition assigns to this lyric the honour  
of being the most ancient song, with or  
without the musical notes, in the English  
language. In all probability it was com-  
posed as early as 1250. It is preserved in  
the Harleian MS. No. 978, and was first pub-  
lished in Sir John Hawkins' *History of  
Music*.]

This is very midsummer madness.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*. Act iii.  
Sc. 1.

Of evening tint,  
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
THOMSON. *Seasons: Summer*. l. 150.

The leafy month of June.  
COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*. Pt. v.

It is the month of June,  
The month of leaves and roses,  
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,  
And pleasant scents the noses.  
N. P. WILLIS. *The Month of June*.

The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witching of the soft blue sky l  
WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell*. Pt. i. St. 15.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.  
LOWELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

### SUN.

The glorious sun,  
Stays in his course and plays the al-  
chemist;  
Turning, with splendor of his precious  
eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering  
gold.  
SHAKESPEARE. *King John*. Act iii. Sc.  
l. 1. 77.

Aaron. As when the golden sun sa-  
lutes the morn,  
And having gilt the ocean with his  
beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening  
coach,  
And overlooks the highest peering hills.  
*Ibid.* *Titus Andronicus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. 1. 5.

*Perdita*. The self-same sun that shines  
upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage.  
*Ibid.* *Winter's Tale* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 455.

O thou that with surpassing glory  
crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the  
god  
Of this new world; at whose sight all  
the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads!  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 32.

Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, with-  
draw your blaze!  
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.  
POPE. *Moral Essays*. Epis. iii. l. 282.

There swift return  
Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual  
spot.  
MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. viii. l. 21.

Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth or earth rise on the  
sun,  
He from the east his flaming road begin  
Or she from the west her silent course  
advance

Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—

The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto ix. St. 64.

What say you to such a supper with such a woman?

*Ibid.* Note to a Letter on Bowles's *Strictures*.

And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU. *The Lover*.

Most illogical

Irrational nature of our womanhood,  
That blushes one way, feels another way,

And prays, perhaps, another!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. ii. ll. 701-4.

By the way,

The works of women are symbolical.

We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,

Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,

To put on when you're weary—or a stool

To tumble over and vex you . . .  
curse that stool!

Or else at best, a cushion where you lean

And sleep, and dream of something we are not,

But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!

This hurts most, this . . . that,  
after all, we are paid

The worth of our work, perhaps.

*Ibid.* *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. i. l. 465.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,

Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty won,

Oh! what were man!—a world without a sun.

CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii. l. 19.

The world was sad; the garden was a wild;

And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled.

*Ibid.* *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii. l. 37.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera*. Act ii.

Our grandsire, Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and c'en in Paradise unblest,  
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,

And wander'd in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

POPE. *January and May*. l. 63.

'Twere more than woman to be wise,  
'Twere more than man to wish thee so!

T. MOORE. *The Ring*.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!

SCOTT. *Marmion*. vi. St. 30.

[Lockhart gives a letter from Scott to Southey, dated 1810, telling how "a witty rogue, who signed himself Detector," accused him of having stolen these lines from one of Vida's poems, "which I had never seen or heard of," and, in proof thereof, furnished the Latin version, which ended thus:

Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet  
angor,

Fungaris angelico sola ministerio,

"It is almost needless to add," adds Lockhart, "there are no such lines."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 294. (American edition.)]

As unto the bow the cord is,

So unto the man is woman,

Though she bends him, she obeys him,

Though she draws him, yet she follows,

Useless each without the other!

LONGFELLOW. *Hiawatha*. x.

Man for the field, the woman for the  
hearth:

Man for the sword, and for the needle  
she:

Man with the head, and woman with  
the heart:

Man to command, and woman to obey;  
All else confusion.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

. . . let her make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive woman-  
hood.

For woman is not undevelop't man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the  
man,

Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond  
is this,

Not like to like, but like in difference.

*Ibid.* *The Princess.* vii. ll. 256-62.

Yet in the long years liker must they  
grow ;

The man be more of woman, she of  
man ;

He gain in sweetness and in moral  
height,

Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw  
the world ;

She mental breadth, nor fail in child-  
ward care,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger  
mind ;

Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words.

*Ibid.* *The Princess.* vii. ll. 263-70.

A woman never forgets her sex. She  
would rather talk with a man than  
an angel, any day.

O. W. HOLMES. *The Poet at the Breakfast  
Table.* iv.

Till we are built like angels, with ham-  
mer, and chisel, and pen,

We will work for ourselves and a  
woman, for ever and ever, Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING. *An Imperial Re-  
script.*

## WOMAN.

(FAULTS.)

There's nothing in the world worse  
than a woman

By nature shameless, save some other  
woman.

ARISTOPHANES. *Thesmophoriazusae.* 531.

Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina  
litem

Moverit.

There's scarce a case comes on but you  
shall find

A woman's at the bottom.

JUVENAL. *Satires.* vi. 242.

Dux femina facti.

A woman is leader in the deed.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* i. 364.

[Cherchez la femme. (Fr.) Alex. Dumas  
père, *Mohicans de Paris*, vol. ii. cap. 16.  
Saying put into the mouth of an officer of  
the Paris Detective Police Force. It has  
been attributed to Fouché.

Sardou introduces the phrase in his drama  
*Ferréol*; and George Ebers, *Uarda*, vol. ii.  
cap. 14 (1876), says:

Du vergisst, dass hier eine Frau mit im  
Spiel ist.

Das ist sie überall, entgegnete Ameni, u. s. w.  
You forget that there is a woman in this  
case.

That is so all the world over, replied Ameni,  
etc.

Sometimes the expression takes the form  
of *Où est la femme?* (or in German, *Wo ist  
sie, or wie heisst sie?*). Where is the  
woman? where is she? what is her name?  
As if, according to our own saying, *Where-  
ever there is a quarrel, there is always a  
lady in the case*; or, as Richardson says  
(*Sir C. Grandison*, vol. i. Letter 24): *Such a  
plot must have a woman in it.*

Varium et mutabile semper.

Fœmina.

A woman is always changeable and  
capricious.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* iv. 569.

Souvent femme varie

Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

Woman is often fickle—foolish is he who  
trusts her.

FRANÇOIS I. *Scratched with his ring on a  
window of Chambord Castle.*

Quid pluma levius?—Pulvis. Quid pul-  
vere? Ventus.

Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere?  
Nihil!

<sup>1</sup> The second line is also read:  
Quid vento? Meretrix. Quid meretrix?  
Nihil.

Quoted as *Incerti Auctoris* by WALTER  
DAVISON in *Poetical Rhapsody* (temp. James  
I.; reprinted, 1890).

Thus translated by Davison:

Dust is lighter than a feather,  
And the wind more light than either:  
But a woman's fickle mind  
More, than feather, dust or wind.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?  
Dust, my friend, in summer weather.  
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?  
The wind that blows them both away.  
What is lighter than the wind?  
The lightness of a woman's mind.

And what is lighter than the last?  
Ah, now, my friend, you have me fast!  
*Notes and Queries*, Aug. 11, 1866.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this  
minute.

POPE. *Ep.* l. 19.

Who can describe  
Women's hypocrisies! their subtle wiles,  
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, incon-  
stancies!

Their painted outsides, and corrupted  
minds,  
The sum of all their follies, and their  
falsehoods.

THOMAS OTWAY. *Orpheus*.

What mighty ills have not been done  
by woman!

Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A  
woman;

Who lost Mark Antony the world? A  
woman?

Who was the cause of a long ten years'  
war,

And laid at last old Troy in ashes?  
Woman;

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!  
*Ibid.* *The Orphan*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

What mighty woes

To thy imperial race from woman rose.  
HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. xi. l. 541.

*Hamlet*. Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
A little month, or ere these shoes were  
old

With which she follow'd my poor  
father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even  
she,

. . . married with my uncle.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 146.

*Rosalind*. I thank God I am not a  
woman, to be touched with so many  
giddy offences as He hath generally  
taxed their whole sex withal.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 366.

*Hamlet*. I have heard of your paint-  
ings too well enough; God hath given  
you one face, and you make yourselves  
another. You jig, you amble, and you  
lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and  
make your wantonness your ignorance.  
Go to; I'll no more of it: it hath made  
me mad. I say, we will have no more  
marriages. Those that are married al-  
ready, all but one, shall live; the rest  
shall keep as they are. To a nunnery,  
go.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 148.

*Petruchio*. Think you a little din can  
daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions  
roar?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the  
field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the  
skies?

And do you tell me of a woman's  
tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to  
hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

*Ibid.* *Taming of the Shrew*. Act i. Sc. 2.  
l. 200.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy  
women,

And pity lovers rather more than seamen.  
BYRON. *Don Juan*. Canto vi. St. 53.

*Lucetta*. I have no other but a woman's  
reason;

I think him so because I think him so.  
SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.  
Act i. Sc. 2. l. 23.

Oh, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest  
Heaven

With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at  
once

With men as angels without feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then  
befallen.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. ix. l. 888.

What is woman? only one of Nature's  
agreeable blunders.

MRS. COWLEY. *Who's the Dupe?* Act ii.  
Sc. 2.

Were there no women men might live like  
gods.

DEKKER. *The Honest Whore*. Pt. ii.  
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Were 't not for gold and women, there  
would be no damnation.

TOURNEUR. *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Act  
ii. Sc. 1.

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction

Was meant to mankind when thou wast  
made a devil!

What an inviting hell invented.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Comedy of  
Monsieur Thomas*. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Mankind, from Adam, have been women's  
fools;

Women, from Eve, have been the devil's  
tools:

Heaven might have spar'd one torment  
when we fell;

Not left us women, or not threatened hell.  
GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne).  
*She-Gallants*.

I am a woman! nay, a woman wrong'd!  
And when our sex from injuries take  
fire,

Our softness turns to fury—and our  
thoughts

Breathe vengeance and destruction.

SAVAGE. *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Not ev'n the soldier's fury, rais'd in  
war,

The rage of tyrants, when defiance  
stings 'em!

The pride of priests, so bloody when  
in power!

Are half so dreadful as a woman's  
vengeance.

*Ibid.* *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

With my frailty don't upbraid me,  
I am woman as you made me;  
Causeless doubting or despairing,  
Rashly trusting, idly fearing.

If obtaining,  
Still complaining;  
If consenting,  
Still repenting.

CONGREVE. *Semcle to Jupiter.*

A shameless woman is the worst of men.  
YOUNG. *Love of Fame.* Satire iv. l. 468.

My only books  
Were woman's looks,—  
And folly's all they've taught me.  
MOORE. *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

Denn geht es zu des Bösen Haus  
Das Weib hat tausend Schritt voraus.  
When toward the Devil's House we  
tread,

Woman's a thousand steps ahead.  
GOETHE. *Faust.* i. 21. 147.

Woman's faith and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Betrothed, Song.*  
Chap. xx.

Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.  
BYRON. *Hours of Idleness, To Woman.*

But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual  
Inform us truly,—have they not hen-  
pecked you all?

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto 1. St. 22.

I'm not denyin' the women are fool-  
ish: God Almighty made 'em to match  
the men.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede.*  
[Put into the mouth of Mrs. Poyser.]

## WOMAN.

### (HER VIRTUES.)

O woman! lovely woman! Nature  
made thee

To temper man: we had been brutes  
without you;

Angels are painted fair, to look like  
you:

There's in you all that we believe of  
Heaven,

Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

THOMAS OTWAY. *Venice Preserved.* Act  
i. Sc. 1.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women  
proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof  
is small;

'Tis virtue that doth make them most  
admired;

The contrary doth make thee wondered  
at:

'Tis government that makes them seem  
divine.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI.* Act i.  
Sc. 4. l. 128.

### *Cassio.* A maid

That paragons description and wild  
fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning  
pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 61.

### Yet when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete; so well to  
know

Her own, that what she wills to do or  
say,

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest,  
best.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. viii.  
l. 546.

Oh fairest of creation! last and best  
Of all God's works! creature in whom  
excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be  
form'd,

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. ix. l. 896.

All the reasoning of men is not worth  
one sentiment of women.

VOLTAIRE.

Very learned women are to be found,  
in the same manner as female warriors;  
but they are seldom or never inventors.  
*Ibid.* A *Philosophical Dictionary*. *Women*.

Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan.

The Eternal Feminine draweth us on  
(or upward).

GÆTHE. *Faust*. *Epilogue*. *Chorus Mys-  
ticus*. Concluding lines.

[Bayard Taylor translated and com-  
mented on this chorus as follows:

All things transitory  
But as symbols are sent:  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to event;  
The indescribable  
Here it is done,  
The Woman Soul leadeth us  
Upward and on.

"I can find," says Mr. Taylor, in a note,  
"no English equivalent for Ewig-weibliche  
except Woman Soul, which will express  
very nearly the same idea to those who feel  
the spirit which breathes and burns through  
the scene. Love is the all-uplifting and all-  
redeeming power on earth and in heaven,  
and to man it is revealed in its most pure  
and perfect form through woman. Thus in  
the transitory life of earth it is only a sym-  
bol of its divine being, the possibilities of  
love which earth can never fulfill become  
realities in the higher life which follows;  
the spirit which woman interprets to us  
here still draws us upward (as Margaret  
draws the soul of Faust) there."]

She's all my fancy painted her;  
She's lovely, she's divine.

WM. MEE. *Alice Gray*.

What will not woman, gentle woman,  
dare  
When strong affection stirs her spirit  
up?

SOUTHEY. *Madoc*. Pt. ii. 2.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour  
stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
She, while apostles shrank, could dan-  
ger brave,  
Last at his cross and earliest at his  
grave.

EATON S. BARRETT (1785-1820). *Woman*.  
Pt. 1. (ed. 1822).

She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight,  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament.

WORDSWORTH. *She was a Phantom of  
Delight*.

A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food:  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

*Ibid.* *She was a Phantom of Delight*.

Amoret's as sweet and good  
As the most delicious food;  
Which but tasted does impart  
Life and gladness to the heart.  
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,  
Which to madness does incline:  
Such a liquor as no brain  
That is mortal can sustain.

WALLER. *Amoret*.

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

WORDSWORTH. *She was a Phantom of Delight*.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine  
flower  
Of faith, and round the sufferer's tem-  
ple bind  
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest  
shower,  
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest  
wind.

WORDSWORTH. *Weak is the Will of Man*.

She was a form of life and light  
That seen, became a part of sight,  
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
The morning-star of memory!

BYRON. *Glaucour*. l. 1127.

What hearts have men! they never  
mount  
As high as woman in her selfless mood.

TENNYSON. *Mertin and Vivien*.

Earth's noblest thing, a Woman per-  
fected.

LOWELL. *Irene*. l. 62.

## WONDER.

Wonder is the feeling of a philoso-  
pher, and philosophy begins in wonder.

PLATO. *Theætetus*. xi. (*Socrates*).  
JOWETT, trans.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and Hegel Philosophy, and the Epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories, with their results, in his single head,—is but a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*. Bk. i. Ch. x.

Eke wonder last but nine daies never in town.

CHAUCER. *Troelus and Cresseide*.

This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine daies.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. Bk. ii. Ch. i.

*Celia*. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 201.

*Macbeth*. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

*Ibid.* *Macbeth*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 110.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd  
with awe,  
And stupid at the wondrous things he  
saw,  
Surpassing common faith, transgressing  
nature's law.

DRYDEN. *Theodore and Honoria*. l. 217.

And Katerfelto with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his  
bread.

COWPER. *The Task*. Bk. iv. l. 86.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an  
hour!

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto ii. St. 2.

What behaved well in the past or be-  
haves well to-day is not such a  
wonder,

The wonder is always and always how  
there can be a mean man or an  
infidel.

WALT WHITMAN. *Leaves of Grass: Song  
of Myself*. 22. ll. 28-f

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

D. G. ROSSETTI. *The Blessed Damozel*.

And Iseult watched him, raving, with  
sinless eyes

That loved him, but in holy girlish wise,  
For noble joy in his fair manliness  
And trust and tender wonder.

SWINBURNE. *Tristram of Lyonesse*.

## WOOING.

Much ado there was, God wot,  
He would love and she would not.  
She said never was man true,  
He said, none was false to you,  
He said, he had lov'd her long,  
She said, Love should have no wrong.  
Corydon would kiss her then.  
She said, maidens must kiss no men,  
Till they did for good and all.

NICHOLAS BRETON. *Phillida and Corydon*.

*Suffolk*. She's beautiful and therefore  
to be woo'd:

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

SHAKESPEARE. *I. Henry VI*. Act v. Sc. 3. l. 78.

*Demetrius*. She is a woman, therefore may  
be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won.

*Ibid.* *Titus Andronicus*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 82.

*King Richard*. Was ever woman in this  
humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

*Ibid.* *Richard III*. Act i. Sc. 2. l. 228.

*Valentine*. Take no repulse, whatever  
she doth say;

For, "get you gone," she doth not mean  
"away."

Flatter and praise, commend, extol  
their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have  
angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is  
no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a  
woman.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act iii. Sc. 1. l. 100.

*Valentine.* Never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you;  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,

For why, the fools are mad if left alone.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act iii.  
Sc. 1. l. 94.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;  
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

*HERRICK.* *Aphorisms: No Bashfulness in Begging.*

A pressing lover seldom wants success,  
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down  
And wastes a ten years' siege before one town.

*NICHOLAS ROWE.* *To the Inconstant.*  
*Epilogue.* l. 18.

He that will win his dame must do  
As love does when he draws his bow;  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.

*BUTLER.* *Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i.  
l. 449.

Not to love is in love an infallible means  
Of being beloved.

*LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.* *Reflections; or, Sentences and Moral Maxims.* No. 60.

Brisk confidence still best with woman copes;  
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes.

*BYRON.* *Childe Harold.* Canto ii.  
St. 94.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs.

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 34.

*Cressida.* See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first.

*SHAKESPEARE.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 133.

*Helena.* We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

*Ibid.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 241.

*Rosalind.* No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orlando.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 147.

*Claudio.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof  
Which I mistrusted not.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 179.

In the way of love and glory,  
Each tongue best tells his own story.

*SIR T. OVERBURY.* *Of the Choice of a Wife.*

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

*LONGFELLOW.* *Courtship of Miles Standish.*

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning.

*Ibid.* *Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. iii. l. 111.

*Othello.* My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of  
sighs;

She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas  
passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet  
she wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man.  
She thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that  
lov'd her,

I should but teach him how to tell my  
story,

And that would woo her. Upon this  
hint I spake;

She lov'd me for the dangers I had  
pass'd;

And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 162.

*Dame Quickly.* Thou didst swear to  
me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in  
my Dolphin Chamber, at the round  
table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday  
in Whitsun week, when the Prince broke  
thy head for likening his father to a  
singing man of Windsor; thou didst  
swear to me then, as I was washing thy  
wound, to marry me, and make me my  
lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?

*Ibid.* *II. Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. i. l. 94.

*Juliet.* O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee  
nay,

So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the  
world.

*Ibid.* *Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.  
l. 93.

*Olivia.* Love sought is good, but given  
unsought is better.

*Ibid.* *Twelfth Night.* Act iii. Sc. i. l. 168.

*Don Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak  
love.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act. ii.  
Sc. 1. l. 102.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,

Seem to fly it, it will pursue:

So court a mistress, she denies you;

Let her alone, she will court you.

Say are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

BEN JONSON. *The Forest: That Women  
are but Men's Shadows.* (Song.)

Most complying,

When denying,

And to be follow'd only flying.

CONGREVE. *Simile to Jupiter.*

Woo'd and married, and a',

Married, and woo'd, and a'!

And was she nae very wed off

That was woo'd and married, and a'?

ALEXANDER ROSS. *Woo'd and Married  
and a'.*

Still amorous and fond and billing,

Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i.  
l. 687.

Her virtue and the conscience of her  
worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought  
be won.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. viii. l. 502.

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her  
Love,

And thus the Soldier arm'd with Reso-  
lution

Told his soft Tale, and was a thriving  
Wooer.

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III.* (altered).  
Act ii. Sc. 1.

That you're in a terrible taking,

By all these sweet oglings I see;

But the fruit that can fall without  
shaking,

Indeed is too mellow for me.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *To a  
Lady Making Love.*

If heaven a draught of heav'nly pleas-  
ure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest  
pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender  
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that  
scents the ev'ning gale!

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove  
We are sure to find something bliss-  
ful and dear;

And that when we're far from the lips  
we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we  
are near.

MOORE. *'Tis Sweet to Think.*

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,  
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;  
 If I mention Love's devoted flame,  
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

*Ibid.* *How Shall I Woo?*

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had  
 run,  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sigh'd to many though he loved  
 but one,  
 And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be  
 his.

BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*  
 Canto i. St. 5.

'Tis enough—  
 Who listens once will listen twice ;  
 Her heart be sure is not of ice,  
 And one refusal no rebuff.

*Ibid.* *Mazeppa.* St. 6.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent"  
 —consented.

*Ibid.* *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 117.

Ladies, like towns besieged, for honour's  
 sake,  
 Will some defence, or its appearance, make.

CRABBE.

'Tis an old lesson ; time approves it true,  
 And those who know it best, deplore  
 it most ;

When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the  
 cost.

BYRON. *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 35.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;  
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

SCOTT. *Marmion.* Canto v. St. 9.

Why don't the men propose, mamma ?  
 Why don't the men propose ?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. *Songs and Bal-*  
*lads. Why Don't the Men Propose?*

The surest way to hit a woman's heart  
 is to take aim kneeling.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Douglas Jerrold's Wit.*  
*The Way to a Woman's Heart.*

Now, as I said before, I was never a  
 maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and sum-  
 mon the place to surrender,  
 But march up to a woman with such a  
 proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from  
 the mouth of a cannon,  
 But of a thundering "No!" point-blank  
 from the mouth of a woman,  
 That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I  
 ashamed to confess it!

LONGFELLOW. *The Courtship of Miles*  
*Standish.*

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

The very room, coz she was in,  
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
 On sech a blessed cretur.

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
 But hern went pity-Zekle.

All kin' o' smily round the lips,  
 An' teary round the lashes.

LOWELL. *Second Series.* *The Courtin'.*

Come not cringing to sue me !  
 Take me with triumph and power,  
 As a warrior storms a fortress !  
 I will not shrink or cower.

Come, as you came in the desert  
 Ere we were women and men,  
 When the tiger passions were in us,  
 And love as you loved me then !

W. W. STORY. *Cleopatra.*

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

JOHN HOME. *Douglas.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I love thee, I love but thee,  
 With a love that shall not die  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book  
 unfold !

BAYARD TAYLOR. *Bedouin Song.*

Quiet, Robin, quiet !  
 You lovers are such clumsy summer-  
 flies,  
 Forever buzzing at your lady's face.

TENNYSON. *The Foresters.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Here by God's rood is the one maid for  
 me.

*Ibid.* *Idylls of the King. Geraint and*  
*Enid.* 1. 1. 368.

But I love you, sir :  
 And when a woman says she loves a  
 man,  
 The man must hear her, though he love  
 her not.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh*. Bk. ix.

Was it something said,  
 Something done,  
 Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
 Turn of head?

Strange! that very way  
 Love begun.

I as little understand  
 Love's decay.

R. BROWNING. *In a Year*.

Escape me?  
 Never—  
 Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,  
 So long as the world contains us both,  
 Me the loving and you the loth,  
 While the one eludes, must the other  
 pursue.

*Ibid.* *Life in a Love*.

### WORDS.

Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 but my words shall not pass away.

*New Testament.* Matthew xxiv. 35.

\*Ἐπεα πτερόεντα.

Winged words.

HOMER. *Iliad and Odyssey*, *passim*.

Our words have wings, but fly not where  
 we would.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gypsy*. Bk.  
 iii.

Words are the physicians of a mind  
 diseased.

ÆSCHYLUS. *Prometheus*, 378.

Nor can one word be chang'd but for a  
 worse.

HOMER. *Odyssey*. Bk. 8. 1. 192. (POPE,  
 trans.)

"These Macedonians," said he, "are  
 a rude and clownish people, that call a  
 spade a spade."

FLUTARCH. *Apothegms of Great Commanders*,  
*Phillip*.

On the tongue of such an one they  
 shed a honeyed dew, and from his lips  
 drop gentle words.

*The Theogony*. 1. 82.

For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

COLERIDGE. *Kubla Khan*.

Ficus ficus, ligonem ligonem vocat.  
 A fig's a fig, a spade a spade he calls.

ERASMUS. *Adagiorum Chiliades, Veritas*.

I'll give you leave to call me anything, if  
 you don't call me "spade."

SWIFT. *Polite Conversation*. Dialogue ii.

Je ne puis rien nommer si ce n'est par son  
 nom;

J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rollet un fri-  
 pon.

I can call nothing by name if that is not  
 his name. I call a cat a cat, and Rollet a  
 rogue.

BOILEAU. *Satires*. i. 51.

[Boileau, half afraid of the consequences  
 (Rolet was an attorney whom it was dan-  
 gerous to provoke), appended a note to the  
 name, "Innkeeper at Blois"; but, oddly  
 enough, there was an innkeeper at Blois of  
 the same name, who immediately threat-  
 ened proceedings against the poet.]

Dictum sapienti sat est.

A word to the wise is enough.

PLAUTUS. *Perseus*. iv. 7. 19.

[Possibly the origin of the phrase *verbum  
 sapienti*, which is colloquially abridged into  
*verbum sap.*]

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
 Reddidit junctura novum.

High praise and honour to the bard  
 is due

Whose dexterous setting makes an  
 old word new.

HORACE. *De Arte Poetica*, 47. (CONING-  
 TON, trans.)

Nescit vox missa reverti.

But words once spoke can never be  
 recall'd.

HORACE. *Ars Poetica*. 390. (EARL OF ROS-  
 COMMON, trans.)

Homo trium literarum.

A man of three letters (*i. e.*, Fur, a  
 thief).

PLAUTUS. *Aulularia*. Act ii. Sc. 4. l. 40.

For one word a man is often deemed  
 to be wise, and for one word he is often  
 deemed to be foolish. We ought to be  
 careful indeed what we say.

CONFUCIUS. *Analects*. Bk. xix. Ch. 25.  
 Sec. 2. (LEGGE, trans.)

How long a time lies in one little word !  
Four lagging winters and four wanton  
springs

End in a word: such is the breath of  
kings.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 3.  
l. 213.

I'll make you eat your words.

ANON. *The Play of Stuckley.* l. 428.

[This play is supposed to be the work of  
four authors, one of whom was Shake-  
speare.]

Whose words all ears took captive.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well.*  
Act v. Sc. 3. l. 17.

*Bastard.* He gives the bastinado with  
his tongue ;

Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of  
his,

But buffets better than a fist of France :  
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with  
words,

Since I first called my brother's father,  
dad.

*Ibid.* *King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 466.

*King Henry.* Familiar in his mouth  
as household words.

*Ibid.* *Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 52.

*Holofernes.* He draweth out the thread  
of his verbosity finer than the staple of  
his argument.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act v. Sc. i.  
l. 18.

*Bassanio.* Here are a few of the un-  
pleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper !

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.  
l. 254.

*Celia.* Not a word ?

*Rosalind.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Ibid.* *As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 2.

*Claudio.* I never tempted her with  
word too large,

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Ibid.* *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iv.  
Sc. 1. l. 53.

*Brabantio.* But words are words ; I  
never yet did hear

That the bruis'd heart was pierced  
through the ear.

*Ibid.* *Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3. l. 218.

*Gratiano.* I thank thee, Jew, for  
teaching me that word.

*Ibid.* *Merchant of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 341.

*Polonius.* What do you read, my lord ?

*Hamlet.* Words, words, words.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 193.

*Troilus.* Words, words, mere words, no  
matter from the heart.

*Ibid.* *Troilus and Cressida.* Act v. Sc. 3.  
l. 108.

*Sylvia.* A fine volley of words, gen-  
tlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Ibid.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act ii.  
Sc. 4. l. 33.

*Gaunt.* Where words are scarce, they  
are seldom spent in vain ;

For they breathe truth, that breathe  
their words in pain.

*Ibid.* *Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 7.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to  
forget that words are the daughters of  
earth, and that things are the sons of  
heaven.

DR. JOHNSON. *Preface to his Dictionary.*

[Sir William Jones gives a similar saying  
in India :

Words are the daughters of earth, and  
deeds are the sons of heaven.]

Words are men's daughters, but God's  
sons are things.

SAMUEL MADDEN. *Boulter's Monument.*  
(Supposed to have been inserted  
by DR. JOHNSON. 1745.)

Parole femine, falti maschi.

Words are feminine, deeds are masculine.  
*Italian Proverb.*

For words are wise men's counters—  
they do but reckon by them—but they  
are the money of fools.

THOMAS HOBBES. *The Leviathan.* Pt. i.  
Ch. iv. Sc. 15.

His words, . . . like so many nimble  
and airy servitors, trip about him at  
command.

MILTON. *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

And all with pearl and ruby glowing

Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
flowing,

And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty

Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,

The wit and wisdom of their king.

POE. *The Haunted Palace.*

Syllables govern the world.

JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk.* *Power.*

A word in your ear.

VANBURGH AND CIBBER. *The Provok'd Husband*. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Words are like leaves, and where they  
most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely  
found.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 309.

Some by old words to fame have made  
pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in  
their sense;

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a  
style,

Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the  
learned smile.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will  
hold,

Alike fantastic if too new or old;

Be not the first by whom the new are  
tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 133.

These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
While expletives their feeble aid do  
join,

And ten low words oft creep in one dull  
line.

*Ibid.* *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 144.

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth  
appear;

None please the fancy who offend the  
ear.

GARTH. *The Dispensary*. Canto iv. l. 204.

. . . Philologists, who chase  
A panting syllable through time and  
space,

Start it at home, and hunt it in the  
dark,

To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's  
Ark.

COWPER. *Retirement*. l. 691.

Intellect can raise,  
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er  
decays.

WORDSWORTH. *Inscriptions*. iv.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant!

And many a word, at random spoken,  
May soothe or wound a heart that's  
broken!

SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles*. Canto v.  
St. 18.

A blow with a word strikes deeper than a  
blow with a sword.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i.  
Sec. ii. Mem. iv. Subs. 4.

Religion—freedom—vengeance—what  
you will,

A word's enough to raise mankind to  
kill.

BYRON. *Lara*. Canto ii. viii.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

*Ibid.* *The Corsair*. Canto iii. St. 22.

When looks were fond and words were  
few.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. *Poet's Bridal-day  
Song*.

Richter says of Luther's words, "His  
words are half battles."

CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero Worship*.  
*The Hero as Priest*.

He had used the word ["humbug"]  
in its Pickwickian sense.

DICKENS. *Pickwick Papers*. Ch. i. (Mr.  
Blotton).

There comes Emerson first, whose rich  
words, every one,

Are like gold nails in temples to hang  
trophies on.

LOWELL. *A Fable for Critics*.

Jewels five-words-long,

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all  
Time

Sparkle for ever.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Pt. ii. l. 355.

Love reflects the thing beloved;  
My words are only words, and moved  
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. Pt. lii.

. . . words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

*Ibid.* *In Memoriam*. v. St. 1.

Wild words wander here and there:  
God's great gift of speech abused.

*Ibid.* *A Dirge*. St. 7.

For what are the voices of birds  
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our  
words,

Only so much more sweet?

R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes*.

## WORD-JUGGLING.

(See NONSENSE.)

*Holofernes.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost.*  
Act iv. Sc. 2. l. 67.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps. *Costard.* O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 41.

*Holofernes.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

*Ibid.* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act v. Sc. 1. l. 18.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

DRYDEN. *Mac Flecknoe.* l. 208.

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!  
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

*Ibid.* *Chrononhotonthologos.* Act i. Sc. 1.

His cogitative faculties immersed  
In cogibundity of cogitation.

*Ibid.* *Chrononhotonthologos.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Let the singing singers  
With vocal voices, most vociferous,  
In sweet vociferation out-vociferize  
Even sound itself.

*Ibid.* *Chrononhotonthologos.* Act i. Sc. 1.

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,  
Our gratulations flow in streams un-  
bounded.

*Ibid.* *Chrononhotonthologos.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;  
And let the man who calleth be the caller;

And in his calling let him nothing call  
But "Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh for a  
coach, ye gods!"

*Ibid.* *Chrononhotonthologos.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

And don't confound the language of the nation

With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. *King Arthur and his Round Table.* Introduction. St. 6.

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

THOMSON. *Sophonisba.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

[On the first performance of this play a spectator stood up in his box and cried out,

O Jamie Thomson, Jamie Thomson, oh!

Hence the line was altered to—

O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine!]

The premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.

GOLDSMITH. *Vicar of Wakefield.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

FIELDING. *Tom Thumb the Great.* Act i. Sc. 3.

When the Gloaming is, I never made the ghost of an endeavour

To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.

C. S. CALVERLEY. *In the Gloaming.* ll. 3-4.

Forever! What abyssms of woe

The word reveals, what frenzy, what Despair! For ever (printed so)

Did not . . .

Forever! 'Tis a single word!

And yet our fathers deem'd it two:  
Nor am I confident they err'd;

Are you?

*Ibid.* *Forever.* St. 2, 9.

## WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.

This will never do!

FRANCIS LORD JEFFREY. *Wordsworth's Excursion.* Edinburgh Review.

[Although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion* as a work of poetic style.—"This will never do!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Poems of William Wordsworth. Preface* p. xxii.

Wordsworth in sonnet is a classic too  
And on that grass plot sits at Milton's  
side.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. *To the Author of Festus.*

That mild apostate from poetic rule  
The simple Wordsworth.

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Who both by precept and example  
shows

That prose is verse, and verse is merely  
prose.

*Ibid.* *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base.

TENNYSON. *To the Queen.*

Time may restore us in his course  
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;  
But where will Europe's latter hour  
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Memorial Verses.*

### WORK.

Habeo opus magnum in manibus.

I have a great work in hand.

CICERO. *Academica.* i. 1, 2.

Nowher so besy a man as he ther was,  
And yet he semed bisier than he was.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. Prologue.*  
l. 32l.

*Macbeth.* The labour we delight in  
physics pain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3.  
l. 55.

*Antony.* To business that we love, we  
rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

*Ibid.* *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act iv.  
Sc. 4. l. 20.

And hold one another's noses to the  
grindstone hard.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Hold their noses to grindstone.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs* Pt. i. Ch. v.

All Nature seems at work, slugs leave  
their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the  
wing—

And Winter, slumbering in the open  
air,

Wears on his smiling face a dream of  
Spring!

And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build,  
nor sing.

COLERIDGE. *Work without Hope.* St. 1.

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never  
done.

EUSDEN. *Poem Spoken at a Cambridge  
Commencement.*

And still be doing, never done.

BUTLER. *Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i.  
l. 204.

Who first invented work, and bound  
the free

And holyday-rejoicing spirit down . . .  
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead  
wood? . . .

Sabbathless Satan!

CHARLES LAMB. *Work.*

Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim.

HOOD. *Song of the Shirt.* ll. 17-20.

Stitch! stitch? stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once with a double thread

A shroud as well as a shirt.

*Ibid.* *Song of the Shirt.* ll. 29-32.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,  
The protest of the weak against the  
strong.

F. W. FABER. *The Sorrowful World.*

For men must work and women must  
weep,

And the sooner it's over the sooner to  
sleep,

And good-bye to the bar and its  
moaning.

CHAS. KINGSLEY. *Three Fishers.*

Get lease to work

In this world—'tis the best you get at  
all!

For God in cursing, gives us better  
gifts

Than men in benediction.

MRS. BROWNING. *Aurora Leigh.*

The world waits  
 For help. Beloved, let us love so well,  
 Our work shall still be better for our  
 love,  
 And still our love be sweeter for our  
 work,  
 And both commended, for the sake of  
 each,  
 By all true workers and true lovers  
 born.

*Ibid.* *Aurora Leigh.*

Our grand business undoubtedly is,  
 not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance,  
 but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.

CARLYLE. *Essays: Signs of the Times.*

Man is immortal till his work is done.  
 DR. JAMES WILLIAMS. *Ethandune.* Son-  
 net. Concluding line.

No man is born into the world whose  
 work  
 Is not born with him. There is always  
 work,  
 And tools to work withal, for those who  
 will ;  
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil.  
 LOWELL. *A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he  
 leans  
 Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face  
 And on his back the burden of the  
 world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and  
 despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never  
 hopes  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox ?  
 C. R. MARKHAM. *The Man with the Hoe.*

## WORLD.

Then I began to think, that it is very  
 true which is commonly said, that the  
 one-half of the world knoweth not how  
 the other half liveth.

RABELAIS. *Works.* Bk. ii. Ch. xxxii.

*Gratiano.* You have too much respect  
 upon the world :  
 They lose it that do buy it with much  
 care.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice.* Act  
 1. Sc. 1. l. 74.

*Hamlet.* How weary, stale, flat, and  
 unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
 Fye on't ! oh, fye ! 'tis an unweeded  
 garden,  
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and  
 gross in nature,  
 Possess it merely.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2. l. 133.

*Hamlet.* For some must watch, while  
 some must sleep ;  
 So runs the world away.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 284.

*Pistol.* Why, then, the world's mine  
 oyster,  
 Which I with sword will open.

*Ibid.* *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act ii.  
 Sc. 2. l. 2.

The world in all doth but two nations  
 bear,  
 The good, the bad, and these mixed  
 everywhere.

MARVELL. *The Loyal Scot.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim  
 spot  
 Which men call Earth.

MILTON. *Comus.* l. 5.

A boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown  
 of night  
 Starless expos'd.

*Ibid.* *Paradise Lost.* Bk. iii. l. 423.

There was all the world and his wife.  
 SWIFT. *Polite Conversation.* Dialogue  
 iii.

It is a very good world to live in,  
 To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;  
 But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a  
 man's own,

It's the very worst world that ever was  
 known.

Attributed to the EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Courts and camps are the only places  
 to learn the world in.

LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to His Son.*  
 Oct. 2, 1747.

The world is a comedy to those who  
 think, a tragedy to those who feel.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Sir Horace  
 Mann.* 1770.

He sees that this great roundabout  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs and its businesses,  
Is no concern at all of his,

And says—what says he?—Caw.

COWPER. *The Jackdaw*. (Translation  
from Vincent Bourne.)

The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn.

SHELLEY. *Hellas*. l. 1060.

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?

*Ibid.* *Written on Hearing the News of the  
Death of Napoleon*.

The world is too much with us; late  
and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our  
powers;

Little we see in Nature that is ours.

WORDSWORTH. *Miscellaneous Sonnets*.

But each day brings its petty dust  
Our soon-chok'd souls to fill,  
And we forget because we must  
And not because we will.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Absence*.

I have not loved the world, nor the  
world me;

I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor  
bow'd

To its idolatries a patient knee,—  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor  
cried aloud

In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such;  
I stood

Among them, but not of them; in a  
shroud

Of thoughts which were not their  
thoughts, and still could,  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus  
itself subdued.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii.  
St. 113.

I never have sought the world; the world  
was not to seek me.

DR. JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*.

It is easy in the world to live after the  
world's opinion; it is easy in solitude after  
our own; but the great man is he who in  
the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect  
sweetness the independence of solitude.

EMERSON. *Essays: Self-reliance*.

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home;  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

*Ibid.* *Good-bye*.

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour; ;  
Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours.

POE. *Israfil*.

The world goes up and the world goes  
down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain;  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's  
frown

Can never come over again,  
Sweet wife.

No, never come over again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Dolcino to Mar-  
garet*.

One day with life and heart,  
Is more than time enough to find a  
world.

LOWELL. *Columbus*. Last lines.

This fine old world of ours is but a  
child

Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it  
time

To learn its limbs: there is a hand that  
guides.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*. Conclusion.

For what are they all in their high  
conceit,

When man in the bush with God may  
meet?

EMERSON. *Good-bye, Proud World*.

However, you're a man, you've seen  
the world—

The beauty and the wonder and the  
power,

The shapes of things, their colours,  
lights and shades,

Changes, surprises—and God made it  
all!

ROBERT BROWNING. *Men and Women*:  
*Fra Lippo Lippi*. ll. 276-9.

This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and  
means good:

To find its meaning is my meat and  
drink.

*Ibid.* *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi*.  
ll. 307-9.

The world but feels the present's spell,  
The poet feels the past as well.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Bacchania*, or *The New Age*. ii. ll. 65, 66.

Wandering between two worlds, one  
dead,

The other powerless to be born,  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.

*Ibid.* *Stanzas from the Grande Char- treuse*.

WORLD, END OF THE.

Be ye also ready; for in such an  
hour as ye think not, the Son of Man  
cometh.

*New Testament*. St. Matthew xxiv.  
44.

Dies iræ, dies illa Sæclum solvet in  
favilla

Teste David cum Sibylla, etc.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away  
As David and the Sybils say.

THOMAS DE CELANO. *Dies Irae*. 1. 1.

*Macbeth*. What! will the line stretch  
out till the crack of doom?

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*. Act iv. Sc. 1.  
l. 117.

*Prospero*. Our revels now are ended:  
these our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this  
vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous  
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe  
itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant  
faded,

Leave not a rack behind: We are such  
stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little  
life

Is rounded with a sleep.

*Ibid.* *The Tempest*. Act iv. Sc. 1. l. 148.

[The marble figure of Shakespeare, in  
Westminster Abbey, which was designed  
by Kent and executed by Scheemakers,  
bears in its left hand the following mutila-  
tion of Shakespeare's lines:

The cloud capt Tow'rs  
The Gorgeous Palaces,  
The Solemn Temples,  
The Great Globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit,  
Shall dissolve

And like the baseless Fabrick of a Vision  
Leave not a wreck behind.

It is possible that Shakespeare had in  
mind these lines which were published in  
1603:

Let greatnesse of her glassie scepters vaunt,  
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone bruis'd,  
soone broken;

And let this worldlie pompe our wits en-  
chant,

All fades and scarcelie leaves behinde a  
token.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,  
With furniture superfluously laire;

Those statlie courts, those sky-encount'ring  
walls

Evanish all—like vapours in the aire.

ALEXANDER, EARL OF STERLING. *Illu-  
sion*.]

WORM.

*Clifford*. The smallest worm will turn  
being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of  
their brood.

SHAKESPEARE. *III. Henry VI*. Act ii.  
Sc. 2. l. 17.

Poor worms being trampled on  
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet  
Of their oppressors.

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking-glass*.  
Act iii. Sc. 3.

*Hamlet*. Your worm is your only em-  
peror for diet; we fat all creatures else  
to fat us, and we fat ourselves for mag-  
gots.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 3.  
l. 22.

*Hamlet*. A man may fish with a worm  
that hath eat of a king, and eat of the  
fish that hath fed of that worm.

*Ibid.* *Hamlet*. Act iv. Sc. 3. l. 28.

Out—out are the lights—out all!

And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
And the angels, all pallid and wan,

Uprising, unveiling, affirm

That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"

And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

POE. *The Conqueror Worm*, St. 5.

The spirit of the worm beneath the sod  
In love and worship blinds itself with  
God.

SHELLEY. *Epipsychidion*. l. 124.

A loving worm within its clod,  
Were diviner than a loveless God.

R. BROWNING. *Christmas Day*.

For every worm beneath the moon  
Draws different threads, and late and  
soon

Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*. St. 60.

### WORSHIP.

How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we  
heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Bk. iv. l. 680.

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod:  
They have left unstained what there  
they found,—

Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS. *Landing of the Pilgrim  
Fathers*.

Man always worships something:  
always he sees the Infinite shadowed  
forth in something finite; and indeed  
can and must so see it in any finite  
thing, once tempt him well to fix his  
eyes thereon.

CARLYLE. *Essays*. *Goethe's Works*.

Life's one joy is this,  
To love, to taste the soul's divine delight  
Of loving some most lovely soul or  
sight—

To worship still, though never an  
answering sign

Should come from Love asleep within  
the shrine.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. *The Coming  
of Love*.

### WORTH.

'Tis fortune gives us birth,  
But Jove alone endues the soul with  
worth.

HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xx. l. 290.  
(POPE, trans.)

So much is a man worth as he esteems  
himself.

RABELAIS. *Works*. Bk. ii. Ch. xxix.

A pilot's part in calms cannot be spy'd,  
In dangerous times true worth is only  
tri'd.

STIRLING. *Doomes-day*. *The Fifth Hour*.

*Juliet*. They are but beggars that can  
count their worth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act ii.  
Sc. 6. l. 29.

O, how thy worth with manners may I  
sing,

When thou art all the better part of  
me?

What can mine own praise to mine own  
self bring?

And what is't but mine own when I  
praise thee?

*Ibid*. *Sonnet xxxix*.

*Arthur*. I would that I were low laid  
in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for  
me.

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act ii. Sc. 1. l. 164.

All human things  
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.

EDMUND WALLER. *Miscellanies*. i. l. 163.

For what is worth in anything  
But so much money as 'twill bring.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. ii. Canto 1. l. 465.

Everything is worth what its purchaser  
will pay for it.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS. *Maxim* 847.

Talents angel-bright,  
If wanting worth are shining instru-  
ments

In false ambition's hand, to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night vi. l. 276.

It is a maxim, that those to whom  
everybody allows the second place have  
an undoubted title to the first.

SWIFT. *Tale of a Tub*. Dedication.

Worth makes the man, and want of it  
the fellow.

The rest is all but leather or prunello.

POPE. *Essay on Man*. Ep. iv. l. 203.

Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd :  
But here more slow, where all are slaves  
to gold,

Where looks are merchandise, and  
smiles are sold ;

Where won by bribes, by flatteries  
implo'r'd,

The groom retails the favours of his  
lord.

DR. S. JOHNSON. *London*. l. 177.

Now cheaply bought for thrice their  
weight in gold.

JOHN FERRIAR. *Illustrations of Sterne :  
Bibliomania*. l. 65.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may  
roll ;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins  
the soul.

POPE. *Rape of the Lock*. Canto v. l. 33.

### WOUND.

Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnūs.

The secret wound still lives within  
the breast.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. iv. 67.

H' had got a hurt

O' th' inside of a deadlier sort.  
BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Part i. Canto iii.  
l. 309.

*Mercutio*. No, 'tis not so deep as a  
well, nor so wide as a church door ; but  
'tis enough, 'twill serve.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act  
iii. Sc. 1. l. 99.

*Antony*. Show you sweet Cæsar's  
wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me.

*Ibid*. *Julius Cæsar*. Act iii. Sc. 2. l. 229.

*Iago*. What wound did ever heal but  
by degrees ?

*Ibid*. *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 3. l. 377.

What deep wounds ever closed without a  
sear ?

The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to  
wear

That which disfigures it.  
BYRON. *Childe Harold*. Canto iii. St. 84.

*Lafan*. A scar nobly got, or a noble  
scar, is a good livery of honour.

*Ibid*. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Act iv.  
Sc. 5. l. 105.

Gashed with honourable scars.

R. MONTGOMERY. *Battle of Alexandria*.

My wound is great because it is so  
small.

DRYDEN. *All for Love*.

[On the first night of the play's production  
the Duke of Buckingham shouted from his  
box : "Then 'twould be greater if 'twere  
none at all."]

### WRITING.

Tenet insanabile multos  
Scribendi cacoethes, et aegro in corde  
senescit.

An incurable itch for scribbling seizes  
many, and grows inveterate in their in-  
sane breasts.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. vii. S. 1.

*Hamlet*. I once did hold it, as our stat-  
ists do,

A baseness to write fair ; and labored  
much

How to forget that learning ; but, sir,  
now

It did me yeoman's service.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*. Act. v. Sc. 2. l. 36.

Poets lose half the praise they should  
have got,

Could it be known what they discreetly  
blot.

WALLER. *On Roscommon's Translation  
of De Arte Poetica*.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword.

BULWER-LYTTON. *Richelieu*. Act. ii. Sc. 2.

This may be a reminiscence of the Latin  
phrase quoted by Burton (*Anatomy of Melan-  
choly*, Part I., Sec. 2, Mem. 4, Subs. 4), "Hinc  
quam sit ealamus seavior ense, patet"  
("From this it appears how much more cruel  
the pen may be than the sword"). But  
Saint-Simon comes closer to Bulwer's  
thought in his "Memoirs," iii, 517 (1702), ed.  
1856 : "Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'a-  
vantage sur l'épée" ("So much had the pen,  
under the king, the advantage over the  
sword"). Other more or less elose antiepi-  
ations are the following :

Auser, apis, vitellus, populus et regna  
gubernat

Goose, bee, and calf—i. e., pen, wax and  
parchment govern the world.

Quoted by JAMES HOWELL. *Letters*. Bk. ii.  
Letter 2.

Thoughts are mightier than strength of  
hand.

SOPHOCLES. Fragment 584.

The mob of gentlemen that write with  
ease.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*.

You write with ease to show your breeding,  
 But easy writing's curst hard reading.  
 SHERIDAN. *Clio's Protest*. See MOORE. *Life of Sheridan*, v. i, p. 155.

Though an angel should write, still 'tis  
 devils must print.  
 THOMAS MOORE. *The Fudges in England*.  
 Letter 3.

Could I wreak my thoughts upon ex-  
 pression.  
 BYRON. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Canto iii.  
 297.

Ce que l'on conçoit bien s'énonce claire-  
 ment,  
 Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisé-  
 ment.

Whatever we conceive well we ex-  
 press clearly, and words flow with ease.  
 BOILEAU—*L'Art Poétique*. I. 153.

Le style est l'homme même.  
 The style is the man himself.  
 BUFFON. *Discours de Reception* (Recueil de  
 l'Académie.) 1753. p. 337.

Of writing many books there is no end.  
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.  
*Aurora Leigh*. bk. I. l. 1.

### YEAR.

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.  
 Alas! the fleeting years are passing  
 away!  
 HORACE. *Odes*. ii, 14, 1.

But to the dwellers in eternity  
 A thousand years shall as a moment be.  
 ABRAHAM COLES. *The Microcosm and  
 other Poems*. P. 289.

That gems the starry girdle of the year.  
 CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope*. Pt. ii.  
 l. 114.

Winter is come and gone  
 But grief returns with the revolving  
 year.  
 SHELLEY. *Adonais*. St. 18.

There are no birds in last year's nest!  
 LONGFELLOW. *It is not always May*. last  
 line.

Never look for birds of this year in the  
 nests of the last.  
 CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. Pt. ii, ch. 74.

Mais ou sont les neiges d'autan?  
 But where are the snows of yester-year?  
 VILLON. *Ballade of Bygone Ladies*.  
 (JOHN PAYNE, trans.)

Like yonder stars so bright and clear  
 That praise their Maker as they move,  
 And usher in the circling year.  
 SCHILLER. *Song of the Bell*.  
 (BOWRING trans.)

Dip down upon the Northern shore,  
 O sweet New Year, delaying long:  
 Thou dost expectant Nature wrong  
 Delaying long, delay no more.  
 TENNYSON. *Spring*.

Six years—six little years—six drops  
 of time!  
 MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Mycerinus*. St. 11.

### YESTERDAY.

(See TO-DAY.)

Yesterday, and to-day, and forever  
*New Testament*. Hebrews. xiii. 8.

Whose yesterdays look backward with  
 a smile.  
 YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 334.  
 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past  
 hours.  
*Ibid.* *Night Thoughts*. Night ii. l. 376.

O Death! O Change! O Time!  
 Without you, O, the insufferable eyes  
 Of these poor Might-Have-Beens,  
 These fatuous, ineffectual Yesterdays!  
 W. E. HENLEY. *Poems: Rhymes and  
 Rhythms, XIII*. To James McNeill  
 Whistler. l. 27.

### YOUTH.

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good  
 things; so that thy youth is renewed  
 like the eagle's.  
*Old Testament*. Psalms. ciii. 5.

The glory of young men is their  
 strength; and the beauty of old men is  
 the hoary head.  
*Ibid.* Proverbs. Ch. xx. ver. 29.

Ah, youth! forever dear, forever kind.  
 HOMER. *Iliad*. Bk. xix. l. 303.  
 (POPE'S trans.)

Virginibus puerisque canto.  
 I sing to youths and maids alone.  
 HORACE. *Odes*. iii. 1, 4.

Solet hic pueris virginibusque legi.  
 Him boys and girls alike are wont to read.  
 OVID. *Tristia*. ii. 370. (Of Menander.)

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.  
O, pretty boy, trust not too much to  
your rosy looks!

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Canto II. l. 17.

Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur  
dum valet, sentit, sapit.

He whom the gods love dies young,  
while he is in health, has his senses and  
his judgment sound.

PLAUTUS. *Bacchides*. iv. 7, 18.

[See under DEATH.]

Maxima debetur puero reverentia.

Great reverence is due to boyhood.

JUVENAL. *Satires*. xiv. 44.

She may guess what I should perform  
in the wet, if I do so much in the dry.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live to-  
gether;

Youth is full of pleasance, age is full  
of care;

Youth like summer morn, age like win-  
ter weather;

Youth like summer brave, age like  
winter bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is  
short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and  
cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth I do adore  
thee.

BARNARD. *The Passionate Pilgrim*. St. 12.

It is better to be an old man's derling  
than a yong man's werling.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbes*. Pt ii. Ch. 7.

Young men think old men are fools;  
but old men know young men are fools.

CHAPMAN. *All Fools*. Act v. Sc. 1.

*Portia*. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accouter'd like young  
men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver  
grace;

And speak, between the change of man  
and boy,

With a reed voice; and turn two  
mincing steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

Like a fine bragging youth: and tell  
quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying they fell sick and  
died;

I could not do withal: then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not  
kill'd them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discon-  
tinued school

Above a twelvemonth:—I have within  
my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging  
Jacks,

Which I will practise.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act  
iii. Sc. 4. l. 62.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,  
When thought is speech, and speech is  
truth.

SCOTT. *Marmion*. Introduction to  
Canto ii.

Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

LONGFELLOW. *Maidenhood*.

*Cleopatra*. My salad days;

When I was green in judgment, cold in  
blood.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*.  
Act i. Sc. 5. l. 73.

*Pandolph*. How green you are and fresh  
in this old world.

*Ibid*. *King John*. Act iii. Sc. 4. l. 145.

Youth, what man's age is like to be,  
doth show;

We may our ends by our beginnings  
know.

DENHAM. *On Prudence*. l. 225.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;

But, being spent, the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

HERRICK. *Amatory Odes*. 93.

Youth is a continual intoxication; it  
is the fever of reason.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim*. 271.

Young men soon give and soon forget  
affronts;

Old age is slow in both.

ADDISON. *Cato*. Act ii. Sc. 5.

When the brisk minor pants for  
twenty-one.

POPE. *Epistle I. Bk. i. l. 38.*

Young fellows will be young fellows.

BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village. Act  
ii. Sc. 2.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the  
zephyr blows,

While proudly rising o'er the azure  
realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at  
the helm.

GRAY. *The Bard. Pt ii. St. 2.*

Our youth we can have but to-day;

We may always find time to grow old.

BISHOP BERKELEY? *Can Love be Controlled  
by Advice.*

The atrocious crime of being a young  
man, which the honourable gentleman  
has with such spirit and decency charged  
upon me, I shall neither attempt to pal-  
liate nor deny; but content myself with  
wishing that I may be one of those  
whose follies may cease with their  
youth, and not of that number who are  
ignorant in spite of experience.

DR. JOHNSON. *Pitt's Reply to Walpole.  
Speech. March 6, 1741.*

[This is the composition of Johnson,  
founded on some note or statement of the  
actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech  
I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street."

BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson. 1741.*]

If youth be a defect, it is one that we out-  
grow only too soon.

LOWELL. *Democracy and Other Addresses.  
Address, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 8,  
1886. Harvard Anniversary.*

Towering in the confidence of twenty-  
one.

DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Bennet Langton.  
Jan. 9, 1758.*

'Tis now the summer of your youth.  
Time has not crott the roses from your  
cheek,

Though sorrow long has washed them.

EDWARD MOORE. *The Gamester. Act iii.  
Sc. 4.*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and  
sung.

PRINCESS AMELIA. (*Daughter of George III.*)

O, Life! how pleasant is thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!  
Cold pausing Caution's lesson scorning,

We frisk away,

Like schoolboys at the expected warn-  
ing,

To joy and play.

BURNS. *Epistle to James Smith.*

Oh! enviable, early days,

When dancing thoughtless pleasure's  
maze,

To care, to guilt unknown!

How ill exchanged for riper times,

To feel the follies, or the crimes,

Of others, or my own!

*Ibid. Despondency.*

Young heads are giddy, and young  
hearts are warm,

And make mistakes for manhood to  
reform.

Boys are, at best, but pretty buds un-  
blown,

Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd  
than known.

Each dreams that each is just what he  
appears,

But learns his error in maturer years,

When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,  
Shows all its rents and patches to the  
world.

COWPER. *Tirocinium.*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very Heaven!

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude. Bk. xi.*

A youth to whom was given

So much of earth, so much of heaven.

*Ibid. Ruth.*

Life went a-maying

With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woeful when!

Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!

This breathing house not built with  
hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,

O'er æry cliffs and glittering sands,

How lightly then it flashed along:

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,

On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,

That fear no spite of wind or tide!

COLERIDGE. *Youth and Age.*

Nought cared this body for wind or  
weather

When youth and I lived in 't together.

*Ibid.* *Youth and Age.*

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
Oh the joys that came down shower-  
like,

Of friendship, love, and liberty,

Ere I was old!

*Ibid.* *Youth and Age.*

The smiles, the tears

Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken.

MOORE. *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

In life's morning march, when my  
bosom was young.

CAMPBELL. *The Soldier's Dream.*

I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of  
thing,

In my hot youth, when George the  
Third was king.

BYRON. *Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 212.

And both were young, and one was  
beautiful.

BYRON. *The Dream.* St. 2.

Ah! happy years! once more who  
would not be a boy!

*Ibid.* *Childe Harold.* Canto ii. St. 23.

Oh talk not to me of a name great in  
story;

The days of our youth are the days of  
our glory.

*Ibid.* *Stanzas written on the road between  
Florence and Pisa.* I.

When all the world is young, lad,

And all the trees are green;

And every goose a swan, lad,

And every lass a queen:

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,

And round the world away;

Young blood must have its course, lad,

And every dog his day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Song. Water-Babies.*

How beautiful is youth! how bright it  
gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a  
friend!

. . . . .

All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe with-  
stands;

In its sublime audacity of faith,  
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain  
saith,

And with ambitious feet, secure and  
proud,

Ascends the ladder leaning on the  
cloud!

LONGFELLOW. *Morituri Salutamus.*

I remember the gleams and glooms that  
dart

Across the school-boy's brain;

The song and the silence in the heart,

That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song

Sings on, and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

*Ibid.* *My Lost Youth.*

O for one hour of youthful joy!

Give back my twentieth spring!

I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy

Than reign a gray-beard king.

HOLMES. *The Old Man Dreams.*

There are gains for all our losses,

There are balms for all our pain;

But when youth, the dream, departs,

It takes something from our hearts,

And it never comes again.

R. H. STODDARD. *Never Again.*

A young man will be wiser by-and-by;

An old man's wit may wander ere he  
die.

TENNYSON. *The Coming of Arthur.*

Ah, what shall I be at fifty

Should Nature keep me alive,

If I find the world so bitter

When I am but twenty-five?

*Ibid.* *Maud.* Pt. i. vi. St. 5.

A year ago and blithely paired  
Their rough and tumble play they  
shared;

They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and  
cried

A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,  
 She strove against him in the race;  
 He unabashed her garter saw  
 That now would touch her skirts with  
 awe.

R. L. STEVENSON. *Underwoods*. iv.

### ZEAL.

For zeal's a dreadful termagant  
 That teaches saints to tear and cant.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Pt. iii. Canto 2.  
 l. 673.

But his zeal

None seconded, as out of season judged,  
 Or singular and rash.

MILTON. *Bk. v.* l. 849.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be  
 had

The worst of madmen is a saint run  
 mad.

POPE. *Horace*. Bk. i. Ep. vi. l. 26.

### ZEPHYR.

Zephyr with Aurora playing  
 As he met her once a-Maying;  
 There on beds of violets blue  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*. l. 19.

[The last line is borrowed without acknowledgment from Randolph:

A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer  
 To make one blithe, buxom, and debonair.  
 THOMAS RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers*.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently  
 blows.

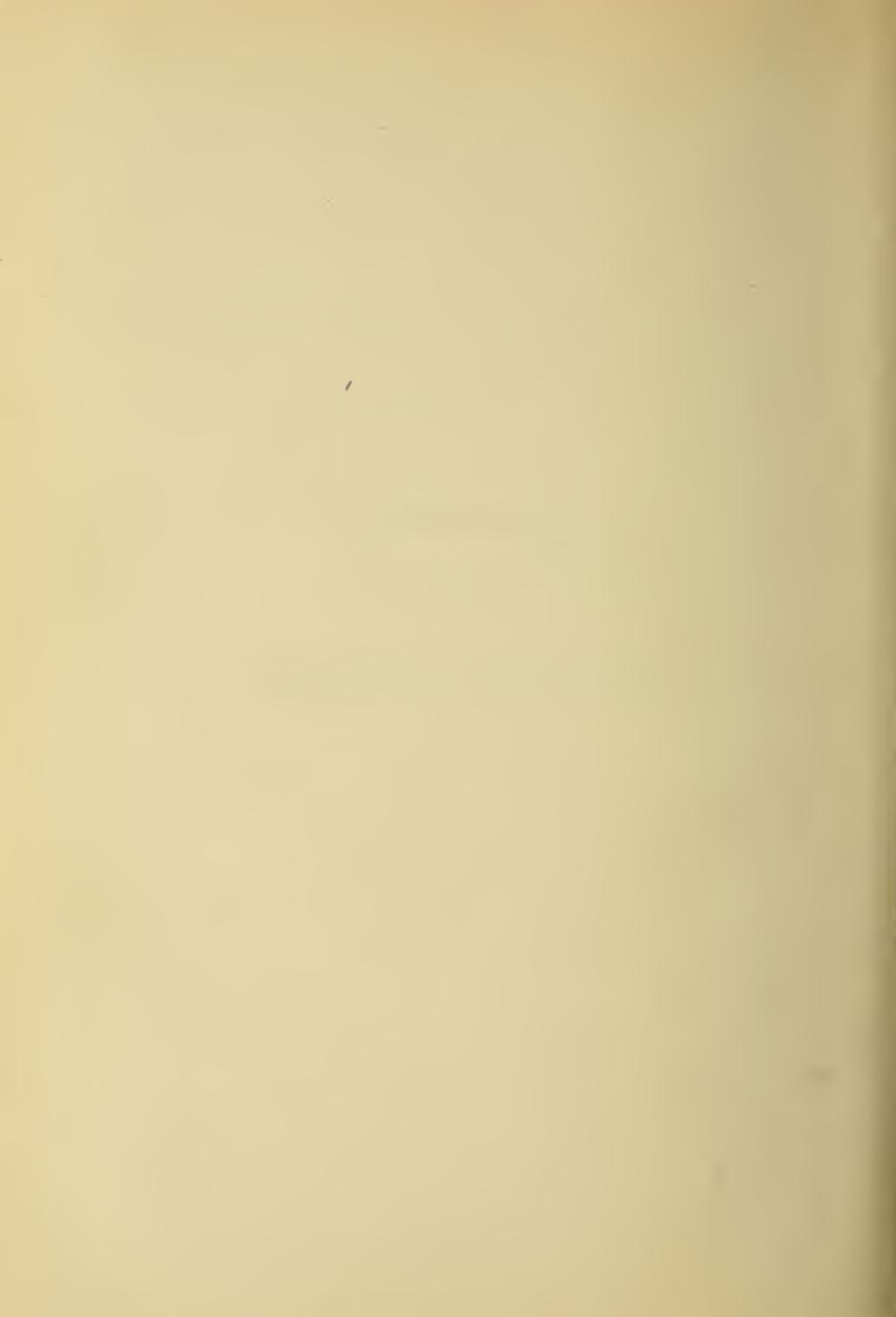
POPE. *Essay on Criticism*. Pt. ii. l. 366.

Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers  
 breathe

That seemed but zephyrs to the train  
 beneath.

*Ibid.* *Rape of the Lock*. Canto ii. l. 58.

Concordance  
to the  
Dictionary of Quotations



# CONCORDANCE TO QUOTATIONS.

This Concordance includes English and foreign quotations.  
Foreign quotations are printed in Italics.

The authors quoted most frequently are indicated by signs, as follows: Shakespeare\*; Milton\*\*; Pope‡; Byron||; Wordsworth¶; Longfellow§; Lowell††; Tennyson†. The index word is abbreviated to an initial followed by a period, e. g., "like A. (Aaron's) serpent."

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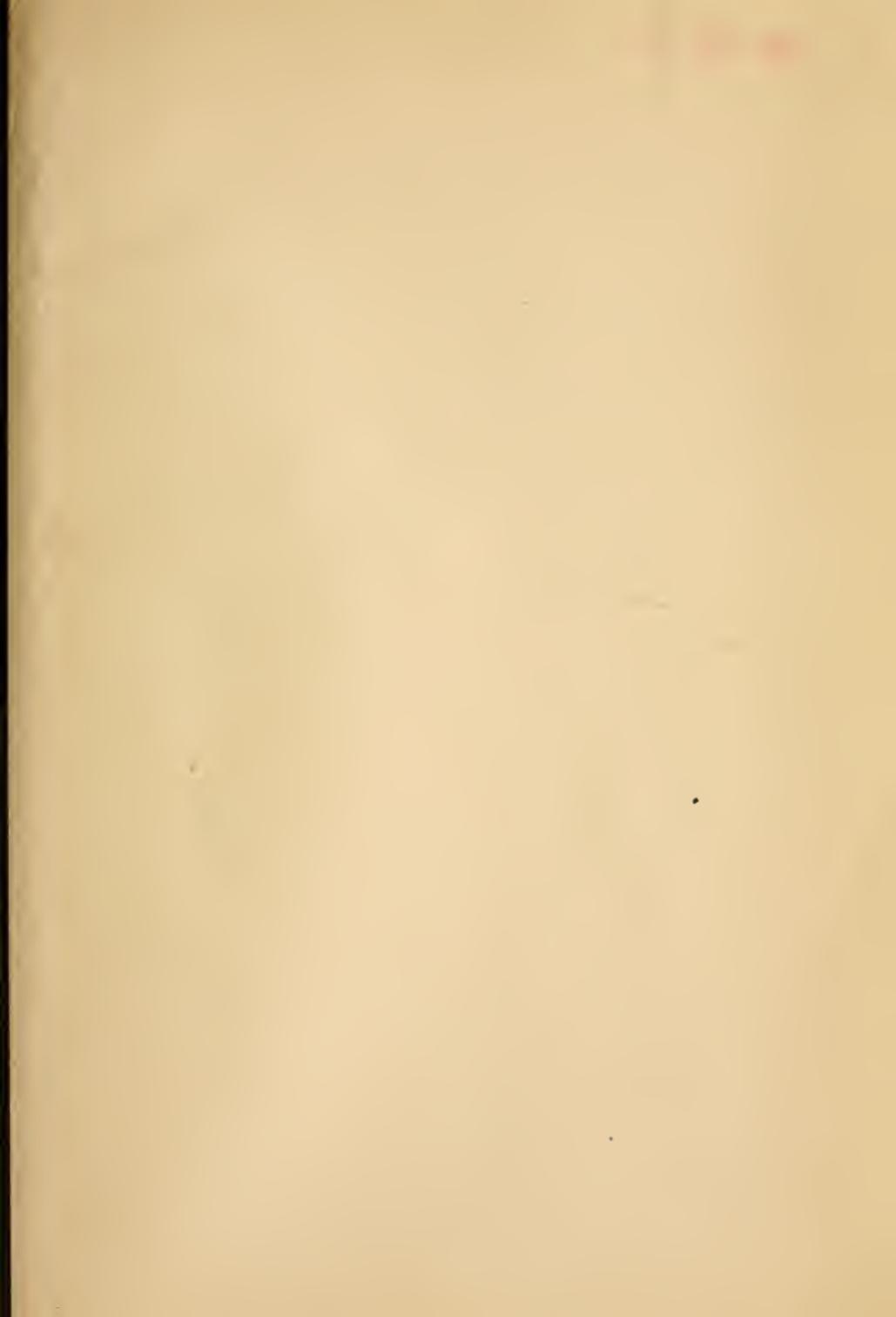
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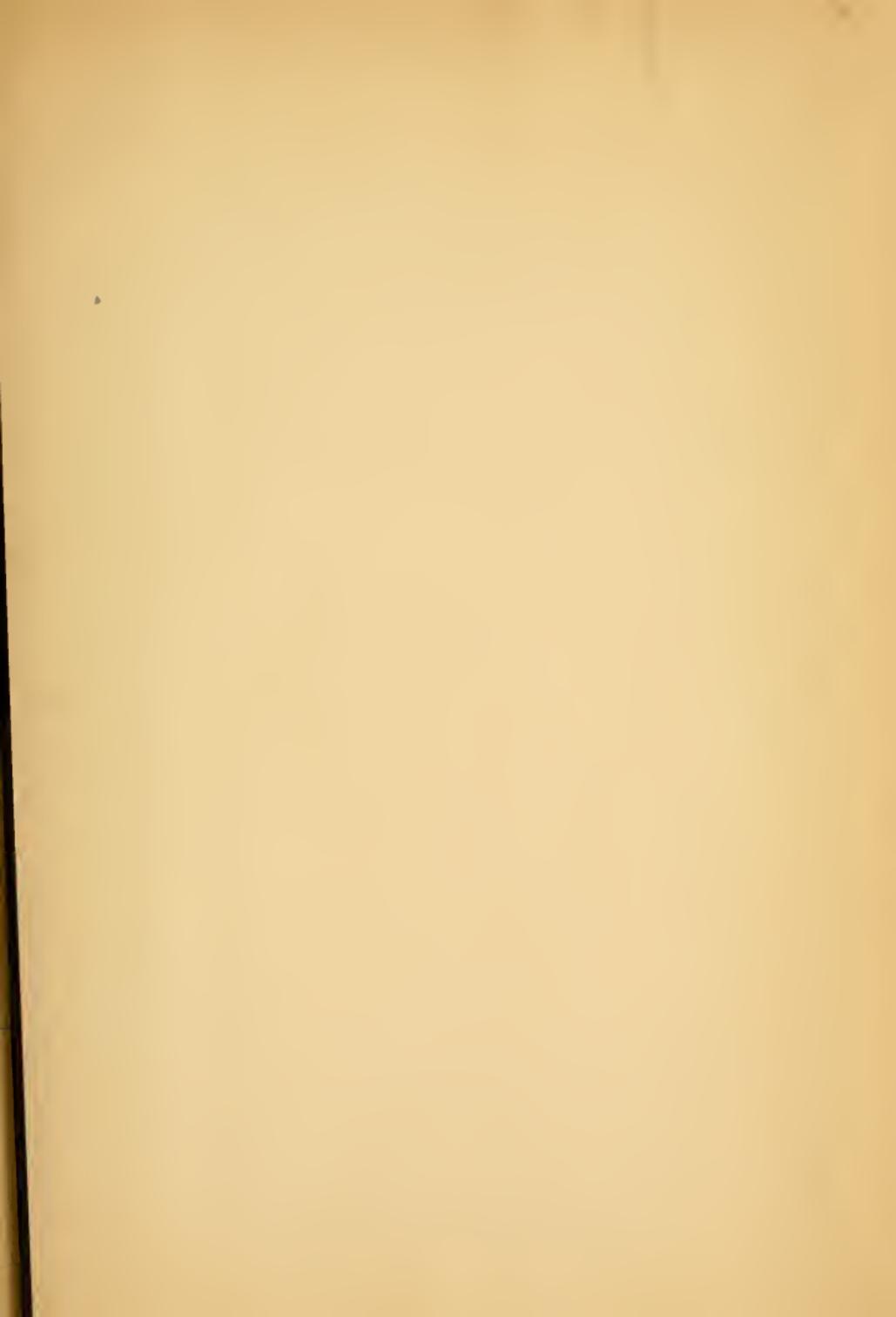
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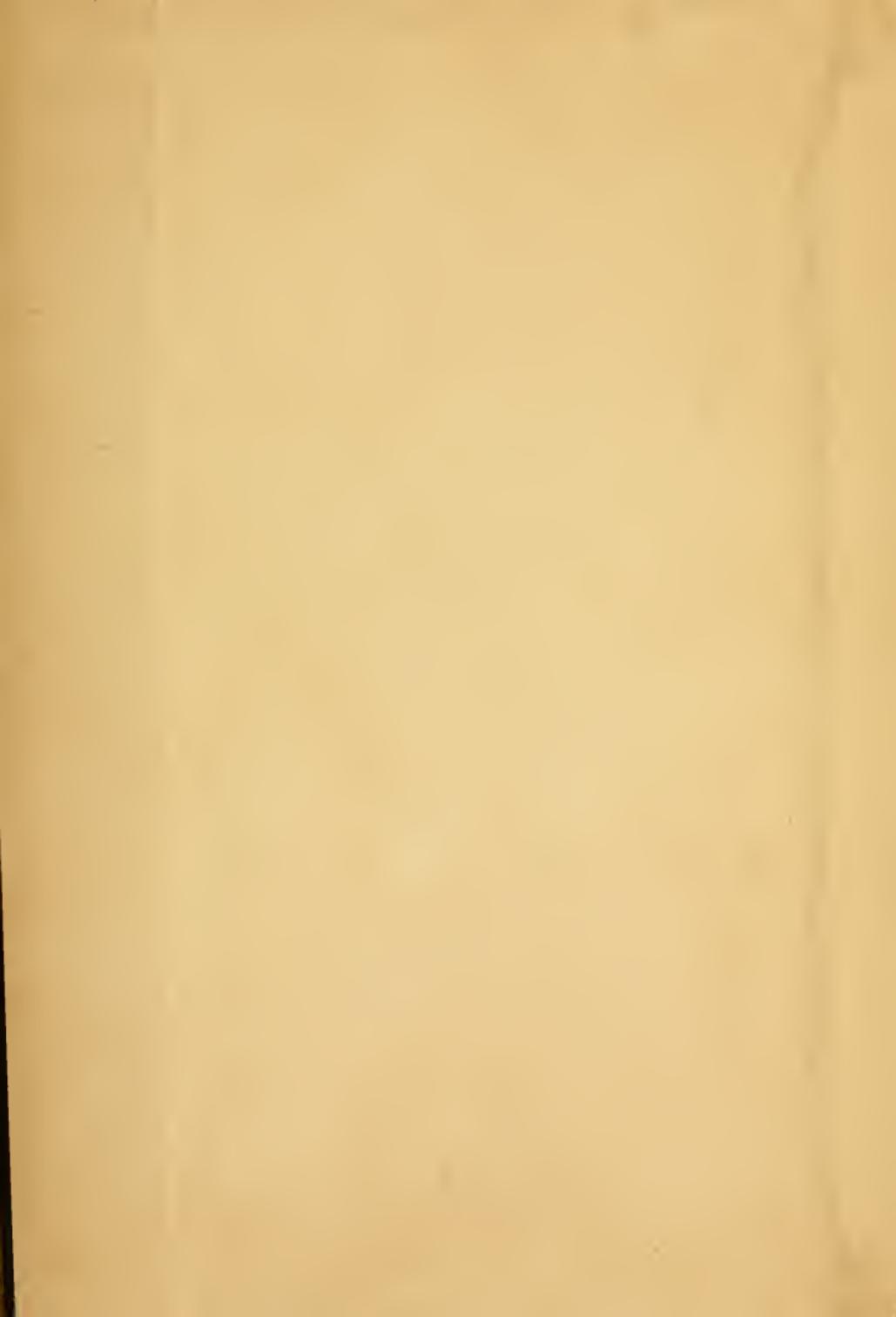




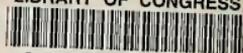








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