

support to a developing self. Confidence which terminates in the self means a smug complacency that renders a person obtuse to instruction by events. Control means a command of resources that enlarges the self; self-control denotes a self which is contracting, concentrating itself upon its own achievements, hugging them tight, and thereby stopping the growth that comes when the self is generously released; a self-conscious moral athleticism that ends in a disproportionate enlargement of some organ.

Dewey, *Human Nature and Conduct*, II, 5

- 69 "Never shall a young man,
 Thrown into despair
 By those great honey-colored
 Ramparts at your ear,
 Love you for yourself alone
 And not your yellow hair."
 "But I can get a hair-dye
 And set such color there,
 Brown, or black, or carrot,
 That young men in despair
 May love me for myself alone
 And not my yellow hair."
 "I heard an old religious man

But yesternight declare
 That he had found a text to prove
 That only God, my dear,
 Could love you for yourself alone
 And not your yellow hair."

Yeats, *For Anne Gregory*

- 70 The philosophies of Descartes and Kant* to the contrary, through the *I think* we reach our own self in the presence of others, and the others are just as real to us as our own self. Thus, the man who becomes aware of himself through the *cogito* also perceives all others, and he perceives them as the condition of his own existence. He realizes that he can not be anything (in the sense that we say that someone is witty or nasty or jealous) unless others recognize it as such. In order to get any truth about myself, I must have contact with another person. The other is indispensable to my own existence, as well as to my knowledge about myself. This being so, in discovering my inner being I discover the other person at the same time, like a freedom placed in front of me which thinks and wills only for or against me. Hence, let us at once announce the discovery of a world which we shall call inter-subjectivity; this is the world in which man decides what he is and what others are.

Sartre, *Existentialism*

1.5 | Honor, Reputation, and Fame or Glory

That the individual man should seek to know himself for what he really is and should esteem himself for his true worth make inevitable his desire to be known and esteemed by others according to his merits. Honor is the name that the ancients gave to the good that satisfies this natural desire; and they prized it highly among the goods that a virtuous man should seek—higher than wealth or sensual pleasure. The Greek and Roman writers quoted here stress the relation of honor to virtue or merit. They are, therefore, concerned with justice in the distribution or award of honors and with the

distinction between true honor and its counterfeits, the latter being undeserved.

Modern writers, in contrast, tend to substitute reputation for honor; though when they distinguish between a well-deserved reputation and one that is meretricious, they, too, are drawing a line that parallels the one that the ancients drew between honor and its counterfeits. Whether the term used is "honor" or "reputation," both ancient and modern writers also tend to agree that being well regarded or praised by others has little worth when those others are foolish or vicious, and so are not worthy

enough to set store by their opinion. It is sometimes questioned whether one should care at all about the opinion of others; God alone is the judge of one's ultimate worth, and virtue is its own reward.

Three other terms were operative in the selection of the passages to be quoted here. One is shame, which is partly a synonym for dishonor or disgrace, and partly the name for the emotion or sentiment an individual experiences when he is aware of deficiencies in himself that stand in the way of his being justly honored. The other two terms are fame and glory, which are sometimes synonyms for reputation or at least for renown, but never synonyms for honor. Honor, properly conceived, or even a good reputation in

the eyes of those whose judgment is worth heeding, cannot be pursued to the detriment of one's moral character; not so fame, for it belongs to the triad of things—money, fame, and power—that tempt men to those excesses of appetite which moralists condemn as lust and inordinate ambition. The price that one must pay for fame and glory is sometimes too high. Nevertheless, it is also recognized that fame and glory can be well deserved; and when not pursued they need not be gained at the expense of virtue.

These matters overlap the discussion of envy, and also of pride and humility, in Chapter 4 on EMOTION. They also have relation to the consideration of virtue and vice in Chapter 9 on ETHICS.

- 1 *Hektor*. I would feel deep shame
before the Trojans, and the Trojan women with
trailing garments,
if like a coward I were to shrink aside from the
fighting;
and the spirit will not let me, since I have learned
to be valiant
and to fight always among the foremost ranks of
the Trojans,
winning for my own self great glory, and for my
father.

Homer, *Iliad*, VI, 441

- 2 *Achilles*. Fate is the same for the man who holds
back, the same if he fights hard.
We are all held in a single honour, the brave with
the weaklings.
A man dies still if he has done nothing, as one
who has done much.

Homer, *Iliad*, IX, 318

- 3 *Hektor*. Man, supposing you and I, escaping this
battle,
would be able to live on forever, ageless, immortal,
so neither would I myself go on fighting in the
foremost
nor would I urge you into the fighting where men
win glory.
But now, seeing that the spirits of death stand
close about us
in their thousands, no man can turn aside nor
escape them,

let us go on and win glory for ourselves, or yield it
to others.

Homer, *Iliad*, XII, 322

- 4 *Andromache*. Repute! repute! repute! how you've
ballooned
Thousands of good-for-nothings to celebrity!
Men whose glory is come by honestly
Have all my admiration. But impostors
Deserve none: luck and humbug's all they are.

Euripides, *Andromache*, 319

- 5 *Peleus*. When the public sets a war memorial up
Do those who really sweated get the credit?
Oh no! Some general wangles the prestige!—
Who, brandishing his one spear among thousands,
Did one man's work, but gets a world of praise.

Euripides, *Andromache*, 694

- 6 It is only the love of honour that never grows old;
and honour it is, not gain, as some would have it,
that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, II, 44

- 7 *The Athenians*. In too many cases the very men that
have their eyes perfectly open to what they are
rushing into, let the thing called disgrace, by the
mere influence of a seductive name, lead them on
to a point at which they become so enslaved by
the phrase as in fact to fall wilfully into hopeless
disaster, and incur disgrace more disgraceful as
the companion of error, than when it comes as the
result of misfortune.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, V, 111

8 *Phaedrus*. The principle which ought to be the guide of men who would nobly live—that principle, I say, neither kindred, nor honour, nor wealth, nor any other motive is able to implant so well as love. Of what am I speaking? Of the sense of honour and dishonour, without which neither states nor individuals ever do any good or great work.

Plato, *Symposium*, 178B

9 *Pausanias*. There is a dishonour in being overcome by the love of money, or of wealth, or of political power, whether a man is frightened into surrender by the loss of them, or, having experienced the benefits of money and political corruption, is unable to rise above the seductions of them. For none of these things are of a permanent or lasting nature; not to mention that no generous friendship ever sprang from them.

Plato, *Symposium*, 184A

10 *Diotima*. "Marvel not then at the love which all men have of their offspring; for that universal love and interest is for the sake of immortality."

I was astonished at her words, and said: "Is this really true, O thou wise Diotima?" And she answered with all the authority of an accomplished sophist: "Of that, Socrates, you may be assured;—think only of the ambition of men, and you will wonder at the senselessness of their ways, unless you consider how they are stirred by the love of an immortality of fame. They are ready to run all risks greater far than they would have run for their children, and to spend money and undergo any sort of toil, and even to die, for the sake of leaving behind them a name which shall be eternal."

Plato, *Symposium*, 208A

11 *Socrates*. He who at every age, as boy and youth and in mature life, has come out of the trial victorious and pure, shall be appointed a ruler and guardian of the State; he shall be honoured in life and death, and shall receive sepulture and other memorials of honour, the greatest that we have to give. But him who fails, we must reject. I am inclined to think that this is the sort of way in which our rulers and guardians should be chosen and appointed.

Plato, *Republic*, III, 413B

12 *Athenian Stranger*. A State which would be safe and happy, as far as the nature of man allows, must and ought to distribute honour and dishonour in the right way. And the right way is to place the goods of the soul first and highest in the scale, always assuming temperance to be the condition of them; and to assign the second place to the goods of the body; and the third place to money and property. And if any legislator or state departs from this rule by giving money the place of

honour, or in any way preferring that which is really last, may we not say, that he or the state is doing an unholy and unpatriotic thing?

Plato, *Laws*, III, 697A

13 *Athenian Stranger*. Worthy of honour is he who does no injustice, and of more than twofold honour, if he not only does no injustice himself, but hinders others from doing any; the first may count as one man, the second is worth many men.

Plato, *Laws*, V, 730B

14 *Athenian Stranger*. The generality of cities are quite right in exhorting us to value a good reputation in the world, for there is no truth greater and more important than this—that he who is really good (I am speaking of the man who would be perfect) seeks for reputation with, but not without, the reality of goodness.

Plato, *Laws*, XII, 950A

15 With regard to honour and dishonour the mean is proper pride, the excess is known as a sort of 'empty vanity', and the deficiency is undue humility.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1107^b21

16 It is chiefly with honours and dishonours, then, that the proud man is concerned; and at honours that are great and conferred by good men he will be moderately pleased, thinking that he is coming by his own or even less than his own; for there can be no honour that is worthy of perfect virtue, yet he will at any rate accept it since they have nothing greater to bestow on him; but honour from casual people and on trifling grounds he will utterly despise, since it is not this that he deserves, and dishonour too, since in his case it cannot be just. In the first place, then, as has been said, the proud man is concerned with honours; yet he will also bear himself with moderation towards wealth and power and all good or evil fortune, whatever may befall him, and will be neither over-joyed by good fortune nor over-pained by evil. For not even towards honour does he bear himself as if it were a very great thing. Power and wealth are desirable for the sake of honour (at least those who have them wish to get honour by means of them); and for him to whom even honour is a little thing the others must be so too.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1124^a4

17 Shame should not be described as a virtue; for it is more like a feeling than a state of character. It is defined, at any rate, as a kind of fear of dishonour, and produces an effect similar to that produced by fear of danger; for people who feel disgraced blush, and those who fear death turn pale. Both, therefore, seem to be in a sense bodily conditions, which is thought to be characteristic of feeling rather than a state of character.

The feeling is not becoming to every age, but only to youth. For we think young people should be prone to the feeling of shame because they live by feeling and therefore commit many errors, but are restrained by shame; and we praise young people who are prone to this feeling, but an older person no one would praise for being prone to the sense of disgrace, since we think he should not do anything that need cause this sense. For the sense of disgrace is not even characteristic of a good man, since it is consequent on bad actions (for such actions should not be done; and if some actions are disgraceful in very truth and others only according to common opinion, this makes no difference; for neither class of actions should be done, so that no disgrace should be felt); and it is a mark of a bad man even to be such as to do any disgraceful action. To be so constituted as to feel disgraced if one does such an action, and for this reason to think oneself good, is absurd; for it is for voluntary actions that shame is felt, and the good man will never voluntarily do bad actions. But shame may be said to be conditionally a good thing; if a good man does such actions, he will feel disgraced; but the virtues are not subject to such a qualification. And if shamelessness—not to be ashamed of doing base actions—is bad, that does not make it good to be ashamed of doing such actions.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1128^b10

- 18 Those who desire honour from good men, and men who know, are aiming at confirming their own opinion of themselves; they delight in honour, therefore, because they believe in their own goodness on the strength of the judgement of those who speak about them.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1159^a22

- 19 Fame means being respected by everybody, or having some quality that is desired by all men, or by most, or by the good, or by the wise.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1361^a25

- 20 Since shame is a mental picture of disgrace, in which we shrink from the disgrace itself and not from its consequences, and we only care what opinion is held of us because of the people who form that opinion, it follows that the people before whom we feel shame are those whose opinion of us matters to us. Such persons are: those who admire us, those whom we admire, those by whom we wish to be admired, those with whom we are competing, and those whose opinion of us we respect. We admire those, and wish those to admire us, who possess any good thing that is highly esteemed; or from whom we are very anxious to get something that they are able to give us—as a lover feels. We compete with our equals. We respect, as true, the views of sensible people, such as our elders and those who have been well educated. And

we feel more shame about a thing if it is done openly, before all men's eyes. Hence the proverb, 'shame dwells in the eyes'. For this reason we feel most shame before those who will always be with us and those who notice what we do, since in both cases eyes are upon us.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1384^a23

- 21 Time as it goes round changes the seasons of things. That which was in esteem, falls at length into utter disrepute; and then another thing mounts up and issues out of its degraded state and every day is more and more coveted and blossoms forth high in honour when discovered and is in marvellous repute with men.

Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, V

- 22 No list of successes can bestow so much happiness as their diminution will cause annoyance.

Cicero, *Disputations*, I, 46

- 23 True fame has real substance and is precisely fashioned. It is not something ephemeral. It is, rather, the unanimous opinion of good men and the verdict of honest judges on an issue of outstanding merit. It is the echo of virtue's voice. Because fame is concerned with duties rightly done, good men do not disdain it. False fame, which tries to pass itself off as the true, is headstrong and thoughtless. It is compounded of faults and errors and seeks only public acclaim. By its counterfeit nature, it tarnishes the luster of real honor.

Cicero, *Disputations*, III, 2

- 24 Whom does false honour delight, or lying calumny terrify, except the vicious and sickly-minded?

Horace, *Epistles*, I, 16

- 25 What utter foolishness it is to be afraid that those who have a bad name can rob you of a good one.

Seneca, *Letters to Lucilius*, 91

- 26 A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.

Matthew 13:57

- 27 Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets.

Luke 6:26

- 28 It is the fortune of all good men that their virtue rises in glory after their deaths, and that the envy which evil men conceive against them never outlives them long.

Plutarch, *Numa Pompilius*

- 29 It may be observed, in general, that when young men arrive early at fame and repute, if they are of a nature but slightly touched with emulation, this early attainment is apt to extinguish their thirst and satiate their small appetite; whereas the first

distinctions of more solid and weighty characters do but stimulate and quicken them and take them away like a wind in the pursuit of honour; they look upon these marks and testimonies to their virtue not as a recompense received for what they have already done, but as a pledge given by themselves of what they will perform hereafter, ashamed now to forsake or underlive the credit they have won, or, rather, not to exceed and obscure all that is gone before by the lustre of their following actions.

Plutarch, *Coriolanus*

- 30 He who least likes courting favour, ought also least to think of resenting neglect; to feel wounded at being refused a distinction can only arise from an overweening appetite to have it.

Plutarch, *Alcibiades and Coriolanus Compared*

- 31 There is something higher and greater in the admiration rendered by enemies to the virtue that had been their own obstacle, than in the grateful acknowledgments of friends. Since, in the one case, it is virtue alone that challenges itself the honour; while, in the other, it may be rather men's personal profit and advantage that is the real origin of what they do.

Plutarch, *Marcellus and Pelopidas Compared*

- 32 Lysander's father is said to have been Aristoclitus, who was not indeed of the royal family but yet of the stock of the Heraclidæ. He was brought up in poverty, and showed himself obedient and conformable, as ever any one did, to the customs of his country; of a manly spirit, also, and superior to all pleasures, excepting only that which their good actions bring to those who are honoured and successful; and it is accounted no base thing in Sparta for their young men to be overcome with this kind of pleasure. For they are desirous, from the very first, to have their youth susceptible to good and bad repute, to feel pain at disgrace, and exultation at being commended; and any one who is insensible and unaffected in these respects is thought poor-spirited and of no capacity for virtue.

Plutarch, *Lysander*

- 33 The man who is completely wise and virtuous has no need at all of glory, except so far as it disposes and eases his way to action by the greater trust that it procures him. A young man . . . may be permitted, while yet eager for distinction, to pride himself a little in his good deeds; for . . . his virtues, which are yet tender and, as it were, in the blade, cherished and supported by praises, grow stronger, and take the deeper root. But when this passion is exorbitant, it is dangerous in all men, and in those who govern a commonwealth, utterly destructive. For in the possession of large power and authority, it transports men to a degree of

madness; so that now they no more think what is good, glorious, but will have those actions only esteemed good that are glorious.

Plutarch, *Agis*

- 34 Returning to Rome with a great opinion of himself for these things, a ludicrous incident befell him, as he tells us himself. Meeting an eminent citizen in Campania, whom he accounted his friend, he asked him what the Romans said and thought of his actions, as if the whole city had been filled with the glory of what he had done. His friend asked him in reply, "Where is it you have been, Cicero?" This for the time utterly mortified and cast him down, to perceive that the report of his actions had sunk into the city of Rome as into an immense ocean, without any visible effect or result in reputation. And afterwards considering with himself that the glory he contended for was an infinite thing, and that there was no fixed end nor measure in its pursuit, he abated much of his ambitious thoughts. Nevertheless, he was always excessively pleased with his own praise, and continued to the very last to be passionately fond of glory; which often interfered with the prosecution of his wisest resolutions.

Plutarch, *Cicero*

- 35 An excessive display of outward honour would seem to be the most uncertain attestation of the real affection of a people for any king or potentate. Such shows lose their whole credit as tokens of affection . . . when we reflect that they may equally proceed from fear. The same decrees are voted upon the latter motive as upon the former. And therefore judicious men do not look so much to statues, paintings, or divine honours that are paid them, as to their own actions and conduct, judging hence whether they shall trust these as a genuine, or discredit them as a forced homage. As in fact nothing is less unusual than for a people, even while offering compliments, to be disgusted with those who accept them greedily, or arrogantly, or without respect to the free-will of the givers.

Plutarch, *Demetrius*

- 36 Be a good soldier, be good to your ward, be a person of honor.
If you are summoned to court, in a case uncertain and doubtful,
Even though Phalaris threatens and brings up his bull to suborn you,
Tell no lie, believe that the worst sin of all is preferring
Life to honor; don't lose, for life's sake, your reasons for living.
If a man is worthy of death, he is dead, though he banquets on oysters,
Though he bathes in a tub that reeks with the perfumes of Cosmos.

Juvenal, *Satire VIII*

37 Is anyone preferred before you at an entertainment, or in courtesies, or in confidential intercourse? If these things are good, you ought to rejoice that he has them; and if they are evil, do not be grieved that you have them not. And remember that you cannot be permitted to rival others in externals without using the same means to obtain them. For how can he who will not haunt the door of any man, will not attend him, will not praise him have an equal share with him who does these things? You are unjust, then, and unreasonable if you are unwilling to pay the price for which these things are sold, and would have them for nothing. For how much are lettuces sold? An obulus, for instance. If another, then, paying an obulus, takes the lettuces, and you, not paying it, go without them, do not imagine that he has gained any advantage over you. For as he has the lettuces, so you have the obulus which you did not give. So, in the present case, you have not been invited to such a person's entertainment because you have not paid him the price for which a supper is sold. It is sold for praise; it is sold for attendance. Give him, then, the value if it be for your advantage. But if you would at the same time not pay the one, and yet receive the other, you are unreasonable and foolish. Have you nothing, then, in place of the supper? Yes, indeed, you have—not to praise him whom you do not like to praise; not to bear the insolence of his lackeys.

Epictetus, *Encheiridion*, XXV

38 I [Tiberius] am mortal and limited to the functions of humanity, content if I can adequately fill the highest place; of this, I solemnly assure you [the Senators], and would have posterity remember it. They will more than sufficiently honour my memory by believing me to have been worthy of my ancestry, watchful over your interests, courageous in danger, fearless of enmity, when the State required it. These sentiments of your hearts are my temples, these my most glorious and abiding monuments. Those built of stone are despised as mere tombs, if the judgment of posterity passes into hatred. And therefore this is my prayer to our allies, our citizens, and to heaven itself; to the last, that, to my life's close, it grant me a tranquil mind, which can discern alike human and divine claims; to the first, that, when I die, they honour my career and the reputation of my name with praise and kindly remembrance.

Tacitus, *Annals*, IV, 38

39 The desire of glory is the last infirmity cast off even by the wise.

Tacitus, *Histories*, IV, 6

40 Perhaps the desire of the thing called fame will torment thee.—See how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the present, and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgement in

those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed, and be quiet at last. For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling, and how few are there in it, and what kind of people are they who will praise thee.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, IV, 3

41 Consider . . . the life lived by others in olden time, and the life of those who will live after thee, and the life now lived among barbarous nations, and how many know not even thy name, and how many will soon forget it, and how they who perhaps now are praising thee will very soon blame thee, and that neither a posthumous name is of any value, nor reputation, nor anything else.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, IX, 30

42 A man seeking the fame of eloquence—before a judge who is also a man, with a multitude of men standing about— inveighs against his adversary with inhuman hatred. Such a man will be most vigilantly on guard lest by a slip of the tongue he drop an 'h' and murder the word "human": yet worries not at all that by the fury of his mind he may murder a real human.

Augustine, *Confessions*, I, 18

43 Here, then, O God, is the memory still vivid in my mind. I would not have committed that theft alone: my pleasure in it was not what I stole but that I stole: yet I would not have enjoyed doing it, I would not have done it, alone. O friendship unfriendly, unanalysable attraction for the mind, greediness to do damage for the mere sport and jest of it, desire for another's loss with no gain to oneself or vengeance to be satisfied! Someone cries "Come on, let's do it"—and we would be ashamed to be ashamed!

Augustine, *Confessions*, II, 9

44 Love of praise tempts me even when I reprove it in myself, indeed in the very fact that I do reprove it: a man often glories the more vainly for his very contempt of vainglory: for which reason he does not really glory in his contempt of glory; in that he glories in it, he does not condemn it.

Augustine, *Confessions*, X, 38

45 Let the desire of glory be surpassed by the love of righteousness, so that, if there be seen anywhere "lying neglected things which are generally discredited," if they are good, if they are right, even the love of human praise may blush and yield to the love of truth. For so hostile is this vice to pious faith, if the love of glory be greater in the heart than the fear or love of God, that the Lord said, "How can ye believe, who look for glory from one another, and do not seek the glory which is from God alone?"

Augustine, *City of God*, V, 14

46 I do not see what it makes for the safety, good morals, and certainly not for the dignity, of men, that some have conquered and others have been conquered, except that it yields them that most insane pomp of human glory, in which "they have received their reward" who burned with excessive desire of it and carried on most eager wars.

Augustine, *City of God*, V, 17

47 Whosoever, without possessing that desire of glory which makes one fear to displease those who judge his conduct, desires domination and power, very often seeks to obtain what he loves by most open crimes. Therefore he who desires glory presses on to obtain it either by the true way, or certainly by deceit and artifice, wishing to appear good when he is not. Therefore to him who possesses virtues it is a great virtue to despise glory; for contempt of it is seen by God, but is not manifest to human judgment.

Augustine, *City of God*, V, 19

48 Many men have got a great name from the false opinions of the crowd. And what could be baser than such a thing? For those who are falsely praised, must blush to hear their praises. And if they are justly won by merits, what can they add to the pleasure of a wise man's conscience? For he measures his happiness not by popular talk, but by the truth of his conscience.

Boethius, *Consolation of Philosophy*, III

49 It is impossible for happiness to consist in honour. For honour is given to a man on account of some excellence in him, and consequently it is a sign and testimony of the excellence that is in the person honoured. Now a man's excellence is in proportion to his happiness, which is man's perfect good; and to its parts, that is those goods by which he has a certain share of happiness. And therefore honour can result from happiness, but happiness cannot principally consist therein.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 2, 2

50 Honour is not that reward of virtue, for which the virtuous work, but they receive honour from men by way of reward, as from those who have nothing greater to offer. But virtue's true reward is happiness itself, for which the virtuous work, whereas if they worked for honour, it would no longer be virtue, but ambition.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 2, 2

51 O empty glory of human powers! How short the time its green endures upon the top, if it be not overtaken by rude ages!

Cimabue thought to hold the field in painting, and now Giotto hath the cry, so that the fame of the other is obscured.

Even so one Guido hath taken from the other the

glory of our tongue; and perchance one is born who shall chase both from the nest.

Earthly fame is naught but a breath of wind, which now cometh hence and now thence, and changes name because it changes direction.

What greater fame shalt thou have, if thou strip thee of thy flesh when old, than if thou hadst died ere thou wert done with pap and chink, before a thousand years are passed? which is shorter space to eternity than the twinkling of an eye to the circle which slowest is turned in heaven.

Dante, *Purgatorio*, XI, 91

52 Duke Theseus. And gladder ought a friend be of his death

When, in much honour, he yields up his breath, Than when his name's grown feeble with old age; For all forgotten, then, is his courage.

Hence it is best for all of noble name

To die when at the summit of their fame.

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:

Knight's Tale

53 It is unnecessary for a prince to have all . . . good qualities . . . but it is very necessary to appear to have them. And I shall dare to say this also, that to have them and always to observe them is injurious, and that to appear to have them is useful; to appear merciful, faithful, humane, religious, upright, and to be so, but with a mind so framed that should you require not to be so, you may be able and know how to change to the opposite.

And you have to understand this, that a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced, in order to maintain the state, to act contrary to faith, friendship, humanity, and religion. Therefore it is necessary for him to have a mind ready to turn itself accordingly as the winds and variations of fortune force it, yet, as I have said above, not to diverge from the good if he can avoid doing so, but, if compelled, then to know how to set about it.

For this reason a prince ought to take care that he never lets anything slip from his lips that is not replete with the above-named five qualities, that he may appear to him who sees and hears him altogether merciful, faithful, humane, upright, and religious. There is nothing more necessary to appear to have than this last quality, inasmuch as men judge generally more by the eye than by the hand, because it belongs to everybody to see you, to few to come in touch with you. Every one sees what you appear to be, few really know what you are, and those few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them; and in the actions of all men, and especially of princes, which it is not prudent to challenge, one judges by the result.

Machiavelli, *Prince*, XVIII

- 54 The role of true victory is in fighting, not in coming off safely; and the honor of valor consists in combating, not in beating.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 31, Of Cannibals

- 55 Of all the illusions in the world, the most universally received is the concern for reputation and glory, which we espouse even to the point of giving up riches, rest, life, and health, which are effectual and substantial goods, to follow that vain phantom and mere sound that has neither body nor substance. . . . And of the irrational humors of men, it seems that even the philosophers get rid of this one later and more reluctantly than any other.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 41, Not Communicating One's Glory

- 56 We lend our goods and our lives to the need of our friends; but to communicate one's honor and endow another with one's glory, that is hardly ever seen.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 41, Not Communicating One's Glory

- 57 God, who is himself all fullness and the acme of all perfection, cannot grow and increase within; but his name may grow and increase by the blessing and praise we give to his external works. Which praise, since we cannot incorporate it in him, inasmuch as he can have no accession of good, we attribute to his name, which is the part outside him that is nearest him. That is why it is to God alone that glory and honor belong. And there is nothing so remote from reason as for us to go in quest of it for ourselves; for since we are indigent and necessitous within, since our essence is imperfect and continually in need of betterment, it is this betterment that we should work for.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 16, Of Glory

- 58 We care more that people should speak of us than how they speak of us; and it is enough for us that our name should be current in men's mouths, no matter in what way it may be current. It seems that to be known is to have one's life and duration somehow in the keeping of others.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 16, Of Glory

- 59 It might perhaps be excusable for a painter or another artisan, or even for a rhetorician or a grammarian, to toil to acquire a name by his works; but the actions of virtue are too noble in themselves to seek any other reward than from their own worth, and especially to seek it in the vanity of human judgments.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 16, Of Glory

- 60 Those who judge and touch us inwardly make little account of the brilliance of our public acts, and

see that these are only thin streams and jets of water spurting from a bottom otherwise muddy and thick; so likewise those who judge us by this brave outward appearance draw similar conclusions about our inner constitution, and cannot associate common faculties, just like their own, with these other faculties that astonish them and are so far beyond their scope.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 2, Of Repentance

- 61 Whatever it is, whether art or nature, that imprints in us this disposition to live with reference to others, it does us much more harm than good. We defraud ourselves of our own advantages to make appearances conform with public opinion. We do not care so much what we are in ourselves and in reality as what we are in the public mind. Even the joys of the mind, and wisdom, appear fruitless to us, if they are enjoyed by ourselves alone, if they do not shine forth to the sight and approbation of others.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 9, Of Vanity

- 62 *Joan La 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*, I, ii, 133

- 63 *Mowbray*. The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation: that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Shakespeare, *Richard II*, I, i, 177

- 64 *Prince of Arragon*. O, that estates, degrees, and offices Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour Were purchased by the merit of the wearer! How many then should cover that stand bare! How many be commanded that command! How much low peasantry would then be glean'd From the true seed of honour! and how much honour Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times To be new-varnish'd!

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, II, ix, 41

- 65 *Falstaff*. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.

Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, I, ii, 91

- 66 *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 corral all her dignities.

Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, I, iii, 201

67 *Falstaff*. 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 in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis 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.

Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, V, i, 130

68 *Hamlet*. Oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, iv, 23

69 *Hamlet*. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape calumny.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, i, 139

70 *Ulysses*. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingrattitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours;
For 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. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating Time.

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*, III, iii, 145

71 *Cassio*. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost the immortal part of myself, and what
remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my repu-
tation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had
received some bodily wound; there is more sense
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle
and most false imposition; oft got without merit,
and lost without deserving. You have lost no repu-
tation at all, unless you repute yourself such a
loser.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, II, iii, 262

72 *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 thou-
sands;

But he that filches from me my good name;

Robs me of that which not enriches him;

And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 155

73 *Lady Macbeth*. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, v, 17

74 *Volumnia*. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honour than in the em-
bracements of his bed where he would show most
love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the
only son of my womb, when youth with comeli-

ness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, I, iii, 1

- 75 *Wolsey*. Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
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?
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*, III, ii, 431

- 76 *Griffith*. Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, IV, ii, 46

- 77 I would have thee to know, that those Wounds that are given with the Instruments and Tools which a Man happens to have in his Hand, do not really disgrace the Person struck. We read it expressly in the Laws of Duels, *That if a Shoemaker strikes another Man with his Last which he held in his Hand, tho' it be of Wood, as a Cudgel is, yet the Party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgell'd*. I tell thee this, that thou may'st not think we are in the least dishonour'd, tho' we have been horribly beaten in this Rencounter; for the Weapons which those Men us'd were but the Instruments of their Profession, and not one of 'em, as I very well remember, had either Tuck, or Sword, or Dagger. They gave me no Leisure, quoth *Sancho*, to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my Hand on my Cutlass, but they cross'd my Shoulders with such a wooden Blessing, as settl'd me on the Ground without Sense or

Motion, where you see me lie, and where I don't trouble my Head whether it be a Disgrace to be mawl'd with Cudgels or with Packstaves: Let 'em be what they will, I am only vex'd to feel them so heavy on my Shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are in my Mind. For all this, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I must inform thee, Friend *Sancho*, that there is no Remembrance which Time will not deface, nor no Pain to which Death will not put a Period. Thank you for nothing, quoth *Sancho*! What worse can befall us, than to have only Death to trust to? Were our Affliction to be cur'd with a Plaister or two, a Man might have some Patience; but, for ought I see, all the Salves in an Hospital won't set us on our best Legs again. Come, no more of this, cry'd Don *Quixote*; take Courage, and make a Virtue of Necessity; for 'tis what I am resolv'd to do.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, I, 15

- 78 *Don Quixote*. I pray thee tell me now what does the Town say of me? What do the Neighbours, what do the People think of me? What say the Gentry, and the better Sort? How do the Knights discourse of my Valour, my high Feats of Arms, and my courteous Behaviour? What Thoughts do they entertain of my Design, to raise from the Grave of Oblivion the Order of Knight-Errantry, and restore it to the World? In short, tell me freely and sincerely whatever thou hast heard; neither enlarg'd with flattering Commendations, nor lessen'd by any Omission of my Dispraise; for 'tis the Duty of faithful Servants to lay Truth before their Masters in its honourable Nakedness. . . . Why then, quoth *Sancho*, first and foremost you are to know, that the common People take you for a downright Mad-man, and me for one that has not much Guts in his Brains.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 2

- 79 *Don Quixote*. There are two Paths to Dignity and Wealth; Arts and Arms. Arms I have chosen, and the Influence of the Planet *Mars* that presided at my Nativity, led me to that adventurous Road. So that all your Attempts to shake my Resolution are in vain: for in spite of all Mankind, I will pursue what Heaven has fated, Fortune ordain'd, what Reason requires, and (which is more) what my Inclination demands. I am sensible of the many Troubles and Dangers that attend the Prosecution of Knight-Errantry, but I also know what infinite Honours and Rewards are the Consequences of the Performance. The Path of Virtue is narrow, and the Way of Vice easy and open; but their Ends and Resting-places are very different. The latter is a broad Road indeed, and downhill all the way, but Death and Contempt are always met at the End of the Journey; whereas the former leads to Glory and Life, not a Life that soon must have an End, but an immortal Being.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 6

80 *Don Quixote*. I tell thee, *Sancho*, this Desire of Honour is a strange bewitching thing. What dost thou think made *Horatius*, arm'd at all Points, plunge headlong from the Bridge into the rapid *Tyber*? What prompted *Curtius* to leap into the profound flaming Gulph? What made *Mutius* burn his Hand? What forc'd *Caesar* over the *Rubicon*, spite of all the Omens that dissuaded his Passage? And to instance a more modern Example, what made the undaunted *Spaniards* sink their Ships, when under the most courteous *Cortez*, but that scorning the stale Honour of this so often conquer'd World, they sought a Maiden Glory in a new Scene of Victory? These and a Multiplicity of other great Actions, are owing to the immediate Thirst and Desire of Fame, which Mortals expect as the proper Price and immortal Recompence of their great Actions. But we that are Christian Catholick Knights-Errant must fix our Hopes upon a higher Reward, plac'd in the Eternal and Celestial Regions, where we may expect a permanent Honour and compleat Happiness; not like the Vanity of Fame, which at best is but the Shadow of great Actions, and must necessarily vanish, when destructive Time has eat away the Substance which it follow'd. So, my *Sancho*, since we expect a Christian Reward, we must suit our Actions to the Rules of Christianity. In Giants we must kill Pride and Arrogance: But our greatest Foes, and whom we must chiefly combat, are within. Envy we must overcome by Generosity and Nobleness of Soul; Anger, by a repos'd and easy Mind; Riot and Drowsiness, by Vigilance and Temperance; Lasciviousness, by our inviolable Fidelity to those who are Mistresses of our Thoughts; and Sloth, by our indefatigable Peregrinations through the Universe, to seek Occasions of Military, as well as Christian Honours. This, *Sancho*, is the Road to lasting Fame, and a good and honourable Renown.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 8

81 When he [the Gentleman in Green] look'd on *Don Quixote*, he thought he had never beheld before such a strange appearance of a Man. He could not but admire at the Lankness of his Horse; he consider'd then the Long-back'd, Rawbon'd Thing that bestrid him; His wan, meagre Face, his Air, his Gravity, his Arms and Equipage; such a Figure, as perhaps had not been seen in that Country time out of mind. *Don Quixote* observed how intent the travelling Gentleman had been in surveying him, and reading his Desire in his Surprise, as he was the very Pink of Courtesy and fond of pleasing every one, without staying till he should question him, he thought fit to prevent him. Sir, said he, that you are surpriz'd at this Figure of mine, which appears so new and exotick, I do not wonder in the least; but your Admiration will cease when I have inform'd you, that I am one of those Knights who go in quest of Adventures. I have left my Country, Mortgaged

my Estate, quitted my Pleasures, and thrown myself into the Arms of Fortune. My design was to give a new Life to Knight-Errantry, that so long has been lost to the World; and thus, after infinite Toils and Hardships; sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling; casting myself headlong in one place, and rising again in another, I have compass'd a great part of my Desire, relieving Widows, protecting Damsels, assisting Marry'd Women and Orphans, the proper and natural Office of Knights-Errant; and so by many Valorous and Christian-like Atchievements, I have merited the Honour of the Press in almost all the Nations of the World. Thirty thousand Volumes of my History have been printed already, and thirty thousand Millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not. In short, to sum up all in one Word, know, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd, The Knight of the Woful Figure; I own it lessens the value of Praise to be the Publisher of its own self; yet 'tis what I am sometimes forc'd to, when there is none present to do me Justice. And now, good Sir, no longer let this Steed, this Lance, this Shield, this Armour, nor this Squire, nor the Paleness of my Looks, nor my exhausted Body, move your Admiration, since you know who I am, and the Profession I follow.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 16

82 Ambition is like choler; which is an humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have his way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous. So ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising, and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye.

Bacon, *Of Ambition*

83 Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within.

Bacon, *Of Great Place*

84 Honour is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed.

Bacon, *Of Great Place*

85 Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light

and swoln, and drowns things weighty and solid.
Bacon, *Of Praise*

- 86 A man is an ill husband of his honour, that enteth into any action, the failing wherein may disgrace him more than the carrying of it through can honour him.

Bacon, *Of Honour and Reputation*

- 87 Although I do not care immoderately for glory, or, if I dare say so, although I even hate it, inasmuch as I judge it to be antagonistic to the repose which I esteem above all other things, at the same time I never tried to conceal my actions as though they were crimes, nor have I used many precautions against being known, partly because I should have thought it damaging to myself, and partly because it would have given me a sort of disquietude which would again have militated against the perfect repose of spirit which I seek. And forasmuch as having in this way always held myself in a condition of indifference as regards whether I was known or was not known, I have not yet been able to prevent myself from acquiring some sort of reputation, I thought that I should do my best at least to prevent myself from acquiring an evil reputation.

Descartes, *Discourse on Method*, VI

- 88 Grief for the discovery of some defect of ability is *shame*, or the passion that discovereth itself in blushing, and consisteth in the apprehension of something dishonourable; and in young men is a sign of the love of good reputation, and commendable: in old men it is a sign of the same; but because it comes too late, not commendable.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 6

- 89 Let a man, as most men do, rate themselves at the highest value they can, yet their true value is no more than it is esteemed by others.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 10

- 90 The manifestation of the value we set on one another is that which is commonly called *honouring* and *dishonouring*. To value a man at a high rate is to *honour* him; at a low rate is to *dishonour* him. But high and low, in this case, is to be understood by comparison to the rate that each man setteth on himself.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 10

- 91 We do not content ourselves with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being; we desire to live an imaginary life in the mind of others, and for this purpose we endeavour to shine. We labour unceasingly to adorn and preserve this imaginary existence and neglect the real. And if we possess calmness, or generosity, or truthfulness, we are eager to make it known, so as to attach these virtues

to that imaginary existence. We would rather separate them from ourselves to join them to it; and we would willingly be cowards in order to acquire the reputation of being brave. . . . We are so presumptuous that we would wish to be known by all the world, even by people who shall come after, when we shall be no more; and we are so vain that the esteem of five or six neighbours delights and contents us.

Pascal, *Pensées*, II, 147–148

- 92 Have you never seen people who, in order to complain of the little fuss you make about them, parade before you the example of great men who esteem them? In answer I reply to them, "Show me the merit whereby you have charmed these persons, and I also will esteem you."

Pascal, *Pensées*, V, 333

- 93 *Fame* is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfit witnes of all judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

Milton, *Lycidas*, 70

- 94 I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men; the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI, 373

- 95 O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give care
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,

Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staid,
 And in our Faces evident the signes
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
 Insufferable bright. O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs;
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together
 sowd.
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round
 Those middle parts, that this new commer,
 Shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
 So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
 The Figtree. . . .

Those

They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IX, 1067

- 96 What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak wtnes of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument. . . .
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

Milton, *On Shakespear*

- 97 The more a man imagines that he is praised by
 other men, the more is this joy strengthened; for
 the more a man imagines that he is praised by
 others, the more does he imagine that he affects
 others with joy accompanied by the idea of him-
 self as a cause, and therefore he is affected with
 greater joy accompanied with the idea of himself.
 Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 53, Corol.

- 98 What is called vainglory is self-satisfaction, nour-
 ished by nothing but the good opinion of the mul-
 titude, so that when that is withdrawn, the satis-
 faction, that is to say, the chief good which every

one loves, ceases. For this reason those who glory
 in the good opinion of the multitude anxiously
 and with daily care strive, labour, and struggle to
 preserve their fame. For the multitude is change-
 able and fickle, so that fame, if it be not pre-
 served, soon passes away. As every one, moreover,
 is desirous to catch the praises of the people, one
 person will readily destroy the fame of another;
 and, consequently, as the object of contention is
 what is commonly thought to be the highest good,
 a great desire arises on the part of every one to
 keep down his fellows by every possible means,
 and he who at last comes off conqueror boasts
 more because he has injured another person than
 because he has profited himself. This glory of self-
 satisfaction, therefore, is indeed vain, for it is real-
 ly no glory.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, IV, Prop. 58, Schol.

- 99 Shame, although it is not a virtue, is nevertheless
 good, in so far as it shows that a desire of living
 uprightly is present in the man who is possessed
 with shame, just as pain is called good in so far as
 it shows that the injured part has not yet putre-
 fied. A man, therefore, who is ashamed of what he
 has done, although he is sorrowful, is nevertheless
 more perfect than the shameless man who has no
 desire of living uprightly.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, IV, Prop. 58, Schol.

- 100 Since nothing can be more natural than to en-
 courage with esteem and reputation that wherein
 every one finds his advantage, and to blame and
 discountenance the contrary; it is no wonder that
 esteem and discredit, virtue and vice, should, in a
 great measure, everywhere correspond with the
 unchangeable rule of right and wrong, which the
 law of God hath established; there being nothing
 that so directly and visibly secures and advances
 the general good of mankind in this world, as obe-
 dience to the laws he has set them, and nothing
 that breeds such mischiefs and confusion, as the
 neglect of them. And therefore men, without re-
 nouncing all sense and reason, and their own in-
 terest, which they are so constantly true to, could
 not generally mistake, in placing their commen-
 dation and blame on that side that really deserved
 it not. Nay, even those men whose practice was
 otherwise, failed not to give their approbation
 right, few being depraved to that degree as not to
 condemn, at least in others, the faults they them-
 selves were guilty of.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*,
 Bk. II, XXVIII, 11

- 101 Ambition often puts Men upon doing the meanest
 Offices; so Climbing is performed in the same
 Posture with Creeping.

Swift, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

- 102 And now, having grasped his new-purchased
 sword in his hand, he [Tom Jones] was going to

issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called—ha—coward—scoundrel?—I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, VII, 14

- 103 *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*. I made no doubt that his [Mr. Fitzpatrick's] designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, XI, 4

- 104 Honour sets all the parts of the body politic in motion, and by its very action connects them; thus each individual advances the public good, while he only thinks of promoting his own interest.

True it is that, philosophically speaking, it is a false honour which moves all the parts of the government; but even this false honour is as useful to the public as true honour could possibly be to private persons.

Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, III, 7

- 105 Honour . . . has its supreme laws, to which education is obliged to conform. The chief of these are that we are permitted to set a value upon our fortune, but are absolutely forbidden to set any upon our lives.

The second is that, when we are raised to a post or preferment, we should never do or permit anything which may seem to imply that we look upon ourselves as inferior to the rank we hold.

The third is that those things which honour forbids are more rigorously forbidden, when the laws do not concur in the prohibition; and those it commands are more strongly insisted upon, when they happen not to be commanded by law.

Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, IV, 2

- 106 The savage lives within himself, while social man lives constantly outside himself, and only knows how to live in the opinion of others, so that he seems to receive the consciousness of his own existence merely from the judgment of others concerning him.

Rousseau, *Origin of Inequality*, II

- 107 Most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance.

Johnson, *Rambler No. 13*

- 108 It is . . . of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame should add to their reason and their spirit the power of persisting in their purposes, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

Johnson, *Rambler No. 43*

- 109 That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy will be at last bestowed by time.

Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare*

- 110 Honour makes a great part of the reward of all honourable professions. In point of pecuniary gain, all things considered, they are generally under-recompensed. . . . Disgrace has the contrary effect. The trade of a butcher is a brutal and an odious business; but it is in most places more profitable than the greater part of common trades. The most detestable of all employments, that of public executioner, is, in proportion to the quantity of work done, better paid than any common trade whatever.

Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, I, 10

- 111 As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, I

- 112 Our estimate of personal merit is relative to the common faculties of mankind. The aspiring efforts of genius or virtue, either in active or speculative life, are measured not so much by their real elevation as by the height to which they ascend above the level of their age or country; and the same stature which in a people of giants would pass unnoticed, must appear conspicuous in a race of pigmies.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, XLII

- 113 The road to eminence and power, from obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honour ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.

Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

- 114 Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as soar. The pride of no person in a flourishing condition is more justly to be dreaded than that of him who is mean and cringing under a doubtful and unprosperous fortune.

Burke, *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, III

- 115 *Respect* applies always to persons only—not to things. The latter may arouse inclination, and if they are animals (for example, horses, dogs, etc.), even *love* or *fear*, like the sea, a volcano, a beast of prey; but never *respect*. Something that comes nearer to this feeling is *admiration*, and this, as an affection, astonishment, can apply to things also, for example, lofty mountains, the magnitude, number, and distance of the heavenly bodies, the strength and swiftness of many animals, etc. But all this is not respect. A man also may be an object to me of love, fear, or admiration, even to astonishment, and yet not be an object of respect. His jocose humour, his courage and strength, his power from the rank he has amongst others, may inspire me with sentiments of this kind, but still inner respect for him is wanting. Fontenelle says, “I bow before a great man, but my mind does not bow.” I would add, before an humble plain man, in whom I perceive uprightness of character in a higher degree than I am conscious of in myself, *my mind bows* whether I choose it or not, and though I bear my head never so high that he may not forget my superior rank. Why is this? Because his example exhibits to me a law that humbles my self-conceit when I compare it with my conduct. . . . *Respect* is a *tribute* which we cannot refuse to merit, whether we will or not; we may indeed outwardly withhold it, but we cannot help feeling it inwardly.

Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason*, Pt. I, I, 3

- 116 Men can never acquire respect by benevolence alone, though they may gain love, so that the greatest beneficence only procures them honour when it is regulated by worthiness.

Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason*, Pt. I, II, 2

- 117 If people insist that honor is dearer than life itself, what they really mean is that existence and well-being are as nothing compared with other people's opinions. Of course, this may be only an exaggerated way of stating the prosaic truth that

reputation, that is, the opinion others have of us, in indispensable if we are to make any progress in the world.

Schopenhauer, *Position*, I

- 118 Nothing in life gives a man so much courage as the attainment or renewal of the conviction that other people regard him with favor; because it means that everyone joins to give him help and protection, which is an infinitely stronger bulwark against the ills of life than anything he can do himself.

Schopenhauer, *Position*, IV

- 119 The ultimate foundation of honor is the conviction that moral character is unalterable: a single bad action implies that future actions of the same kind will, under similar circumstances, also be bad.

Schopenhauer, *Position*, IV

- 120 Fame is something which must be won; honor, only something which must not be lost. The absence of fame is obscurity, which is only a negative; but loss of honor is shame, which is a positive quality.

Schopenhauer, *Position*, IV

- 121 Honor is concerned merely with such qualities as everyone may be expected to show under similar circumstances; fame only of those which cannot be required of any man. Honor is of qualities which everyone has a right to attribute to himself; fame only of those which should be left to others to attribute. Whilst our honor extends as far as people have knowledge of us; fame runs in advance, and makes us known wherever it finds its way. Everyone can make a claim to honor; very few to fame, as being attainable only in virtue of extraordinary achievements.

Schopenhauer, *Position*, V

- 122 Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no

great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Carlyle, *The Hero as King*

- 123 I trust a good deal to common fame, as we all must. If a man has good corn, or woods, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods.

Emerson, *Journal* (Feb. 1855)

- 124 The nature and strength of the feelings which we call regret, shame, repentance or remorse, depend apparently not only on the strength of the violated instinct, but partly on the strength of the temptation, and often still more on the judgment of our fellows. How far each man values the appreciation of others, depends on the strength of his innate or acquired feeling of sympathy; and on his own capacity for reasoning out the remote consequences of his acts. Another element is most important, although not necessary, the reverence or fear of the Gods, or Spirits believed in by each man: and this applies especially in cases of remorse.

Darwin, *Descent of Man*, I, 4

- 125 To do good unto others—to do unto others as ye would they should do unto you—is the foundation-stone of morality. It is, therefore, hardly possible to exaggerate the importance during rude times of the love of praise and the dread of blame. A man who was not impelled by any deep, instinctive feeling, to sacrifice his life for the good of others, yet was roused to such actions by a sense of glory, would by his example excite the same wish for glory in other men, and would strengthen by exercise the noble feeling of admiration.

Darwin, *Descent of Man*, I, 5

- 126 He [Mitya] felt unbearably awkward. All were clothed, while he was naked, and strange to say, when he was undressed he felt somehow guilty in their presence, and was almost ready to believe himself that he was inferior to them, and that now they had a perfect right to despise him.

“When all are undressed, one is somehow not ashamed, but when one’s the only one undressed and everybody is looking, it’s degrading,” he kept repeating to himself, again and again. “It’s like a dream; I’ve sometimes dreamed of being in such degrading positions.”

Dostoevsky, *Brothers Karamazov*, Pt. III, IX, 6

- 127 A man’s Social Self is the recognition which he gets from his mates. We are not only gregarious ani-

mals, liking to be in sight of our fellows, but we have an innate propensity to get ourselves noticed, and noticed favorably, by our kind. No more fiendish punishment could be devised, were such a thing physically possible, than that one should be turned loose in society and remain absolutely unnoticed by all the members thereof. If no one turned round when we entered, answered when we spoke, or minded what we did, but if every person we met “cut us dead,” and acted as if we were non-existing things, a kind of rage and impotent despair would ere long well up in us, from which the cruellest bodily tortures would be a relief; for these would make us feel that, however bad might be our plight, we had not sunk to such a depth as to be unworthy of attention at all.

William James, *Psychology*, X

- 128 Hardly any of us have ethical energy enough for more than one really inflexible point of honor.

Shaw, *Doctor’s Dilemma*, Pref.

- 129 Tanner. We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. . . . We are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

Shaw, *Man and Superman*, I

- 130 The highest form of vanity is love of fame. It is a passion easy to deride but hard to understand, and in men who live at all by imagination almost impossible to eradicate. The good opinion of posterity can have no possible effect on our fortunes, and the practical value which reputation may temporarily have is quite absent in posthumous fame. The direct object of this passion—that a name should survive in men’s mouths to which no adequate idea of its original can be attached—seems a thin and fantastic satisfaction, especially when we consider how little we should probably sympathise with the creatures that are to remember us. . . . Yet, beneath this desire for nominal longevity, apparently so inane, there may lurk an ideal ambition of which the ancients cannot have been unconscious when they set so high a value on fame. They often identified fame with immortality, a subject on which they had far more rational sentiments than have since prevailed.

Santayana, *Life of Reason*, II, 6