

64 Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea!—incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God, if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child; he lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson, and Putnam as men who ‘didn’t know what fear was’, we ought always to add the flea—and put him at the head of the procession.

Mark Twain, *Pudd’nhead Wilson’s Calendar*, XII

65 There are several good protections against temptations, but the surest is cowardice.

Mark Twain, *Pudd’nhead Wilson’s New Calendar*, XXXVI

66 Now all the truth is out,
Be secret and take defeat
From any brazen throat,
For how can you compete,
Being honor bred, with one
Who, were it proved he lies
Were neither shamed in his own
Nor in his neighbors’ eyes?
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string

Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.

Yeats, *To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing*

67 If people throw up to us our works of fiction in which we write about people who are soft, weak, cowardly, and sometimes even downright bad, it’s not because these people are soft, weak, cowardly, or bad; because if we were to say, as Zola did, that they are that way because of heredity, the workings of environment, society, because of biological or psychological determinism, people would be reassured. They would say, “Well, that’s what we’re like, no one can do anything about it.” But when the existentialist writes about a coward, he says that this coward is responsible for his cowardice. He’s not like that because he has a cowardly heart or lung or brain; he’s not like that on account of his physiological makeup; but he’s like that because he has made himself a coward by his acts. There’s no such thing as a cowardly constitution; there are nervous constitutions; there is poor blood, as the common people say, or strong constitutions. But the man whose blood is poor is not a coward on that account, for what makes cowardice is the act of renouncing or yielding. A constitution is not an act; the coward is defined on the basis of the acts he performs. People feel, in a vague sort of way, that this coward we’re talking about is guilty of being a coward, and the thought frightens them. What people would like is that a coward or a hero be born that way.

Sartre, *Existentialism*

9.12 | Temperance and Intemperance

The quality of moderation that is sometimes identified with virtue itself is more often identified with one particular virtue or one aspect of virtue—temperance. When the latter is the case, the moderation involved represents a control over the desires or anne-

tites. The maxim of temperance “Nothing overmuch” calls not for total abstinence, but rather an avoidance of excess.

In the case of courage, as the reader will find in Section 9.11, the obvious examples of fortitude exhibit the overcoming of excessive

fear of physical pain or injury. Here the obvious examples of temperance exhibit the overcoming of cravings for bodily pleasures, especially the pleasures of food, drink, and sex. The intemperate characters portrayed by the poets or reported by the biographers and historians are epitomes of gluttony, inebriation, and lust. The reader will also find in Section 9.11 on COURAGE AND COWARDICE that the poets and historians tend to give us portrayals of courage rather than cowardice, for brave men are the heroes of history and fiction. Here, however, the poets and historians more frequently dwell on the exploits and depravities of the intemperate; the person of temperate character or of moderate desires seldom attracts attention or dominates the scene.

Temperance and intemperance are seldom if ever attributed to a single act. The temperate person is one who is disposed by habit to restrain the appetites and keep

them within the bounds of reason in order to prevent them from distracting from the pursuit of objectives worthier than the gratification of desires. The intemperate person is one who habitually indulges himself without rein, preferring the pleasures of the moment to the achievement of goals that require the exercise of restraint here and now. Because the intemperate person manifests great self-indulgence, this person is sometimes described as being childish in character, on the supposition that an excess that is natural in the very young should be corrected by the development of temperance with maturity.

Since temperance and intemperance are for the most part concerned with the moderation or indulgence of desires and with a reasonable or prudent enjoyment of pleasures, the reader is referred, for relevant materials, to Section 4.4 on DESIRE, Section 4.7 on PLEASURE AND PAIN, and Section 9.13 on PRUDENCE.

- 1 Neither repletion, nor fasting, nor anything else, is good when more than natural.

Hippocrates, *Aphorisms*, II, 4

- 2 *Socrates*. Every man is his own ruler; but perhaps you think that there is no necessity for him to rule himself; he is only required to rule others?

Callicles. What do you mean by his "ruling over himself"?

Soc. A simple thing enough; just what is commonly said, that a man should be temperate and master of himself, and ruler of his own pleasures and passions.

Cal. What innocence! you mean those fools—the temperate?

Soc. Certainly—any one may know that to be my meaning.

Cal. Quite so, *Socrates*; and they are really fools, for how can a man be happy who is the servant of anything? On the contrary, I plainly assert, that he who would truly live ought to allow his desires to wax to the uttermost, and not to chastise them; but when they have grown to their greatest he should have courage and intelligence to minister to them and to satisfy all his longings. And this I affirm to be natural justice and nobility. To this however the many cannot attain; and

they blame the strong man because they are ashamed of their own weakness, which they desire to conceal, and hence they say that intemperance is base. As I have remarked already, they enslave the nobler natures, and being unable to satisfy their pleasures, they praise temperance and justice out of their own cowardice. For if a man had been originally the son of a king, or had a nature capable of acquiring an empire or a tyranny or sovereignty, what could be more truly base or evil than temperance—to a man like him, I say, who might freely be enjoying every good, and has no one to stand in his way, and yet has admitted custom and reason and the opinion of other men to be lords over him?—must not he be in a miserable plight whom the reputation of justice and temperance hinders from giving more to his friends than to his enemies, even though he be a ruler in his city? Nay, *Socrates*, for you profess to be a votary of the truth, and the truth is this: that luxury and intemperance and licence, if they be provided with means, are virtue and happiness—all the rest is a mere bauble, agreements contrary to nature, foolish talk of men, nothing worth.

Soc. There is a noble freedom, *Callicles*, in your way of approaching the argument; for what you say is what the rest of the world think, but do not

like to say. And I must beg of you to persevere, that the true rule of human life may become manifest. Tell me, then:—you say, do you not, that in the rightly-developed man the passions ought not to be controlled, but that we should let them grow to the utmost and somehow or other satisfy them, and that this is virtue?

Cal. Yes; I do.

Soc. Then those who want nothing are not truly said to be happy?

Cal. No indeed, for then stones and dead men would be the happiest of all.

Soc. But surely life according to your view is an awful thing. . . . I would fain prove to you that you should change your mind, and, instead of the intemperate and insatiate life, choose that which is orderly and sufficient and has a due provision for daily needs. Do I make any impression on you, and are you coming over to the opinion that the orderly are happier than the intemperate? Or do I fail to persuade you, and, however many tales I rehearse to you, do you continue of the same opinion still?

Cal. The latter, Socrates, is more like the truth.
Plato, *Gorgias*, 491B

3 *Socrates.* Listen to me, then, while I recapitulate the argument:—Is the pleasant the same as the good? Not the same. Callicles and I are agreed about that. And is the pleasant to be pursued for the sake of the good? or the good for the sake of the pleasant? The pleasant is to be pursued for the sake of the good. And that is pleasant at the presence of which we are pleased, and that is good at the presence of which we are good? To be sure. And we are good, and all good things whatever are good when some virtue is present in us or them? That, Callicles, is my conviction. But the virtue of each thing, whether body or soul, instrument or creature, when given to them in the best way comes to them not by chance but as the result of the order and truth and art which are imparted to them: Am I not right? I maintain that I am. And is not the virtue of each thing dependent on order or arrangement? Yes, I say. And that which makes a thing good is the proper order inhering in each thing? Such is my view. And is not the soul which has an order of her own better than that which has no order? Certainly. And the soul which has order is orderly? Of course. And that which is orderly is temperate? Assuredly. And the temperate soul is good? No other answer can I give, Callicles dear; have you any?

Callicles. Go on, my good fellow.

Soc. Then I shall proceed to add, that if the temperate soul is the good soul, the soul which is in the opposite condition, that is, the foolish and intemperate, is the bad soul. Very true.

And will not the temperate man do what is proper, both in relation to the gods and to men;—for he would not be temperate if he did not? Cer-

tainly he will do what is proper. In his relation to other men he will do what is just; and in his relation to the gods he will do what is holy; and he who does what is just and holy must be just and holy? Very true. And must he not be courageous? for the duty of a temperate man is not to follow or to avoid what he ought not, but what he ought, whether things or men or pleasures or pains, and patiently to endure when he ought; and therefore, Callicles, the temperate man, being, as we have described, also just and courageous and holy, cannot be other than a perfectly good man, nor can the good man do otherwise than well and perfectly whatever he does; and he who does well must of necessity be happy and blessed, and the evil man who does evil, miserable: now this latter is he whom you were applauding—the intemperate who is the opposite of the temperate. Such is my position, and these things I affirm to be true. And if they are true, then I further affirm that he who desires to be happy must pursue and practise temperance and run away from intemperance as fast as his legs will carry him: he had better order his life so as not to need punishment; but if either he or any of his friends, whether private individual or city, are in need of punishment, then justice must be done and he must suffer punishment, if he would be happy. This appears to me to be the aim which a man ought to have, and towards which he ought to direct all the energies both of himself and of the state, acting so that he may have temperance and justice present with him and be happy, not suffering his lusts to be unrestrained, and in the never-ending desire to satisfy them leading a robber's life. Such a one is the friend neither of God nor man, for he is incapable of communion, and he who is incapable of communion is also incapable of friendship. And philosophers tell us, Callicles, that communion and friendship and orderliness and temperance and justice bind together heaven and earth and gods and men, and that this universe is therefore called Cosmos or order, not disorder or misrule, my friend.

Plato, *Gorgias*, 506B

4 *Protarchus.* The temperate are restrained by the wise man's aphorism of "Never too much," which is their rule, but excess of pleasure possessing the minds of fools and wantons becomes madness and makes them shout with delight.

Plato, *Philebus*, 45B

5 *Athenian Stranger.* He who knows the temperate life will describe it as in all things gentle, having gentle pains and gentle pleasures, and placid desires and loves not insane; whereas the intemperate life is impetuous in all things, and has violent pains and pleasures, and vehement and stinging desires, and loves utterly insane; and in the temperate life the pleasures exceed the pains, but in the intem-

perate life the pains exceed the pleasures in greatness and number and frequency. Hence one of the two lives is naturally and necessarily more pleasant and the other more painful, and he who would live pleasantly cannot possibly choose to live intemperately. And if this is true, the inference clearly is that no man is voluntarily intemperate; but that the whole multitude of men lack temperance in their lives, either from ignorance, or from want of self-control, or both.

Plato, *Laws*, V, 733B

6 I came to Italy and Sicily on my first visit. My first impressions on arrival were those of strong disapproval—disapproval of the kind of life which was there called the life of happiness, stuffed full as it was with the banquets of the Italian Greeks and Syracusans, who ate to repletion twice every day, and were never without a partner for the night; and disapproval of the habits which this manner of life produces. For with these habits formed early in life, no man under heaven could possibly attain to wisdom—human nature is not capable of such an extraordinary combination. Temperance also is out of the question for such a man; and the same applies to virtue generally. No city could remain in a state of tranquillity under any laws whatsoever, when men think it right to squander all their property in extravagant excesses, and consider it a duty to be idle in everything else except eating and drinking and the laborious prosecution of debauchery.

Plato, *Seventh Letter*

7 Temperance and self-indulgence . . . are concerned with the kind of pleasures that the other animals share in, which therefore appear slavish and brutish; these are touch and taste. But even of taste they appear to make little or no use; for the business of taste is the discriminating of flavours, which is done by winetasters and people who season dishes; but they hardly take pleasure in making these discriminations, or at least self-indulgent people do not, but in the actual enjoyment, which in all cases comes through touch, both in the case of food and in that of drink and in that of sexual intercourse. This is why a certain gourmand prayed that his throat might become longer than a crane's, implying that it was the contact that he took pleasure in. Thus the sense with which self-indulgence is connected is the most widely shared of the senses; and self-indulgence would seem to be justly a matter of reproach, because it attaches to us not as men but as animals. To delight in such things, then, and to love them above all others, is brutish.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1118^a24

8 The temperate man . . . neither enjoys the things that the self-indulgent man enjoys most—but rather dislikes them—nor in general the things

that he should not, nor anything of this sort to excess, nor does he feel pain or craving when they are absent, or does so only to a moderate degree, and not more than he should, nor when he should not, and so on; but the things that, being pleasant, make for health or for good condition, he will desire moderately and as he should, and also other pleasant things if they are not hindrances to these ends, or contrary to what is noble, or beyond his means. For he who neglects these conditions loves such pleasures more than they are worth, but the temperate man is not that sort of person, but the sort of person that the right rule prescribes.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1119^a11

9 All our disorders result from intemperance. It is the revolt from all common sense and right reason. It is so completely foreign to reason that such lust of the soul cannot be curbed. Just as temperance allays the cravings and makes them obey reason, thus keeping the mind well balanced; so the enemy, intemperance, utterly disrupts the normal condition of the mind. Hence one is beset with anxiety, fears, and all other disorders.

Cicero, *Disputations*, IV, 9

10 The appetites must be made subject to the control of reason, and not allowed to run ahead of it or to lag behind because of indolence or listlessness. Everyone should enjoy a quiet soul and be free from every type of passion. Then will strength of character and self-control shine through in all their brilliance. But when appetites are unleashed to run wild, either in desire or aversion, and are not reined in by reason, they exceed all restraint and measure. They throw off obedience and leave it behind. They refuse to obey the rule of reason to which they ought to be subject by the law of nature. Both the mind and the body can be well put in disarray by the appetites.

Cicero, *De Officiis*, I, 29

11 There is a mean in things; finally, there are certain boundaries, on either side of which moral rectitude cannot exist.

Horace, *Satires*, I, 1

12 Safer thou'lt sail life's voyage, if thou steer
Neither right out to sea, nor yet, when rise
The threat'ning tempests, hug the shore too near,
Unwisely wise.

What man soe'er the golden mean doth choose,
Prudent will shun the hovel's foul decay;
But with like sense, a palace will refuse
And vain display.

Horace, *Odes*, II, 10

13 Drunkenness inflames and lays bare every vice, removing the reserve that acts as a check on impulses to wrong behaviour. For people abstain

from forbidden things far more often through feelings of inhibition when it comes to doing what is wrong than through any will to good.

Seneca, *Letters to Lucilius*, 83

- 14 To want to know more than is sufficient is a form of intemperance.

Seneca, *Letters to Lucilius*, 88

- 15 In the constitution of the rational animal I see no virtue which is opposed to justice; but I see a virtue which is opposed to love of pleasure, and that is temperance.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, VIII, 39

- 16 I strive daily against greediness in eating and drinking. For this is not the kind of thing I can resolve once and for all to cut off and touch no more, as I could with fornication. For the reins of the throat are to be held somewhere between too lightly and too tightly.

Augustine, *Confessions*, X, 31

- 17 Nature inclines everything to whatever is becoming to it. Wherefore man naturally desires pleasures that are becoming to him. Since, however, man as such is a rational being, it follows that those pleasures are becoming to man which are in accordance with reason. From such pleasures temperance does not withdraw him, but from those which are contrary to reason. Wherefore it is clear that temperance is not contrary to the inclination of human nature, but is in accord with it.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 141, 1

- 18 Temperance is about desires and pleasures in the same way as fortitude is about fear and daring. Now fortitude is about fear and daring with respect to the greatest evils whereby nature itself is dissolved; and such are dangers of death. Wherefore in like manner temperance must needs be about desires for the greatest pleasures. And since pleasure results from a natural operation, it is so much the greater according as it results from a more natural operation. Now to animals the most natural operations are those which preserve the nature of the individual by means of meat and drink, and the nature of the species by the union of the sexes. Hence temperance is properly about pleasures of meat and drink and sexual pleasures. Now these pleasures result from the sense of touch. Wherefore it follows that temperance is about pleasures of touch.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 141, 4

- 19 Sins of intemperance are said to be childish. For the sin of intemperance is one of unchecked concupiscence, which is likened to a child in three ways. First, as regards that which they both desire, for like a child concupiscence desires something disgraceful. This is because in human affairs

a thing is beautiful according as it harmonizes with reason. . . . Now a child does not attend to the order of reason; and in like manner concupiscence does not listen to reason. . . . Secondly, they are alike as to the result. For a child, if left to his own will, becomes more self-willed; hence it is written: *A horse not broken becometh stubborn, and a child left to himself will become headstrong.* So, too, concupiscence, if indulged, gathers strength: wherefore Augustine says: *Lust served became a custom, and custom not resisted became necessity.* Thirdly, as to the remedy which is applied to both. For a child is corrected by being restrained; hence it is written: *Withhold not correction from a child. . . . Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and deliver his soul from Hell.* In like manner by resisting concupiscence we moderate it according to the demands of virtue. Augustine indicates this when he says that if the mind be lifted up to spiritual things, and remain fixed thereon, the impulse of custom, i.e. carnal concupiscence, is broken, and being suppressed is gradually weakened: for it was stronger when we followed it, and though not wholly destroyed, it is certainly less strong when we curb it. Hence the Philosopher [Aristotle] says that as a child ought to live according to the direction of his tutor, so ought the concupiscible to accord with reason.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 142, 2

- 20 I discern new torments, and new tormented souls, whithersoever I move, and turn, and gaze.

I am in the Third Circle, that of the eternal, accursed, cold, and heavy rain; its [law] and quality is never new.

Large hail, and turbid water, and snow, [pour down] through the darksome air; the ground, on which it falls, emits a putrid smell.

Cerberus, a monster fierce and strange, with three throats, barks dog-like over those that are immersed in it.

His eyes are red, his beard [greasy] and black, his belly wide, and clawed his hands; he clutches the spirits, flays, and piecemeal rends them.

The rain makes them howl like dogs; with one side they screen the other; they often turn themselves, the impious wretches.

When Cerberus, the great Worm, perceived us, he opened his mouths and shewed his tusks: no limb of him kept still.

My Guide, spreading his palms, took up earth; and, with full fists, cast it into his ravening gullets.

As the dog, that barking craves, and grows quiet when he bites his food, for he strains and battles only to devour it:

so did those squalid visages of Cerberus the Demon, who thunders on the spirits so, that they would fain be deaf.

We passed over the shadows whom the heavy rain subdues; and placed our soles upon their emptiness, which seems a body.

They all were living on the ground save one who

sat up forthwith when he saw us pass before him.

“O thou, who through this Hell art led,” he said to me, “recognise me if thou mayest; thou wast made before I was unmade.”

And I to him: “The anguish which thou hast, perhaps withdraws thee from my memory, so that it seems not as if I ever saw thee.

But tell me who art thou, that art put in such a doleful place, and in such punishment; that, though other may be greater, none is so displeasing.”

And he to me: “Thy city, which is so full of envy that the sack already overflows, contained me in the clear life.

You, citizens, called me Ciacco: for the baneful crime of Gluttony, as thou seest, I languish in the rain;

and I, wretched spirit, am not alone, since all these for like crime are in like punishment”; and more he said not.

Dante, *Inferno*, VI, 4

- 21 O gluttony, full of all wickedness,
O first cause of confusion to us all,
Beginning of damnation and our fall,
Till Christ redeemed us with His blood again!
Behold how dearly, to be brief and plain,
Was purchased this accursed villainy;
Corrupt was all this world with gluttony!
Adam our father, and his wife also,
From Paradise to labour and to woe
Were driven for that vice, no doubt; indeed
The while that Adam fasted, as I read,
He was in Paradise; but then when he
Ate of the fruit forbidden of the tree,
Anon he was cast out to woe and pain
O gluttony, of you we may complain!

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Pardoner's Tale

- 22 Drink until misfortune overtakes you! People like you won't reach old age, for the best part of mankind perishes from too much drink.

Luther, *Table Talk*, 3468

- 23 *Grangousier and his neighbors*. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who in the time of innocence would have drunk without being athirst? Nay, sir, it was drinking; for *privatio praesupponit habitum*. I am learned, you see: *Faecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* We poor innocents drink but too much without thirst. Not I truly, who am a sinner, for I never drink without thirst, either present or future. To prevent it, as you know, I drink for the thirst to come. I drink eternally. This is to me an eternity of drinking, and drinking of eternity. Let us sing, let us drink, and tune up our roundlays. Where is my funnel? What, it seems I do not drink but by an attorney? Do you wet yourselves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? Pish, I understand not the rhetoric (theoric I should say), but I

help myself somewhat by the practice. Beast, enough! I sup, I wet, I humect, I moisten my gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying. Drink always and you shall never die. If I drink not, I am a ground dry, gravelled and spent. I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to fly into some marsh amongst frogs: the soul never dwells in a dry place, drought kills it. O you butlers, creators of new forms, make me of no drinker a drinker, perenity and everlastingness of sprinkling, and bedewing me through these my parched and sinewy bowels. He drinks in vain, that feels not the pleasure of it.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, I, 5

- 24 *Grangousier*. I have a remedy against thirst, quite contrary to that which is good against the biting of a mad dog. Keep running after a dog, and he will never bite you; drink always before the thirst, and it will never come upon you.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, I, 5

- 25 Is it still temperance and frugality to avoid expenses and pleasures whose use and knowledge are imperceptible to us? An easy way to reform and a cheap one!

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 3, Our Feelings
Reach Out

- 26 Virtue's tool is moderation, not strength.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 26, Education of Children

- 27 Enough for the sage to curb and moderate his inclinations; for to do away with them is not in him.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 2, Of Drunkenness

- 28 It is perhaps easier to do without the whole sex than to behave rightly in every respect in association with our wives; and a man may live more carefree in poverty than in justly dispensed abundance. Enjoyment conducted according to reason is more arduous than abstinence. Moderation is a virtue that gives more trouble than suffering does.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 33, The Story of Spurina

- 29 *Salisbury*. To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Shakespeare, *King John*, IV, ii, 10

- 30 *Nerissa*. They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,

but competency lives longer.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, I, ii, 5

31 *Falstaff*. Now, Hal, what time of day is 't, lad?

Prince of Wales. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, I, ii, 1

32 *Worcester*. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hotspur. All studies here I solemnly defy, Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke: And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not And would be glad he met with some mischance, I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you When you are better temper'd to attend.

Northumberland. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood, Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do you call the place?— A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept, His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke— 'Sblood!—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, "When his infant fortune came to age,"

And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin";

O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;

We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, I, iii, 227

33 *Rosalind*. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, IV, i, 123

34 *Lucio*. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio liberty.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, I, ii, 11

35 *Cassio*. I remember a mass of things, but nothin distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. God, that men should put an enemy in the mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Shakespeare, *Othello*, II, iii, 28

36 *Iago*. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, II, iii, 31

37 *Porter*. Drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance; therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, II, iii, 5

38 *Macduff*. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings.

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, IV, iii, 6

39 There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe The rule of not too much, by temperance taught In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XI, 52

40 Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but is virtue itself; nor do we delight in blessedness because we restrain our lusts; but, on the contrary, because we delight in it, therefore are we able to restrain them.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, V, Prop. 4

41 To say truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, that men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk

very worthy persons when they are sober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms, which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions (generally indeed that passion which is uppermost in our mind), so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, V, 9

42 *Johnson*. To temperance, every day is bright; and every hour is propitious to diligence.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1758)

43 Moderation in the affections and passions, self-control, and calm deliberation are not only good in many respects, but even seem to constitute part of the intrinsic worth of the person; but they are far from deserving to be called good without qualification, although they have been so unconditionally praised by the ancients. For without the principles of a good will, they may become extremely bad, and the coolness of a villain not only makes him far more dangerous, but also directly makes him more abominable in our eyes than he would have been without it.

Kant, *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals*, I

44 The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
Blake, *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 7

45 *Faust*. Fear not! This league with you I shall not break!

The aim and goal of all my energy
Is to fulfil the promise I now make.
I've puffed myself too high, I see;
Only within your ranks do I deserve to be.
The Mighty Spirit spurned me with a scoff,
And Nature turns herself away from me.
The thread of thought is broken off,
To me all learning's long been nauseous.
In depths of sensuality
Let us our glowing passions still!
In magic's veils impervious
Prepared at once be every marvel's thrill!
Come, let us plunge into Time's rushing dance,
Into the roll of Circumstance!
There may then pain and joyance,
Successes and annoyance,

Alternately follow as they can,
Only restlessly active is a man!

Goethe, *Faust*, I, 1741

46 Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life.

Emerson, *Compensation*

47 He who distinguishes the true savor of his food can never be a glutton; he who does not cannot be otherwise. A puritan may go to his brown-bread crust with as gross an appetite as ever an alderman to his turtle.

Thoreau, *Walden*: Higher Laws

48 All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable.

Thoreau, *Walden*: Higher Laws

49 A person who shows rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit—who cannot live within moderate means—who cannot restrain himself from hurtful indulgences—who pursues animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect—must expect to be lowered in the opinion of others, and to have a less share of their favourable sentiments; but of this he has no right to complain, unless he has merited their favour by special excellence in his social relations, and has thus established a title to their good offices, which is not affected by his demerits towards himself.

Mill, *On Liberty*, IV