



by Francis Bacon

培根散文集

[英] 弗兰西斯·培根 著

*Selected Essays
of Francis Bacon*

Selected Essays of Francis Bacon
培根散文集

Francis Bacon

[英] 弗兰西斯·培根 著

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

培根散文集: 英文/ (英) 培根 (Bacon, F) 著. —上海:
上海世界图书出版公司, 2010.4

ISBN 978-7-5100-1868-8

I. ①培… II. ①培… III. ①英语—语言读物②散文
—作品集—英国—中世纪 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2010)第 033825 号

培根散文集

[英] 弗兰西斯·培根 著

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京兴鹏印务有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题, 请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话: 010-84897777)

各地新华书店经销

开本: 787×1092 1/32 印张: 8.25 字数: 128 000

2010 年 4 月第 1 版 2010 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5100-1868-8/H·983

定价: 14.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>

Foreword

Literature masterpieces usually mirror the culture of a country or area in a specific period of time. By reading these masterpieces, we can enjoy the authors' fluent writing styles, vivid and detailed description, which will place us in that specific period's history and culture. For this purpose we present the series of world literature classics to the readers.

The selection was made based on suggestions of many professional literature translators and literary scholars. And these selected books were edited in accord with the original works. Making no abridgements or changes, we attempt to maintain the original style and flavor of these novels.

By reading them, you will have a better understanding of western history and culture, and your English level will be improved a lot before you realize it.

This series of classics will lead you to the wonderful English world!

前言

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者，请教了专业的翻译人员，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，不删节、不做任何人为改动，严格按照原著的风格，提供原汁原味的西方名著，让读者能享受纯正的英文名著。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

送您一套经典，让您受益永远！

TO
 THE RIGHT HONORABLE
 MY VERY GOOD LO.
 THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 HIS GRACE, LO. HIGH ADMIRALL
 OF ENGLAND

EXCELLENT LO.

SALOMON saies; *A good Name is as a precious oyntment*; And I assure my selfe, such wil your *Graces* Name bee, with Posteritie. For your Fortune, and Merit both, have been Eminent. And you have planted Things, that are like to last. I doe now publish my *Essayes*; which of all my other workes, have beene most Currant: For that, as it seemes, they come home, to Mens Businesse, and Bosomes. I have enlarged them, both in Number, and Weight; So that they are indeed a New Worke. I thought it therefore agreeable, to my Affection, and Obligation to your Grace, to prefix your Name before them, both in English, and in Latine. For I doe conceive, that the Latine Volume of them, (being in the Universall Language) may last, as long as Bookes last. My *Instauration*, I dedicated to the *King*: My *Historie of HENRY the Seventh*, (which

I have now also translated into Latine) and my *Portions* of *Naturall History*, to the *Prince*: And these I dedicate to your *Grace*; Being of the best Fruits, that by the good Encrease, which *God* gives to my Pen and Labours, I could yeeld. *God* leade your *Grace* by the Hand.

Your *Graces* most Obliged and

faithfull Servant,

FR. ST. ALBAN.

Contents

	107
	108
	111
5 Of Truth.....	1
4 Of Death.....	5
8 Of Unity In Religion.....	8
1 Of Revenge.....	15
5 Of Adversity.....	17
8 Of Simulation And Dissimulation.....	19
1 Of Parents And Children.....	24
8 Of Marriage And Single life.....	27
1 Of Envy.....	30
8 Of Love.....	38
8 Of Great Place.....	41
1 Of Boldness.....	46
4 Of Goodness & Goodness of Nature.....	49
7 Of Nobility.....	53
8 Of Seditious and Troubles.....	56
8 Of Atheism.....	67
8 Of Superstition.....	71
0 Of Travel.....	74
7 Of Empire.....	78
7 Of Counsel.....	85
0 Of Delays.....	92
7 Of Cunning.....	94
8 Of Wisdom for a Man's Self.....	100
9 Of Innovations.....	103

Of Dispatch	105
Of Seeming Wise	108
Of Friendship	111
Of Expense	122
Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates	124
Of Regiment of Health	138
Of Suspicion	141
Of Discourse	143
Of Plantations	146
Of Riches	151
Of Prophecies	156
Of Ambition	161
Of Masques and Triumphs	165
Of Nature in Men	168
Of Custom and Education	171
Of Fortune	174
Of Usury	177
Of Youth and Age	183
Of Beauty	186
Of Deformity	188
Of Building	190
Of Gardens	197
Of Negotiating	207
Of Followers and Friends	210
Of Suitors	213
Of Studies	216
Of Faction	219

Of Ceremonies, and Respects	222
Of Praise	225
Of Vain-glory	228
Of Honor and Reputation	231
Of Judicature	234
Of Anger	241
Of Vicissitude of Things	244
Of Fame	252

Of Truth

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour, which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not shew the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that sheweth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a

diamond or carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen.

The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), *and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:* so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehoods is like allay in coin of gold and silver which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Mountaigny saith prettily, when he inquired the reason, why the word of the lie should be

such a disgrace and such an odious charge? saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.* For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, *he shall not find faith upon the earth.*

Of Death

MEN fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the *wages of sin*, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved: when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him, that spake only as a philosopher, and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*. Groans and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, shew death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore

death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds niceness and satiety: *Cogita quam diu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.* A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration, in good spirits, the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment: *Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale.* Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him: *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.* Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool: *Ut puto Deus fio.* Galba with a sentence, *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,* holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in dispatch: *Adeste si quid mihi restat agendum.* And the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great

preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he, *Qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ*. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*; when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. - *Extinctus amabitur idem*.