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LATIN APHORISMS AND PROVERBS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., F.R.S.,

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OF Latin aphorisms and proverbs versified by our English poets, Shakespere's dramas exhibit the largest display, and in looking over the list—though far from complete—of the manner in which the greatest of our poets availed himself of the knowledge of the ancients, one cannot but be struck with the fact either that his knowledge of Latin must have been very considerable—though it was said of him that he knew little of Latin and less of Greek,—or that Latin aphorisms and proverbs had penetrated and enriched the vulgar tongue. But what is still more striking is the adorning which the proverb frequently receives from his masterly touches. He does gild the refined gold; he does give a sweeter perfume to the violet. If many of our best known poets have adopted and sometimes vulgarized the sententious outpourings of the sages of old, Shakespere seldom fails to bring them into the higher regions of song, and to ornament the naked natural beauty with wreaths and robes of honour.

How unlike Milton! in whose poetry, though now and then a scriptural quotation may be found, there are scarcely any reflections of the proverbial order.

Yet it need not be remarked that proverbs would never have obtained the hold they possess among all nations, but for that they respond to the feelings of universal man, of which there can be no greater evidence than that nations who never had any intercourse with one another—say the Chinese and the European nations—have aphorisms and proverbs identical in meaning, and often almost identical in phraseology.

I have availed myself of Mr. Henderson's industrious explorations—not so much known as they ought to be—for the greater part of the following citations.

Abeunt studia in mores—How use doth breed a habit in a man!

Ad tristem partem strenua est suspicio—

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Adornare verbis benefacta—

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Æmulatio æmulationem parit—

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue.

Ærugo animi rubigo ingenii—

To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery.

Aliquando qui lusit, iterum ludet—

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labuntur (*Curt.*)—

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum (*Publius Syrus*)—

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Aspera vita sed salubris—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive Sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Audi, vide, tace—

Have more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest.

Barbæ tenus sapientes—The hair that covers the wit is more than the
wit, for the greater hides the less.

Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo sentitur—

It so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we reck the value.

Our rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.

Brutum fulmen—

A tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est—

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Conscientia mille testes—

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Consuetudo quovis tyranno potentior—

That monster, endorser, **who** all sense doth
Of habit's devil.

Contraria se mutuo commendant—

How far that little candle throws its beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

Corrumpunt bonos mores colloquia prava—

'Tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?

Cura fugit multo diluiturque mero—

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature,
If it be well used.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent—

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Dæmona dæmone pellit—

One fire burns out another's burning ;
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Dat sine mente sonum— It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

De re amissâ irreparabili ne doleas—

What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief.

Deliberando sæpe perit occasio—

Defer no time ; delays have dangerous ends.

Deorum injuriæ Deo curæ—

Leave her to pleasure,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her.

Discutit en tenebras roseis aurora capillis,

Et sol astra fugat perfundens omnia luce—

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Dolor hic tibi proderit olim—In poison there is physic.

Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?—

I'll patch at him some way,

Or wrath or craft may get him.

Dum deliberamus quando incipiendum, incipere jam serum est
(*Quintilian*)—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps on this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time ;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death.

Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis (*Virgil*)—

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Duro flagello mens docetur rectius—

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.

Ebur atramento candefacere—

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

Were wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Est in nobis assuescere multum—

For we can almost change the stamp of nature.

Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat—

There are a kind of men so loose in soul,

That in their sleep will mutter their affairs.

Exitus acta probat (*Ovid*)—All is well ended if the suit be won.

Extremis malis extrema remedia—

Diseases, desperate grown,

By desperate appliances are removed,
Or not at all.

Facile omnes cum valemus recta consilia ægrotis damus (*Terence*)—

Every man can master a grief but he who has it.

He jests at tears that never felt a wound.

Facilis descensus Averni

Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus, hic labor est (*Virgil*)—I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

Fallitur augurio spes bona sæpe suo—

So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come

Discomfort swells.

Festina lente— To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first.

We may outrun

By violent swiftness that which we run at,

And tire by over-running.

Festo die si quid prodegeris,

Profesto egere liceat, nisi peperceris (*Plautus*)—

He who keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Weary of all shall want some.

Fidem qui perdit quo se servet in reliquum?—

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine,—'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Fortiter malum qui patitur post potitur bonum (*Plautus*)—

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Fortuna multis dat nimium, nulli satis (*Martial*)—

Will fortune never come with both hands full?

But write her fair words still in fondest letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food,—

Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,

And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.

Fortuna nulli obesse contenta est semel (*Syrus*)—

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow.

When sorrows come they come not simple spies,
But in battalions.

Fratrum inter se iræ sunt acerbissimæ—

A little more than kin and less than kind.

Fronte politus

Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulpem (*Persius*)—

The devil hath power

To assume a pleasing shape.

Oh, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outer side !

Fronti nulla fides (*Juvenal*)—

Yet gold all is not that doth golden seem.

Habent insidias hominis blanditiæ mali (*Phædrus*)—

Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hate deep vice !

Habet suum venenum blanda oratio (*Syrus*)—

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose ;

And thus I close my naked villany

With old odd ends stolen out of Holy Writ,

And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent (*Juvenal*)—

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Hoc retine verbum franget Deus omne superbum—

My high-blown pride

At length broke under me, and now hath left me

Weary and old with service.

Honos alit artes et virtus laudata crescit (*Cicero*)—

Our praises are our wages.

Horrea formicæ tendunt ad inania nunquam

Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes (*Ovid*)—

Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis

Echinus aut currens aper (*Horace*)—

What a beard thou hast ! Thou hast more hair on thy chin than

Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

I nunc, magnificos, victor molire triumphos—

So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Illa dolet verè quæ sine teste dolet (*Martial*)—

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined on thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Illa mihi patria est ubi pascor non ubi nascor—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

In pace leones, in prælio cervi—

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it in shame,
And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.
Wear yet upon thy chin

The beards of Hercules and warring Mars.

In re malâ, animo si bono utare, adjuvat (*Plautus*)—

How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

In vestimentis non stat sapientia mentis—

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Incesto addidit integrum—

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Incitamentum enim amoris musica—

If music be the food of love, play on.

Infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas

Ultio (*Juvenal*)—

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?

Ingenio stat sine morte decus—

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dices—

I hate ingratitude more in man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice.

Injuriae spretæ exolescunt : si irascaris agnitæ videntur—

Where it concerns himself,

Who's angry at a slander makes it true.

Insita hominibus natura violentiæ resistere (Tacitus)—

If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries

I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas—

Oh how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day !

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Ipsa se fraus, etiamsi initio cautior fuerit detegit—

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ.

Ira quæ tegitur nocet ;

Professa perdunt odia vindictæ locum (Seneca)—

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all,

More mild, but yet more harmful—kind in hatred.

Iratus cum ad se videt sibi tum irascitur—

Anger is like

A full-trot horse, who being allowed his way,

Self-mettle tires him.

Is cadet ante semen qui sapit ante diem—

So wise, so young, they say, do never live long.

Læsus timet—

The bird that hath been limed on a bush

With trembling wing misdoubteth every post.

Latrantem curatus alta Diana canem ?—

Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly on it ?

Levi fit quod bene fectur omnis (Ovid)—

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

Lux affulsit—

Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Magis exurunt quos secretæ lacerant curæ (*Seneca*)—
Sorrow concealed, like to an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Magistratus indicat virum—
But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit—
O why, you can tell truth and shame the devil.
An honest tale speeds best.

Mala senium accelerant—
Stained with grief
That's beauty's canker.

Malè parta, malé dilabuntur—
Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?

Malis mala succedunt—
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor.

Malo nodo malus quærendus cuneus—One heat another heat expels.

Malum bene conditum ne moveas—
You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.

Malus, ubi bonum se simulat, tunc est pessimus (*Syrius*)—
With devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar over
The devil himself.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia (*Juvenal*)—
For 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness.

Maxima illecebra est peccandi impunitatis spes—
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis—
There is no one so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

Mens immota manet ; lachrymæ voluntur inanes—

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Mentis gratissimus error—I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

Metus enim mortis musica depellitur—

The shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.

Minuunt præsentia famam—

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Mors optima rapit, deterrima relinquit—

The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

Muliebrem tollite ludum !

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Oh let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain any man's cheeks.

Mulier imperator et mulier miles—

A woman's general. What should we fear ?

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda—

Care keeps her watch in every old man's eye.

Multis parasse divitias non finis miseriarum fuit sed mutatio (*Seneca*)—

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Mures migraverunt—

The very rats
Instinctively had quit it.

Muras æreus, conscientia sana—

A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.

Nam ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime esse alios improbos
suspiscatur (*Cicero*)—

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis,

Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat (*Ovid*)—

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido (*Horace*)—

Our content is our best having.

Ne vestigium quidem—Leave not a rack behind.

Nec pietas moram

Rugis et instanti senectæ

Afferet, indomitæque morti (*Horace*)—

Death will have his day.

Necesse est facere sumptum qui quærit lucrum (*Plautus*)—

Out of this nettle danger we pluck the flower safety.

Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt.

Necessitas cogit ad turpia—

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made!

Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris (*Horace*)—

Weeds are shallow-rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit (*Pliny*)—

But we are all men,

In our own nature's trail.

Neque dignus est venia qui nemini dat veniam (*Seneca*)—

We do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy.

Nesciat manus dextra quid faciat sinistra—

Give thy thoughts no tongue.

Neve hæc nostris spectentur ab annis (*Virgil*)—

Young in limbs, in judgment old.

Nihil cunctandum—Dull not device by coldness and delay.

Nihil difficile amanti (*Cicero*)—

And what love can do, that does love attempt.

Nihil est tam volucre quam maledictum, nihil facilius emittitur, nihil citius excipitur, nihil latius dissipatur (*Cicero*)—

What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in a slanderer's tongue?

Nihil eum commendat præter simulatam virritamque tristitiam (*Cicero*)—

'Tis too much proved that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly show.

Nihil tam firmum est quod non expugnari pecunia possit (*Cicero*)—
'Tis gold

Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief,
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do and undo?

Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat intra quæ puer est (*Juvenal*)—

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Nil sine labore (*Horace*)—

Oh, how full of briars is this work-day world !

Nitidè non delicatè

Nitidæ vestes ornationem reddunt—

So may the outward shows be least themselves :
The world is still deceived by ornament.

Nomen bonum instar unguenti fragrantis—

Oh, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost
The immortal part, sir, of myself ;
And what remains is bestial.
He that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Non decet defunctum ignavo questu proseguì (*Tacitus*)—
To persevere

In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness : 'tis unmanly grief !

Non est bonum quod non sit malum ; nec malum quod non sit bonum—
There is some soul of goodness in things evil.

Non est remedium sycophantæ morsum—
No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censures 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.
Be thou as chaste as ice or pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

Non habere, sed non indigere vera abundantia—
Poor and content is rich and rich enough.

Non omnia eveniunt quæ in animo statueris—
Oft expectation fails, and most oft then
When most it promises.

Non purgat peccata qui negat—
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse for the excuse.

Non, si male, nunc, et olim
Sic erit—
Things at the worst will cease, or e'en slant upward
To what they were before.

Novos parans amicos, veteres cole—
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

Nugæ seria ducunt—
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Nulla certior custodia innocentia—
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.

Nulla est sincera voluptas (*Ovid*)—
The web of life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together.

Nulla fere causa est in quâ non fœmina litem moverit—
For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the womanish art.

Nullum sine auctoramento malum est (*Seneca*)—

Some falls the means are happier to rise.

Nunc non e tumulto fortunataque favella

Nascentur violæ (*Persius*)—

Lay her on the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
Shall violets spring.

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes (*Horace*)—

One may smile and smile and be a villain.

O præclarum custodem ovium lupum ! (*Cicero*)—

And was 't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Obedientia felicitatis mater—I will be correspondent to command.

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit (*Terence*)—

Truth is a dog that must to kennel. He must be whipped when,
Lady, the oracle may stand by the fire and stink.

O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

Occasio facit furem—

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done !

Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum (*Juvenal*)—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make whips to scourge us.

Oculis magis habenda fides quam auribus—

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo (*Horace*)—

If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as
he pleased and displeased them, I am no true man.

Odimus quem læsimus—The more my wrong, the more his spot appears.

Omne solum forti patria (*Ovid*)—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

Ornat spina rosas mella tegunt apes—

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Parentes reverere—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !

Paulatim non impetu—

Those that with haste would make a mighty fire
Began it with weak straws.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae

Celata virtus (*Horace*)—

Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud.

Pecuniosus damnari non potest—

Through tattered robes small vices do appear,
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

Pelle sub agnina latitat mens sæpe lupina—

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Per angusta ad augusta—

The fire in the flint
Shows not till it be struck.

Perjuria videt amantum

Jupiter—

At lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs.

Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem—

Give me the ocular proof.

Populat mi sibilat at mihi plaudo—

Ipse donec nummos contemplet in arcâ (*Horace*)—

They laugh that win.

Procellæ quanto plus habent virium tanto minus temporis (*Seneca*)—

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

Pulchrum est vitam donare minori (*Statius*)—

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Quæ dederam supra, repeto, funemque reduco (*Juvenal*)—

I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner on his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread pulls it back again.

- Quam multa injusta ac prava fiunt moribus (*Terence*)—
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil.
- Quando ullum inveniet parem (*Horace*)—
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.
- Quanta patimur—Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
- Quanti casus humana volant—
Thus the whirligig of time
Brings in his revenges.
- Quem poenitet pecasse poenè est innocens—
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.
- Qui malè agit odet lucem—
Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
- Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere—
Craft against vice I must apply.
- Qui nihil litigat cœlebs est—Wisely I say I am a bachelor.
- Qui nimis prospere minus prospere—
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
- Qui parcet virgam odit filium—
I must be cruel only to be kind.
- Qui se ipsum laudat cito derisionem inveniet (*Syrus*)—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
- Qui sibi mali conscii alios suspicantur—
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none.
Whose own hard dealing teaches them, suspect
The thoughts of others.
- Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas caveto (*Horace*)—
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
- Quo quisquis est major magis est placabilis ira (*Ovid*)—
The noble mind has no resentments.
- Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo? (*Horace*)—
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk.

Quod cibus est aliis, aliis est acre venenum—

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Quod contemnitur sæpe utilissimum est—

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good may give.

Quod datur ex facili longum malè nutrit amorem—

But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

Quod defertur, non aufertur—Omittance is no quittance.

Quod est violentum non est durabile—

For violent fires soon burn out themselves.

Quod quisque sperat, facile credat—

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Quorsum opus amicis si modo faveat Deus—

He that hath the grace of God hath wealth enough.

Quos vult, sors ditat et quos vult sub pede tritat—

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without
merit and lost without deserving.

Quam licet fugere ne quære litem—

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel.

Rara est adeo concordia formæ

Atque pudicitia (*Juvenal*)—

If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart.

Ride si sapis (*Martial*)—

Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Rota plaustrum male unita stridit—

The sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to.

Sæpe in magistrum scelera redierunt sua (*Seneca*)—

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor.

Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet (*Ovid*)—

Her every sentence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Scelere velandum est scelus (*Seneca*)—

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

Semel in omni vitâ cuique arridet fortuna—

Men at some times are masters of their fates.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Sero dat qui roganti dat—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Si albus capillus hic videtur nequitiam ingenio est senex—

The silver livery of advised age.

Si curam curas, pariet tibi cur ea curas—

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Si quâ sede sedes, et sit tibi commoda sedes

Illâ sede sede, nec ab illa sede recede—

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

Se quid juves, pluma levior gratia ; si quid offendas, plumbeas iras
gerunt (*Plautus*)—

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water.

Sibi parat malum qui alteri parat—

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself.

Simulatio amoris pejor odio est—

God keep me from false friends !

Similes aliorum respice casus

Melius ista feres (*Ovid*)—

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Soli lumen inferre—

With taper light
We seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.

Sonus excitat omnis—

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me when every noise appals me?

Spes sola hominem in miseriis solatur—

The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope.

Suo sibi hunc gladio—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Tacita bona est mulier quam loquens—

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Tanquam conchylium discernere—

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

Tanti quantum habeas sis (*Horace*)—

Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favoured faults,

Looks handsome on three hundred pounds a year!

Tempus erit, quo vos speculum vidisse pigebit (*Ovid*)—

The roses on thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes.

Tempus omnia revelat—

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.

Terram cœlo miscere—

Confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions.

Timeat maledicere pauper (*Ovid*)—

That in the captain's but a choleric word

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Timor mortis morte pejor—

The sense of death is most in apprehension;

Cowards die many times before their death;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Tolle moras; semper nocuit differre (*Lucan*)—

Come, we burn daylight; ho!

Nay, that's not so.

I mean, sir, we delay.

Tollere cristas (*Juvenal*)—I saw young Harry with his visor up.

Totus mundus agit histrionem—All the world's a stage.

Tribulatio ditat—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Hath yet a precious jewel in his head.

Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito (*Virgil*)—

Courage mounteth with occasion.

Tu quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam

Grata sume manu : nec dulcia differ in annum (*Horace*)—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.

Tueri pertinaciter culpam, culpa altera est—

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse for the excuse.

Tunc canent cigni quam tacebant graculi—

For night-owls shriek when mounting larks should sing.

Turba sequitur Fortunam ut semper et odit damnatos—

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens :
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?

Turbine versatilior—

For she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again.

Tute hoc intristi, omni tibi exædendum est—

This even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

Ubi lapsus ? quid hic ?—

Alas, sir !

In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure ?

Ubique ars ostentatior veritas abesse videtur—

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

Unguis in ulcere (*Cicero*)—

You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.

Uni navi ne committas omnia—

My ventures are not in one bottom twisted.

Unius dementia dementes efficit multos—

Customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, still are followed.

Unus lanius non timet multas oves—

When like an eagle in a dovecot I

Fluttered, your Voees in Corioli.

Urit enim fulgore suo (*Horace*)—

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Urit maturè urtica—

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est (*Ovid*)—

Now out of this nettle Danger I will pluck the flower Safety.

Ut vidi, ut perii (*Virgil*)—

It is engendered in the eyes,

By gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Utendum est ætate; cito pede labitur ætas—

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our venture.

Utinam domi sim!

Now I would give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze,—anything!

Varium et mutabile semper

Fœmina (*Virgil*)—

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

Velle suum cuique est nec voto vivitur uno (*Persius*)—

We must every one be a man of his own fancy.

Venia necessitati datur (*Cicero*)—

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Veritas premitur, non opprimitur—In the end truth will out.

Veritatis simplex oratio est (*Seneca*)—

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Vexare oculos humore co-acto (*Juvenal*)—

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia (*Juvenal*)—

Men at some times are masters of their fates.

Vilis sæpe cadus nobile nectar habet—

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Vincit qui patitur—

To take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.

Vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa (*Juvenal*) —

Oh ! a kiss,

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.

Virtus in actione consistit—Talkers are no doers.

Virtutem incolumenis odimus

Sublatum ex oculis quærimus invidi (*Horace*)—

What our contempts do often part from us,
We wish it ours again.

Visus fidelior auditu—

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agents.

Vive viventis amans—

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?