

WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS FROM THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE

DAVID WIDGER*

BOOK THE FIRST:

- I. That men by various ways arrive at the same end.
- II. Of Sorrow.
- III. That our affections carry themselves beyond us .
- IV. That the soul discharges her passions upon false objects, where the true are wanting.
- V. Whether the governor of a place besieged ought himself to go out to parley.
- VI. That the hour of parley is dangerous.
- VII. That the intention is judge of our actions
- VIII. Of idleness.
- IX. Of liars.
- X. Of quick or slow speech.
- XI. Of prognostications.
- XII. Of constancy.
- XIII. The ceremony of the interview of princes.
- XIV. That men are justly punished for being obstinate in the defence of a fort that is not in reason to be defended.
- XV. Of the punishment of cowardice.
- XVI. A proceeding of some ambassadors.
- XVII. Of fear.
- XVIII. That men are not to judge of our happiness till after death.
- XIX. That to study philosophy is to learn to die.
- XX. Of the force of imagination.
- XXI. That the profit of one man is the damage of another.
- XXII. Of custom, and that we should not easily change a law received .
- XXIII. Various events from the same counsel.
- XXIV. Of pedantry.
- XXV. Of the education of children.
- XXVI. That it is folly to measure truth and error by our own capacity.
- XXVII. Of friendship.
- XXVIII. Nine-and-twenty sonnets of Estienne de la Boetie.
- XXIX. Of moderation.
- XXX. Of cannibals,
- XXXI. That a man is soberly to judge of the divine ordinances.
- XXXII. That we are to avoid pleasures, even at the expense of life.

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XXXIII. That fortune is oftentimes observed to act by the rule of reason.
XXXIV. Of one defect in our government.
XXXV. Of the custom of wearing clothes
XXXVI. Of Cato the Younger.
XXXVII. That we laugh and cry for the same thing.
XXXVIII. Of solitude.
XXXIX. A consideration upon Cicero,
XL. That the relish of good and evil depends in a great measure upon the opinion we have of them.
XLI. Not to communicate a man's honour.
XLII. Of the inequality amongst us.
XLIII. Of sumptuary laws.
XLIV. Of sleep.
XLV. Of the battle of Dreux.
XLVI. Of names.
XLVII. Of the uncertainty of our judgment.
XLVIII. Of war-horses, or destriers.
XLIX. Of ancient customs.
L. Of Democritus and Heraclitus.
LI. Of the vanity of words.
LII. Of the parsimony of the Ancients.
LIII. Of a saying of Caesar.
LIV. Of vain subtleties.
LV. Of smells.
LVI. Of prayers.
LVII. Of age.

BOOK THE SECOND:

I. Of the inconstancy of our actions.
II. Of drunkenness.
III. A custom of the Isle of Cea.
IV. To-morrow's a new day.
V. Of conscience.
VI. Use makes perfect.
VII. Of recompenses of honour.
VIII. Of the affection of fathers to their children.
IX. Of the arms of the Parthians.
X. Of books.
XI. Of cruelty.
XII. Apology for Raimond de Sebonde (Not included)
XIII. Of judging of the death of another.
XIV. That the mind hinders itself.
XV. That our desires are augmented by difficulty.
XVI. Of glory.
XVII. Of presumption.
XVIII. Of giving the lie.
XIX. Of liberty of conscience.
XX. That we taste nothing pure.
XXI. Against idleness.
XXII. Of Posting.

XXIII. Of ill means employed to a good end.
XXIV. Of the Roman grandeur.
XXV. Not to counterfeit being sick.
XXVI. Of thumbs.
XXVII. Cowardice the mother of cruelty.
XXVIII. All things have their season.
XXIX. Of virtue.
XXX. Of a monstrous child.
XXXI. Of anger.
XXXII. Defence of Seneca and Plutarch.
XXXIII. The story of Spurina.
XXXIV. Observation on the means to carry on a war according to Julius Caesar.
XXXV. Of three good women.
XXXVI. Of the most excellent men.
XXXVII. Of the resemblance of children to their fathers.

BOOK THE THIRD:

I. Of Profit and Honesty.
II. Of Repentance.
III. Of Three Commerces.
IV. Of Diversion.
V. Upon Some verses of Virgil.
VI. Of Coaches.
VII. Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.
VIII. Of the Art of Conference.
IX. Of Vanity.
X. Of Managing the Will.
XI. Of Cripples.
XII. Of Physiognomy.
XIII. Of Experience.

WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V01, 1877, Cotton
[MN01][mn01v10.txt]3581
THE LIFE OF MONTAIGNE
THE LETTERS OF MONTAIGNE

Arts of persuasion, to insinuate it into our minds
Help: no other effect than that of lengthening my suffering
Judgment of great things is many times formed from lesser thing
Option now of continuing in life or of completing the voyage
Two principal guiding reins are reward and punishment
Virtue and ambition, unfortunately, seldom lodge together

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[MN02][mn02v10.txt]3582
BOOK THE FIRST.—CHAP. I. to XII.
I. That Men by Various Ways Arrive at the Same End.

- II. Of Sorrow.
- III. That our affections carry themselves beyond us .
- IV. That the soul discharges her passions upon false objects, where the true are wanting.
- V. Whether the governor of a place besieged ought himself to go out to parley.
- VI. That the hour of parley is dangerous.
- VII. That the intention is judge of our actions.
- VIII. Of idleness.
- IX. Of liars.
- X. Of quick or slow speech.
- XI. Of prognostications.
- XII. Of constancy.

Almanacs

Being dead they were then by one day happier than he.
 Books I read over again, still smile upon me with fresh novelty
 Death discharges us of all our obligations
 Difference betwixt memory and understanding
 Do thine own work, and know thyself
 Effect and performance are not at all in our power
 Fantastic gibberish of the prophetic canting
 Folly of gaping after future things
 Good to be certain and finite, and evil, infinite and uncertain
 He who lives everywhere, lives nowhere
 If they chop upon one truth, that carries a mighty report
 Impotencies that so unseasonably surprise the lover
 Let it be permitted to the timid to hope
 Light griefs can speak: deep sorrows are dumb
 Look, you who think the gods have no care of human things
 Nature of judgment to have it more deliberate and more slow
 Nature of wit is to have its operation prompt and sudden
 Nor have other tie upon one another, but by our word
 Old men who retain the memory of things past
 Pity is reputed a vice amongst the Stoics
 Rather complain of ill-fortune than be ashamed of victory
 Reverse of truth has a hundred thousand forms
 Say of some compositions that they stink of oil and of the lamp
 Solon, that none can be said to be happy until he is dead
 Strong memory is commonly coupled with infirm judgment
 Stumble upon a truth amongst an infinite number of lies
 Suffer those inconveniences which are not possibly to be avoided
 Superstitiously to seek out in the stars the ancient causes
 Their pictures are not here who were cast away
 Things I say are better than those I write
 We are masters of nothing but the will
 We cannot be bound beyond what we are able to perform
 Where the lion's skin is too short

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[MN03][mn03v10.txt]3583

BOOK THE FIRST.—CHAP. XIII. to XXI.

XIII. The ceremony of the interview of princes.

XIV. That men are justly punished for being obstinate in the defence of a fort.

XV. Of the punishment of cowardice.

XVI. A proceeding of some ambassadors.

XVII. Of fear.

XVIII. That men are not to judge of our happiness till after death.

XIX. That to study philosophy is to learn to die.

XX. Of the force of imagination.

XXI. That the profit of one man is the damage of another.

Accommodated my subject to my strength
Affright people with the very mention of death
All I aim at is, to pass my time at my ease
All think he has yet twenty good years to come
Apprenticeship and a resemblance of death
Become a fool by too much wisdom
Both himself and his posterity declared ignoble, taxable
Caesar: he would be thought an excellent engineer to boot
Courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study
Dangers do, in truth, little or nothing hasten our end
Death can, whenever we please, cut short inconveniences
Death has us every moment by the throat
Death is a part of you
Denying all solicitation, both of hand and mind
Did my discourses came only from my mouth or from my heart
Die well—that is, patiently and tranquilly
Discover what there is of good and clean in the bottom of the po
Downright and sincere obedience
Every day travels towards death; the last only arrives at it
Fear is more importunate and insupportable than death itself
Fear to lose a thing, which being lost, cannot be lamented?
Fear: begets a terrible astonishment and confusion
Feared, lest disgrace should make such delinquents desperate
Give these young wenches the things they long for
Have you ever found any who have been dissatisfied with dying?
How many more have died before they arrived at thy age
How many several ways has death to surprise us?
How much more insupportable and painful an immortal life
I have lived longer by this one day than I should have done
I take hold of, as little glorious and exemplary as you will
If nature do not help a little, it is very hard
In this last scene of death, there is no more counterfeiting
Inclination to love one another at the first sight
Indocile liberty of this member
Insensible of the stroke when our youth dies in us
Live at the expense of life itself.
Much better to offend him once than myself every day

Nature, who left us in such a state of imperfection
 Neither men nor their lives are measured by the ell
 No man more certain than another of to-morrow. –Seneca
 No one can be called happy till he is dead and buried
 Not certain to live till I came home
 Not melancholic, but meditative
 Nothing can be a grievance that is but once
 Philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die
 Premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty
 Profit made only at the expense of another
 Rather prating of another man's province than his own
 Same folly as to be sorry we were not alive a hundred years ago
 Slaves, or exiles, oftentimes live as merrily as other folk
 some people rude, by being overcivil in their courtesy
 The day of your birth is one day's advance towards the grave
 The deadest deaths are the best
 The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear
 There is no long, nor short, to things that are no more
 Thing at which we all aim, even in virtue is pleasure
 Things often appear greater to us at distance than near at hand
 To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die
 Utility of living consists not in the length of days
 Valour has its bounds as well as other virtues
 Valuing the interest of discipline
 Well, and what if it had been death itself?
 What may be done to-morrow, may be done to-day.
 Who would weigh him without the honour and grandeur of his end.
 Willingly slip the collar of command upon any pretence whatever
 Woman who goes to bed to a man, must put off her modesty
 You must first see us die
 Young and old die upon the same terms

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 [MN04][mn04v10.txt]3584
 BOOK THE FIRST.–CHAP. XXII. to XXIV.
 XXII. Of custom, and that we should not easily change a law received
 XXIII. Various events from the same counsel.
 XXIV. Of pedantry.

A parrot would say as much as that
 Agesilaus, what he thought most proper for boys to learn?
 But it is not enough that our education does not spoil us
 Conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature
 Culling out of several books the sentences that best please me
 "Custom," replied Plato, "is no little thing"
 Education
 Examine, who is better learned, than who is more learned
 Fear and distrust invite and draw on offence
 Fortune will still be mistress of events
 Fox, who found fault with what he could not obtain

Fruits of public commotion are seldom enjoyed
 Gave them new and more plausible names for their excuse
 Give me time to recover my strength and health
 Great presumption to be so fond of one's own opinions
 Gross impostures of religions
 Hoary head and rivelled face of ancient usage
 Hold a stiff rein upon suspicion
 I have a great aversion from a novelty
 Knowledge is not so absolutely necessary as judgment
 Laws do what they can, when they cannot do what they would
 Man can never be wise but by his own wisdom
 Memories are full enough, but the judgment totally void
 Miracles appear to be so, according to our ignorance of nature
 Nothing noble can be performed without danger
 Only set the humours they would purge more violently in work
 Ought not to expect much either from his vigilance or power
 Ought to withdraw and retire his soul from the crowd
 Over-circumspect and wary prudence is a mortal enemy
 Physic
 Physician worse physicked
 Plays of children are not performed in play
 Present himself with a halter about his neck to the people
 Rome was more valiant before she grew so learned
 Study to declare what is justice, but never took care to do it.
 Testimony of the truth from minds prepossessed by custom?
 They neither instruct us to think well nor to do well
 Think of physic as much good or ill as any one would have me
 Use veils from us the true aspect of things
 Victorious envied the conquered
 We only labour to stuff the memory
 We take other men's knowledge and opinions upon trust
 Weakness and instability of a private and particular fancy
 What they ought to do when they come to be men
 Whosoever despises his own life, is always master
 Worse endure an ill-contrived robe than an ill-contrived mind

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 [MN05][mn05v10.txt]3585
 BOOK THE FIRST.-CHAP. XXV. to XXVI.
 XXV. Of the education of children.
 XXVI. That it is folly to measure truth and error by our own
 capacity.

A child should not be brought up in his mother's lap
 Acquiesce and submit to truth
 Affect words that are not of current use
 Anything appears greatest to him that never knew a greater
 Appetite to read more, than glutted with that we have
 Applaud his judgment than commend his knowledge
 Attribute facility of belief to simplicity and ignorance

Away with this violence! away with this compulsion!
Bears well a changed fortune, acting both parts equally well
Belief compared to the impression of a seal upon the soul
cloak on one shoulder, my cap on one side, a stocking disordered
College: a real house of correction of imprisoned youth
Disgorge what we eat in the same condition it was swallowed
Education ought to be carried on with a severe sweetness
Eloquence prejudices the subject it would advance
Fear was not that I should do ill, but that I should do nothing
Glory and curiosity are the scourges of the soul
Hobbes said that if he Had been at college as long as others—
Inquisitive after everything
Insert whole sections and pages out of ancient authors
It is no hard matter to get children
Learn what it is right to wish
Least touch or prick of a pencil in comparison of the whole
Let him be satisfied with correcting himself
Let him examine every man's talent
Light prognostics they give of themselves in their tender years
Living well, which of all arts is the greatest
Lodge nothing in his fancy upon simple authority and upon trust
Man may say too much even upon the best subjects
Miracle: everything our reason cannot comprehend
Morosity and melancholic humour of a sour ill-natured pedant
Mothers are too tender
Negligent garb, which is yet observable amongst the young men
Nobody prognosticated that I should be wicked, but only useless
Not having been able to pronounce one syllable, which is No.
O Athenians, what this man says, I will do
Obstinacy and contention are common qualities
Occasion to La Boetie to write his "Voluntary Servitude"
Philosophy has discourses proper for childhood
Philosophy is that which instructs us to live
Philosophy looked upon as a vain and fantastic name
Preface to bribe the benevolence of the courteous reader
Reading those books, converse with the great and heroic souls
Silence, therefore, and modesty are very advantageous qualities
So many trillions of men, buried before us
Sparing and an husband of his knowledge
The conduct of our lives is the true mirror of our doctrine
The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness
Their labour is not to delivery, but about conception
There is nothing like alluring the appetite and affections
They begin to teach us to live when we have almost done living
Things grow familiar to men's minds by being often seen
To condemn them as impossible, is by a temerarious presumption
To contemn what we do not comprehend
To go a mile out of their way to hook in a fine word
To know by rote, is no knowledge
Tongue will grow too stiff to bend

Totally brutified by an immoderate thirst after knowledge
Unbecoming rudeness to carp at everything
Unjust to exact from me what I do not owe
Where their profit is, let them there have their pleasure too
Who by their fondness of some fine sounding word

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[MN06][mn06v10.txt]3586
BOOK THE FIRST.-CHAP. XXVII. to XXXVIII.
XXVII. Of friendship.
XXVIII. Nine-and-twenty sonnets of Estienne de la Boetie.
XXIX. Of moderation.
XXX. Of cannibals.
XXXI. That a man is soberly to judge of the divine ordinances.
XXXII. That we are to avoid pleasures, even at the expense of life.
XXXIII. That fortune is oftentimes observed to act by the rule of
reason.
XXXIV. Of one defect in our government.
XXXV. Of the custom of wearing clothes.
XXXVI. Of Cato the Younger.
XXXVII. That we laugh and cry for the same thing.
XXXVIII. Of solitude.

A man must either imitate the vicious or hate them
Abhorrence of the patient are necessary circumstances
Acquire by his writings an immortal life
Addict thyself to the study of letters
Always the perfect religion
And hate him so as you were one day to love him
Archer that shoots over, misses as much as he that falls short
Art that could come to the knowledge of but few persons
Being over-studious, we impair our health and spoil our humour
By the misery of this life, aiming at bliss in another
Carnal appetites only supported by use and exercise
Coming out of the same hole
Common friendships will admit of division
Dost thou, then, old man, collect food for others' ears?
Either tranquil life, or happy death
Enslave our own contentment to the power of another
Entertain us with fables:astrologers and physicians
Everything has many faces and several aspects
Extremity of philosophy is hurtful
Friendships that the law and natural obligation impose upon us
Gewgaw to hang in a cabinet or at the end of the tongue
Gratify the gods and nature by massacre and murder
He took himself along with him
He will choose to be alone
Headache should come before drunkenness
High time to die when there is more ill than good in living
Honour of valour consists in fighting, not in subduing

How uncertain duration these accidental conveniences are
 I bequeath to Areteus the maintenance of my mother
 I for my part always went the plain way to work
 I love temperate and moderate natures
 Impostures: very strangeness lends them credit
 In solitude, be company for thyself—Tibullus
 In the meantime, their halves were begging at their doors
 Interdict all gifts betwixt man and wife
 It is better to die than to live miserable
 Judge by the eye of reason, and not from common report
 Knot is not so sure that a man may not half suspect it will slip
 Lascivious poet: Homer
 Laying themselves low to avoid the danger of falling
 Leave society when we can no longer add anything to it
 Little less trouble in governing a private family than a kingdom
 Love we bear to our wives is very lawful
 Man (must) know that he is his own
 Marriage
 Men should furnish themselves with such things as would float
 Methinks I am no more than half of myself
 Must for the most part entertain ourselves with ourselves
 Never represent things to you simply as they are
 No effect of virtue, to have stronger arms and legs
 Not in a condition to lend must forbid himself to borrow
 Nothing is so firmly believed, as what we least know
 O my friends, there is no friend: Aristotle
 Oftentimes agitated with divers passions
 Ordinary friendships, you are to walk with bridle in your hand
 Ought not only to have his hands, but his eyes, too, chaste
 Our judgments are yet sick
 Perfect friendship I speak of is indivisible
 Philosophy
 Physicians cure by misery and pain.
 Prefer in bed, beauty before goodness
 Pretending to find out the cause of every accident
 Reputation: most useless, frivolous, and false coin that passes
 Reserve a backshop, wholly our own and entirely free
 Rest satisfied, without desire of prolongation of life or name
 Stilpo lost wife, children, and goods
 Stilpo: thank God, nothing was lost of his
 Take two sorts of grist out of the same sack
 Taking things upon trust from vulgar opinion
 Tearing a body limb from limb by racks and torments
 The consequence of common examples
 There are defeats more triumphant than victories
 They can neither lend nor give anything to one another
 They have yet touched nothing of that which is mine
 They must be very hard to please, if they are not contented
 Things that engage us elsewhere and separate us from ourselves
 This decay of nature which renders him useless, burdensome

This plodding occupation of bookes is as painfull as any other
 Those immodest and debauched tricks and postures
 Though I be engaged to one forme, I do not tie the world unto it
 Title of barbarism to everything that is not familiar
 To give a currency to his little pittance of learning
 To make their private advantage at the public expense
 Under fortune's favour, to prepare myself for her disgrace
 Vice of confining their belief to their own capacity
 We have lived enough for others
 We have more curiosity than capacity
 We still carry our fetters along with us
 When time begins to wear things out of memory
 Wherever the mind is perplexed, it is in an entire disorder
 Who can flee from himself
 Wise man never loses anything if he have himself
 Wise whose invested money is visible in beautiful villas
 Write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more
 You and your companion are theatre enough to one another

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 [MN07][mn07v10.txt]3587
 BOOK THE FIRST.-CHAP. XXXIX. to XLVII.
 XXXIX. A consideration upon Cicero.
 XL. That the relish of good and evil depends in a great measure
 upon opinion.
 XLI. Not to communicate a man's honour.
 XLII. Of the inequality amongst us.
 XLIII. Of sumptuary laws.
 XLIV. Of sleep.
 XLV. Of the battle of Dreux.
 XLVI. Of names.
 XLVII. Of the uncertainty of our judgment.

"Art thou not ashamed," said he to him, "to sing so well?"
 As great a benefit to be without (children)
 Away with that eloquence that enchants us with itself
 Because the people know so well how to obey
 Blemishes of the great naturally appear greater
 Change is to be feared
 Cicero: on fame
 Confidence in another man's virtue
 Dangerous man you have deprived of all means to escape
 Depend as much upon fortune as anything else we do
 Fame: an echo, a dream, nay, the shadow of a dream
 Far more easy and pleasant to follow than to lead
 He who lays the cloth is ever at the charge of the feast
 I honour those most to whom I show the least honour
 In war not to drive an enemy to despair
 My words does but injure the love I have conceived within.
 Neither the courage to die nor the heart to live

Never spoke of my money, but falsely, as others do
No great choice betwixt not knowing to speak anything but ill
No man continues ill long but by his own fault
No necessity upon a man to live in necessity
No passion so contagious as that of fear
Not a victory that puts not an end to the war
Not want, but rather abundance, that creates avarice
Only secure harbour from the storms and tempests of life
Opinions they have of things and not by the things themselves
People conceiving they have right and title to be judges
Pyrrho's hog
Repute for value in them, not what they bring to us
Satisfaction of mind to have only one path to walk in
That which cowardice itself has chosen for its refuge
The honour we receive from those that fear us is not honour
The pedestal is no part of the statue
There is more trouble in keeping money than in getting it.
There is nothing I hate so much as driving a bargain
Thou wilt not feel it long if thou feelest it too much
Tis the sharpness of our mind that gives the edge to our pains
Titles being so dearly bought
Twenty people prating about him when he is at stool
Valour whetted and enraged by mischance
What can they not do, what do they fear to do (for beauty)

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[MN08][mn08v10.txt]3588
BOOK THE FIRST.-CHAP. XLVIII. to LVII.
XLVIII. Of war-horses, or destriers.
XLIX. Of ancient customs.
L. Of Democritus and Heraclitus.
LI. Of the vanity of words.
LII. Of the parsimony of the Ancients.
LIII. Of a saying of Caesar.
LIV. Of vain subtleties.
LV. Of smells.
LVI. Of prayers.
LVII. Of age.

Advise to choose weapons of the shortest sort
An ignorance that knowledge creates and begets
Ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon it
Can neither keep nor enjoy anything with a good grace
Change of fashions
Chess: this idle and childish game
Death is terrible to Cicero, coveted by Cato
Death of old age the most rare and very seldom seen
Diogenes, esteeming us no better than flies or bladders
Do not to pray that all things may go as we would have them
Excel above the common rate in frivolous things

Expresses more contempt and condemnation than the other
 Fancy that others cannot believe otherwise than as he does
 Gradations above and below pleasure
 Greatest apprehensions, from things unseen, concealed
 He did not think mankind worthy of a wise man's concern
 Home anxieties and a mind enslaved by wearing complaints
 How infirm and decaying material this fabric of ours is
 I do not willingly alight when I am once on horseback
 Led by the ears by this charming harmony of words
 Little knacks and frivolous subtleties
 Men approve of things for their being rare and new
 Must of necessity walk in the steps of another
 Natural death the most rare and very seldom seen
 Not to instruct but to be instructed
 Present Him such words as the memory suggests to the tongue
 Psalms of King David: promiscuous, indiscreet
 Rhetoric: an art to flatter and deceive
 Rhetoric: to govern a disorderly and tumultuous rabble
 Sitting betwixt two stools
 Sometimes the body first submits to age, sometimes the mind
 Stupidity and facility natural to the common people
 The Bible: the wicked and ignorant grow worse by it
 The faintness that surprises in the exercises of Venus
 Thucydides: which was the better wrestler
 To die of old age is a death rare, extraordinary, and singular
 To make little things appear great was his profession
 To smell, though well, is to stink
 Valour will cause a trembling in the limbs as well as fear
 Viscid melting kisses of youthful ardour in my wanton age
 We can never be despised according to our full desert
 When we have got it, we want something else
 Women who paint, pounce, and plaster up their ruins

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 [MN09][mn09v10.txt]3589
 BOOK THE SECOND.-CHAP. I. to VI.
 I. Of the inconstancy of our actions.
 II. Of drunkenness.
 III. A custom of the Isle of Cea.
 IV. To-morrow's a new day.
 V. Of conscience.
 VI. Use makes perfect.

Addresses his voyage to no certain port
 All apprentices when we come to it(death)
 Any one may deprive us of life; no one can deprive us of death
 Business to-morrow
 Condemning wine, because some people will be drunk
 Conscience makes us betray, accuse, and fight against ourselves
 Curiosity and of that eager passion for news

Delivered into our own custody the keys of life
 Drunkenness a true and certain trial of every one's nature
 I can more hardly believe a man's constancy than any virtue
 "I wish you good health." "No health to thee," replied the other
 If to philosophise be, as 'tis defined, to doubt
 Improperly we call this voluntary dissolution, despair
 It's madness to nourish infirmity
 Let him be as wise as he will, after all he is but a man
 Living is slavery if the liberty of dying be wanting.
 Look upon themselves as a third person only, a stranger
 Lower himself to the meanness of defending his innocence
 Much difference betwixt us and ourselves
 No alcohol the night on which a man intends to get children
 No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness
 Not conclude too much upon your mistress's inviolable chastity
 One door into life, but a hundred thousand ways out
 Ordinary method of cure is carried on at the expense of life
 Plato forbids children wine till eighteen years of age
 Shame for me to serve, being so near the reach of liberty
 Speak less of one's self than what one really is is folly
 Taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death
 The action is commendable, not the man.
 The most voluntary death is the finest
 The vice opposite to curiosity is negligence
 Things seem greater by imagination than they are in effect
 Thy own cowardice is the cause, if thou livest in pain
 Tis evil counsel that will admit no change
 Torture: rather a trial of patience than of truth
 We do not go, we are driven
 What can they suffer who do not fear to die?
 Whoever expects punishment already suffers it
 Wise man lives as long as he ought, not so long as he can

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 [MN10][mn10v10.txt]3590
 BOOK THE SECOND.-CHAP. VII. to XII.
 VII. Of recompenses of honour.
 VIII. Of the affection of fathers to their children.
 IX. Of the arms of the Parthians.
 X. Of books.
 XI. Of cruelty.
 XII.

A little cheese when a mind to make a feast
 A word ill taken obliterates ten years' merit
 Cato said: So many servants, so many enemies
 Cherish themselves most where they are most wrong
 Condemn all violence in the education of a tender soul
 Cruelty is the very extreme of all vices
 Disguise, by their abridgments and at their own choice

Epicurus

Flatterer in your old age or in your sickness
He felt a pleasure and delight in so noble an action
He judged other men by himself
I cannot well refuse to play with my dog
I do not much lament the dead, and should envy them rather
I had rather be old a brief time, than be old before old age
I owe it rather to my fortune than my reason
Incline the history to their own fancy
It (my books) may know many things that are gone from me
Knowledge and truth may be in us without judgment
Learn the theory from those who best know the practice
Loved them for our sport, like monkeys, and not as men
Motive to some vicious occasion or some prospect of profit
My books: from me hold that which I have not retained
My dog unseasonably importunes me to play
My innocence is a simple one; little vigour and no art
Never observed any great stability in my soul to resist passions
Nothing tempts my tears but tears
Omit, as incredible, such things as they do not understand
On all occasions to contradict and oppose
Only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent
Passion of dandling and caressing infants scarcely born
Perfection: but I will not buy it so dear as it costs
Plato will have nobody marry before thirty
Prudent and just man may be intemperate and inconsistent
Puerile simplicities of our children
Shelter my own weakness under these great reputations
Socrates kept a confounded scolding wife
The authors, with whom I converse
There is no recompense becomes virtue
To do well where there was danger was the proper office
To whom no one is ill who can be good?
Turks have alms and hospitals for beasts
Vices will cling together, if a man have not a care
Virtue is much strengthened by combats
Virtue refuses facility for a companion

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V11, 1877, Cotton

[MN11][mn11v10.txt]3591

BOOK THE SECOND.-CHAP. XIII. to XVII.

XIII. Of judging of the death of another.

XIV. That the mind hinders itself.

XV. That our desires are augmented by difficulty.

XVI. Of glory.

XVII. Of presumption.

A generous heart ought not to belie its own thoughts
A man may play the fool in everything else, but not in poetry
Against my trifles you could say no more than I myself have said

Agitated betwixt hope and fear
 All defence shows a face of war
 Almanacs
 An advantage in judgment we yield to none
 Any old government better than change and alteration
 Anything becomes foul when commended by the multitude
 Appetite runs after that it has not
 Armed parties (the true school of treason, inhumanity, robbery
 Authority to be dissected by the vain fancies of men
 Authority which a graceful presence and a majestic mien beget
 Be on which side you will, you have as fair a game to play
 Beauty of stature is the only beauty of men
 Believing Heaven concerned at our ordinary actions
 Better at speaking than writing. Motion and action animate word
 Caesar's choice of death: "the shortest"
 Ceremony forbids us to express by words things that are lawful
 Content: more easily found in want than in abundance
 Curiosity of knowing things has been given to man for a scourge
 Defence allures attempt, and defiance provokes an enemy
 Desire of riches is more sharpened by their use than by the need
 Difficulty gives all things their estimation
 Doubt whether those (old writings) we have be not the worst
 Doubtful ills plague us worst
 Endeavouring to be brief, I become obscure
 Engaged in the avenues of old age, being already past forty
 Every government has a god at the head of it
 Executions rather whet than dull the edge of vices
 Fear of the fall more fevers me than the fall itself
 Folly to hazard that upon the uncertainty of augmenting it
 For who ever thought he wanted sense?
 Fortune rules in all things
 Gentleman would play the fool to make a show of defence
 Happen to do anything commendable, I attribute it to fortune
 Having too good an opinion of our own worth
 He should discern in himself, as well as in others
 He who is only a good man that men may know it
 How many worthy men have we known to survive their reputation
 Humble out of pride
 I am very glad to find the way beaten before me by others
 I find myself here fettered by the laws of ceremony
 I have no mind to die, but I have no objection to be dead
 I have not a wit supple enough to evade a sudden question
 I have nothing of my own that satisfies my judgment
 I would be rich of myself, and not by borrowing
 Ill luck is good for something
 Imitating other men's natures, thou layest aside thy own
 Immoderate either seeking or evading glory or reputation
 Impunity pass with us for justice
 It is not for outward show that the soul is to play its part
 Knowledge of others, wherein the honour consists

Lessen the just value of things that I possess
 License of judgments is a great disturbance to great affairs
 Lose what I have a particular care to lock safe up
 Loses more by defending his vineyard than if he gave it up.
 More brave men been lost in occasions of little moment
 More solicitous that men speak of us, than how they speak
 My affection alters, my judgment does not
 No way found to tranquillity that is good in common
 Not being able to govern events, I govern myself
 Not conceiving things otherwise than by this outward bark
 Not for any profit, but for the honour of honesty itself
 Nothing is more confident than a bad poet
 Nothing that so poisons as flattery
 Obedience is never pure nor calm in him who reasons and disputes
 Occasions of the least lustre are ever the most dangerous
 Of the fleeting years each steals something from me
 Office of magnanimity openly and professedly to love and hate
 Old age: applaud the past and condemn the present
 One may be humble out of pride
 Our will is more obstinate by being opposed
 Overvalue things, because they are foreign, absent
 Philopoemen: paying the penalty of my ugliness.
 Pleasing all: a mark that can never be aimed at or hit
 Poets
 Possession begets a contempt of what it holds and rules
 Prolong his life also prolonged and augmented his pain
 Regret so honourable a post, where necessity must make them bold
 Sense: no one who is not contented with his share
 Setting too great a value upon ourselves
 Setting too little a value upon others
 She who only refuses, because 'tis forbidden, consents
 Short of the foremost, but before the last.
 Souls that are regular and strong of themselves are rare
 Suicide: a morsel that is to be swallowed without chewing
 Take all things at the worst, and to resolve to bear that worst
 The age we live in produces but very indifferent things
 The reward of a thing well done is to have done it
 The satiety of living, inclines a man to desire to die
 There is no reason that has not its contrary
 They do not see my heart, they see but my countenance
 Those who can please and hug themselves in what they do
 Tis far beyond not fearing death to taste and relish it
 To forbid us anything is to make us have a mind to't
 Voice and determination of the rabble, the mother of ignorance
 Vulgar reports and opinions that drive us on
 We believe we do not believe
 We consider our death as a very great thing
 We have not the thousandth part of ancient writings

We have taught the ladies to blush

We set too much value upon ourselves
Were more ambitious of a great reputation than of a good one
What a man says should be what he thinks
What he did by nature and accident, he cannot do by design
What is more accidental than reputation?
What, shall so much knowledge be lost
Wiser who only know what is needful for them to know

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V12, 1877, Cotton
[MN12][mn12v10.txt]3592
BOOK THE SECOND.—CHAP. XVIII. to XXXI.
XVIII. Of giving the lie.
XIX. Of liberty of conscience.
XX. That we taste nothing pure.
XXI. Against idleness.
XXII. Of Posting.
XXIII. Of ill means employed to a good end.
XXIV. Of the Roman grandeur.
XXV. Not to counterfeit being sick.
XXVI. Of thumbs.
XXVII. Cowardice the mother of cruelty.
XXVIII. All things have their season.
XXIX. Of virtue.
XXX. Of a monstrous child.
XXXI. Of anger.

A man may always study, but he must not always go to school
Accursed be thou, as he that arms himself for fear of death
All things have their seasons, even good ones
All those who have authority to be angry in my family
"An emperor," said he, "must die standing"
Ancient Romans kept their youth always standing at school
And we suffer the ills of a long peace
Be not angry to no purpose
Best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice
By resenting the lie we acquit ourselves of the fault
By the gods," said he, "if I was not angry, I would execute you
Children are amused with toys and men with words
Consent, and complacency in giving a man's self up to melancholy
Defend most the defects with which we are most tainted
Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate
Fortune sometimes seems to delight in taking us at our word
Greatest talkers, for the most part, do nothing to purpose
Have more wherewith to defray my journey, than I have way to go
Hearing a philosopher talk of military affairs
How much it costs him to do no worse
I need not seek a fool from afar; I can laugh at myself
Idleness, the mother of corruption
If a passion once prepossess and seize me, it carries me away
In sorrow there is some mixture of pleasure

Killing is good to frustrate an offence to come, not to revenge
 Laws cannot subsist without mixture of injustice
 Least end of a hair will serve to draw them into my discourse
 Let us not seek our disease out of ourselves; 'tis in us
 Look on death not only without astonishment but without care
 Melancholy: Are there not some constitutions that feed upon it?
 Most cruel people, and upon frivolous occasions, apt to cry.
 No beast in the world so much to be feared by man as man
 Our extremest pleasure has some sort of groaning
 Our fancy does what it will, both with itself and us
 Owe ourselves chiefly and mostly to ourselves
 Petulant madness contends with itself
 Rage it puts them to oppose silence and coldness to their fury
 Rash and incessant scolding runs into custom
 Revenge, which afterwards produces a series of new cruelties
 See how flexible our reason is
 Seeming anger, for the better governing of my house
 Shake the truth of our Church by the vices of her ministers
 Take my last leave of every place I depart from
 The gods sell us all the goods they give us
 The storm is only begot by a concurrence of angers
 Though nobody should read me, have I wasted time
 Tis said of Epimenides, that he always prophesied backward.
 Tis then no longer correction, but revenge
 Upon the precipice, 'tis no matter who gave you the push
 When will this man be wise," said he, "if he is yet learning?
 When you see me moved first, let me alone, right or wrong
 Young are to make their preparations, the old to enjoy them

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V13, 1877, Cotton
 [MN13][mn13v10.txt]3593
 BOOK THE SECOND.—CHAP. XXXII. to XXXVII.
 XXXII. Defence of Seneca and Plutarch.
 XXXIII. The story of Spurina.
 XXXIV. Observation on the means to carry on a war according to Julius
 Caesar.
 XXXV. Of three good women.
 XXXVI. Of the most excellent men.
 XXXVII. Of the resemblance of children to their fathers.

Accusing all others of ignorance and imposition
 Affection towards their husbands, (not)until they have lost them
 Anything of value in him, let him make it appear in his conduct
 As if impatience were of itself a better remedy than patience
 Assurance they give us of the certainty of their drugs
 At least, if they do no good, they will do no harm
 Attribute to itself; all the happy successes that happen
 Best part of a captain to know how to make use of occasions
 Burnt and roasted for opinions taken upon trust from others
 Commit themselves to the common fortune

Crafty humility that springs from presumption
 Did not approve all sorts of means to obtain a victory
 Disease had arrived at its period or an effect of chance?
 Dissentient and tumultuary drugs
 Do not much blame them for making their advantage of our folly
 Doctors: more felicity and duration in their own lives?
 Doctrine much more intricate and fantastic than the thing itself
 Drugs being in its own nature an enemy to our health
 Even the very promises of physic are incredible in themselves
 Fathers conceal their affection from their children
 He who provides for all, provides for nothing
 Health depends upon the vanity and falsity of their promises
 Health is altered and corrupted by their frequent prescriptions
 Health to be worth purchasing by all the most painful cauteries
 Homer: The only words that have motion and action
 I am towards the bottom of the barrel
 I dare not promise but that I may one day be so much a fool
 I see no people so soon sick as those who take physic
 Indiscreet desire of a present cure, that so blind us
 Intended to get a new husband than to lament the old
 Let it alone a little
 Life should be cut off in the sound and living part
 Live a quite contrary sort of life to what they prescribe others
 Live, not so long as they please, but as long as they ought
 Laying the fault upon the patient, by such frivolous reasons
 Long a voyage I should at last run myself into some disadvantage
 Making their advantage of our folly, for most men do the same
 Man may with less trouble adapt himself to entire abstinence
 Man runs a very great hazard in their hands (of physicians)
 Mark of singular good nature to preserve old age
 Men must embark, and not deliberate, upon high enterprises
 Mercenaries who would receive any (pay)
 Moderation is a virtue that gives more work than suffering
 More valued a victory obtained by counsel than by force
 Most men do not so much believe as they acquiesce and permit
 Never any man knew so much, and spake so little
 No danger with them, though they may do us no good
 No other foundation or support than public abuse
 No physic that has not something hurtful in it
 Noble and rich, where examples of virtue are rarely lodged
 Obstinacy is the sister of constancy
 Order a purge for your brain, it will there be much better
 Ordinances it (Medicine) foists upon us
 Passion has a more absolute command over us than reason
 Pay very strict usury who did not in due time pay the principal
 People are willing to be gulled in what they desire
 Physician's "help", which is very often an obstacle
 Physicians are not content to deal only with the sick
 Physicians fear men should at any time escape their authority
 Physicians were the only men who might lie at pleasure

Physicians: earth covers their failures
 Plato said of the Egyptians, that they were all physicians
 Pure cowardice that makes our belief so pliable
 Recommendation of strangeness, rarity, and dear purchase
 Send us to the better air of some other country
 Should first have mended their breeches
 Smile upon us whilst we are alive
 So austere and very wise countenance and carriage :of physicians
 So much are men enslaved to their miserable being
 Solon said "that eating was physic against the malady hunger
 Strangely suspect all this merchandise: medical care
 Studies, to teach me to do, and not to write
 Such a recipe as they will not take themselves
 That he could neither read nor swim
 The Babylonians carried their sick into the public square
 They (good women) are not by the dozen, as every one knows
 They have not one more invention left wherewith to amuse us
 They juggle and trifle in all their discourses at our expense
 They never loved them till dead
 Tis in some sort a kind of dying to avoid the pain of living well
 Tis not the number of men, but the number of good men
 Tis there she talks plain French
 To be, not to seem
 To keep me from dying is not in your power
 Two opinions alike, no more than two hairs
 Tyrannical authority physicians usurp over poor creatures
 Venture it upon his neighbour, if he will let him
 venture the making ourselves better without any danger
 We confess our ignorance in many things
 We do not easily accept the medicine we understand
 What are become of all our brave philosophical precepts?
 What we have not seen, we are forced to receive from other hands
 Whatever was not ordinary diet, was instead of a drug
 Whimpering is offensive to the living and vain to the dead
 Who does not boast of some rare recipe
 Who ever saw one physician approve of another's prescription
 Willingly give them leave to laugh after we are dead
 With being too well I am about to die
 Wont to give others their life, and not to receive it
 You may indeed make me die an ill death

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 [MN14][mn14v10.txt]3594
 BOOK THE THIRD.–CHAP. I. to IV.
 I. Of Profit and Honesty.
 II. Of Repentance.
 III. Of Three Commerces.
 IV. Of Diversion.

A little thing will turn and divert us

Abominate that incidental repentance which old age brings
 Age imprints more wrinkles in the mind than it does on the face
 Always be parading their pedantic science
 Am as jealous of my repose as of my authority
 Anger and hatred are beyond the duty of justice
 Beast of company, as the ancient said, but not of the herd
 Books go side by side with me in my whole course
 Books have many charming qualities to such as know how to choose
 But ill proves the honour and beauty of an action by its utility
 Childish ignorance of many very ordinary things
 Common consolation, discourages and softens me
 Consoles himself upon the utility and eternity of his writings
 Deceit maintains and supplies most men's employment
 Diverting the opinions and conjectures of the people
 Dying appears to him a natural and indifferent accident
 Every place of retirement requires a walk
 Fault will be theirs for having consulted me
 Few men have been admired by their own domestics
 Follies do not make me laugh, it is our wisdom which does
 Folly to put out their own light and shine by a borrowed lustre
 For fear of the laws and report of men
 Gently to bear the inconstancy of a lover
 Give but the rind of my attention
 Grief provokes itself
 He may employ his passion, who can make no use of his reason
 He may well go a foot, they say, who leads his horse in his hand
 I do not consider what it is now, but what it was then
 I find no quality so easy to counterfeit as devotion
 I lay no great stress upon my opinions; or of others
 I look upon death carelessly when I look upon it universally
 I receive but little advice, I also give but little
 I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare
 I understand my men even by their silence and smiles
 Idleness is to me a very painful labour
 Imagine the mighty will not abase themselves so much as to live
 In ordinary friendships I am somewhat cold and shy
 Leaving nothing unsaid, how home and bitter soever
 Library: 'Tis there that I am in my kingdom
 Malice sucks up the greatest part of its own venom
 Malicious kind of justice
 Miserable kind of remedy, to owe one's health to one's disease!
 Miserable, who has not at home where to be by himself
 More supportable to be always alone than never to be so
 My fancy does not go by itself, as when my legs move it
 My thoughts sleep if I sit still
 Nearest to the opinions of those with whom they have to do
 No evil is honourable; but death is honourable
 No man is free from speaking foolish things
 Noise of arms deafened the voice of laws
 None of the sex, let her be as ugly as the devil thinks lovable

Obligated to his age for having weaned him from pleasure
 Open speaking draws out discoveries, like wine and love
 Perfect men as they are, they are yet simply men.
 Preachers very often work more upon their auditory than reasons
 Public weal requires that men should betray, and lie
 Ridiculous desire of riches when we have lost the use of them
 Rowers who so advance backward
 Season a denial with asperity, suspense, or favour
 So that I could have said no worse behind their backs
 Socrates: According to what a man can
 Studied, when young, for ostentation, now for diversion
 Swim in troubled waters without fishing in them
 Take a pleasure in being uninterested in other men's affairs
 The good opinion of the vulgar is injurious
 The sick man has not to complain who has his cure in his sleeve
 The virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high
 Tis an exact life that maintains itself in due order in private
 Tis not the cause, but their interest, that inflames them
 Titillation of ill-natured pleasure in seeing others suffer
 To be a slave, incessantly to be led by the nose by one's self
 Truly he, with a great effort will shortly say a mighty trifle
 We do not so much forsake vices as we change them
 We much more aptly imagine an artisan upon his close-stool
 What more? they lie with their lovers learnedly
 What need have they of anything but to live beloved and honoured
 Wisdom is folly that does not accommodate itself to the common
 You must let yourself down to those with whom you converse

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 [MN15][mn15v10.txt]3595
 BOOK THE THIRD.-CHAP. V.
 V. Upon Some verses of Virgil.

A gallant man does not give over his pursuit for being refused
 A lady could not boast of her chastity who was never tempted
 Appetite is more sharp than one already half-glutted by the eyes
 Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age
 Certain other things that people hide only to show them
 Chiefly knew himself to be mortal by this act
 Dearness is a good sauce to meat
 Each amongst you has made somebody cuckold
 Eat your bread with the sauce of a more pleasing imagination
 Evade this tormenting and unprofitable knowledge
 Feminine polity has a mysterious procedure
 Few men have made a wife of a mistress, who have not repented it
 First thing to be considered in love matters: a fitting time
 Friend, the hook will not stick in such soft cheese
 Give the ladies a cruel contempt of our natural furniture
 Guess at our meaning under general and doubtful terms
 Hate all sorts of obligation and restraint

Have ever had a great respect for her I loved
 Have no other title left me to these things but by the ears
 Heat and stir up their imagination, and then we find fault
 Husbands hate their wives only because they themselves do wrong
 I am apt to dream that I dream
 I do not say that 'tis well said, but well thought
 I had much rather die than live upon charity
 I was always superstitiously afraid of giving offence
 If I am talking my best, whoever interrupts me, stops me
 If they can only be kind to us out of pity
 In everything else a man may keep some decorum
 In those days, the tailor took measure of it
 Inclination to variety and novelty common to us both
 Inconsiderate excuses are a kind of self-accusation
 Interdiction incites, and who are more eager, being forbidden
 It happens, as with cages, the birds without despair to get in
 Jealousy: no remedy but flight or patience
 Judgment of duty principally lies in the will
 Ladies are no sooner ours, than we are no more theirs
 Let a man take which course he will," said he; "he will repent"
 Let us not be ashamed to speak what we are not ashamed to think
 Love is the appetite of generation by the mediation of beauty
 Love shamefully and dishonestly cured by marriage
 Love them the less for our own faults
 Love, full, lively, and sharp; a pleasure inflamed by difficulty
 Man must approach his wife with prudence and temperance
 Marriage rejects the company and conditions of love
 Men make them (the rules) without their (women's) help
 Misfortunes that only hurt us by being known
 Modesty is a foolish virtue in an indigent person (Homer)
 Most of my actions are guided by example, not by choice
 Neither continency nor virtue where there are no opposing desire
 No doing more difficult than that not doing, nor more active
 O wretched men, whose pleasures are a crime
 O, the furious advantage of opportunity!
 Observed the laws of marriage, than I either promised or expect
 One may more boldly dare what nobody thinks you dare
 Order it so that your virtue may conquer your misfortune
 Plato says, that the gods made man for their sport
 Pleasure of telling (a pleasure little inferior to that of doing
 Priest shall on the wedding-day open the way to the bride
 Prudent man, when I imagine him in this posture
 Rage compelled to excuse itself by a pretence of good-will
 Rather be a less while old than be old before I am really so
 Represented her a little too passionate for a married Venus
 Revenge more wounds our children than it heals us
 Sex: To put fools and wise men, beasts and us, on a level
 Sharps and sweets of marriage, are kept secret by the wise
 Sins that make the least noise are the worst
 Sleep suffocates and suppresses the faculties of the soul

Sufficiently covered by their virtue without any other robe
 The best authors too much humble and discourage me
 The impulse of nature, which is a rough counsellor
 The privilege of the mind to rescue itself from old age
 Their disguises and figures only serve to cosen fools
 There is no allurement like modesty, if it be not rude
 These sleepy, sluggish sort of men are often the most dangerous
 They better conquer us by flying
 They buy a cat in a sack
 They err as much who too much forbear Venus
 They must become insensible and invisible to satisfy us.
 They who would fight custom with grammar are triflers
 Those which we fear the least are, peradventure, most to be fear
 Those within (marriage) despair of getting out
 Tis all swine's flesh, varied by sauces
 To what friend dare you intrust your griefs
 Twas a happy marriage betwixt a blind wife and a deaf husband
 Unjust judges of their actions, as they are of ours
 Very idea we invent for their chastity is ridiculous
 Virtue is a pleasant and gay quality
 We ask most when we bring least
 We say a good marriage because no one says to the contrary.
 When jealousy seizes these poor souls
 When their eyes give the lie to their tongue
 Who escapes being talked of at the same rate
 Wisdom has its excesses, and has no less need of moderation
 Would in this affair have a man a little play the servant

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V16, 1877, Cotton
 [MN16][mn16v10.txt]3596
 BOOK THE THIRD.-CHAP. VI. to VIII.
 VI. Of Coaches.
 VII. Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.
 VIII. Of the Art of Conference.

A hundred more escape us than ever come to our knowledge
 A man must have courage to fear
 A man never speaks of himself without loss
 A man's accusations of himself are always believed
 Agitation has usurped the place of reason
 All judgments in gross are weak and imperfect
 Any argument if it be carried on with method
 Apprenticeships that are to be served beforehand
 Arrogant ignorance
 Avoid all magnificences that will in a short time be forgotten
 Being as impatient of commanding as of being commanded
 Defer my revenge to another and better time
 Desires, that still increase as they are fulfilled
 Detest in others the defects which are more manifest in us
 Disdainful, contemplative, serious and grave as the ass

Do not, nevertheless, always believe myself
 Events are a very poor testimony of our worth and parts.
 Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment
 Fault not to discern how far a man's worth extends
 Folly and absurdity are not to be cured by bare admonition
 Folly satisfied with itself than any reason can reasonably be.
 Folly than to be moved and angry at the follies of the world
 Give us history, more as they receive it than as they believe it
 I every day hear fools say things that are not foolish
 I hail and caress truth in what quarter soever I find it
 I hate all sorts of tyranny, both in word and deed
 I love stout expressions amongst gentle men
 I was too frightened to be ill
 If it be the writer's wit or borrowed from some other
 "It was what I was about to say; it was just my idea
 Ignorance does not offend me, but the foppery of it
 It is not a book to read, 'tis a book to study and learn
 Judge by justice, and choose men by reason
 Knock you down with the authority of their experience
 Learning improves fortunes enough, but not minds
 Liberality at the expense of others
 Malice must be employed to correct this arrogant ignorance
 Man must have a care not to do his master so great service
 Mix railing, indiscretion, and fury in his disputations
 Most men are rich in borrowed sufficiency
 My humour is unfit either to speak or write for beginners
 My reason is not obliged to bow and bend; my knees are
 Never oppose them either by word or sign, how false or absurd
 New World: sold it opinions and our arts at a very dear rate
 Obstinance and heat in argument are the surest proofs of folly
 One must first know what is his own and what is not
 Our knowledge, which is a wretched foundation
 Passion has already confounded his judgment
 Pinch the secret strings of our imperfections
 Practical Jokes: 'Tis unhandsome to fight in play
 Presumptive knowledge by silence
 Silent mien procured the credit of prudence and capacity
 Spectators can claim no interest in the honour and pleasure
 Study of books is a languishing and feeble motion
 The cause of truth ought to be the common cause
 The event often justifies a very foolish conduct
 The ignorant return from the combat full of joy and triumph
 The very name Liberality sounds of Liberty
 There are some upon whom their rich clothes weep
 There is no merchant that always gains
 There is nothing single and rare in respect of nature
 They have heard, they have seen, they have done so and so
 They have not the courage to suffer themselves to be corrected
 'Tis impossible to deal fairly with a fool
 To fret and vex at folly, as I do, is folly itself

Transferring of money from the right owners to strangers
Tutor to the ignorance and folly of the first we meet
Tyrannic sourness not to endure a form contrary to one's own
Universal judgments that I see so common, signify nothing
We are not to judge of counsels by events
We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him
We neither see far forward nor far backward
What he laughed at, being alone?—That I do laugh alone!
Whilst thou wast silent, thou seemedst to be some great thing
Who has once been a very fool, will never after be very wise
Wide of the mark in judging of their own works
Wise may learn more of fools, than fools can of the wise

Dec 2002 The Essays of Montaigne, V17, 1877, Cotton
[MN17][mn17v10.txt]3597
BOOK THE THIRD.—CHAP. IX.
IX. Of Vanity.

A man may govern himself well who cannot govern others so
A man should diffuse joy, but, as much as he can, smother grief
A well-bred man is a compound man
All over-nice solicitude about riches smells of avarice
Always complaining is the way never to be lamented
Appetite comes to me in eating
Better to be alone than in foolish and troublesome company
By suspecting them, have given them a title to do ill
Change only gives form to injustice and tyranny
Civil innocence is measured according to times and places
Conclude the depth of my sense by its obscurity
Concluding no beauty can be greater than what they see
Confession enervates reproach and disarms slander
Counterfeit condolences of pretenders
Crates did worse, who threw himself into the liberty of poverty
Desire of travel
Enough to do to comfort myself, without having to console others
Friend, it is not now time to play with your nails
Gain to change an ill condition for one that is uncertain
Giving is an ambitious and authoritative quality
Good does not necessarily succeed evil; another evil may succeed
Greedy humour of new and unknown things
He must fool it a little who would not be deemed wholly a fool
I always find superfluity superfluous
I am disgusted with the world I frequent
I am hard to be got out, but being once upon the road
I am very willing to quit the government of my house
I content myself with enjoying the world without bustle
I enter into confidence with dying
I grudge nothing but care and trouble
I hate poverty equally with pain
I scorn to mend myself by halves

I write my book for few men and for few years
 Justice als takes cognisance of those who glean after the reaper
 Known evil was ever more supportable than one that was, new
 Laws (of Plato on travel), which forbids it after threescore
 Liberty and laziness, the qualities most predominant in me
 Liberty of poverty
 Liberty to lean, but not to lay our whole weight upon others
 Little affairs most disturb us
 Men as often commend as undervalue me beyond reason
 Methinks I promise it, if I but say it
 My mind is easily composed at distance
 Neither be a burden to myself nor to any other
 No use to this age, I throw myself back upon that other
 Nothing falls where all falls
 Nothing presses so hard upon a state as innovation
 Obstinate in growing worse
 Occupy our thoughts about the general, and about universal cause
 One may regret better times, but cannot fly from the present
 Opposition and contradiction entertain and nourish them
 Our qualities have no title but in comparison
 Preferring the universal and common tie to all national ties
 Proceed so long as there shall be ink and paper in the world
 Satisfied and pleased with and in themselves
 Settled my thoughts to live upon less than I have
 Some wives covetous indeed, but very few that are good managers
 That looks a nice well-made shoe to you
 There can be no pleasure to me without communication
 Think myself no longer worth my own care
 Tis for youth to subject itself to common opinions
 Tis more laudable to obey the bad than the good
 Titles of my chapters do not always comprehend the whole matter
 Travel with not only a necessary, but a handsome equipage
 Turn up my eyes to heaven to return thanks, than to crave
 Weigh, as wise: men should, the burden of obligation
 What sort of wine he liked the best: "That of another"
 What step ends the near and what step begins the remote
 When I travel I have nothing to care for but myself
 Wise man to keep a curbing hand upon the impetus of friendship
 World where loyalty of one's own children is unknown
 Wretched and dangerous thing to depend upon others
 You have lost a good captain, to make of him a bad general

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 [MN18][mn18v10.txt]3598
 BOOK THE THIRD.–CHAP. X. to XII.
 X. Of Managing the Will.
 XI. Of Cripples.
 XII. Of Physiognomy.

A man should abhor lawsuits as much as he may

A person's look is but a feeble warranty
 Accept all things we are not able to refute
 Admiration is the foundation of all philosophy
 Advantageous, too, a little to recede from one's right
 All I say is by way of discourse, and nothing by way of advice
 Apt to promise something less than what I am able to do
 As if anything were so common as ignorance
 Authority of the number and antiquity of the witnesses
 Best test of truth is the multitude of believers in a crowd
 Books have not so much served me for instruction as exercise
 Books of things that were never either studied or understood
 Condemn the opposite affirmation equally
 Courageous in death, not because his soul is immortal—Socrates
 Death conduces more to birth and augmentation than to loss
 Decree that says, "The court understands nothing of the matter
 Deformity of the first cruelty makes me abhor all imitation
 Enters lightly into a quarrel is apt to go as lightly out of it
 Establish this proposition by authority and huffing
 Extend their anger and hatred beyond the dispute in question
 Fabric goes forming and piling itself up from hand to hand
 Fortune heaped up five or six such-like incidents
 Hard to resolve a man's judgment against the common opinions
 Haste trips up its own heels, fetters, and stops itself
 He cannot be good, seeing he is not evil even to the wicked
 He who stops not the start will never be able to stop the course
 "How many things," said he, "I do not desire!"
 How much easier is it not to enter in than it is to get out
 I am a little tenderly distrustful of things that I wish
 I am no longer in condition for any great change
 I am not to be cuffed into belief
 I am plain and heavy, and stick to the solid and the probable
 I do not judge opinions by years
 I ever justly feared to raise my head too high
 I would as willingly be lucky as wise
 If I stand in need of anger and inflammation, I borrow it
 If they hear no noise, they think men sleep
 Impose them upon me as infallible
 Inconveniences that moderation brings (in civil war)
 Lend himself to others, and only give himself to himself
 Let not us seek illusions from without and unknown
 "Little learning is needed to form a sound mind" —Seneca
 Long toleration begets habit; habit, consent and imitation
 Men are not always to rely upon the personal confessions
 Merciful to the man, but not to his wickedness—Aristotle
 Miracles and strange events have concealed themselves from me
 My humour is no friend to tumult
 Nosegay of foreign flowers, having furnished nothing of my own
 Not believe from one, I should not believe from a hundred
 Nothing is so supple and erratic as our understanding
 Number of fools so much exceeds the wise

Opinions we have are taken on authority and trust
 Others adore all of their own side
 Pitiful ways and expedients to the jugglers of the law
 Prepare ourselves against the preparations of death
 Profession of knowledge and their immeasurable self-conceit
 Quiet repose and a profound sleep without dreams
 Reasons often anticipate the effect
 Refusin to justify, excuse, or explain myself
 Remotest witness knows more about it than those who were nearest
 Restoring what has been lent us, wit usury and accession
 Richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow
 Right of command appertains to the beautiful-Aristotle
 Rude and quarrelsome flatly to deny a stated fact
 Suffer my judgment to be made captive by prepossession
 Swell and puff up their souls, and their natural way of speaking
 Taught to be afraid of professing our ignorance
 The last informed is better persuaded than the first
 The mind grows costive and thick in growing old
 The particular error first makes the public error
 Their souls seek repose in agitation
 They gently name them, so they patiently endure them (diseases)
 Those oppressed with sorrow sometimes surprised by a smile
 Threats of the day of judgment
 Tis better to lean towards doubt than assurance–Augustine
 Tis no matter; it may be of use to some others
 To forbear doing is often as generous as to do
 To kill men, a clear and strong light is required
 Too contemptible to be punished
 True liberty is to be able to do what a man will with himself
 Vast distinction betwixt devotion and conscience
 We have naturally a fear of pain, but not of death
 What did I say? that I have? no, Chremes, I had
 Who discern no riches but in pomp and show
 Whoever will be cured of ignorance must confess it
 Would have every one in his party blind or a blockhead
 Wrong the just side when they go about to assist it with fraud
 Yet at least for ambition’s sake, let us reject ambition

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 [MN19][mn19v10.txt]3599
 BOOK THE THIRD.–CHAP. XIII.
 XIII. Of Experience.

A well-governed stomach is a great part of liberty
 Affirmation and obstinacy are express signs of want of wit
 Alexander said, that the end of his labour was to labour
 All actions equally become and equally honour a wise man
 As we were formerly by crimes, so we are now overburdened by law
 At the most, but patch you up, and prop you a little
 better have none at all than to have them in so prodigious a num

Both kings and philosophers go to stool
 Cannot stand the liberty of a friend's advice
 Cleave to the side that stood most in need of her
 Condemnations have I seen more criminal than the crimes
 Customs and laws make justice
 Dignify our fopperies when we commit them to the press
 Diversity of medical arguments and opinions embraces all
 Every man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent
 Excuse myself from knowing anything which enslaves me to others
 First informed who were to be the other guests
 Go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside
 Got up but an inch upon the shoulders of the last, but one
 Hate remedies that are more troublesome than the disease itself
 He who fears he shall suffer, already suffers what he fears
 How many and many times he has been mistaken in his own judgment
 "I have done nothing to-day." What? have you not lived?
 If it be a delicious medicine, take it
 Intelligence is required to be able to know that a man knows not
 Intemperance is the pest of pleasure
 Language: obscure and unintelligible in wills and contracts
 Last death will kill but a half or a quarter of a man
 Law: breeder of altercation and division
 Laws keep up their credit, not for being just—but as laws
 Lay the fault on the voices of those who speak to me
 Learn my own debility and the treachery of my understanding
 Life of Caesar has no greater example for us than our own
 Long sittings at table both trouble me and do me harm
 Made all medicinal conclusions largely give way to my pleasure
 Man after who held out his pulse to a physician was a fool
 Man must learn that he is nothing but a fool
 More ado to interpret interpretations
 More books upon books than upon any other subject
 Never did two men make the same judgment of the same thing
 None that less keep their promise(than physicians)
 Nor get children but before I sleep, nor get them standing
 Nothing so grossly, nor so ordinarily faulty, as the laws
 Our justice presents to us but one hand
 Perpetual scolding of his wife (of Socrates)
 Physician: pass through all the diseases he pretends to cure
 Plato angry at excess of sleeping than at excess of drinking
 Plato: lawyers and physicians are bad institutions of a country
 Prolong your misery an hour or two
 Put us into a way of extending and diversifying difficulties
 Resolved to bring nothing to it but expectation and patience
 Scratching is one of nature's sweetest gratifications
 Seek the quadrature of the circle, even when on their wives
 So weak and languishing, as not to have even wishing left to him
 Soft, easy, and wholesome pillow is ignorance and incuriosity
 Study makes me sensible how much I have to learn
 Style wherewith men establish religions and laws

Subdividing these subtillies we teach men to increase their doubt
That we may live, we cease to live
The mean is best
There is none of us who would not be worse than kings
Thinking nothing done, if anything remained to be done
Thinks nothing profitable that is not painful
Thou diest because thou art living
Tis so I melt and steal away from myself
Truth itself has not the privilege to be spoken at all times
Truth, that for being older it is none the wiser
We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade
We ought to grant free passage to diseases
Whoever will call to mind the excess of his past anger
Why do we not imitate the Roman architecture?
Wrangling arrogance, wholly believing and trusting in itself
Yet do we find any end of the need of interpretating?