

9 Jealousy is a species of fear which is related to the desire we have to preserve to ourselves the possession of some thing; and it does not so much proceed from the strength of the reasons that suggest the possibility of our losing that good, as from the high estimation in which we hold it, and which is the cause of our examining even the minutest subjects of suspicion, and taking them to be very considerable reasons for anxiety.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLXVII

10 It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, VII, 4

11 It is hard to imagine what some jealous men can make up their mind to and overlook, and what they can forgive! The jealous are the readiest of all to forgive, and all women know it. The jealous man can forgive extraordinarily quickly (though, of course, after a violent scene), and he is able to forgive infidelity almost conclusively proved, the

very kisses and embraces he has seen, if only he can somehow be convinced that it has all been "for the last time," and that his rival will vanish from that day forward, will depart to the ends of the earth, or that he himself will carry her away somewhere, where that dreaded rival will not get near her. Of course the reconciliation is only for an hour. For, even if the rival did disappear next day, he would invent another one and would be jealous of him. And one might wonder what there was in a love that had to be so watched over, what a love could be worth that needed such strenuous guarding. But that the jealous will never understand. And yet among them are men of noble hearts. It is remarkable, too, that those very men of noble hearts, standing hidden in some cupboard, listening and spying, never feel the stings of conscience at that moment, anyway, though they understand clearly enough with their "noble hearts" the shameful depths to which they have voluntarily sunk.

Dostoevsky, *Brothers Karamazov*, Pt. III, VIII, 3

4.11 | *Pride and Humility*

1 Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.

Proverbs 16:18

2 *Chorus.* The curse on great daring shines clear; it wrings atonement from those high hearts that drive to evil, from houses blossoming to pride and peril.

Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 374

3 *Creon.* These rigid spirits are the first to fall. The strongest iron, hardened in the fire, most often ends in scraps and shatterings.

Sophocles, *Antigone*, 473

4 *Athena.* The gods Love men of steady sense and hate the proud.

Sophocles, *Ajax*, 132

5 *Messenger.* Wherever men forget their mere man's nature, Thinking a thought too high, they have no use Of their huge bulk and boldness, but they fall

On most untoward disasters sent by Heaven. Ajax, even when he first set out from home, Proved himself foolish, when his father gave him His good advice at parting. 'Child,' he said, 'Resolve to win, but always with God's help.' But Ajax answered with a senseless boast: 'Father, with God's help even a worthless man Could triumph. I propose, without that help, To win my prize of fame.'

Sophocles, *Ajax*, 758

6 *Hecuba.* We boast, are proud, we plume our confidence—

the rich man in his insolence of wealth, the public man's conceit of office or success— and we are nothing; our ambition, greatness, pride, all vanity.

Euripides, *Hecuba*, 623

7 *Electra.* There is no form of anguish with a name— no suffering, no fate, no fall inflicted by heaven, however terrible—

whose tortures human nature could not bear or might not have to bear.

I think of Tantalus,
born—or so they say—the son of Zeus himself
and blessed by birth and luck as few men are:
happy Tantalus. . . .

I do not mock his fall,
and yet that same Tantalus now writhes and
trembles
in terror of the rock that overhangs his head,
though even as a man he sat as honored equal
at the table of the gods, but could not hold his
tongue,
being sick with pride.

Euripides, *Orestes*, 1

- 8 *Syracusan generals and Gylippus*. When men are once checked in what they consider their special excellence, their whole opinion of themselves suffers more than if they had not at first believed in their superiority, the unexpected shock to their pride causing them to give way more than their real strength warrants.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, VII, 66

- 9 *Socrates*. The three kinds of vain conceit . . . the vain conceit of beauty, of wisdom, and of wealth, are ridiculous if they are weak, and detestable when they are powerful.

Plato, *Philebus*, 49B

- 10 Pride seems even from its name to be concerned with great things; what sort of great things, is the first question we must try to answer. It makes no difference whether we consider the state of character or the man characterized by it. Now the man is thought to be proud who thinks himself worthy of great things, being worthy of them; for he who does so beyond his deserts is a fool, but no virtuous man is foolish or silly. The proud man, then, is the man we have described. For he who is worthy of little and thinks himself worthy of little is temperate, but not proud; for pride implies greatness, as beauty implies a good-sized body, and little people may be neat and well-proportioned but cannot be beautiful. On the other hand, he who thinks himself worthy of great things, being unworthy of them, is vain; though not every one who thinks himself worthy of more than he really is worthy of is vain. The man who thinks himself worthy of less than he is really worthy of is unduly humble, whether his deserts be great or moderate, or his deserts be small but his claims yet smaller. And the man whose deserts are great would seem *most* unduly humble; for what would he have done if they had been less? The proud man, then, is an extreme in respect of the greatness of his claims, but a mean in respect of the rightness of them; for he claims what is in accordance with his merits, while the others go to excess or fall short.

If, then, he deserves and claims great things,

and above all the great things, he will be concerned with one thing in particular. Desert is relative to external goods; and the greatest of these, we should say, is that which we render to the gods, and which people of position most aim at, and which is the prize appointed for the noblest deeds; and this is honour; that is surely the greatest of external goods. Honours and dishonours, therefore, are the objects with respect to which the proud man is as he should be. And even apart from argument it is with honour that proud men appear to be concerned; for it is honour that they chiefly claim, but in accordance with their deserts. The unduly humble man falls short both in comparison with his own merits and in comparison with the proud man's claims. The vain man goes to excess in comparison with his own merits, but does not exceed the proud man's claims.

Now the proud man, since he deserves most, must be good in the highest degree; for the better man always deserves more, and the best man most. Therefore the truly proud man must be good. And greatness in every virtue would seem to be characteristic of a proud man. And it would be most unbecoming for a proud man to fly from danger, swinging his arms by his sides, or to wrong another; for to what end should he do disgraceful acts, he to whom nothing is great? If we consider him point by point we shall see the utter absurdity of a proud man who is not good. Nor, again, would he be worthy of honour if he were bad; for honour is the prize of virtue, and it is to the good that it is rendered. Pride, then, seems to be a sort of crown of the virtues; for it makes them greater, and it is not found without them. Therefore it is hard to be truly proud; for it is impossible without nobility and goodness of character.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1123^a34

- 11 A slow step is thought proper to the proud man, a deep voice, and a level utterance; for the man who takes few things seriously is not likely to be hurried, nor the man who thinks nothing great to be excited, while a shrill voice and a rapid gait are the results of hurry and excitement.

Such, then, is the proud man; the man who falls short of him is unduly humble, and the man who goes beyond him is vain. Now even these are not thought to be bad (for they are not malicious), but only mistaken. For the unduly humble man, being worthy of good things, robs himself of what he deserves, and seems to have something bad about him from the fact that he does not think himself worthy of good things, and seems also not to know himself; else he would have desired the things he was worthy of, since these were good. . . . Vain people, on the other hand, are fools and ignorant of themselves, and that manifestly; for, not being worthy of them, they attempt honourable undertakings, and then are found out; and they adorn themselves with clothing and outward

show and such things, and wish their strokes of good fortune to be made public, and speak about them as if they would be honoured for them.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1125^a13

- 12 We do not expect a vine to bear figs or an olive grapes, but when it comes to ourselves, if we do not possess the combined advantages of millionaire and scholar and general and philosopher, of the flatterer and the plain speaker, of the frugal and the extravagant, we calumniate ourselves and are irked with ourselves and despise ourselves as leading a drab and curtailed life.

Plutarch, *Contentment*

- 13 Consider what men are when they are eating, sleeping, generating, easing themselves and so forth. Then what kind of men they are when they are imperious and arrogant, or angry and scolding from their elevated place. But a short time ago to how many they were slaves and for what things; and after a little time consider in what a condition they will be.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, X, 19

- 14 The pride which is proud of its want of pride is the most intolerable of all.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, XII, 27

- 15 "Your might," said she [Cecilia], "is scarce a thing to dread;

For power of every mortal man but is

Like to a bladder full of wind, ywis.

For with a needle's point, when it is blown,

Prick it, and all the pride of it comes down."

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Second Nun's Tale

- 16 I hold that a man should be cautious in making an estimate of himself, and equally conscientious in testifying about himself—whether he rates himself high or low makes no difference. If I seemed to myself good and wise or nearly so, I would shout it out at the top of my voice. To say less of yourself than is true is stupidity, not modesty. To pay yourself less than you are worth is cowardice and pusillanimity, according to Aristotle. No virtue is helped by falsehood, and truth is never subject to error. To say more of yourself than is true is not always presumption; it too is often stupidity. To be immoderately pleased with what you are, to fall therefore into an undiscerning self-love, is in my opinion the substance of this vice. The supreme remedy to cure it is to do just the opposite of what those people prescribe who, by prohibiting talking about oneself, even more strongly prohibit thinking about oneself. The pride lies in the thought; the tongue can have only a very slight share in it.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 6, Of Practice

- 17 *Ajax*. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agamemnon. Your mind is the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nestor. [*Aside*.] Yet he loves himself. Is't not strange?

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, II, iii, 161

- 18 *Fool*. There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Shakespeare, *Lear*, III, ii, 35

- 19 All those who form a good opinion of themselves for some other reason, whatever it may be, have not a true generosity, but merely a pride which is always very vicious, although it is all the more so, the more the cause for which we esteem ourselves is unjust. And the most unjust cause of all is when we are proud without any reason, that is to say, without our thinking so far as this goes that there is in us any merit for which we ought to be esteemed, simply taking the view that merit is not taken into consideration at all, and that as glory is regarded as nothing but usurpation, those who ascribe most of it to themselves really possess the greatest amount of it. This vice is so unreasonable and absurd, that I should scarcely have believed that there were men who could allow themselves to give way to it, if no one were ever unjustly praised; but flattery is everywhere so common that there is no man so defective that he does not often see himself esteemed for things that do not merit any praise, or even that merit blame; and this give occasion to the most ignorant and stupid to fall into this species of pride.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLVII

- 20 The passion whose violence or continuance maketh madness is either great vainglory, which is commonly called *pride* and *self-conceit*, or great dejection of mind.

Pride subjecteth a man to anger, the excess whereof is the madness called *rage*, and *fury*. And thus it comes to pass that excessive desire of revenge, when it becomes habitual, hurteth the organs, and becomes rage: that excessive love, with jealousy, becomes also rage: excessive opinion of a man's own self, for devine inspiration, for wisdom, learning, form, and the like, becomes distraction and giddiness: the same, joined with envy, rage: vehement opinion of the truth of anything, contradicted by others, rage.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 8

- 21 I thank God, amongst those millions of Vices I do inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one,

and that a mortal enemy to Charity, the first and father-sin, not onely of man, but of the devil, Pride.

Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, II, 8

- 22 Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a soldier's servant, a cook, a porter brags and wishes to have his admirers. Even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it want to have the glory of having written well; and those who read it desire the glory of having read it. I who write this have perhaps this desire, and perhaps those who will read it.

Pascal, *Pensées*, II, 150

- 23 He who will know fully the vanity of man has only to consider the causes and effects of love. The cause is a *je ne sais quoi*, and the effects are dreadful. This *je ne sais quoi*, so small an object that we cannot recognise it, agitates a whole country, princes, armies, the entire world.

Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered.

Pascal, *Pensées*, II, 162

- 24 *Contradiction*.—Pride counterbalancing all miseries. Man either hides his miseries, or, if he disclose them, glories in knowing them.

Pride counterbalances and takes away all miseries. Here is a strange monster and a very plain aberration. He is fallen from his place and is anxiously seeking it. This is what all men do. Let us see who will have found it.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VI, 405–406

- 25 When a man thinks too much of himself, this imagination is called *pride*, and is a kind of delirium, because he dreams with his eyes open, that he is able to do all those things to which he attains in imagination alone, regarding them therefore as realities, and rejoicing in them so long as he cannot imagine anything to exclude their existence and limit his power of action. Pride, therefore, is that joy which arises from a man's thinking too much of himself.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 26, Schol.

- 26 Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. . . . This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing.

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, I

- 27 Pride is a sin that sticks close to nature, and is one of the first follies wherein it shows itself to be pol-

luted. For even in childhood, even in little children, pride will first of all show itself; it is a hasty, an early appearance of the sin of the soul.

Bunyan, *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*

- 28 My reconciliation to the Yahoo-kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature hath entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like: this is all according to the due course of things: but, when I behold a lump of deformity, and diseases both in body and mind, smitten with *pride*, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together. The wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language, which hath no terms to express any thing that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their Yahoos; among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it sheweth it self in other countries, where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild Yahoos.

But the Houyhnhnms, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm, which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of an English Yahoo by any means not insupportable; and therefore, I here intreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to appear in my sight.

Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, IV, 12

- 29 To be vain, is rather a Mark of Humility than Pride. Vain Men delight in telling what Honours have been done them, what great Company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess, that these Honours were more than their Due, and such as their Friends would not believe if they had not been told: Whereas a Man truly proud, thinks the greatest Honours below his Merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a Maxim, that whoever desires the Character of a proud Man, ought to conceal his Vanity.

Swift, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

- 30 Of all the causes which conspire to blind Man's erring judgement, and misguide the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules,

Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, II, 201

- 31 Vanity is as advantageous to a government as pride is dangerous. To be convinced of this we need only represent, on the one hand, the numberless benefits which result from vanity, as industry, the arts, fashions, politeness, and taste; on the other, the infinite evils which spring from the pride of certain nations, as laziness, poverty, a total neglect of everything—in fine, the destruction of the nations which have happened to fall under their government, as well as of their own. Laziness is the effect of pride; labour, a consequence of vanity.

Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, XIX, 9

- 32 *Johnson*. He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examine what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult, is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1750)

- 33 *Johnson*. Scarce any man dies in publick, but with apparent resolution; from that desire of praise which never quits us.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Sept. 16, 1777)

- 34 With the greater part of rich people, the chief enjoyment of riches consists in the parade of riches, which in their eye is never so complete as when they appear to possess those decisive marks of opulence which nobody can possess but themselves. In their eyes the merit of an object which is in any degree either useful or beautiful is greatly enhanced by its scarcity, or by the great labour which it requires to collect any considerable quantity of it, a labour which nobody can afford to pay but themselves. Such objects they are willing to purchase at a higher price than things much more beautiful and useful, but more common.

Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, I, 11

- 35 The virtues are economists, but some of the vices are also. Thus, next to humility, I have noticed that pride is a pretty good husband. A good pride is, as I reckon it, worth from five hundred to fifteen hundred a year. Pride is handsome, economical; pride eradicates so many vices, letting none subsist but itself, that it seems as if it were a great gain to exchange vanity for pride. Pride can go without domestics, without fine clothes, can live in a house with two rooms, can eat potato, purslain, beans, lyed corn, can work on the soil, can travel afoot, can talk with poor men, or sit silent well contented in fine saloons. But vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is still nothing at last; a long way leading nowhere. Only one drawback; proud people are intolerably selfish, and the vain are gentle and giving.

Emerson, *Wealth*

- 36 If one has no vanity in this life of ours, there is no sufficient reason for living.

Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, XXIII