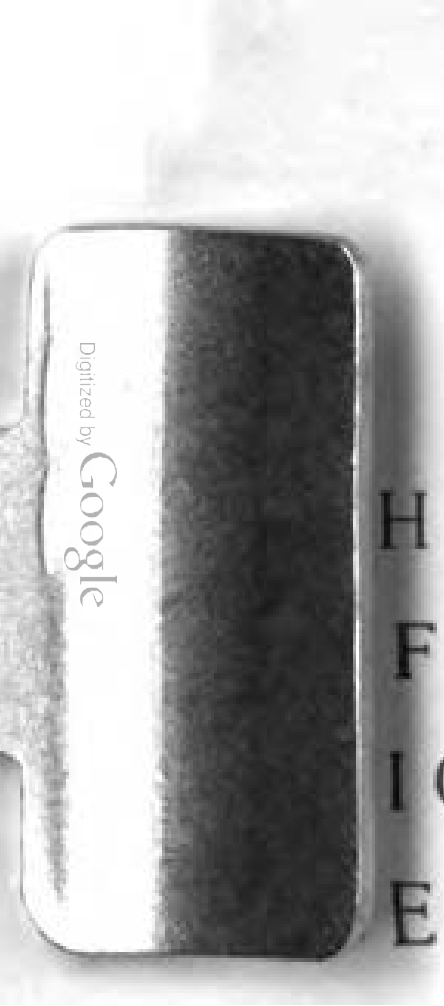

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LACON:

OR,

MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS;

ADDRESSED

TO THOSE WHO THINK.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON, A. M.

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"The noblest study of mankind is man."

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PREFACE,

&c. &c.

THERE are three difficulties in authorship ;—to write any thing worth the publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game; in which the Booksellers are the Kings; the Critics, the Knaves; the Public, the Pack; and the poor Author, the mere Table, or *Thing played upon.*

For the last thirty years, the public mind has had such interesting and rapid incidents to witness, and to reflect upon, and must now anticipate some that will be still more momentous, that any thing like dullness or prosing in authorship, will either nauseate, or be refused; the *realities* of life have pampered the public palate with a diet so stimulating, that vapidity has now become as insipid as water to a dram-drinker, or sober sense to a fanatic.

The attempts however of dullness, are constantly repeated, and as constantly fail. For the misfortune is that the Head of Dullness, *unlike* the tail of the torpedo,* loses nothing of her benumbing and lethargising influence, by reiterated discharges; horses may ride over her, and mules and asses may trample upon her, but with an exhaustless and a patient perversity, she continues her narcotic operations even to the end. In fact, the Press was never so powerful in *quantity*, and so weak in *quality*, as

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* See Humboldt's account of the Gymnotus Electricus.

at the present day; if applied to it, the simile of Virgil must be reversed, "*Non trunco sed frondibus efficit Umbram.*" It is in literature as in finance—much Paper and much *poverty* may co-exist.

It may happen that I myself am now committing the very crime that I think I am censuring. But while justice to my readers compels me to admit, that I write, because I have nothing to do, justice to myself induces me to add, that I will cease to write the moment I have *nothing to say.* Discretion has been termed the better part of valour, and it is more certain, that diffidence is the better part of knowledge. Where I am ignorant, and know that I am so, I am silent. That Grecian gave a better reason for his taciturnity, than most authors for their loquacity, who observed, "*What was to the purpose I could not say; and what was not to the purpose I would not say.*" And yet Shakespeare has hinted, that even silence is not always "*commendable*;" since it may be foolish if we are wise, but wise if we are foolish. The Grecian's maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in Literature; it would reduce many a giant to a pigmy; many a speech to a sentence; and many a folio to a primer. As the fault of our orators is, that they get up to make a speech, rather than to *speak*; so the great error of our authors is, that they set down to *make* a book, rather than to write. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality—who is sufficient for these things? a very serious question; but it is one which authors had much better propose to themselves, *before* publication, than have proposed to them, by their editors after it.

I have thrown together, in this work, that which is the result of some reading and reflection; if it be but little, I have taken care that the volume which

contains it, shall not be large. I plead the privilege which a preface allows to an author, for saying thus much of myself; since if a writer be inclined to egotism, a preface is the most proper place for him to be delivered of it; for prefaces are not always read, and dedications seldom; books, says my lord Bacon, should have no patrons but truth and reason.—Even the attractive prose of Dryden, could not dignify dedications; and perhaps they ought never to be resorted to, being as derogatory to the writer, as dull to the reader, and when not prejudicial, at least superfluous. If a book really wants the patronage of a great name it is a bad book, and if it be a good book, it wants it not. Swift dedicated a volume to Prince Posterity, and there was a manliness in the act—Posterity will prove a patron of the soundest judgment, as unwilling to give as unlikely to receive, adulation. But posterity is not a very accessible personage; he knows the high value of that which he gives, he therefore is extremely particular as to what he receives. Very few of the presents that are directed to him, reach their destination. Some are too *light*, others too *heavy*, since it is as difficult to throw a straw any distance, as a ton. I have addressed this volume to *those who think*, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to those *who think*, is in fact addressed to all the world: for although the proportion of those who *do* think, be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is *one* of the number. In the present rage for all that is marvellous and interesting, when writers of undoubted talent, consider only what will sell, and readers only what will please, it is perhaps a bold experiment to send a volume into the world, whose very faults, (manifold as I fear they are,) will cost more pains to detect, than sciolists would feel

inclined to bestow, even if they were sure of discovering nothing but beauties. Some also of my conclusions will no doubt be condemned by those who will not take the trouble of looking into the *postulata*; for the soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an *empty* head, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a *vacuum*.

The following pages, such as they are, have cost me some thought to write, and they may possibly cost others some to read them. Like Demosthenes, who talked Greek to the waves, I have continued my task, with the hope of instructing others, with the certainty of improving myself. "*Labor ipse voluptas.*" It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think: I have attempted both. This is a work of no party, and my sole wish is, that truth may prevail in the church, and integrity in the state, and that in both the old adage may be verified, that "*the men of principle may be the principal men.*" Knowledge indeed is as necessary as light, and in this coming age most *fairly* promises to be as common as water, and as free as air. But as it has been wisely ordained that light should have *no colour*, water *no* taste, and air *no* odour, so knowledge also should be equally pure, and without admixture. If it comes to us through the medium of prejudice, it will be discoloured; through the channels of custom, it will be adulterated; through the gothic walls of the college, or of the cloister, *it will smell of the lamp*.

He that studies books alone, will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are; and it would have been impossible to have written these pages, without mixing somewhat more freely with the world, than inclination might prompt, or judgment approve. For observation, made in the cloister, or in the desert, will generally be as obscure as the one, and as bar-

pen as the other; but he that would paint with his pencil, must study originals, and not be over fearful of a little dust. In fact, every author is a far better judge of the pains that his efforts have cost him, than any reader can possibly be; but to *what* purpose he has taken those pains, this is a question on which his readers will not allow the author a voice, nor even an opinion; from the tribunal of the public there is no appeal, and it is fit that it should be so, otherwise we should not only have rivers of ink expended in bad writing, but oceans more in defending it; for he that writes in a bad style, is sure to *retort* in a worse.

I have availed myself of examples both ancient and modern, wherever they appeared likely to illustrate or strengthen my positions; but I am not so sanguine as to expect that all will draw the same conclusions from the same premises. I have not forgotten the observation of him who said, that "*in the same meadow, the ox seeks the herbage; the dog, the hare, and the stork, the lizard.*" Times also of profound peace and tranquillity are most propitious to every literary pursuit. "*Satur est, cum dicit Horatius Euge.* We know that Malherbe, on hearing a prose work of great merit much extolled, dryly asked if it would *reduce the price of bread!* neither was his appreciation of poetry much higher, when he observed, that a good poet was of no more service to the church or the state, than a good player at *nine pins*! !

The anecdotes, that are interspersed in these pages, have seldom been cited for their own sake, but chiefly for their application, nor can I see why the Moralist should be denied those examples so useful to the Historian. The lover of variety will be fastidious, if he finds nothing here to his taste; but like him who wrote a book "*de omnibus rebus, et*

quibusdam aliis, "I may perhaps be accused of looking into every thing, but of *seeing* into nothing.

There are two things cheap and common enough when separated, but as costly in value, as irresistible in power, when *combined—truth and novelty*. Their union is like that of steam and of fire, which nothing can overcome. Truth and novelty, when united, must overthrow the whole superincumbent pressure of error and of prejudice, whatever be its weight; and the effects will be proportionate to the resistance. But the *moral* earthquake, unlike the *natural*, while it convulses the nations, reforms them too. On subjects indeed, on which mankind have been thinking for so many thousands of years, it will often happen, that whatever is absolutely new, may have the misfortune to be absolutely false. It is a melancholy consideration for authors, that there is very little "*Terra Incognita*" in literature, and there now remain to us moderns, only two roads to success: discovery and conquest. If indeed we can advance any propositions that are both *true* and *new*, these are indisputably our own, by right of discovery; and if we can repeat what is old, more briefly and brightly than others, this also becomes our own by right of conquest. The pointed propriety of Pope, was to all his readers originality, and even the lawful possessors could not always recognise their own property in his hands. Few have borrowed more freely than Gray and Milton, but with a princely prodigality, they have repaid the obscure thoughts of others, with far brighter of their own; like the ocean, which drinks up the muddy water of the rivers, from the flood, but replenishes them with the clearest from the shower. These reflections, however they may tend to show the difficulties all must encounter who aim at originality, will, nevertheless in no wise tend to diminish the number of those who will attempt to surmount them since "*fools rush in, where an-*

gels fear to tread" In good truth, we should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put *fire* into their works, would only consent to put their works into the *fire*. But this is an age of economy, as well as of *illumination*, and a considerate author will not rashly condemn his volumes to that devouring element, "*flammis emendatioribus,*" who reflects that the Pastry-cook and the Confectioner are sure to put *good things* into his pages, if he fail to do it himself.

With respect to the style I have adopted in the following sheets, I have attempted to make it vary with the subject; avoiding all pomp of words, where there was no corresponding elevation of ideas; for such turgidity, although it may be as aspiring as that of a balloon, is also as useless. I have neither spare time for superfluous writing, nor spare money for superfluous printing, and shall be satisfied, if I have not missed of brightness, in pursuit of brevity. It has cost me more time and pains to *abridge* these pages, than to write them. Perhaps that is nearly the perfection of good writing, which is original, but whose truth alone prevents the reader from suspecting that it is so: and which effects that for knowledge which the lens effects for the sun-beam, when it condenses its brightness, in order to increase its force. How far the following efforts will stand the test of this criterion, is not for me to determine: to know is one thing, to do is another; and it may be observed of good writing, as of good blood, that it is much easier to say what it is composed of, than to compose it.

Most of the maxims and positions advanced in the present volume, are founded on two simple truisms, *that men are the same;* and that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater or the less prevalence of which gives individuality to character. But we must not only express clearly, but

think deeply, nor can we concede to Buffon that style *alone* is that quality that will immortalize an author. The essays of Montaigne, and the analogy of Butler, will live forever, in spite of their style. Style is indeed the *valet* of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

But above all, I do most earnestly hope, that none will accuse me of usurping on this occasion, the chair of the moralist, or of presuming to deliver any thing here advanced, as oracular, magisterial, dictatorial, or "*ex cathedra.*" I have no opinions that I would not most willingly exchange for truth; I may be sometimes wrong, I may be sometimes right; at all events discussion may be provoked, and as this cannot be done without thought, even that is a good. I despise dogmatism in others, too much to indulge it in myself: I have not been led to these opinions by the authority of great names; for I have always considered rather what is said than who says it; and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him who delivers it. It is sufficiently humiliating to our nature, to reflect that our knowledge is but as the rivulet, our ignorance as the sea. On points of the highest interest, the moment we quit the light of revelation, we shall find that Platonism itself is intimately connected with Pyrronism, and the deepest inquiry with the darkest doubt.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners when virtue fills our *heads*, but vice our *hearts*;—when those who would fain persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear to be in no greater hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst;—in an age, when modesty herself is more ashamed of *detection*

than of delinquency; when independence of principle consists in having *no* principle on which to depend; and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being *free from thinking*;—in an age when patriots will hold any thing, except their *tongues*; keep any thing, except their *word*; and lose nothing patiently except their *character*;—to improve such an age must be difficult, to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it, who cannot at the same time amuse it.

That author, however, who has thought more than he has read, read more than he has written, and written more than he has published, if he does not command success, has at least deserved it. In the article of *rejection* and *abridgment*, we must be severe for ourselves, if we wish for mercy from others; since for one great genius who has written a *little* book, we have a thousand little geniuses, who have written *great* books. A volume, therefore, that contains more words than ideas, like a tree that has more foliage than fruit, may suit those to resort to, who want not to feast, but to dream and to slumber; but the misfortune is, that in this particular instance, nothing can equal the ingratitude of the public, who were never yet known to have the slightest compassion for those authors who have deprived themselves of sleep, in order to procure it for their readers.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid, than which to choose; for good books are as scarce as good companions, and in both instances, all that we can learn from bad ones is, that so much time has been worse than thrown away. That writer does the most, who gives his reader the *most* knowledge, and takes from him the *least* time. That short period of a short existence, which is rationally employed, is that which alone deserves the name of life; and that portion of our life is most rationally employed, which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth, and of wisdom.

do not pretend to have attained this, I have only attempted it. One thing I may affirm, that I have first considered whether it be worth while to say any thing *at all*, before I have taken any trouble to say it well; knowing that words are but air, and that both are capable of much *condensation*. Words indeed are but the signs and *counters* of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

I have said that the maxims in the following pages are written upon this principle—*that men are the same;* upon this alone it is that the sacred maxim which forms the golden hinge of our religion, rests and revolves, "*Do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst that he should do unto thee.*" The proverbs of Solomon suit all places and all times, because Solomon knew mankind, and mankind are ever the same. No revolution has taken place in the body, or in the mind. Four thousand years ago, men shivered with frost, and panted with heat, were *cold* in their gratitude, and *ardent* in their revenge. Should my readers think some of my conclusions too severe, they will in justice recollect, that my object is truth, that my subject *is man*, and that a handsome picture cannot represent deformity.

The political principles contained in the following pages, are such, that whoever avows them will be considered a Tory by the Whigs, and a *Whig* by the *Tories*; for truth, no less than virtue, not unfrequently forms the middle point between two extremes. Where one party demands too much, and the other is inclined to concede too little, an arbitrator will please neither, by recommending such measures as would eventually serve both. I have, however, neither the hope nor the fear, that my opinions on politics, or any *other* subject, will attract *much* attention. The approbation of a few discerning friends, is *all* the reward I wish for my labours;

and the four lines which form the commencement of my Poem of "*Hypocrisy*," shall make the conclusion of this preface, since the sentiments they contain, are as applicable to *prose* as to *verse*.

"Two things there are, confound the Poet's lays,
"The Scholar's censure—and the Blockhead's praise;
"That glowing page with double lustre shines,
"When Pope approves, and Dennis damns the lines."

London, January 1*st*, 1820.

REFLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

I.

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erace. Ignorance is contented to *stand still* with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the *same* direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

II.

With respect to the authority of great names it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his *own* times;—who, like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short a *promised land!* which, like Moses on the top of

Pisgah, he is permitted to survey and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

III.

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue, or to arm us with fortitude, this is to call up the illustrious dead, to inspire and to improve the living. But the usage of those Civilians, who cite vicious authorities for worse purposes, and enforce the absurdest practice, by the oldest precedent, this it is to bequeath to us as an heir-loom, the errors of our forefathers, to confer a kind of immorality on folly, making the dead more powerful than time, and more sagacious than experience, by subjecting those that are *upon* the earth, to the perpetual mal-government of those that are *beneath it*.

IV.

A Writer, more splendid than solid, seems to think that vice may lose half its guilt, by losing all its grossness. An idea suggested, perhaps, by the parting anathema, fulminated by Gibbon against the fellows of Magdalen. "Men," he said, "in whom were united all the malevolence of monks, without their erudition; and all the sensuality of libertines, without their refinement." But it would be as well perhaps for the interests of humanity, if vice of every kind were more odious, and less attractive; if she were always exhibited to us, like the drunken Helot to the youths of Sparta, in her true and disgusting shape. It is fitting, that what is foul within, should be foul also without. To give the *semblance* of purity to the *substance* of corruption, is to prefer the poison of Circe in a crystal goblet, and to steal the bridal vestments of the virgin, to add more allurements to the seductive smiles of the harlot.

V.

"Those alone who "*sowed to the wind did reap the*

whirlwind," it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.

VI.

Great minds had rather deserve *contemporaneous* applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow them, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men, when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words,) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to him *than why they were.*

VII.

As in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so in society, he is not the best member, who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill.—For let *no man* presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone.

VIII.

The inequalities of life are real things, they can

neither be explained away, nor done away; "*Expellus furca tamen usque recurrent.* A leveller therefore has long been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who if he could finish his work to-day, would have to begin it again to-morrow. The things that constitute these real inequalities are *four*, strength, talent, riches, and rank. The two former would constitute inequalities in the rudest state of nature; the two latter more properly belonging to a state of society more or less civilized and refined.—Perhaps the whole four are all ultimately resolvible in power. But in the just appreciation of this power, men are too apt to be deceived. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to see rank or riches preferred to talent, and yet nothing is more absurd. That talent is of a much higher order of power, than riches, might be proved in various ways; being so much more indeprivable, and indestructible, so much more above all accident or change, and all confusion of chance. But the peculiar superiority of talent over riches may be best discovered from hence—That the influence of talent will always be the greatest in that government which is the most pure; while the influence of riches will always be the greatest in that government which is most corrupt. So that from the preponderance of talent, we may always infer the soundness and vigour of the commonwealth; but from the preponderance of riches, its dotage and degeneration. That talent confers an inequality of a higher order than rank, would appear from various views of the subject, and most particularly from this—many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank, but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank for his talent. When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed, "I can make a thousand lords, but not one Leonardo." Cicero observed to a *degenerate patrician*, "*I am the first of my family, but you are the last of yours.*" And since his time, those who value

themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, *all that is good of them is under ground*; perhaps it is but fair that nobility should have *descended to them*, since they never could have *raised themselves to it*.

IX.

An upright minister asks, *what* recommends a man; a corrupt minister, *who*.

X.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it, with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant, stripped the *statue* of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of massy gold, and substituting a cloak of wool, saying, gold is too cold in winter and too heavy in summer —It behoves *us to take care of Jupiter*.

XI.

If hypocrites go to *hell* by the road to *heaven*, we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a by-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well, if he could escape the *last* turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no by-path, and where the toll is death.

XII.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

XIII.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we

please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening, than by talking.

XIV.

When Mahomet forbids his fellows the use of wine, when the grand Sultan discourages learning and when the Pope denies the scriptures to the laity, what are we to infer from hence? not the *danger* of the things forbidden, but the *fears* of those that forbid. Mahomet knew that his was a faith strictly military, and to be propagated by the sword; he also knew that nothing is so destructive of discipline as wine; Mahomet therefore interdicted wine. The grand Sultan knows that despotism is founded on the blindness and weakness of the governed; but that learning is light and power; and that the powerful and enlightened make very troublesome slaves; therefore the Sultan discourages learning. Leo the Xth knew that the pontifical hierarchy did support, and was reciprocally supported by a superstition that was false: but he also knew that the scriptures are true, and that truth and falsehood assimilate not; therefore, Leo withheld the scriptures from the laity.

XV.

A wise minister would rather preserve peace, than gain a victory; because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demorelizing influence of war are not amongst, the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre, from the number of *saved*, not of the *slain*.

XVI.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly

against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron; others finding it less difficult to be eccentric, than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one in hopes that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all, enjoyed; the spots on its surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent, have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities, in hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

XVII.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walk-

[illegible] in a fog; every thing immediately around him, [illegible] appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle, of which he himself is the centre, all is mist, and error, and confusion. But he himself is nevertheless as much in the fog as his neighbours, all of whom have also cantoned out their little Goshens of perspicacity. Total freedom from error is what none of us will allow to our neighbours, however we may be inclined to flirt a little with such spotless perfection ourselves. Sir Richard Steel has observed, that there is this difference between the church of Rome and the church of England; the one professes to be infallible—the other to be never in the wrong. Such high pretentions are extremely awkward wherever the points of difference happen to be more numerous than those of agreement. A safer mode of proceeding would be to propose with diffidence, to conjecture with freedom, to examine with candour, and to discent with civility; *in rebus necessariis sit unitas; in non necessariis liberalitus; in omnibus, charitas.* This ought to teach all the enthusiasts moderation, many of whom begin to make converts from motives of charity, but continue to do so from motives of pride; like some rivers which are sweet at their source, but bitter at their mouth. The fact is that charity is contented with exhortation and example, hut pride is not to be so easily satisfied. An enthusiast, therefore, ought above all things to guard against this error, arising from a morbid association of ideas, directed to view and examine all things through one medium alone. The best intentioned may be exposed to this infirmity, and there is one infallible symptom of the disorder, which is this: whenever we find ourselves more inclined to *persecute* than to *persuade*, we may then be certain that our *zeal* has more of pride in it than of charity, that we are seeking victory rather than truth, and are be-

ginning to feel more for ourselves, than for our master. To lose our charity in defence of our religion, is to sacrifice the citadel to maintain the outworks: a very imprudent mode of defence. There is an old poet who has said, "*Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia, tecum;*" but your thorough-paced enthusiast would make a trifling alteration in the letter, but a most important one in the spirit of the line, which he would read thus—"*Nullem Numen habes si sit Prudentia tecum.*"

XVIII.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

XIX.

He that has never suffered extreme adversity, knows not the full extent of his own depravation; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of *others* can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed, it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt *others*, her poverty *herself*.

XX.

Power, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible it gives authority, to what is low, exaltation. To acquire it, appears not more difficult than to be dispossessed

quibusdam aliis, "I may perhaps be accused of looking into every thing, but of *seeing* into nothing.

There are two things cheap and common enough when separated, but as costly in value, as irresistible in power, when *combined—truth and novelty*. Their union is like that of steam and of fire, which nothing can overcome. Truth and novelty, when united, must overthrow the whole superincumbent pressure of error and of prejudice, whatever be its weight; and the effects will be proportionate to the resistance. But the *moral* earthquake, unlike the *natural*, while it convulses the nations, reforms them too. On subjects indeed, on which mankind have been thinking for so many thousands of years, it will often happen, that whatever is absolutely new, may have the misfortune to be absolutely false. It is a melancholy consideration for authors, that there is very little "*Terra Incognita*" in literature, and there now remain to us moderns, only two roads to success: discovery and conquest. If indeed we can advance any propositions that are both *true* and *new*, these are indisputably our own, by right of discovery; and if we can repeat what is old, more briefly and brightly than others, this also becomes our own by right of conquest. The pointed propriety of Pope, was to all his readers originality, and even the lawful possessors could not always recognise their own property in his hands. Few have borrowed more freely than Gray and Milton, but with a princely prodigality, they have repaid the obscure thoughts of others, with far brighter of their own; like the ocean, which drinks up the muddy water of the rivers, from the flood, but replenishes them with the clearest from the shower. These reflections, however they may tend to show the difficulties all must encounter who aim at originality, will, nevertheless in no wise tend to diminish the number of those who will attempt to surmount them since "*fools rush in, where an-*

gels fear to tread" In good truth, we should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put *fire* into their works, would only consent to put their works into the *fire*. But this is an age of economy, as well as of *illumination*, and a considerate author will not rashly condemn his volumes to that devouring element, "*flammis emendatioribus,*" who reflects that the Pastry-cook and the Confectioner are sure to put *good things* into his pages, if he fail to do it himself.

With respect to the style I have adopted in the following sheets, I have attempted to make it vary with the subject; avoiding all pomp of words, where there was no corresponding elevation of ideas; for such turgidity, although it may be as aspiring as that of a balloon, is also as useless. I have neither spare time for superfluous writing, nor spare money for superfluous printing, and shall be satisfied, if I have not missed of brightness, in pursuit of brevity. It has cost me more time and pains to *abridge* these pages, than to write them. Perhaps that is nearly the perfection of good writing, which is original, but whose truth alone prevents the reader from suspecting that it is so: and which effects that for knowledge which the lens effects for the sun-beam, when it condenses its brightness, in order to increase its force. How far the following efforts will stand the test of this criterion, is not for me to determine: to know is one thing, to do is another; and it may be observed of good writing, as of good blood, that it is much easier to say what it is composed of, than to compose it.

Most of the maxims and positions advanced in the present volume, are founded on two simple truisms, *that men are the same;* and that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater or the less prevalence of which gives individuality to character. But we must not only express clearly, but

think deeply, nor can we concede to Buffon that style *alone* is that quality that will immortalize an author. The essays of Montaigne, and the analogy of Butler, will live forever, in spite of their style. Style is indeed the *valet* of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

But above all, I do most earnestly hope, that none will accuse me of usurping on this occasion, the chair of the moralist, or of presuming to deliver any thing here advanced, as oracular, magisterial, dictatorial, or "*ex cathedra.*" I have no opinions that I would not most willingly exchange for truth; I may be sometimes wrong, I may be sometimes right; at all events discussion may be provoked, and as this cannot be done without thought, even that is a good. I despise dogmatism in others, too much to indulge it in myself: I have not been led to these opinions by the authority of great names; for I have always considered rather what is said than who says it; and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him who delivers it. It is sufficiently humiliating to our nature, to reflect that our knowledge is but as the rivulet, our ignorance as the sea. On points of the highest interest, the moment we quit the light of revelation, we shall find that Platonism itself is intimately connected with Pyrronism, and the deepest inquiry with the darkest doubt.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners when virtue fills our *heads*, but vice our *hearts*;—when those who would fain persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear to be in no greater hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst;—in an age, when modesty herself is more ashamed of *detection*

than of delinquency; when independence of principle consists in having *no* principle on which to depend; and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being *free from thinking*;—in an age when patriots will hold any thing, except their *tongues*; keep any thing, except their *word*; and lose nothing patiently except their *character*;—to improve such an age must be difficult, to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it, who cannot at the same time amuse it.

That author, however, who has thought more than he has read, read more than he has written, and written more than he has published, if he does not command success, has at least deserved it. In the article of *rejection* and *abridgment*, we must be severe for ourselves, if we wish for mercy from others; since for one great genius who has written a *little* book, we have a thousand little geniuses, who have written *great* books. A volume, therefore, that contains more words than ideas, like a tree that has more foliage than fruit, may suit those to resort to, who want not to feast, but to dream and to slumber; but the misfortune is, that in this particular instance, nothing can equal the ingratitude of the public, who were never yet known to have the slightest compassion for those authors who have deprived themselves of sleep, in order to procure it for their readers.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid, than which to choose; for good books are as scarce as good companions, and in both instances, all that we can learn from bad ones is, that so much time has been worse than thrown away. That writer does the most, who gives his reader the *most* knowledge, and takes from him the *least* time. That short period of a short existence, which is rationally employed, is that which alone deserves the name of life; and that portion of our life is most rationally employed, which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth, and of wisdom. I

do not pretend to have attained this, I have only attempted it. One thing I may affirm, that I have first considered whether it be worth while to say any thing *at all*, before I have taken any trouble to say it well; knowing that words are but air, and that both are capable of much *condensation*. Words indeed are but the signs and *counters* of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

I have said that the maxims in the following pages are written upon this principle—*that men are the same;* upon this alone it is that the sacred maxim which forms the golden hinge of our religion, rests and revolves, "*Do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst that he should do unto thee.*" The proverbs of Solomon suit all places and all times, because Solomon knew mankind, and mankind are ever the same. No revolution has taken place in the body, or in the mind. Four thousand years ago, men shivered with frost, and panted with heat, were *cold* in their gratitude, and *ardent* in their revenge. Should my readers think some of my conclusions too severe, they will in justice recollect, that my object is truth, that my subject *is man*, and that a handsome picture cannot represent deformity.

The political principles contained in the following pages, are such, that whoever avows them will be considered a Tory by the Whigs, and a *Whig* by the *Tories*; for truth, no less than virtue, not unfrequently forms the middle point between two extremes. Where one party demands too much, and the other is inclined to concede too little, an arbitrator will please neither, by recommending such measures as would eventually serve both. I have, however, neither the hope nor the fear, that my opinions on politics, or any *other* subject, will attract *much* attention. The approbation of a few discerning friends, is *all* the reward I wish for my labours;

and the four lines which form the commencement of my Poem of "*Hypocrisy*," shall make the conclusion of this preface, since the sentiments they contain, are as applicable to *prose* as to *verse*.

"Two things there are, confound the Poet's lays,
"The Scholar's censure—and the Blockhead's praise;
"That glowing page with double lustre shines,
"When Pope approves, and Dennis damns the lines."

London, January 1*st*, 1820.

REFLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

I.

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erace. Ignorance is contented to *stand still* with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the *same* direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

II.

With respect to the authority of great names it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his *own* times;—who, like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short a *promised land!* which, like Moses on the top of

Pisgah, he is permitted to survey and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

III.

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue, or to arm us with fortitude, this is to call up the illustrious dead, to inspire and to improve the living But the usage of those Civilians, who cite vicious authorities for worse purposes, and enforce the absurdest practice, by the oldest precedent, this it is to bequeath to us as an heir-loom, the errors of our forefathers, to confer a kind of immorality on folly, making the dead more powerful than time, and more sagacious than experience, by subjecting those that are *upon* the earth, to the perpetual mal-government of those that are *beneath it*.

IV.

A Writer, more splendid than solid, seems to think that vice may lose half its guilt, by losing all its grossness. An idea suggested, perhaps, by the parting anathema, fulminated by Gibbon against the fellows of Magdalen. "Men," he said, "in whom were united all the malevolence of monks, without their erudition; and all the sensuality of libertines, without their refinement." But it would be as well perhaps for the interests of humanity, if vice of every kind were more odious, and less attractive; if she were always exhibited to us, like the drunken Helot to the youths of Sparta, in her true and disgusting shape. It is fitting, that what is foul within, should be foul also without. To give the *semblance* of purity to the *substance* of corruption, is to profer the poison of Circe in a crystal goblet, and to steal the bridal vestments of the virgin, to add more allurements to the seductive smiles of the harlot.

V.

If those alone who "*sowed to the wind did reap the*

whirlwind," it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.

VI.

Great minds had rather deserve *contemporaneous* applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow them, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men, when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words,) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to him *than why they were.*

VII.

As in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense: so in society, he is not the best member, who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill.—For let *no man* presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone.

VIII.

The inequalities of life are real things, they can

neither be explained away, nor done away; "*Expellus furca tamen usque recurrent.* A leveller therefore has long been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who if he could finish his work to-day, would have to begin it again to-morrow. The things that constitute these real inequalities are *four*, strength, talent, riches, and rank. The two former would constitute inequalities in the rudest state of nature; the two latter more properly belonging to a state of society more or less civilized and refined.—Perhaps the whole four are all ultimately resolvible in power. But in the just appreciation of this power, men are too apt to be deceived. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to see rank or riches preferred to talent, and yet nothing is more absurd. That talent is of a much higher order of power, than riches, might be proved in various ways; being so much more indeprivable, and indestructible, so much more above all accident or change, and all confusion of chance. But the peculiar superiority of talent over riches may be best discovered from hence—That the influence of talent will always be the greatest in that government which is the most pure; while the influence of riches will always be the greatest in that government which is most corrupt. So that from the preponderance of talent, we may always infer the soundness and vigour of the commonwealth; but from the preponderance of riches, its dotage and degeneration. That talent confers an inequality of a higher order than rank, would appear from various views of the subject, and most particularly from this—many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank, but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank for his talent. When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed, "I can make a thousand lords, but not one Leonardo" Cicero observed to a *degenerate patrician, "I am the first of my family, but you are the last of yours."* And since his time, those who value

themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, *all that is good of them is under ground*; perhaps it is but fair that nobility should have *descended to them*, since they never could have *raised themselves to it.*

IX.

An upright minister asks, *what* recommends a man; a corrupt minister, *who.*

X.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it, with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant, stripped the *statue* of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of massy gold, and substituting a cloak of wool, saying, gold is too cold in winter and too heavy in summer —It behoves *us to take care of Jupiter.*

XI.

If hypocrites go to *hell* by the road to *heaven*, we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a by-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well, if he could escape the *last* turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no by-path, and where the toll is death.

XII.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

XIII.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we

please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening, than by talking.

XIV.

When Mahomet forbids his fellows the use of wine, when the grand Sultan discourages learning and when the Pope denies the scriptures to the laity, what are we to infer from hence? not the *danger* of the things forbidden, but the *fears* of those that forbid. Mahomet knew that his was a faith strictly military, and to be propagated by the sword; he also knew that nothing is so destructive of discipline as wine; Mahomet therefore interdicted wine. The grand Sultan knows that despotism is founded on the blindness and weakness of the governed; but that learning is light and power; and that the powerful and enlightened make very troublesome slaves; therefore the Sultan discourages learning. Leo the Xth knew that the pontifical hierarchy did support, and was reciprocally supported by a superstition that was false: but he also knew that the scriptures are true, and that truth and falsehood assimilate not; therefore, Leo withheld the scriptures from the laity.

XV.

A wise minister would rather preserve peace, than gain a victory; because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demoralizing influence of war are not amongst, the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre, from the number of *saved*, not of the *slain*.

XVI.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly

against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron; others finding it less difficult to be eccentric, than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one in hopes that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all, enjoyed; the spots on its surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent, have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities, in hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

XVII.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walk-

[illegible] in a fog; every thing immediately around him, or in a contact with him, appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle, of which he himself is the centre, all is mist, and error, and confusion. But he himself is nevertheless as much in the fog as his neighbours, all of whom have also cantoned out their little Goshens of perspicacity. Total freedom from error is what none of us will allow to our neighbours, however we may be inclined to flirt a little with such spotless perfection ourselves. Sir Richard Steel has observed, that there is this difference between the church of Rome and the church of England; the one professes to be infallible—the other to be never in the wrong. Such high pretentions are extremely awkward wherever the points of difference happen to be more numerous than those of agreement. A safer mode of proceeding would be to propose with diffidence, to conjecture with freedom, to examine with candour, and to discent with civility; *in rebus necessariis sit unitas; in non necessariis liberalitas; in omnibus, charitas.* This ought to teach all the enthusiasts moderation, many of whom begin to make converts from motives of charity, but continue to do so from motives of pride; like some rivers which are sweet at their source, but bitter at their mouth. The fact is that charity is contented with exhortation and example, but pride is not to be so easily satisfied. An enthusiast, therefore, ought above all things to guard against this error, arising from a morbid association of ideas, directed to view and examine all things through one medium alone. The best intentioned may be exposed to this infirmity, and there is one infallible symptom of the disorder, which is this: whenever we find ourselves more inclined to *persecute* than to *persuade*, we may then be certain that our *zeal* has more of pride in it than of charity, that we are seeking victory rather than truth, and are be-

ginning to feel more for ourselves, than for our master. To lose our charity in defence of our religion, is to sacrifice the citadel to maintain the outworks: a very imprudent mode of defence. There is an old poet who has said, "*Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentiq, tecum;*" but your thorough-paced enthusiast would make a trifling alteration in the letter, but a most important one in the spirit of the line, which he would read thus—"*Nullem Numen habes si sit Prudentia tecum.*"

XVIII.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

XIX.

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XX.

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of it, *when acquired*, since it enables the holder to shift his own errors on dependants, and to take their merits to himself. But the miracle of losing it vanishes, when we reflect that we are as liable to *fall* as to rise, by the treachery of others; and that to say "I am" is language that has been appropriated exclusively to God!

XXI.

Virtue, without talent, is a coat of *mail*, without a *sword*; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

XXII.

He that aspires to be the head of a party, will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes. He must often act from false reasons which are weak, because he dares not avow the true reasons which are strong. It will be his lot to be forced on some occasions to give his consideration to the wealthy or the titled, although they may be in the *wrong*, and withhold it from the energetic, but necessitous, although they may be in the *right*. There are moments when he must appear to sympathize not only with the fears of the brave, but also with the follies of the wise. He must see some appearances that do not exist, and be blind to some that do. To be above others, he must condescend at times to be beneath himself, as the loftiest trees have the lowest roots. But without the keenest circumspection, his very *rise* will be his *ruin*. For a masked battery is more destructive than one that is visible, and he will have more to dread from the secret envy of his adherents, than the open hate of his adversaries. This envy will be ever near him, but he must not appear to suspect it; it will narrowly watch him, but he must not appear to perceive it: even when he is anticipating all its effects, he must give no note of preparation; and in defending himself against it, he must conceal both his sword and his

shield. Let him pursue success as his truest friend, and apply to confidence as his ablest counsellor. Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends, and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian. I think it is Voltaire who observes, that it was very fortunate for Cromwell, that he appeared upon the stage at the precise moment when the people were tired of kings; and as unfortunate for his son Richard, that he had to make good his pretensions at a moment when the people were equally tired of *protectors*.

XXIII.

All poets pretend to write for immortality, but the whole tribe have no objection to present pay and present praise. But Lord Burleigh is not the only statesman who has thought one hundred pounds too much for a song, though sung by Spenser; although Oliver Goldsmith is the only poet who ever considered himself to have been *overpaid*. The reward in this arena is not to the swift, nor the prize to the strong. Editors have gained more pounds by publishing Milton's works, than he ever gained pence by writing them; and Garrick has reaped a richer harvest in a single night, by acting in one play of Shakspeare's, than that poet himself obtained by the genius which inspired the whole of them.

XXIV.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master

more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor, to die rich; and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs it is enlarged by *repletion*, and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power —wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth, *must* be a growing and progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years, which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

XXV.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

XXVI.

Honour is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those, who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and

fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and for ever. Honour is the most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house to build our monument. She is contracted in her views, in as much as her hopes are rooted in earth, bounded by time, and terminated by death. But virtue is enlarged and infinite in her hopes, in as much as they extend beyond present things, even to eternal; this is their proper sphere, and they will cease only in the reality of deathless enjoyment. In the storms and in the tempests of life, honour is not to be depended on, because she herself partakes of the tumult; she also is buffetted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and steadfast, because it is cast into heaven. The noble Brutus worshipped honour, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her a shadow and a name. But no man can purchase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose *value* must ever increase with the *price* it has cost us. Our integrity is never worth so much, as when we have parted with *our all to keep it* The pagans, (says Bayle,) from the obscurity wherein they lived as to another life, reasoned very inconsequentially on the reality of virtue. *It belongs to Christians alone to argue upon it aright;* and if those good things to come, which the scripture promises the faithful, were not *joined* to the desire of virtue, that, an innocency of life, might be placed in the number of those things on which Solomon pronounced his definitive decree, "*vanity of vanities, all is vanity!*"

XXVII.

Modern reformers are not fully aware of the difficulty they will find to make converts, when that period which we so fondly anticipate shall arrive: an era of universal illumination. They will then ex

perience a similar re-buff, with those who now attempt to make proselytes amongst the Jews. These cunning descendents of Laban shrewdly reply, pray would it not be better for you Christians, first of all, to decide amongst yourselves what Christianity is, and when that important point is fully settled, then we think it will be time enough for you to begin your attempts of converting others? And the reasoning and enlightened inquirer will also naturally enough demand of the reformist, what is reformation? This he will find to be almost as various as the advocates for it. The thorough-paced and *Unitarian* reformer who thinks one year a sufficient period for a parliament, in order to bring in another unity still more absurd and dangerous, the majesty of the people, one and indivisible, must be at irreconcilable issue with the *Trinitarian* reformer who advocates triennial parliaments, and who has not lost his respect for that old and orthodox association of King, Lords and Commons. And in politics, as in religion, it so happens, that we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those that deny the whole of it; Since if Servitus had been a Mahommedon he would not have been burnt by Calvin. There are two parties therefore, that will form a rent in the Babel building of Reform, which, unlike that of the temple, will not be confined to the vail, but will in all probabilty reach the foundation.

XXVIII.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds.—The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

XXIX.

Hypocrites act by virtue, like Numa by his shield. —They frame many counterfeits of her, with which they make an ostentatious parade, in all public as-

semblies, and processions; but the original of what they counterfeit, and which may indeed be said to have *fallen from heaven*, they produce so seldom, that it is cankered by the rust of sloth, and useless from non-application.

XXX.

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great. The house may draw visiters, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a short interval, we are glad to return:—we go to see Italy, *not the Italians*.

XXXI.

Public events of moment, when deeply and fully considered, are the fertile womb of political maxims, which ought to contain the very soul of the moral history; and then they are imperishable, and indestructible, worthy of being resorted to as a tower of strength in the storm, and spreading their effulgence over the tide of time, as a beacon in the night.

XXXII.

Secrecy of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the deserts, becomes the guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of overwhelming and impenetrable darkness to our enemies.

XXXIII.

"*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,*" This is well translated by some one who observes, that it is far better to *borrow* experience than to *bu*

it. He that sympathises in all the happiness of others, perhaps himself enjoys the safest happiness, and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom. But such is the purblind egotism, and the suicidal selfishness of mankind, that things so desirable are seldom pursued, things so accessible, seldom attained. That is indeed a *twofold* knowledge, which profits alike by the folly of the foolish, and the wisdom of the wise; it is both a shield and a sword; it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.

XXXIV.

"*Defendit numerus*," is the maxim of the foolish; "*Deperdit numerus*," of the wise. The fact is, that an honest man will continue to be so, though surrounded on all sides by rogues. The whole world is turned upside down once in twenty-four hours; yet no one thinks of standing upon his head, rather than on his heels. He that can be honest, only because every one else is honest, or good, only because all around him are good, might have continued an angel, if he had been born one, but being a man, he will only add to that number *numberless*, who go to hell for the bad things they *have done*, and for the good things which they *intended* to do.

XXXV.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

XXXVI.

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honoured so soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest, in the end. Milton's expressions on

his right to this remuneration, constitute some of the finest efforts of his mind. He never alludes to these high pretensions, but he appears to be animated by an eloquence, which is at once both the plea and the proof of their justice; an eloquence, so much above all present and all perishable things, that, like the beam of the sun, it warms, while it enlightens, and as it descends from heaven to earth, raises our thoughts from earth to heaven. When the great Kepler had at length discovered the harmonic laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed, "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity, or by my contemporaries, is a matter that concerns *them*, more than me. I may well be contented to wait *one* century for a reader, when God himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself."

XXXVII.

Ambition is to the mind, what the cap is to the falcon; it *blinds* us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness. But alas, when we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also, at the depth of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot befriend, but may betray us; in short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle, where we have nothing to hope, but every thing to fear.

XXXVIII.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a bible, should order them to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the bible? Our Saviour di-

vided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

XXXIX.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

XL.

None are so fond of secrets, as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

XLI.

That knowledge which a man may acquire *only* by travelling, is too dearly bought. The traveller indeed may be said to fetch the knowledge, as the merchant the wares, to be enjoyed and applied, by those who stay at home. A man may sit by his own fireside, be conversant with many domestic arts and general sciences, and yet have very correct ideas of the manners, and customs of *other* nations. While on the contrary, he that has spent his whole life in travelling, who, like Scriblerus, has made his *legs his compasses*, rather than his judgment, may live and die a thorough novice in all the most important concerns of life; like Anson, he may have been round the world, and over the world, without having been *in* the world; and die an ignoramus, even after having performed the seven journeys between the holy hills; swept the Kaaba with a silver besom; drank of the holy waters of the Zemzem; and traced the source of the Nile and the end of the Niger.

XLII.

It is an observation of the late Lord Bishop of Landaff, that there are but two kinds of men who

succeed as public characters, men of no principle, but of great talent, and men of no talent, but of one principle, that of obedience to their superiors. In fact, there will never be a deficiency of this second class; persons who, like Doddington, have no higher ambition than that of sailing in the wake of a man of first rate abilities. "I told the duke of Newcastle, says he, (in the account he gives of himself, in his Diary,) that it must end one way or the other, and must not remain as it was; for I was determined to make some sort of figure in life. I earnestly wished it might be under his protection, but if that could not be, I must make some figure; what it would be I could not determine yet. I must look around me a little, and consult my friends, but some figure I was resolved to make." Indeed, it is lamentable to think, what a gulf of impracticability must ever separate men of principle, whom offices *want*, from men of no principle, who *want* offices. It is easy to see that a Hampden, or a Marvel, could not be connected for one hour, with a Walpole,* or a Mazarin. Those who would conscientiously employ power for the good of others, deserve it but do not desire it; and those who could employ it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not deserve it.

XLIII.

It is more easy to forgive the *weak*, who have injured *us*, than the *powerful* whom *we* have injured That conduct will be continued by our *fears*, which commenced in our resentment. He that is gone so far as to cut the claws of the lion, will not feel himself quite secure, until he has also drawn his teeth.

* It is but justice to say of this great minister, who went such lengths in corrupting others, that there were some instances, in which he himself was incorruptible. He refused the sum of sixty thousand pounds which was offered him to save the life of the earl of Derwentwater.

The greater the power of him that is injured, the more expiable and persevering must be the efforts of those who have begun to injure him. Therefore a monarch, who submits to a single insult, is half dethroned. When the conspirators were deliberating on the murder of Paul Petrowitz, emperor of Russia, a voice was heard in the anti-chamber, saying, "*you have broken the egg, you had better make the omlet.*"

XLIV.

That cowardice is incorrigible, which the love of power cannot overcome. In the heat and frenzy of the French revolution, the contentions for place and power never sustained the smallest diminution; appointments and offices were never pursued with more eagerness and intrigue, than when the heads of those who gained them, had they been held on merely by pieces of *sticking plaster*, could not have sat more *loosely* on their shoulders. Demagogues sprung up like *mushrooms*, and the crop seemed to be fecundated by blood; although it repeatedly happened that the guillotine had finished the favourite, before the plasterer had finished the model, and that the original was *dead*, before the bust was *dry*.

XLV.

A man may arrive at such power, and be so successful in the application of it, as to be enabled to crush and to overwhelm all his enemies. But a safety, built upon successful vengeance, and established not upon our love, but upon our fear, often contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. It is at best a joyless and a precarious safety, as short-lived as that of some conquerors, who have died from a pestilence, excited by the dead bodies of the vanquished.

XLVI.

Many men fail in life, from the want, as they are ready to suppose, of those *great* occasions

wherein they might have shown their trust-worthiness, and their integrity. But all such persons should remember, that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with *water*, before we trust it with *wine*. The more minute, trivial, and we may say *vernacular* opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one: and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things, that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement, and of higher confidence, which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to *reap*, who have previously *sown*.

XLVII.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the *success* of our enemy; its wages—to be *sure* of it.

XLVIII.

Pedantry prides herself on being *wrong* by rules; while common sense is contented to be *right*, without them. The former would rather stumble in following the dead, than walk upright by the *profane* assistance of the living. She worships the mouldering mummies of antiquity, and her will is, that they should not be buried, but *embalmed*. She would have truth herself bow to the authority of great names; while common sense would have great names bow to the authority of truth Folly disgusts us less by her ignorance, than pedantry by her learning; since she mistakes the *nonage* of things for their *virility*; and her creed is, that darkness is increased by the accession of *light*; that the world grows younger by *age*; and that knowledge and experience are *diminished*, by a constant and uninterrupted accumulation.

XLIX.

There is but *one* pursuit in life which it is in the

power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every safety from danger, resource from sterility, and subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

L.

Even human knowledge is permitted to approximate in some degree, and on certain occasions, to that of the Deity, its pure and primary source; and this assimilation is never more conspicuous than when it converts *evil* into the means of producing its opposite *good*. What for instance appears at first sight to be so insurmountable a barrier to the intercourse of nations as the ocean; but science has converted it into the best and most expeditious mean, by which they may supply their mutual wants, and carry on their most intimate communications. What so violent as steam? and so destructive as fire? What so uncertain as the wind? and so uncontrollable as the wave? Yet art has rendered these unmanageable things instrumental and subsidiary to the necessities, the comforts, and even the elegancies of life. What so hard, so cold, and so insensible as marble? Yet the sculptor can warm it into life, and bid it breathe an eternity of love. What so variable as color? so swift as light? or so empty as shade? Yet the pencil of a Raphael can give these fleeting things both a body and a soul;

can confer upon them an imperishable vigour, a beauty that *increases* with *age*, and which must continue to captivate generations. In short, wisdom can draw expedient from obstacle, invention from difficulty, remedy from poison. In *her* hands all things become beautiful by *adaptment;* subservient by their *use;* and salutary by their *application*.

LI.

As there are none so weak, that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so *low*, that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence would confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency. as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.

LII.

The only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison. they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them *alone*, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious; these are the only *title-deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when every thing else is as nothing; and their value will

be confirmed and established by those two sure and stateless destroyers of all *other* things,—Time—and Death.

LIII.

He that abuses his *own* profession, will not patiently bear with any one *else* that does so. And this is one of our most subtile operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

LIV.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes *before* her, and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa, no less than in the city, until that most unlucky acci-

dent befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood, upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever, between a *conqueror* and a *cat*.

LV.

In the tortuous and crooked policy of public affairs, as well as in the less extensive, but perhaps more intricate labyrinth of private concerns, there are *two* evils, which must continue to be as remediless as they are unfortunate; they have no cure, and their only palliatives are diffidence and time They are these—The most candid and enlightened must give their assent to a probable falsehood, rather than to an improbable truth; and their esteem to those who have a reputation, in preference to those who *only* deserve it.

LIV.

He that acts towards men, as if God saw him, and prays to God, as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so. For with respect to his actions to men, however much he may fail with regard to others, yet *if pure and good*, with regard to himself and his highest interests, they cannot fail; and with respect to his prayers to God, although they cannot make the Deity more *willing* to give, yet they will and must make the supplicant more *worthy* to receive.

LVII.

We did not make the world, we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds

with fools, who are too *dull* to be employed, and knaves who are too *sharp*. But the compound character is most common, and is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places, evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors, was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.

LVIII.

If all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.

LIX

If we cannot exhibit a better life than an atheist, we must be very bad calculators, and if we cannot exhibit a better doctrine, we must be still worse reasoners. Shall we then burn a man because he chooses to say in his *heart* there is no God? To say it in his *head*, is incompatible with a sound state of the cerebellum. But if all who wished there were no God, *believed* it too, we should have many atheists. He that has lived without a God, would be very happy to die without one; and he that by his conduct has taken the word *not* out of the *commandments*, would most willingly insert it into the *creed*.—Thou *shalt* kill, and thou *shalt* commit adultery, would be very conveniently supported by, "I do *not* believe in God." But are we to burn a man for so absurd a doctrine? Yes says the zealot, for fear of his making proselytes. That he will attempt to make proselytes I admit, even to a system so fatherless, so forlorn, and so gloomy; and he will attempt it, on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bedfellow *he is afraid of being left alone in the dark!* But to grant that he will be suc-

cessful in his attempt to convert others, would be to grant that he has some reason on his side; and we have yet to learn that reason can be consumed by fire, or overwhelmed by force. We will burn him then for the sake of example. But his example, like his doctrine, is so absurd that, let him alone and none will follow it. But by burning him, *you yourselves have set a most horrid example*, which the innumerable champions of bigotry and of fanaticism, have followed, and will follow, whenever and wherever they have power to do so. By burning an atheist, you have lent importance to that which was absurd, interest to that which was forbidding, light to that which was the essence of darkness. For atheism is a system which can communicate neither warmth nor illumination, except from those faggots which your mistaken zeal has lighted up for its destruction.

LX.

There are some who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought him capable of revenge; they are so satisfied with the suavity of their own temper, that they would quarrel with this dearest benefactor, only for doubting it.—And yet so very blind are all their acquaintance in these their numerous qualifications and merits, that the possessors of them invariably discover when it is too late, that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it without a single mourner.

LXI.

They that are in power should be extremely cautious to commit the execution of their plans, not only to those who are *able* but to those who are *willing*: as servants and instruments it is their duty

to do their best, but their employers are never so sure of them, as when their duty is also their *pleasure*. To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one *third* of the man; his heart and his head are against you, you have commanded only his hands.

LXII.

It is far more safe to lower any pretensions that a woman may aspire to, on the score of her virtue, than those *dearer* ones which she may foster on the side of her vanity. Tell her that she is not in the exact road to gain the approbation of the angels and she may not only hear you with patience, but, may even follow your advice; but should you venture to hint to her, that she is equally unsuccessful in all her methods to gain the approbation of men, and she will pursue not the advice, but the adviser, certainly with scorn, probably with vengeance.

LXIII.

There is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortune, if combined with talent, or to mar them, without it;—for the errors of such minds are few, but fatal. I allude to those characters, who have a kind of mathematical decision about them, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and that small bodies *with* velocity, have a greater momentum than large masses *without* it. Thus they would rather use a *cannon ball*, than a *battering ram*.—with such minds to resolve and to act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time; to foresee events, in the chrysalis of their causes; and to seize that moment for execution, which others use in deliberation. Cromwell* had much of this decision in the camp,

*Cromwell is thus described by his confidential physician, George Bate: "A perfect master of all the arts of simulation,

but in the church hypocrisy asserted her dominion, and sometimes neutralized his moral courage, never his physical; for he always fought with more sincerity than he prayed. Cardinal de Retz carried this energy and promptitude into every department of his career: the church, the camp, the council, and the court; but, like Charles the XIIth, he had always more sail than ballast, and after the most hair-breadth escapes, was shipwrecked at last. Napoleon had more of this promptitude of decision than any other character, ancient or modern. Even his ablest generals were often overwhelmed with astonishment at the result of his simultaneities. Kleber designated him, as a chief, who had two faults, that of advancing, without considering how he should retreat;—and of seizing, without considering how he should retain. It was absolutely necessary for such a man to "*wear his heart in his head,*" for he invariably sacrificed blood to time, and means to the end. If the wrong path happened to be the *shortest*, that made it the *right;* and he anticipated an *acquittal* by securing a *conquest*. He invaded France with sixty men, and for a time succeeded; but this desperate measure would not have been necessary, if the same promptitude of action which caused this latter attempt to succeed, had not most miserably failed on a former one. He had said, "Let war feed war:" it did so, and Russia spread her table-cloth of snow, to receive the fragments of the feast. But all this energy and all this talent were clouded by a total want of principle: he knew that he had none himself, and here he was *right*; but he concluded that all others had none, and here he was often *wrong*. On a more confined stage, and in

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and] of dissimulation; who turning up the whites of his eyes, and seeking the Lord with pious gestures, will weep and pray and cant most devoutly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-down blow under the short ribs.

a smaller sphere, few have combined more talent with more decision, than Lord Thurlow. Nature seems to have given him a head of crystal, and nerves of brass. I shall quote his reply to a deputation from the dissentres, as highly characteristic of the man.—They had waited on him by appointment, to request that he would give them his vote for the repeal of the test act. They were shown into the library, where a plentiful collation had been prepared. They thought themselves sure of success, but they reckoned without *their host*, who at length made his appearance. He listened to a long harangue with much patience;—when it was finished, he rose up and addressed them, "Gentlemen, you have called on me to request my vote for the repeal of the test act.—Gentlemen, I shall not vote for the repeal of the test act. I care not whether your religion has the ascendancy, or mine, or any, or none; but this I know, that when *you* were uppermost, you kept *us* down, and now that *we* are uppermost, with God's help we will keep *you* down."

LXIV.

In pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty lies here: to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The christian messenger cannot think too highly of his prince, nor too humbly of himself. This is that secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see, will fancy they could imitate, while most who try will fail.

"*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,*
"*Ausus idem.*"

LXV.

The most *disinterested* of all gifts, are those which kings bestow on *undeserving* favourites;—first, because they are purely at the expense of the donor's *character*; and secondly, because they are sure to

be repaid with ingratitude. In fact, honours and titles so conferred, or rather so misplaced, dishonour the giver, without exalting the receiver; they are a splendid sign, to a wretched inn; an illuminated frontispiece to a contemptible missal; a lofty arch overshadowing a gutter. Court minions lifted up from obscurity by their vices, and splendid, only because they reflect the rays of royal munificence, may be compared to those fogs, which the sun raises up from a swamp merely to obscure the beams, which were the cause of their elevation.

LXVI.

Some men who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveller, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll.*

LXVII.

A certain degree of labour and exertion seems to have been alloted us by Providence, as the condition of humanity. "*In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread;*" this a curse which has provided a blessing in disguise. And those favoured few, who, by their rank or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the observation of this necessity that led the ancients to say, that the gods *sold* us every thing, put *gave* us nothing. Water, however, which is one of the great necessaries of life may, in general, be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed, that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear, that men would become *brutes*, for the

want of something to do, rather than *philosophers*, from the possession of leisure. And the facts seem to bear out the theory. In all countries where nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the utmost acme of humane exertion.—Thus, Spain produces the worst farmers; and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoilt children of indulgence, the latter, the hardy offsprings of endeavour. The copper, coal, and iron, of England, in as much as they cost much labour to dig, and insure a still further accumulation of it, when dug, have turned out to be richer mines to us, than those of Potosi and Peru. The possessors of the latter have been impoverished by their treasures, while we have been constantly enriched by our exertion. Our merchants, without being aware of it, have been the sole possessors of the philosopher's stone, for they have anticipated most of the wealth of Mexico, before it arrived in Europe, by transmuting their *iron* and their *copper* into *gold*.

LXVIII.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must always be ready not only to *take* opportunities, but to *make* them. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple on a forbidden day—She exclaimed, "*My son, thou art invincible*," which was oracle enough for him —On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie.—Those who start for human glory, like the mettled hounds of Actæon must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, to fall down and kiss it like Brutus; to throw their sword like Brennus into the trembling scale; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow

them.—That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance, which, like Cromwell's can make the *iron hot by striking;* and he that can only rule the storm, must yield to him who can both *raise* and *rule* it.

LXIX.

Some frauds succeed from the apparent candour, the open confidence, and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them. The slightest mystery would excite suspicion, and ruin all.—Such stratagems may be compared to the stars, they are discoverable by *darkness* and hidden only by *light.*

LXX.

Some one in casting up his accounts, put down a very large sum *per annum* for his *idleness.*—But there is another account more *awful* than that of our expenses in which many will find that their idleness has mainly contributed to the balance against them. From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil: as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever. The Turks have a proverb, which says, that *The devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.* A Prince Eugine informed a confidential friend, that in the course of his life, he had been exposed to many *Potiphars*, to all of whom he had proved a *Joseph*, merely because he had so many other things to attend to.

LXXI.

There is no quality of the mind, nor of the body, that so instantaneously and irresistibly captivates as wit. An elegant writer has observed, that wit may do very well for a mistress, but that he should prefer reason for a wife. He that deserts the latter, and gives himself up entirely to the guidance of the former, will certainly fall into many pitfalls and quagmires, like him, who walks by flashes of lightning rather than by the steady beams of the sun. The

conquest therefore of wit over the mind, is not like that of the Romans over the body; a conquest regulated by policy, and perpetuated by prudence; a conquest that conciliated all that it subdued, and improved all that it conciliated. The triumphs of wit should rather be compared to the inroads of the Parthians, splendid, but transient; a victory succeeding by surprise, and indebted more to the sharpness of the arrow, than the strength of the arm, and to the rapidity of an evolution, rather than the solidity of a phalanx. Wit, however, is one of the few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain: What is wit? The chaplain replied, the rectory of B . . . . is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit. Prove it, said his Lordship, and you shall have it: *It would be a good thing well applied*, rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the Royal Chaplains at St. Jame's was reprieved, *for a time* from *suspension*, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner" Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved*," said the monarch.

LXXII.

It is not so difficult to fill a comedy with good repartee, as might be at first imagined, if we consider how completely *both* parties are in the power of the author. The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had in his power to frame both the question and

the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his *sole* command.

LXXIII.

The clashing interests of society, and the double, yet equal and contrary demands arising out of them, where duty and justice are constantly opposed to gratitude and inclination, these things must make the profession of a statesman, an office neither easy nor enviable. It often happens that such men have only a choice of evils, and that, in adopting either, the discontent will be certain, the benefit precarious. It is seldom that statesmen have the option of choosing between a good and an evil; and still more seldom, that they can boast of that unfortunate situation where, like the great Duke of Marlborough, they are permitted to choose between *two* things that are good. His Grace was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the duchess; "I will be hanged," said she, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, instantly exclaimed, "Take it, then your Grace, by all manner of means; *it is sure to do good one way or the other!*"

LXXIV.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

LXXV.

Success seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed, in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action wherein he had assisted; "but never mind," said he, "I will one day have a gazette of my own."

LXXVI.

The accesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

LXXVII.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their *own* company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

LXXVIII.

Some historians, like Tacitus, Burnet, and the Abbey Raynal, are never satisfied, without adding to their detail of events, the secret springs and causes that have produced them. But both heroes and statesmen, amid the din of arms, and the hurry of business, are too often necessitated to invert the natural order of things; to fight before they deliberate, and decide before they consult. A statesman may regulate himself by events, but it is seldom that he can cause events to regulate themselves by him. It often happens too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together a mainplot and an under-plot; and he that under, stands only *one* of them, will in all probability, be the dupe of *both*. A mistress may rule a monarch, but some obscure favourite may rule the mistress. Doctor Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments, and the head master-ship of Westminster School, through the successive but turbulent reigns of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James; he replied, "The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers; *and I govern the boys.*"

LXXIX.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a

proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

LXXX.

Literary prizes, and academical honours, are laudable objects of any young man's ambition; they are the proofs of present merit, and the pledges of future utility. But, when hopes excited within the cloister, are not realized beyond it; when academical rewards produce not public advantage, the general voice will not squander away upon the blossom, that praise and gratitude, which it reserves only for the fruit. Let those, therefore, who have been successful in their academic career, be careful to *maintain their speed*, "*servetur ad imum*," otherwise these petty kings, within the walls of their colleges, will find themselves dethroned monarchs when they mix with the world; a world through which, like Theodore,* they will be doomed to wander, out of humour with themselves, and useless to society; exasperated at all who do not recognize their former royalty, and commiseratetheir present degradation. The Senior Wrangler, of a certain year, piping hot from the Senate House at Cambridge, went to the play at Drury-Lane. It so happened, that a certain great personage entered at the same moment, on the other side of the house but *unobserved* by the mathematician. The whole house testified their respect by a general rising and clapping of hands. Our astonished academic instantly exclaimed, to the no small amusement of his *London friends*, "Well, well, this is more than I expected; how is it possible that these good people should so soon have discovered *that I am the Senior wrangler.*"

LXXXI.

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in deter-

*King of Corsica.

mining to be vastly happy at some period or other, *when they have* time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting them too long, we shall find that both are soured by age. Let our happiness, therefore, be a modest mansion, which we can inhabit, while we have our health and vigor to enjoy it; not a fabric, so vast and expansive that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build it, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for an habitation than a tomb. It has been well observed, that we should treat futurity as an aged friend, from whom we expect a rich legacy. Let us do nothing to forfeit his esteem, and treat him with respect, not with servility. But let us not be too prodigal when we are young, nor too parsimonious when we are old, otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those, who when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire; and when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

LXXXII.

There are some who write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either the one or the other.* They die with less sin to answer for than some others, because they have been too busy in disputing about the origin of it, to commit it; and with little or no religion of their own, from their constant, though unavailing assiduities to settle that of other men. Charles the Fifth, after his abdication, amused himself in his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a num-

* The great Howard, on the contrary, was so fully engaged in works of active benevolence, that, unlike Baxter, whose bones were calcined by prayer, he left himself but little time to pray. Thousands were praying for him.

ber of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in this attempt he exclaimed, "What a fool have I been, to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my whole life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!

"*His vellem potius nugis tota ista dedissel*
"*Tempora sævitiæ.*"

LXXXIII.

Adroit observers will find, that some who affect to dislike flattery, may yet be flattered indirectly, by a well seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals. Diogenes professed to be no flatterer; but his Cynic raillery was, in other words flattery; it fed the ruling passion of the Athenean mob, who were more pleased to hear their superiors abused, than themselves commended.

LXXXIV.

A cool blooded and crafty politician, when he would be thoroughly revenged on his enemy, makes the injuries which have been inflicted not on himself, but on others, the pretext of his attack. He thus engages the world as a partizan in his quarrel, and dignifies his private hate, by giving it the air of disinterested resentment.—When Augustus wished to put in force the *Lex læse majestatis*, for suppressing libels and lampoons, he took care to do it, says Aurelius, not in his own name, but in the name of the majesty of the Roman people "*Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub* ALIENO *facile. et utile. Ergo specie legis tractabat quasi majestas populi Romani infamaretur.*"

LXXXV.

Pettifoggers in law, and empyrics in medicine, whether their patients lose or save their property, or their lives, take care to be in either case, equally

remunerated: they profit by both horns of the dilemma, and press defeat no less than success into their service. They hold, from time immemorial, the *fee simple* of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution nor tax; *the folly and ignorance of mankind*. Over this extensive domain they have long had, by undisputed usance, the sole management and control in as much as the *real owners* most strenuously and sturdily *disclaim* all right, title, and proprietorship therein.*

LXXXVI.

Some Sciolists have discovered a short path to celebrity. Having heard that it is a vastly silly thing to believe every thing, they take it for granted that it must be a vastly wise thing, *to believe nothing*. They therefore set up for free-thinkers; but their only stock in trade is, that they are free from thinking. It is not safe to contemn them, nor very easy to convince them; since no persons make so large a demand against the reason of others, as those who have none of their own; as a highwayman will take greater liberties with our purse, than our banker.

LXXXVII.

The Pope conducts himself towards our heavenly master as a knavish steward does to an earthly one. He says to the tenants, you may continue to neglect my master's interests as much as you please, but keep on good terms with me, and I will take care that you shall be on good terms with my master.†

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* See a note in Hypocrisy for a curious anecdote of Kien Long, Emperor of China, and his physicians, related to me as authentic by my uncle, the late Sir George Staunton.

† In the book of Religious Rates, registered in the court of France, in the year 1699 are the following items, Absolution for apostacy, 80 livres; for bigamy, 10,050; ditto for homicide, 95; dispensation for a great irregularity, 50 livres; dispensation from vows of chastity, 15.

LXXXVIII.

When the great Frederick, the enlightened philosopher of Sans Souci, heard of the petitions and remonstrances sent to the throne from our towns and counties, he was heard to exclaim, "*Ah, why am not I their king? with an hundred thousand of my troops round the throne, and a score or two of executioners in my train, I should soon make those proud islanders as dutiful as they are brave, and myself the first monarch in the universe.*" But it would have been only by and with a parliament that he could have raised any supplies; and Charles the first might have taught him the danger of attempting to reign without one. Either his hundred thousand men would have mutinied for want of pay, or, if he had attempted to support them by unconstitutional measures, his executioners might eventually be called upon to perform a tragedy in which this adventurous monarch himself, might have been under the awkward necessity of performing the principal part.

LXXXIX.

There are a vast number of easy, pliable, good natured human expletives in the world, who are just what the world chooses to make them; they glitter without pride, and are affable without humility; they sin without enjoyment and pray without devotion; they are charitable, not to benefit the poor, but to court the rich; profligate without passion, they are debauchees to please others, and to punish themselves.—Thus a youth without fire, is followed by an old age without experience, and they continue te float down the tide of time, as circumstances or chance may dictate, divided between God and the world, and serving both, but rewarded by neither.

XC.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the sqalid

poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self denial, as much beyond the belief, as the practice of the great; an heroism borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the Falls of Niagara, in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

XCI.

Lady Mary Wortly Montague observed, that in the whole course of her long and exteusive travels, she had found but two sorts of people, *men* and *women*. This simple remark was founded on no small knowledge of human nature; but, we might add, that even this distinction, narrow as it is, is *now* gradually disappearing; for some of our beaus are imitating the women, in every thing that is little, and some of our women are imitating the men in every thing that is great.

Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael, have proved that there is *no sex in style*; and Madame La Roche Jacqueline and the Duchess d'Angouleme, have proved that there is *no sex in courage*. Barbarous or refined, in rags or in ruffles, at St. Giles' or St. James', covered with the skins of quadrupeds, or the costly entrails of an insect, *we are in essentials the same* We pursue the same goods, and fly the same evils; we loathe and love, and hope and fear from causes that differ little in themselves, but only in their circumstances and modifications. Hence it happens, that the irony of Lucian, the discriminations of Theophrastus, the strength of Juvenal, and the wit of Horace, are felt and relished alike by those who have inhaled the clear air of the Partheon, the skies of Italy, or the fogs of London; and have

been alike admired on the banks of the Melissus, the Tiber, or the Thames. A Scotch highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, his life was about to be sacrificed, when the chief adopted him as his son. They carried him into the interior; he learnt their language, assumed their habits, and became skilful in the use of their arms. After a season, the same tribe began their route to join the French army, at that time opposed to the English. It was necessary to pass near to the English lines during the night. Very early in the morning, and it was spring, the old chief roused the young highlander from his repose; he took him to an eminence and pointed out to him the tents of his countrymen. The old man appeared to be dreadfully agitated, and there was a keen restlessness in his eye. After a pause; "I lost," said he, "my *only* son, in the battle with your nation; are you the only son of your father? and do you think that your father is yet alive?" The young man replied, I am the only son of my father, and hope that my father is yet alive?' They stood close to a beautiful magnolio in full blossom The prospect was grand and enchanting, and all its charms were crowned by the sun, which had fully emerged from the horizon. The old chief looking steadfastly at his companion, exclaimed, "Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene! *to me it is a desert;* but you are free, return to your countrymen, revisit your father, that he may again rejoice, when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring!"

XCII.

False reasoners are often best confuted by giving them the full swing of their own absurdities. Some arguments may be compared to wheels, where half a turn will put every thing upside down that is attached to their peripheries: but if we complete the

circle, all things will be just where we found them. Hence it is common to say, that arguments that prove too much, prove nothing. I once heard a gentleman affirm, that all mankind were governed by a strong and overruling influence, which determined all their actions, and over which they had no controul; and the inference deducible from such a position, was, that there was no distinction between virtue or vice. Now, let us give this mode of reasoning full play A murderer is brought before a judge, and sets up this strong and overruling propensity as a justification of his crime. Now, the judge, even if he admitted the plea, must on the criminal's own showing, condemn him to death. He would thus address the prisoner; you had a strong propensity to commit a murder, and this, *you* say, must do away the guilt of your crime; but *I* have a strong propensity to hang you for it, and this, *I* say, must also do away the guilt of your punishment.

XCIII.

Men of great and shining qualities do not always succeed in life; but the fault lies more often in themselves than in others. Doctor Johnson was pronounced to be an *improducible* man, by a courtier; and Dr. Watson* was termed an *impracticable* man by a king. A ship may be well equipped, both as to sails and as to guns, but if she be destitute both of ballast and of rudder, she can neither fight with effect nor fly with adroitness; and she must strike to a vessel less strong, but more manageable; and so it is with men; they may have the gifts both of talent and of wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate the when, the where, and the how, those gifts are to be exerted, the pos-

* Late Bishop of Landaff.

sessors of them will be doomed to conquer only where nothing is to be gained, but to be defeated, where every thing is to be lost; they will be outdone by many men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength, in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another. Disappointed men, who think they have talents, and who hint that their talents have not been properly rewarded, usually finish their career by writing their own history; but in detailing their *misfortunes*, they only let us into the secret of their *mistakes;* and, in accusing their patrons of blindness, make it appear that they ought rather to have accused them of sagacity; since it would seem that they saw *too much*, rather than too little; namely, that second-rate performances were too often made the foundation of first-rate pretensions. Disappointed men, in attempting to make us weep at the injustice of one patron, or the ingratitude of another, only make us smile at their own denial of self importance which *they have*, and at their assumption of a philosophic indifference which they *have not*.

XCIV.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common: for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

XCV.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said, that "*philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy.*" Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth.

she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs; she can teach us to *hear of* the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

XCVI.

There are some frauds so well conducted, that it would be stupidity *not* to be deceived by them. A wise man, therefore, may be duped as well as a fool; but the fool publishes the triumph of his deceiver; the wise man is silent, and denies that triumph to an enemy which he would hardly concede to a friend; a triumph that proclaims his own defeat.

XCVII.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front of show.

XCVIII.

An act, by which we make one friend, and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

XCIX.

Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all travelling to one destination—happiness; but none are going by the same road.

C.

A King of England has an interest in preserving the freedom of the press, because it is his interest to know the true state of the nation, which the courtiers would fain conceal, but of which a free press alone can inform him.

CI.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

CII.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone. The world, however, are very censorious, and will hardly give a man credit for simplicity and singleness of heart, who is not only in the habit of changing his opinions, but also of *bettering* his fortunes by every change Butler, in his best manner, has ridiculed this tergiversation, by asking:

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And what was proved quite plain before,
Proved false again;—two hundred more."

When, indeed, we dismiss our old opinions, and embrace new ones, at the *expense* of worldly profit and advantage, there may be some who will doubt of our discernment, but there will be none who will impeach our sincerity He that adopts new opinions at the expense of every worldly comfort, gives proof of an integrity, differing only in degree, from that of him who clings to old ones at the hazard of every danger. This latter effort of integrity has been described by Butler, in a manner which proves that sublimity and wit are not invariably disconnected:

"For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

Therefore, when men of admitted talent, and of high consideration, come over to truth, it is always better, both for their own and future times, that they should come over unto her, *for herself alone;* that they should embrace her as a naked and unportioned virgin, an "*Indotata Virgo*," most adorned when deprived of all extrinsic adornment, and most beautiful, when she has nothing but herself to bestow. But, in the civil, no less than in the ecclesiastical

horizon, there will ever be some wandering stars, whose phases we may predict, and whose aspects we may calculate, because we know the two forces that regulate their motions; they are the love of profit and the love of praise; but, as these two powers happen to be equal and contrary, the career of all bodies, under their joint influence, must be that of a diagonal between the two. A certain non conformist having accepted of a rich benefice, wished to justify himself to his friend: he invited him to dinner on a certain day, and added, that he would then show him eight satisfactory reasons for his tergiversation. His friend came, and on his refusing to sit down until he had produced his eight reasons, our host pointed to the dinner table, which was garnished by a wife and seven children. Another, on a similar occasion, attempted to exculpate himself by saying, "*we must live*," Dr Johnson would have replied, "I see no *absolute necessity for that.*" But if we admit this necessity, it might be answered by another,—*that we must also die.*

CIII.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them, because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are *truths* which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise. There is *one* single instance on record, where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle; —but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.

CIV.

The awkwardness and embarassment which all

feel on beginning to write, when they *themselves* are the theme, ought to serve as a hint to authors, that self is a subject they ought very rarely to descant upon. It is extremely easy to be as egotistical as Montaigne, and as conceited as Rousseau; but it is extremely difficult to be as entertaining as the one, or as eloquent as the other.

CV.

Men whose reputation stands deservedly high, as writers, have often miserably failed as speakers: their pens seem to have been enriched at the expense of their tongues. Addison and Gibbon attempted oratory in the senate, only to fail. "*The good speakers,*" says Gibbon, "*filled me with despair; the bad ones, with apprehension.*" And in more modern times, the powerful depicter of Harold, and the elegant biographer of Leo, have both failed in oratory; the capital of the former is so great, in many things, that he can afford to fail in one. But, to return, many reasons might be offered to reconcile that contradiction which my subject seems to involve In the first place, those talents that constitute a fine writer, are more distinct from those that constitute an orator, than might be at first supposed: I admit that they may be sometimes accidentally, but never necessarily combined.—That the qualifications for writing and those for eloquence, are in many points distinct, would appear from the converse of the proposition, for there have been many fine speakers who have proved themselves bad writers. There is good ground for believing that Mr. Pitt would not have shone as an author; and the attempt of Mr. Fox in that *arena*, has added nothing to his celebrity. Abstraction of thought, seclusion from popular tumult, occasional retirement to the study, a diffidence in our own opinions, a deference to those of other men, a sensibility that feels every thing, a humility that arogates nothing, are necessary qualifica-

tions for a writer; but their very opposites would perhaps be preferred by an orator. He that has spent much of his time in a study, will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk in one. We may also add, that mistakes of the pen in the study, may be committed without publicity, and rectified without humiliation. But mistakes of the tongue, committed in the senate, never escape with impunity. "*Fugit irrevocabile verbum.*" Eloquence, to produce her full effect, should start from the head of the orator, as Pallas from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped. Diffidence, therefore, which is so able a mentor to the writer, would prove a dangerous consellor for the orator. As writers, the most timid may boggle twenty times in a day with their pen; and it is their own fault if it be known even to their vallet; but, as orators, if they chance to boggle once with their tongue, the detection is as public as the delinquency; the punishment is irremissible, and immediately follows the offence. It is the knowledge and the fear of this, that destroys their eloquence as orators, who have sensibility and taste for writing, but neither collectedness nor confidence for speaking; for fear not only magnifies difficulties but diminishes our power to overcome them, and thus doubly debilitates her victims But another cause of their deficiency as orators, who have shone as writers, is this, *mole ruunt sua;*" they know they have a character to support, by their tongue, which they have previously gained by their pen. They rise determined to attempt more than other men, and for that very reason they affect less, and doubly disappoint their hearers. They miss of that which is clear and obvious, and appropriate, in a laboured search after that which is far fetched, recondite, and refined; like him that would fain give us better bread than can be madeof wheat. Affectation is the cause of this error, dis- ...st its consequences, and disgrace its punishment.

CVI.

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

CVII.

It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable, or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls!

CVIII.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would *die*.

CIX.

We might perhaps with truth affirm, that *all* nations do at all times, enjoy exactly as much liberty as they deserve, *and no more*. But it is evident this observation applies only to those nations that are strong enough to maintain their independence; because a country may be overwhelmed by a powerful neighbour, as Greece by Turkey, Italy by France; or a state may be made the victim of a combination of other states, as Poland, or Saxony, or Genoa; and it is not meant to affirm that all of these enjoy as much liberty as they deserve; for nations, as well as individuals, are not exempted from some evils, for the *causes* of which they cannot justly accuse themselves. But if we return to our first position, we might perhaps with truth affirm, that France, in the commencement of her revolution, was too mad, that during the reign of terror she was too cowardly, and under the despotism of Napoleon, too ambitious to be worthy of so great a blessing as liberty

She is now gradually becoming more rational, and, in the same proportion, more free. Of some of the other nations of Europe, we might observe that Portugal and Spain are too ignorant and bigoted for freedom, "populus vult decipi;" that Russia is too barbarous; and Turkey, *in all points*, too debased, and too brutalized to deserve to be free; for as the physically blind can have no light, so the intellectually blind can have no liberty; Germany, in as much as she seems to merit freedom the most, will probably first attain it; *but not by assassination*; for power uses the dungeon, when despair uses the dagger. In England, we enjoy quite as much liberty as we are worthy, or capable of, if we consider the strong and deep ramifications of that corruption that pervades us. It is a corruption not restricted to the representative, but commencing with the constituent; and if the people are sold by others, it is because they have first sold themselves. If mercy is doubly blessed, corruption is doubly cursed; cursed be it, then, both "*in him that gives and in him that takes*" for no man falls without a stumbling block, nor yields without a tempter. In conformation of what has been advanced above, we might also add, that all *national* benefits, of which liberty is the greatest, form as complete and visible a part of God's moral administration already begun, as those blessings that are particular and individual; we might even say that the *former* are more promptly and punctually bestowed than the *latter*; because nations, in their national capacity, can exist only on earth; and, therefore, it is on earth alone that as nations they can be punished or rewarded; but individuals will exist in another state, and in that they will meet a full and final retribution. It is a moral obligation, therefore, on nations, to defend their freedom, and by defending, to deserve it. Noble minds, when struggling for their liberties, often save themselves

by their firmness, and always inspire others by their example. Therefore the reign of terror to which France submitted, has been more justly termed "*the reign of cowardice.*" One knows not which most to execrate; the nation that could submit to suffer such atrocities, or that low and blood thirsty demagogue that could inflict them. France, in succumbing to such a wretch as Robespierre, exhibited not her patience, but her pusillanimity. I have read of a King of Spain, who having inadvertently expressed some compassion for one of the victims at an *auto de fe*, was condemned to lose one quart of his blood, which the inquisitor-general insisted should be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in the great square of Madrid. Here again, we know not which most to despise, the monarch that could submit to such a sentence, or the proud priest that could pronounce it; and the most galling of all fetters, those rivetted by superstition, well befitted that people, that could tamely behold such an insult offered to their king. This then seems to be the upshot of what has been advanced, *that liberty is the highest blessing that a nation can enjoy; that it must be first deserved before it can be enjoyed, and that it is the truest interest of the prince, no less than of the people, to employ all just and honest means that it may be both deserved and enjoyed.* But as civil liberty is the greatest blessing, so civil discord is the greatest cure that can befall a nation; and a people should be as cautious of straining their privilege, as a prince his prerogative; for the true friend of both knows that *either*, if they submit to encroachments to-day, are only preparing for themselves greater evils for to-morrow,—humiliation or resistance. But as corruption cannot thrive where none will submit to be corrupted, so also oppression cannot prosper, where none will submit to be enslaved. Rome had ceased to be *tenanted by Ro-*

mans, or Nero would not have dared to amuse himself with his fiddle, nor Caligula with his horse.

CX.

There are many books written by many men, from which two truths only are discoverable by the readers; namely that the writers thereof wanted two things—principle and preferment.

CXI

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

CXII.

Men are born with *two* eyes, but with *one* tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye; for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

CXIII.

Reform is a good, replete with paradox; it is a cathartic which our political quacks, like our medical, recommend to others, but will not take themselves; it is admired by all who cannot effect it, and abused by all who can; it is thought pregnant with danger, for all time that is present, but would have been extremely profitable for that which is past, and will be highly salutary for that which is to come; therefore it bas been thought expedient for all administrations which *have* been, or that *will* be, but by any particular one which *is*, it is considered, like Scotch grapes, to be very seldom *ripe*, and by the time it is so, *to be quite out of season.*

CXIV.

As in literature we shall find few things that are true, and some things that are new, but very few

things that are both true and new; so also in life, we shall find some men that are great, and some that are good, but very few men that are both great and good; "*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

CXV.

It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths, as to root out old errors; for there is this paradox in men, they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favour of that which is old. Horne Tooke obtained a double triumph over the *Hermes* of Mr. Harris, for he not only extirpated old errors, but planted new truths in their place. He came to the "*Torvæ Incognita*" as the settler to an uncultivated tract. He found the soil as dark with error, and as stubborn with prejudice, as that of the forest with trees and with roots; he had to clear before he could cultivate, and to smooth before he could sow.*

CXVI.

Theory is worth but little, unless it can explain its own phenomena, and it must effect this without contradicting itself; therefore, the facts are sometimes assimilated to the theory, rather than the theory to the facts. Most theorists may be compared to the grandfather of the Great Frederick, who was wont to amuse himself, during his fits of the gout, by

* This gentleman's political principles were too violent and too gloomy; but all parties will give their suffrages to the brilliance of his talents, and his grammatical labours cannot be appreciated too highly. An English Dictionary from such hands would have been indeed a treasure. I have elsewhere observed, that we put up with Johnson's Dictionary for want of a better as a mal-government is better than a state of total confusion. Dr. Johnson reversed the sneer passed upon lexicographers, for he is more often wrong in his comprehension of one word than of two put together. But when we consider that the "Diversions of Purley" proceeded from the same pen that beat Junius, at his own weapons, we then know not which most to admire, the author's knowledge of single words, or of words put together. The critics could not quite forget his politics in their appreciation of his powers, and there were some who would have broken his head, if they could have done it without exposing his brains.

painting likenesses of his grenadiers; if the picture did not happen to resemble the grenadier, he settled the matter by painting the grenadier to the picture. To change the illustration, we might say, that theories may be admired for the ingenuity that has been displayed in *building* them; but they are better for a lodging than a habitation, because the scaffolding is often stronger than the house, and the prospects continually liable to be built out by some opposite speculator; neither are these structures very safe in stormy weather, and are in need of constant repair, which can never be accomplished without much trouble, and always at a great expense of truth. Of modern theorists, Gall and Spurhtzeim are too ridiculous even to be laughed at; we admire Locke and Hartley for the profundity and ingenuity of their illustrations; and Lavater for his plausibility; but none of them for their solidity. Locke, however, was an exception to this paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Montboddo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinions which he would not most readily exchange for truth. A traveller showed Lavater two portraits; the one of a highwayman, who had been broken upon a wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the *highwayman*, after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," says he, "we have the true philosopher, here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips! and analytic nose:" Then turning to the portrait of the *philosopher*, he exclaims, "The calm thinking villiain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs

no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee. Dr. Darwin informs us, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight, arises from hence; that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose are derived from this interesting source. This theory had a fair run, until some one happened to reply, that all who were brought up by hand, had derived their first *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source, and yet that not one of all these had ever been known to evince any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a *wooden spoon!!*

CXVI.

It is better to be laughed at, than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martail's Mamurra, cheapens every thing, and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase every thing, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

CXVII.

He that can charm a whole company by singing, and at the age of thirty has no cause to regret so dangerous a gift, is a very extraordinary, and, I may add, a very fortunate man.

CXVIII.

Those characters, who, like Ventidius, spring from the very dregs of society, and going through every gradation of life, continue, like him to rise with every change, and who never quit a single step in the ladder, except it be to gain a higher one, these men are superior to fortune, and know how to enjoy her caresses without being the slaves of her caprice. But those with whom she can complete the circle, whom she can elevate from the lowest stations into the highest, detrude them again, and lastly leave them where she found them, these are the

roturiers, that only serve to make her sport; they are her mimes, and her pantomimes, her harlequins, and her buffoons.

CXIX.

In answering an opponent, arrange your ideas, but not your words: consider in what points, things that resemble differ, and in what those things that differ, resemble; reply with wit to gravity,* and with gravity to wit; make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know you can answer, and slur over those you feel you cannot; but above all, if he has the privilege of making his reply, take especial care that the strongest thing you have to urge is the last. He must immediately get up and say something, and if he be not previously prepared with an answer to your last argument, he will infallibly be boggled, for very few possess that remarkable talent of Charles Fox, who could talk on one thing, and at the same time think of another.

CXX.

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue: Variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

CXXI.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship; and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives, if they can.

CXXII.

That historian who would describe a favourite character as faultless, raises another at the expense

* See Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic.

of himself. Zeuxis made five virgins contribute their charms to his single picture of Helen; and it is as vain for the moralist to look for perfection in the mind, as for the painter to expect to find it in the body. In fact, the sad realities of life give us no great cause to be proud, either of our minds or of our bodies; but we can conceive in both the possibility of much greater excellence than exists. The statue of the Belvidere Apollo is quite as likely to be married, as he that will have no wife until he can discover a woman that equals the Venus of Cleomenes.

CXXIII.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenenss of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp.—They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

CXXIV.

Laboured letters, written like those of Pope, yet apparently in all the ease of private confidence, but which the writer meant one day to publish, may be compared to that dishabille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilette.

CXXV.

That country where the clergy have the most influence, and use it with the most moderation, is England.

CXXVI.

The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he cannot use his own tools without cutting his own fingers.

CXXVII.

He that will have no books but those that are scarce, evinces about as correct a taste in literatur e as he would do in friendship, who would have no friends but those whom all the rest of the world have sent to Coventry.

CXXVIII.

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority, is a greater proof of prudence. The celebrated orator Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied, he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have cost it.

CXXIX.

It proceeds rather from revenge than malice, when we hear a man affirm, that all the world are knaves. For before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him, and concluded all this of him who makes the observation. Such men may be compared to Brothers the *prophet*, who, on being asked how he came to be clapped up into Bedlam, replied, I and the world happened to have a slight difference of opinion; the world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad; I was *out-voted*, and here I am.

CXXX.

Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry the eighth committed murder to avoid the imputation of adul-

tery; and in our times, those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to *shoot* the *husband!*

CXXXI.

Very great personages are not likely to form very just estimates either of others or of themselves; their knowledge of themselves is obscured by the flattery of others; their knowledge of others is equally clouded by circumstances peculiar to themselves. For in the presence of the great, the modest are sure to suffer from too much diffidence, and the confident from too much display. Sir Robert Walpole has affirmed, that the greatest difficulty he experienced in finding out others, was the necessity which his high situation imposed upon him, of concealing himself. Great men, however, are, in one respect, to be blamed, and, in another, to be pitied. They are to be blamed for bestowing their rewards on the servile, while they give the independent *only their praise*. They are to be pitied, in as much as they can only view things through the moral obfuscation of flattery, which, like the telescope can diminish at one end and magnify at the other. And hence, it happens, that this vice, though it may be rewarded for a time, usually meets with its punishment in the end. For the sycophant begins by treating his patron as something more than a man, and the patron very naturally finishes, by treating the sycophant as something less.

CXXXII.

I think it is Warburton who draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness, and a mediocrist. "If," says he, "you want to recommend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of *you*; if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself."

CXXXIII.

The most notorious swindler has not assumed so many names as self love, nor is so much ashamed of his own. She calls herself patriotism, when at the same time she is rejoicing at just as much calamity to her native country, as will introduce herself into power, and expel her rivals. Doddington, who may be termed one of her darling sons, confesses in his Diary, that the source of all opposition is resentment, or interest, a resolution to pull down those who have offended us, without considering consequences; a steady and unvarying attention to propose every thing that is specious, but impracticable; to depreciate every thing that is blameless; to exaggerate every thing that is blameable, until the people desire, and the crown consents, to dismis those that are in office, and to admit those that are out. There are some patriots of the present day, who would find it as difficult to imitate Sheridan in his principles, as they would in his wit; and his noble conduct during the mutiny at the Nore, will cover a multitude of sins. There are moments when all minor considerations ought to yield to the public safety, "*Cavendum est de quid damni capiat Res publica.*" And the opposition of this, or any country, might take an useful hint from what was observed in the Roman senate. While a question was under debate, every one was at freedom to advance his objections, but the question being once determined on, it became the acknowledged duty of every member to support the majority; "*Quod pluribus placuisset cunctis tuendum.*"

CXXXIV.

Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic

life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full developement of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

CXXXV.

If dissimulation is ever to be pardoned, it is that which men have recourse to, in order to obtain situations, which may enlarge their sphere of general usefulness, and afford the power of benefiting their country, to those who must have been otherwise contented only with the will.—Liberty was more effectually befriended by the dissimulation of one Brutus, than by the dagger of the other. But such precedents are to be adopted but rarely, and more rarely to be advised. For a Cromwell is a much more common character than a Brutus; and many men who have gained power by an hypocrisy as gross as that of Pope Sixtus, have not used it half so well. This Pope, when Cardinal, counterfeited sickness, and all the infirmities of age, so well as to dupe the whole conclave. His name was Montalto; and on a division for the vacant apostolic chair, he was elected as a stop-gap by both parties, under the idea that he could not possibly live out the year. The moment he was chosen he threw away his crutches, and began to sing Te Deum with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for: and instead of walking with a tottering step, and a gait almost bending to the earth, he began to walk not only firm, but perfectly upright. On some one remarking to him on this sudden change, he observed, while I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, it was necessary to stoop, but, having found them, the case is altered It is but justice to add, that he made a most excellent use of his authority and power; and although some may have obtained the papal chair

by less objectionable means, none have filled it with more credit to themselves, and satisfaction to others.

CXXXVI.

It has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right, if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female, is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in woman is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre *from* its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madam de Stael admits that she discovered, that as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty, which she possessed at twenty five; and yet the external attractions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind

CXXXVII.

That politeness which we put on in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens, that these obstructive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves To a bystander few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclaircissements, which this mistake invariably occasion.

CXXXVIII.

England, with a criminal code the most bloody, and a civil code the most expensive in Europe, can, notwithstanding, boast of more happines and free-

dom than any other country under heaven. The reason is, that despotism, and all its minor ramifications of discretionary power, lodged in the hands of individuals, is utterly unknown. The laws are supreme.

CXXXIX.

The christian does not pray to be delivered from glory, but from *vain-glory*. He also is ambitious of glory, and a candidate for honour; but glory, in whose estimation? honour, in whose judgment? Not of those, whose censures can take nothing from his innocence; whose approbation can take nothing from his guilt; whose opinions are as fickle as their actions, and their lives as transitory as their praise; who cannot search his heart, seeing that they are ignorant of their own. The Christian then seeks *his* glory in the estimation, and his honour in the judgment of Him alone, Who,

"From the bright Epyrean where He sits,
"High throned above all height, casts down his eye,
"His own works, and man's works, at once to view."

CXL.

The great remora to any improvement in our civil code, is the reduction that such reform must produce in the revenue. The law's delays, bills of revival, rejoinder, and renewal, empty the Stamp Office of stamps, the pockets of plaintiff and defendant of their money, but unfortunately they fill the Exchequer. Some one has said, that injustice, if it be speedy, would, in certain cases, be more desirable than justice, if it be slow; and although we hear much of the glorious uncertainty of the law, yet all who have tried it will find, to their cost, that it can boast of two certainties, expense and delay. When I see what strong temptations there are that government should sympathise with the judge, the judge with the counsellor, and the counsellor with the at-

tourney, in throwing every possible embarrassment in the way of legal despatch and decision, and when I weigh the humble, but comparative insignificant interests of the mere plaintiff or defendant, against this combined array of talent, of influence, and power, I am no longer astonished at the prolongation of suits, and I wonder only at their termination.*

CXLI.

It has been asked, which are the greatest minds, and to which do we owe the greatest reverence? To those who, by the powerful deductions of reason, and the well known suggestions of analogy, have made profound discoveries in the sciences, as it were "*a priori*;" or to those, who, by the patient road of experiment, and the subsequent improvement of instruments, have brought these discoveries to perfection, as it were "*a posteriori*." Who have rendered that certain which before was only conjectural, practical which was problematical, safe which was dangerous, and subservient which

* Mr. Jeremy Bentham considers litigation a great evil, and deems it the height of cruelty, to load a law-suit, which is one evil, with taxation, which is another. It would be quite as fair, he thinks, to tax a man for being ill, by enacting that no physician should write a prescription without a stamp. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, considered a law-suit a luxury, and held that, like other luxuries, it ought to be taxed. "Westminster Hall," said he, "is as open to any man as the London Tavern;" to which Mr. Sheridan replied, "he that entered either without money, would meet with a very scurvy reception." Some will say that the heavy expenses of law prevent the frequency of law-suits, but the practice does not confirm the theory Others will say that they originate from men of obstinate and quarrelsome dispositions, and that such ought to suffer for their folly. There would be something in this, provided it were not necessary for a wise man to take a shield, when a fool has taken a sword. Law-suits, indeed, do generally originate with the obstinate and the ignorant, but they do not end with them; and that lawyer was right who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.

was unmanageable. It would seem that the first class demand our admiration, and the second our gratitude. Seneca predicted another hemisphere, but Columbus presented us with it. He that, standing on the shore, foretells, with truth, many of the undiscovered treasures in the ocean of science, even before the vessel that is to navigate it can be fully equipped for the voyage, gives us a convincing proof of exalted wisdom, and of profound penetration. But he that builds the vessel of experiment, and actually navigates the wide ocean of science, who, neither intimidated by the risk of failure nor the expense of the outfit, realizes all that the other had only imagined, and returning laden with the stores of knowledge, communicates liberally that which he has won so laudably, surely, the attainments of such a man are as fully entitled to our gratitude, as the anticipations of the other to our admiration. Sir Isaac Newton predicted, that both water and the diamond would be found to have an inflammable base, if ever they could be analyzed, a thing at that time uneffected. He was led to this conclusion, by observing that all bodies possessed of high refractive powers, had an inflammable base, and water and the diamond have those powers in a high degree. Subsequent experimentalists have succeeded in analyzing both these substances; and pure carbon is the base of the diamond, and hydrogen, the most inflammable of all airs, is the base of the water.

When Copernicus promulgated his planetary system, it was objected to it, that Mars and Venus ought to appear to us to be much greater at some periods than at others, because they would be nearer to the earth by so many diameters; but no such difference was apparent. The objection was solid, and Copernicus modestly replied, "that it might be owing to the greatness of their distance." Teloscopes were

discovered, and then it was found that he was right; and knowledge changed that into a confirmation, which ignorance had advanced as an objection. Kant also, in modern times predicted by analogy, those planets beyond Saturn, which Herschell and others have now discovered by observation. Kant had observed, that nature has no chasm in the links of her operations; that she acts not *per saltum*, but *pedetentim et gradatim*, and that the planetary world could not be made to approximate to, and, as it were, shake hands with the cometary, unless there were some planets superior to Saturn, having their orbits still more eccentric, and filling that abyss of unoccupied space, which would otherwise exist between the most eccentric of the planets, and the least eccentric of the comets. This was affirmed by Kant, before Herschell's forty feet reflector was brought to prove by observation, what he had anticipated by analogy. But it is a mortifying truth, and ought to teach the wisest of us humility, that many of the most valuable discoveries have been the result of chance, rather than of contemplation, and of accident rather than of design.

CXLII.

Hypocrisy is a cruel stepmother, an "*injusta noverca*" to the honest, whom she cheats of their birthright, in order to confer it on knaves, to whom she is indeed a mother. "*Verily they have their reward.*" Let them enjoy it, but not accuse the upright of an ignorance of the world, which might be more fairly retorted on the accuser. He that knows a *little* of the world, will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows it most, will most despise it. "*Tinnit, inane est.*"

CXLIII.

Repartee is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of

wit, as it bespeaks the coolest, yet qnickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. Well, well, "*n'importe*," replied Voltaire, perhaps we are *both* mistaken.

CXLIV.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow; but the misfortune is, that in this particular case, the *substance* belongs to the *shadow*, the emptiness to its cause.

CXLV.

By privileges, immunities, or prerogatives to give unlimited swing to the passions of individuals, and then to hope that they will restrain them, is about as reasonable as to expect that the tiger will spare the hart to browse upon the herbage.

CXLVI.

A man who knows the world, will not only make the most of every thing he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. In Scotland, the "*jus et norma loquendi*" has made it the fashion to pronounce the law term curātor, curăator. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in Court, reprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating, curātor, Sir if you please. The barrister immediately replied, I am happy to be corrected by so great an orātor as your Lordship!

CXLVII.

Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power, that avarice makes concerning wealth: she begins by accumulating power, as a mean to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accumulate it, as an end. Ambition is, in fact, the avarice of power, and happiness herself is soon sacrificed to that very lust of dominion which was first encouraged only as the best mode of obtaining it. Hyder, like Richard the third, was observed by one of his most familiar companions, Gholaum Ali, to start frequently in his sleep; he once took the liberty to ask this despot "of what he had been dreaming?" "My friend," replied Hyder, "the state of a beggar is more delightful than my envied monarchy; awake, they see no conspirators; asleep, they dream of no assassins." But ambition will indulge no other passions as her favourites, still less will she bear with them as rivals; but as her vassals, she can employ them, or dismiss them at her will; she is cold, because with her all is calculation; she is systematic, because she makes every thing centre in herself; and she regards policy too much, to have the slightest respect for persons. Cruelty or compassion, hatred or love, revenge or forbearance, are, to her votaries, instruments rather than influences, and means rather than motives. These passions form indeed, the disturbing forces of weaker minds, not infrequently opposing their march, and impeding their progress; but ambition overrules these passions, and drawing them into the resistless sphere of her own attraction, she converts them into satellites, subservient to her career, and augmentative of her splendor.* And yet ambition has not so wide a horizon as some have supposed:

* Sylla was an exception to this rule, ambition in him was subordinate to revenge.

It is a horizon that embraces probabilities always, but impossibilities never.

Cromwell followed little events, before he ventured to govern great ones; and Napoleon never sighed for the sceptre until he had gained the truncheon; nor dreamt of the imperial diadem, until he had first conquered a crown.—None of those who gaze at the height of a successful usurper, are more astonished at his sudden elevation, than he himself who has attained it: but even he was led to it by degrees, since no man aspires to that which is entirely beyond his reach. Caligula was the only tyrant who was ever suspected of longing for the moon; a proof of his madness, not of his ambition; and if little children are observed to cry for the moon, it is because they fancy they can touch it; it is beyond their desire, the moment they have discovered that it is beyond their reach.

CLXVIII.

God will excuse our prayers for ourselves, whenever we are prevented from them, by being occupied by such good works as will entitle us to the prayers of others.

CLXIX.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.

CL.

The truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing; the primary object, with them, is to secure the ap-

plause of their fellow-men, and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.

CLI.

There are some benefits which may be so conferred as to become the very refinement of revenge; and there are some evils which we had rather bear in sullen silence, than be relieved from at the expense of our pride. In the reign of Abdallah the Third there was a great drought at Bagdad; the Mahomedan doctors issued a decree that the prayers of the faithful should be offered up for rain; the drought continued; the Jews were then permitted to add their prayers to those of the *true* believers; the supplications of *both* were ineffectual: as famine stared them in the face, those dogs, the Christians, were at length enjoined also to pray; it so happened that torrents of rain immediately followed. The whole *Conclave*, with the Mufti at their head, were now as indignant at the cessation of the drought, as they were before alarmed at its continuance. Some explanation was necessary to the people and a holy convocation was held; the members of it came to this unanimous determination: That the God of their Prophet was highly gratified by the prayers of the faithful; that they were as incense and as sweet smelling savour unto him, and that he refused their requests that he might prolong the pleasure of listening to their supplications; but that the prayers of those Christian infidels were an abomination to the Deity, and that he granted their petitions, the sooner to get rid of their loathsome importunities!

CLII.

Commenting lore makes a mighty parade, and builds a lofty pile of erudition, raised up like the pyramids, only to embalm some mouldering mum-

my of antiquity, utterly unworthy of so laborious and costly a mode of preservation. With very few exceptions, commentators would have been much better employed in cultivating some sense for themselves, than in attempting to explain the nonsense of others. How can they hope to make us understand a Plato or an Aristotle, in cases wherein it is quite evident that neither of these philosophers understood themselves? The head of a certain College at Oxford was asked by a stranger, what was the motto of the arms of that university? He told him that it was "*Dominus illuminatio mea.*" But he also candidly informed the stranger, that in his private opinion, a motto more appropriate might be found in these words—"*Aristoteles meæ tenebræ.*"

CLIII.

There are two things that speak as with a voice from heaven, that He that fills that eternal throne, must be on the side of virtue, and that which nr befriends must finally prosper and prevail. The first is, that the bad are never completely happy and at ease, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and that the good are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that this world can take away. For there is one reflection which will obtrude itself, and which the best would not, and which the worst cannot dismiss; that the time is fast approaching to both of them, when, if they have gained the favour of God, it matters little what else they have lost, but if they have lost his favour, it matters little what else they have gained. The second argument in support of the ultimate superiority of virtue is this: We are so framed and constituted, that the most vicious cannot but pay a secret though unwilling homage to virtue, in as much, as the worst men cannot bring themselves thoroughly to esteem a bad man, al-

though he may be their dearest friend, nor can they thoroughly despise a good man, although he may be their bitterest enemy. From this inward esteem for virtue, which the noblest cherish, and which the basest cannot expel, it follows that virtue is the only bond of union, on which we can thoroughly depend.—Even differences of opinion on minor points, cannot shake those combinations which have virtue for their foundation, and truth for their end. Such friendships, like those of Luther and Melancthon, should they cease to be friendships of agreement, will continue to be friendships of alliance; approaching each other by angular lines, when they no longer proceed together by parallel, and meeting at last in one common centre, the good of the cause in which they are embarked.

CLIV.

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

CLV.

It is a mistake, that a lust for power is the mark of a great mind; for even the weakest have been captivated by it; and for minds of the highest order, it has no charms. They seek a nobler empire within their own breast; and *he* that best knew what was in man, would have no earthly crown, but one that was platted with *thorns!* Cincinatus and Washington were greater in their retirement, than Cæsar and Na-

poleon at the summit of their ambition; since it requires less magnanimity to *win* the conquest, than to *refuse* the spoil. Lord Bacon has compared those who move in the higher spheres, to those heavenly bodies in the firmament, which have much admiration, but little rest. And it is not necessary to invest a wise man with power, to convince him that it is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder by its splendour, but oppresses the wearer by its weight, Besides, those who aspire to govern others rather than themselves, must descend to meanness which the truly noble cannot brook, nor will such stoop to kiss the earth, although it were like Brutus for dominion!*

CLVI.

Erasmus candidly informs us, that he had not courage enough for a martyr; and expresses his fears, that he should imitate Peter in case of persecution; "*Non erat animus ob veritatem, capite, periclitari; non omnes ad martyrium satis habent roboris; vereor autem si quid inciderit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus.*" But if Erasmus had not the courage to face danger, he had the firmness to renounce honours and emoluments. He offered up a daily sacrifice, denial, rather than a single sacrifice, death.

* Quo minus gloriam petebat, eo magis adsequebatur. When they invited Numa, says Dion, to the sovereignty, he for some time refused it, and persisted long in his resolution not to accept the invitation. But at the pressing instance of his brothers, and at last of his father, who would not suffer him to reject the offer of so great an honour, he condescended to be a king. As soon as the Romans were informed of all this by the ambassadors, they conceived a great affection for him, before they saw him, esteeming it as a sufficient argument of his wisdom, that while others valued royalty beyond measure, looking upon it as the source of happiness, he alone despises it as a thing of small value, and unworthy his attention. And when he approached the city, met him upon the road, and with great applause, salutations, and other honours, conducted him into Rome—Dio H. Book the Second.

But he was a powerful agent in the cause of truth, for his writings acted upon the public mind as *alternatives* upon the body, and gradually prepared men to undergo the effects of the more violent cathartics of Luther; hence, it was not uncommon to say, that Luther hatched the egg, but that Erasmus had laid it. Had Erasmus been brought to the stake, and recanted in that situation, I question whether he would have found a better salvo for his conscience, than that of Mustapha, a Greek Christian of Constantinople. This man was much respected by the Turks; but a curiosity he could not resist, induced him to run the hazard of being present at some of the *esoteric* ceremonies of the Moslem faith, to see which is to incur the penalty of death, unless the infidel should atone for the offence, by embracing the faith of Mahomet. Mustapha chose the latter alternative, and thus saved his life. But as he was known to be a man of strict integrity, he did not escape the remonstrances of some of his former friends, to whom he made this excuse for his apostacy: "*I thought it better to trust a merciful God with my soul than those wretches with my body.*"

CLVII.

He that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do not think of him.

CLVIII.

The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.

CLIX.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

CLX.

How small a portion of our life it is that we re-

ally enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

CLXI.

In all governments, there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws, would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword, what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke, and temper the force.

CLXII.

And pride, vouchsafed to all, the common friend.

The Poet, who wrote this line, evinced a profound knowledge of human nature. It has been well remarked, that it is on this principle that the pangs felt by the jealous are the most intolerable, because they are wounds inflicted on them through their very shield, through that pride which is our most common support even in our bitterest misfortunes. This pride, which is as necessary an evil in morals, as friction in mechanics, this it is that induces men to reiterate their complaints of their own deficiences, in every conceivable gift, except in that article alone, where such complaints would neither be irrational nor groundless, namely, a deficiency in understanding. Here it is, that self-conceit would conceal the disorder, and submit to the consequences, rather than permit the cure; and Solomon is the only example on record, of one who made wisdom the first and the last object of his desires, and left the rest to heaven. Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the

soul, and St. Paul has told us, that out of the heart proceed murmurings; but there can be no doubt but that the seat of perfect contentment *is in the head;* for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains. Socrates was so well aware of this, that he would not start as a teacher of truth, but as an inquirer after it. As a teacher, he would have had many disputers, but no disciples: He therefore adopted the humbler mode of investigation, and instilled his knowledge into others, under the mask of seeking information from them.

CLXIII

If you have performed an act of great and disinterested virtue, conceal it; If you publish it, you will neither be believed *here*, nor rewarded *hereafter.*

CLXIV.

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave, in one way, and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for the council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary. Napoleon accused Murat of a want of the one, and he himself has not been wholly unsuspected of a want of the other.

CLXV.

There are two things that bestow consequence; great possessions or great debts.* Julius Cæsar consented to be millions of sesterces worse than

* The above remark is applicable to states, no less than to individuals. A public debt is a kind of anchor in the storm but if the anchor be too heavy for the vessel, she will be sunk by that very weight which was intended for her preservation. — Sapienta, verbum sat.

nothing, in order to be every thing; he borrowed large sums of his officers, to quell seditions in his troops, who had mutinied for want of pay, and thus forced his partisans to anticipate their own success only through that of their commander.

CLXVI.

Those who are prejudiced, or enthusiastic, live and move, and think and act, in an atmosphere of their own conformation. The delusion so produced is sometimes deplorable, sometimes ridiculous, always remediless No events are too great, or too little, to be construed by such persons into peculiar or providential corroboratives or consequences of their own morbid hallucinations. An old maiden lady, who was a most determined espouser of the cause of the Pretender, happened to be possessed of a beautiful canary bird, whose vocal powers were the annoyance of one half of the neighbourhood, and the admiration of the other. Lord Peterborough was very solicitous to procure this bird, as a present to a favorite female, who had set her heart on being mistress of this little musical wonder Neither his Lordship's entreaties nor his bribes could prevail; but so able a negotiator was not so easily foiled. He took an opportunity of changing the bird, and of substituting another in its cage during some lucky moment, when its vigilant protectress was off her guard. The changeling was precisely like the original, except in that particular respect which alone constituted its value; *it was a perfect mute*, and had more taste for seeds than for songs Immediately after this manœuvre, that battle which utterly ruined the hopes of the Pretender, took place A decent interval had elapsed when his Lordship summed up resolution to call again on the old lady; in order to smother all suspicion of the trick he had played upon her, he was

about to affect great anxiety for the possession of the bird; she saved him all trouble on that score, by anticipating, as she thought, his errand, exclaiming, "Oho, my Lord, then you are come again I presume, to coax me out of my dear little idol, but it is all in vain, he is *now* dearer to me than ever, I would not part with him for his cage full of gold. Would you believe it my Lord? From the moment that his gracious Sovereign was defeated, "*The sweet little fellow has not uttered a single note!!!*" Mr. Lackington, the great bookseller, when young, was locked up in order to prevent his attendance at a methodist meeting in Taunton. He informs us, that in a fit of superstition, he opened the Bible for directions what to do. The very first words he hit upon were these: "*He has given his angels charge over thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*" This, says he, was quite enough for me; so without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pair of stairs to my own room, and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress. It appears that he encountered more angles in his fall than angels, as he was most intolerably bruised, and being quite unable to rise, was carried back, and put to bed for a fortnight. "I was ignorant enough," says he, "*to think that the Lord had not used me very well on this occasion;*" and it is most likely that he did not put so *high* a trust in such presages for the future.

CLXVII.

That writer who aspires to immortality, should imitate the sculptor, if he would make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chisel Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he *adds*, but by what he *takes away*; otherwise all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his matter, as the finished

form of an Apollo, in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, have you been idle since I saw you last; by no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles; it may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

CLXVIII.

If it be true, that men of strong imaginations are usually dogmatists, and I am inclined to think it is so, it ought to follow that men of weak imaginations are the reverse; in which case, we should have some compensation for stupidity. But it unfortunately happens that no dogmatist is more obstinate, or less open to conviction, than a fool; and the only difference between the two would seem to be this the former is determined to force his knowledge upon others; the latter is equally determined that others shall not force their knowledge upon him.

CLXIX.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently begin on *this* side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved. But admitting that the vicious may happen to escape the tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess, and of that sin

yet in that calm and constant sunshine of the soul which illuminates the breast of the good man, vice can have no competition with virtue. "Our thoughts," says an eloquent divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men."

CLXX.

There are too many who reserve both the principles and the practice of the apostle; they become all things to all men, not to serve others, but themselves; and they try all things, only to hold fast that which is bad.

CLXXI.

There are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

CLXXII.

There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their *fingers ends*. "*There went out a decree in the days of Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed.*"

CLXXIII.

It often happens in public assemblies, that two measures are proposed, opposite in their tendency, but equal in the influence by which they are supported, and also in the balance of good and evil, which may be fairly stated of either. In such a dilemma, it is not unusual, for the sake of unanimity, to adopt some half measure, which, as it has been emasculated of its energy to please the moderate, will often possess the good of neither measure, but

the evil of both. Of this kind was the *suspensive veto* voted to the monarch by the national assembly of France. It made the king an object of positive jealousy, while it gave him only negative power, and rendered him unpopular, without the means of doing harm, and responsible without the privilege of doing good. And as half measures are so pregnant with danger, so the half talent by which they are often dictated, may be equally prejudicial. There are circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger, where *a mediocrity of talent is the most fatal quantum that a man can possibly possess.* Had Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth, been more wise, or more weak, more firm, or more yielding, in either case they had both of them saved their heads.

CLXXV.

Imperial Rome governed the bodies of men but did not extend her empire further. Papal Rome improved upon imperial; she made the tiara stronger than the diadem; pontiffs more powerful than prætors; and the crosier more victorious than the sword. She devised a system so complete in all its parts, for the subjugation both of body and of mind, that, like Archimedes, she asked but *one* thing, and that Luther denied her; a fulcrum of ignorance on which to rest that lever by which she could have balanced the world.

CLXXVI.

In former times patriots prided themselves on two things; their own poverty, and the riches of the state. But poor as these men were, there were kings not rich enough to purchase them, nor powerful enough to intimidate them. In modern times, it would be easier to find a patriot rich enough to buy a king, than a king not rich enough to buy a patriot. Valerius Maximus informs us, that Ælius Pætus tore to pieces, with his own teeth, a woodpecker; be-

cause the augur, being consulted, had replied that if the bird lived, the house of Ælius would flourish, but that if it died, the prosperity of the state would prevail. Modern patriots have discovered, that a roasted woodcock is better than a raw woodpecker.

CLXXVII.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the skeptic, in a vain attempt to be wise, beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift, the more pernicious the abuse of it, as the most powerful medicines are the most dangerous, if misapplied, and no error is so remediless as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion. The skeptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him, will only sink him deeper in the abyss.

CLXXVIII.

It has been said, that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life, they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again, when the storm is over. To steer a course that shall secure both worlds, is still, I fear, a desideratum, in ethics, a thing unattained as yet, either by the divine or the philosopher, for the track is discoverable only by the shipwrecks that have been

made in the attempt. John Wesley quaintly observed, that the road to heaven is a narrow path, not *intended for wheels*, and that to ride in a coach *here*, and to go to heaven *hereafter*, was a happiness too much for man!*

CLXXIX.

The only kind office performed for us by our friends, of which we never complain, is our funeral; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing which we never purchase—our coffin!

CLXXX.

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said, that parsons are preaching for them—that lawyers are pleading for them—that physicians are prescribing for them—that authors are writing for them—that soldiers are fighting for them,—but, that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.

CLXXXI.

There is more jealousy between rival wits than rival beauties, for vanity has no sex. But, in both cases, there must be pretensions, or there will be no jealousy. Elizabeth might have been merciful, had Mary neither been beautiful nor a queen; and it is only when we ourselves have been admired by some, that we begin thoroughly to envy those who are admired by all. But the basis of this passion must be the possibility of competition; for the rich are more envied by those who have a little, than by those who have nothing; and no monarch ever heard with indifference, that other monarchs were extending their dominions, except Theodore of Corsica—who had none!

CLXXXII.

Those missionaries who embark for India, like some other reformers, begin at the wrong end.

* Yet honest John rode in his own coach before he died.

They ought first to convert to *practical* christianity, those of their own countrymen who have crossed the Pacific, on a very different mission, to acquire money by every kind of rapine abroad, in order to squander it in every kind of revelry at home. But example is more powerful than precept, and the poor Hindoo is not slow in discovering how very unlike the Christians he sees are to that christianity of which he hears:

"*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,*
"*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*"

This misfortune, therefore, is, that he understands the conduct of his master much better than the creed of his missionary, and has a clearer knowledge of the depravity of the disciple, than of the preachings of the preceptor. And these observations are strengthened by a remark of Dr. Buchanan, founded on his own experience. "Conversion," says he, "goes on more prosperously in Tanjore and other provinces, where there are no Europeans, than in Tranquebar, where they are numerous: for we find," he adds, "that European example in the large towns is the bane of Christian instruction."

CLXXXIII.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing: a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

CLXXXIV.

We know the effects of many things, but the causes of few; experience, therefore, is a surer guide than imagination, and inquiry than conjecture. But those physical difficulties which you cannot account for, be very slow to arraign, for he that would be wiser than nature, would be wiser than God.

CLXXXV

When punishments fall upon a villain, from some

unknown quarter, he begins to consider within himself what hand may have inflicted them. He has injured many, this he knows, and judging from his own heart, he concludes that he is the most likely to have revenged himself, who has had the most power to do so. This conclusion, however, is often a most erroneous one, although it has proved the frequent source of fatal mischiefs, which have only fallen the heavier, from having had nothing to support them. But forgiveness, that noblest of all self-denial, is a virtue, which he alone that can practise, in himself, can willingly believe in another.

CLXXXVI.

Some men possess means that are great, but fritter them away, in the execution of conceptions that are little; and there are others who can form great conceptions, but who attempt to carry them into execution with little means.—These two descriptions of men might succeed if united, but as they are usually kept asunder by jealousy, both fail. It is a rare thing to find a combination of great means, and of great conceptions in one mind. The Duke of Bridgewater was a splendid example of this union, and all his designs were so profoundly planned, that it is delightful to observe how effectually his vast means supported his measures, at one time, and how gratefully his measures repaid his means, at another. On the blameless and the bloodless basis of public utility, he founded his own individual aggrandizements; and his *triumphal arches* are those by which he subdued the earth, only to increase the comforts of those who possess it. I have heard my father say, that the duke was not considered a clever lad at Eaton, which only strengthens an observation that I have often made, that vivacity, *in youth*, is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dullness.

CLXXXVII.

The further we advance in knowledge, the more simplicity shall we discover in those primary rules that regulate all the apparently endless, complicated, and multiform operations of the Godhead. To Him, indeed, all time is but a moment, and all space but a point, and He fills both, but is bounded by neither. As merciful in his restrictions as in his bounties, he sees, at one glance, the whole relations of things, and has prescribed unto himself one eternal and immutable principle of action, that of producing the highest ultimate happiness, by the best possible means. But he is as great in minuteness as in magnitude, since even the legs of a fly have been fitted up and furnished with all the powers and all the properties of an air pump, and this has been done by the self-same hand that created the suns of other systems, and placed them at so immense a distance from the earth, that light herself seems to lag on so immeasurable a journey, occupying many millions of years in arriving from those bodies unto us. But, in proof of the observation with which I set out, modern discoveries in chymistry have so simplified the laws by which the Deity acts in his great laboratory of nature, that Sir Humphrey Davy has felt himself authorized to affirm, that a very few elementary bodies indeed, and which *may* themselves be only different forms of some one, and the same primary material, constitute the sum total of our tangible universe of things. And as the grand discordant harmony of the celestial bodies may be explained by the simple principles of gravity and impulse, so also in that more wonderful and complicated microcosm, the heart of man, all the phenomena of morals are perhaps resolvable into one single principle—*the pursuit of apparent good;* for although customs universally vary, yet man in all climates and countries, is essentially

the same. Hence the old position of the Pyronnist, that the more we study the less we know, is true, but not in the sense in which it has been usually received. It may be true, that we know less, but that less is of the highest value; first, from its being a condensation of all that is certain; secondly, from its being a rejection of all that is doubtful; and such a treasure, like the pages of the Sybil, increases in value, even by its diminution. For knowledge is twofold, and consists not only in an affirmation of what is true, but in the negation of that which is false. And it requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong, than to maintain that which is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, but flattered by the other. But the highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth; all the rest is pretension, not performance, mere verbiage, and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but that it is the external sign of an internal deficiency. But to revert to our former affirmation of the simplicity of those rules that regulate the universe, we might further add, that any machine would be considered to be most ingenious, if it contained within itself principles for correcting its own imperfections. Now, a few simple but resistless laws have effected all this so fully for the world we live in, that it contains within itself the seeds of its own eternity. An Alexander could not add one atom unto it, nor a Napoleon take one away. A period, indeed, has been assigned unto it by revelation, otherwise it would be far less difficult to conceive of its eternal continuance, than of its final cessation.

CLXXXVIII.

As the dimensions of the tree are not always regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of things are not always proportionate to the apparent magnitude of those events that have produced them.

Thus, the American Revolution, from which little was expected, produced much; but the French revolution, from which much was expected, produced little. And, in ancient times, so grovelling a passion as the lust of a Tarquin could give freedom to Rome; that Freedom to whose shrine a Cæsar was afterwards sacrificed in vain, as a victim, and a Cato as a martyr; that freedom which fell, unestablished either by the immolation of the one, or the magnanimity of the other.

CLXXXIX.

Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

CXC.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

CXCI.

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength. Napoleon could calculate the *former*, well, but to his miscalculations of the *latter*, he may ascribe his present degradation.

CXCII.

In the present enlightened state of society, it is impossible for mankind to be thoroughly vicious; for wisdom and virtue are very often convertible terms, and they invariably assist and strengthen each other. A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, *without* a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society, is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and de-

stroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity. The story of the three German robbers is applicable to our present purpose, from the pregnant brevity of its moral. Having acquired by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation When the day, which they had appointed for this purpose, arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate unto himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together,—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal, as the selfishness of vice.

CXCIII.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good!

CXCIV.

Agar said, "give me neither poverty nor riches; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise." Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble, and to trip. But wealth after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

CXCV.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect every thing from themselves;—and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect every thing from God.

CXCVI.

The ignorant have often given credit to the wise, for powers that are permitted to *none*, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to *all*. The little Arabian tale of the dervise, shall be the comment of this proposition. A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him; "You have lost a camel," said he, to the merchants; "Indeed we have," they replied; was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise; "he was," replied the merchants: "had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise; "he had," rejoined the merchants; "and was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you." "A pretty story truly," said the merchants, "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence, whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court; "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been

some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

CXCVII.

Some philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it is thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart.—But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women, so neither are its effect. History can produce many Syllas, to one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact, perhaps, is that the human heart, in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandize himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England, from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her own husband who died from grief, at the death

of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example, that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her that there were some injuries that even a woman could forgive.

CXCVIII.

All the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his Pastorals, as to Homer, in his Heroics; and if our own countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings. But Shakespeare stands alone His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless. If his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary. In all the ebbings and the flowings of his genius, in his storms, no less than in his calms, he is as completely separated from all other poets, as the Caspian from all other seas. But he abounds with so many axioms applicable to all the circumstances, situations and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world; all apply, but none dare appropriate them; and, like anchors, they are secure from thieves, by reason of their weight.

CXCIX.

That nations sympathise with their monarch's glory, that they are improved by his virtues, and that the tone of morals rises high, when he that leads the band is perfect, these are truths admitted with exultation, and felt with honest pride. But that a nation is equally degraded by a monarch's profligacy, that* it is made, in some sort, contemptible by his meanness, and immoral, by his depravation, these are positions less flattering, but equally important and true. "*Plus exemplo quam peccato nocent, quippe quod multi imitatores principum existunt.*" The example, therefore, of a sovereign derives its powerful influence from that pride inherent in the constitution of our nature, which dictates to all, not to copy their inferiors, but which at the same time, causes imitation to descend. A prince, therefore, can no more be obscured by vices, without demoralizing his people, than the sun can be eclipsed without darkening the land. In proof of these propositions, we might affirm, that there have been some instances where a sovereign has reformed a court,* but not a single instance where a court has reformed a sovereign. When Louis the Fourteenth, in his old age, quitted his battles for beads, and his mistress for missals, his courtiers aped their sovereign as strenuously in his devotions, as they had before in his debaucheries, and took the sacrament twice in the day!

* Englishmen need not go far, either in time, or in distance, for a splendid proof of the truth of this proposition. The reign of George the Third, is an arena that will both demand and deserve the utmost talents of its historian, however high they may be. It is the most eventful reign in the memory of man. A gentlemanly prince in public, and a princely gentleman in private, he set an example of liberality in sentiment, of integrity in principle, and of purity in life, which may have been imitated by some of his subjects, but which have been surpassed by none.

CC.

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven.

CCI.

Two things are necessary to a modern martyr,—some to pity, and some to persecute, some to regret, and some to roast him. If martyrdom is now on the decline, it is not because martyrs are less zealous, but because martyrmongers are more wise. The light of intellect has put out the fire of persecution, as other fires are observed to smoulder before the light of the sun.

CCII.

The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said, that herein lies the difference —the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity, and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

CCIII.

The true poet is always great, if compared with others; not always if compared with himself.

CCIV.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment, if they censure them, your own.

CCV.

Philosophy manages a most important firm, not only with a capital of her own, but also with a still larger one that she has borrowed; but she repays

with a most liberal interest, and in a mode that ultimately enriches, not only others, but herself. The philosopher is neither a chymist, nor a smith, nor a merchant, nor a manufacturer; but he both teaches and is taught by all of them; and his prayer is, that the intellectual light may be as general as the solar, and uncontrolled. But as he is as much delighted to imbibe knowledge as to impart it, he watches the rudest operations of that experience, which may be both old and uninformed, and right, though unable to say why, or wrong, without knowing the wherefore. The philosopher, therefore, strengthens that which was mere practice, by disclosing the principle; he establishes customs that were right, by superadding the foundation of reason, and overthrows those that were erroneous, by taking that foundation away.

CCVI.

Persecutors on the score of religion, have, in general, been the foulest of hypocrites, and their burning zeal has too often been lighted up at the altar of worldly ambition But, suppose we admit that persecution may, in some solitary cases, have arisen from motives that are pure; the glory of God, and the salvation of men. But here again the purity of the motive is most wofully eclipsed by the gross absurdity of the means. For the persecutor must *begin* by breaking many fundamental laws of his master, in order to commence his operations in his favor; thus asserting, by deeds, if not by words, that the intrinsic excellence of the code of our Saviour, is insufficient for its own preservation. But thus it is, that even the sincerest persecutor defends the cause of his master. He shows his love of man by breaking his cardinal laws; he then seeks to glorify a God of Mercy, by worshipping him as a Moloch, who delights in human sacrifice; and, lastly, he shows his love of his neighbour, by roasting his body for the

good of his soul. But can a darkness, which is intellectual, be done away by a fire which is material? or is it absolutely necessary to make a faggot of a man's body in order to enlighten his mind?

CCVII.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

CCVIII.

Those who worship God in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move nor see, nor hear, nor feel, nor understand; but unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

CCIX.

If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

CCX

It is not every man that can *afford* to wear a shabby coat; and *worldly* wisdom dictates to *her* disciples, the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempted from these trammels, and may live or dress as they please.

CCXI.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

CCXII.

Emulation has been termed a spur to virtue, and assumes to be a spur of gold. But it is a spur composed of baser materials, and if tried in the furnace, will be found to want that *fixedness* which is the characteristic of gold. He that pursues virtue, only to surpass others, is not far from wishing others less forward than himself; and he that rejoices too much at his own perfections, will be too little grieved at the defects of other men. We might also insist upon this, that true virtue, though the most humble of all things, is the most progressive; it must persevere to the end. But, as Alexander scorned the Olympic games, because there were no kings to contend with, so he that starts only to outstrip others, will suspend his exertions when that is attained; and self-love will, in many cases, incline him to stoop for the prize, even before he has obtained the victory. But the views of the Christian are more extensive, and more enduring; his ambition is, not to conquer others, but *himself*, and he unbuckles his armour, only for his shroud.

CCXIII.

In the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it is to be found; like fern, it is the produce of all climates, and like coin, its circulation is not restricted to any particular class. We are ignorant in youth, from idleness, and we continue so in manhood, from pride; for pride is less ashamed of being ignorant, than of being instructed, and she looks too high to find that which very often lies beneath her. Therefore condescend to men of low estate, and be for wisdom that which Alcibiades was for power.

that rings only one bell, will hear only one sound; and he that lives only with one class, will see but one scene of the great drama of life. Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep. He replied, that he attributed what little he knew, to the not having been ashamed to ask for information; and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits. I myself have heard a common blacksmith eloquent, when welding of iron has been the theme; for what we know thoroughly, we can usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. Therefore when I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things; first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.

CCXIV.

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great and on no occasion disgust them with familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentlemen by nature, as his companions are by rank.

CCXV.

Royal favourites are often obliged to carry their complaisance further than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure, and they die for his convenience.

CCXVI.

The hate which we all bear with the most christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

CCXVII.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.

CCXVIII.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised, by honest men and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service he will perform for nothing.

CCXIX.

As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of *perpetual congelation* commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary the court, the more frigidity and apathy shall we experience.

CCXX.

Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way; They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidant, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the first moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain when reflected by the moon.

CCXXI.

If you are under obligation to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one, until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

CCXXII.

There is no cruelty so inexorable and unrelenting as that which proceeds from a bigoted and presum-

tuous supposition of doing service to God. Under the influence of such hallucination, all common modes of reasoning are perverted, and all general principles destroyed.—The victim of the fanatical persecutor will find that the stronger the motives he can urge for mercy are, the weaker will be his chance of obtaining it, for the merit of his destruction will be supposed to rise in value, in proportion as it is effected at the expense of every feeling, both of justice and of humanity. Had the son of Philip the Second of Spain been condemned by the inquisition, his own father, in default of any other executioner, would have carried the faggots, and have set fire to the pile. And in the atrocious murder of archbishop Sharp, it is well known that Balfour and his party did not meet together at Gilston Muir, for the purpose of assassinating the archbishop, but to slay one Carmichael, a magistrate. These misguided men were actuated (to use their own words) "*by a strong outletting of the spirit,*" shortly to be manifested by the outletting of innocent blood; and one Smith, a weaver at the Strutherdike, an *inspired* man, had also encouraged them "*all to go forward, seeing that God's glory was the only motive that was moving them to offer themselves to act for his broken down work.*" These men not happening to find Carmichael, were on the point of dispersing, when a lad running up suddenly informed them that the coach of Archbishop Sharp was then coming on, upon the road between Ceres and Blebo Hole. Thus, Carmichael escaped, but an Archbishop was a sacrifice, caught in the thicket, more costly than the ram. "*Truly,*" said they, "*this is of God, and it seemeth that God hath delivered him into our hands; let us not draw back, but pursue him, for all looked upon it, considering the former circumstance, as a clear call from God to fall upon him.*" We may anticipate what tender mercies the archbishop

might count upon from a gang of such enthusiasts; and the circumstance of a prelate murdered at the feet of his daughter, with the curious conversation that accompanied this act, only prove that fanaticism is of the same malignant type and character, whether she be engendered in the clan or the conclave, the kirk or the cathedral.

CCXXIII.

It has been said, that whatever is made with the intention of answering two purposes, will answer neither of them well. This is for the most part true, with respect to the inventions and productions of man; but the very reverse of this would seem to obtain, in all the operations of the Godhead In the great laboratory of nature, many effects of the most important and extensive utility are often made to proceed from some *one* primary cause; neither do these effects, in any one instance, either clash or jar, or interfere with each other, but each one is as perfect, in its kind, as if the common source of its activity were adjusted and appropriated to the accomplishing of that single effect alone. An illustration or two will suffice, where the number of examples is so great, that the difficulty lies more in the selection, than in the discovery. The atmosphere is formed for the respiration of numberless animals, which most important office it perfectly performs, being the very food of life. But there are two other processes almost as important, which could not go on without an atmosphere, seeing that it is essential to both of them—The dissemination of light by its powers of refraction and reflection, and of heat, by its decomposition. The ocean is a fluid world, admirably calculated for the propagation and continuation of those myriads of aquatic animals with which it abounds; and thus, it enables the Creator to extend, both in depth and surface, the sphere of sensa-

tion, of life, and of enjoyment, from the poles even unto the line. But the ocean has other most important offices to fulfil; it is perhaps more necessary to the earth, than the earth itself is to the ocean; for while it appears to be the great receptacle of salt water, it becomes, through the joint medium of the sun and of the atmosphere, the principal reservoir and distributor of fresh. The sun himself was created as the grand emporium of light and heat to the system. But he not only warms and enlightens, but he also regulates and controls both the times and the spaces of the whole planetary world; the lord of motion, no less than of light, he imposes a law on those erratic bodies, as invincible as it is invisible, which nevertheless allows the fullest scope to all their wanderings, and subjects them to no restraint but that which is absolutely necessary for their preservation.

CCXXIV.

When we consider that Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, were cotemporaries, that they were, at the same time enclosed within the walls of the same city, which might well be termed "*Roma virum genitrix;*" and when we further reflect, that this bright constellation was attended also by another subordinate to it, made up of stars, indeed of lesser magnitude, but which would have shone with no small lustre in any other horizon, we no longer wonder that a capital that could breed and educate such men, should aspire to the proud title of the mistress of the world, and vaunt herself secure from all mortal wounds, save only those that might be inflicted in an evil hour by parricidal hands. But the close observer of human nature, who takes nothing on trust, who, undazzled by the lustre, calmly inquires into the use, will

not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce so marvellous an union of talent, but will further ask, how it happened, that men, whose examples have been so fertile of instruction to future ages, were so barren of improvement and utility to their own. For it must be admitted that Rome was "divided against herself," split into faction, and torn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud possession of all this profusion of talent, by which she was consumed, rather than comforted, and scorched, rather than enlightened. Perhaps the conclusion that is forced upon us by a review of this particular period of Roman History, is neither consolatory nor honourable to our nature; it would seem, I fear, to be this, namely, that a state of civil freedom is absolutely necessary for the training up, educating, and finishing, of great and noble minds; but that society has no guarantee that minds so formed and finished, shall not aspire to govern, rather than to obey; no security that they shall not affect a greatness, greater than the laws, and in affecting it, that they shall not ultimately destroy that very freedom to which alone they were indebted for their superiority. For such men too often begin by subjecting all things to their country, and finish by subjecting their country unto themselves. If we examine the individual characters of those great names I have cited above, we may perhaps affirm, that Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Varro, and Livy, were more occupied in writing what deserved to be read, than in doing any thing that deserved to be written. Atticus was a practical disciple of Epicurus, and too much concerned about the safety and health of his own person, to endanger it by attacking that of another; as to Cicero, although he was formed both for action and deliberation, yet none of the blood that was spilt in his day, can fairly be charged to him; in fact, he

had so much of the pliability of his friend Atticus about him, that he might have flourished even in the court of Augustus, a rival of Mæcenas, had he himself been less eloquent, Octavius more grateful, or Antony less vindictive. Four men remain, formed indeed in "all the prodigality of nature," but composed of elements so opposite to each other, that their conjunction, like the clash of adverse comets, could not but convulse the world; Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and Cato.—Cæsar could not brook a superior, nor Pompey an equal; and Brutus, although he did not aspire himself to rule, was determined that no one else should do so. Cato, who might have done more to save his country, *had he attempted less*, disgusted his friends and exasperated his foes, by a vain effort to realize the splendid fictions of Plato's Republic, in the dregs of Romulus.—Proud, without ambition, he was less beloved as the stern defender of liberty, than Cæsar as the destroyer of it, who was ambitious without pride; a mistaken martyr in a noble cause, Cato was condemned to live in an era when the times could not bear his integrity—nor his integrity the times.

CCXXV.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

CCXXVI.

All governments ought to aspire to produce the highest happiness by the least objectionable means. To produce good without some admixture of ill, is the prerogative of the Deity alone. In a state of na-

ture, each individual would strive to preserve the whole of his liberty, but then he would be also liable to the encroachments of others, who would feel equally determined to preserve the whole of theirs. In a state of civilization each individual voluntarily sacrifices a part of his liberty, to increase the general stock. But he sacrifices his liberty only to *the laws;* and it ought to be the care of good governments, that this sacrifice of the individual is repaid him with *security* and *with interest;* otherwise the splendid declarations of Rousseau might be verified and a state of nature be preferred to a state of civilization. The liberty we obtain by being members of civilized society, would be licentiousness, if it allowed us to harm others, and slavery, if it prevented us from benefiting ourselves. True liberty, therefore, allows each individual to do all the good he can to himself, without injuring his neighbour.

CCXXVII.

Of two evils, it is perhaps less injurious to society, that a good doctrine should be accompanied by a bad life, than that a good life should lend its support to a bad doctrine. For the sect, if once established, will survive the founder. When doctrines, radically bad in themselves, are transmitted to posterity, recommended by the good life of their author, this is to arm an harlot with beauty, and to heighten the attractions of a vain and unsound philosophy. I question if Epicurus and Hume have done mankind a greater disservice by the looseness of their doctrines, than by the purity of their lives. Of such men we may more justly exclaim, that of Cæsar, "confound their virtues, they have undone the world."

CCXXVIII.

Many have been thought capable of governing, until they were called to govern; and others hav

been deemed incapable, who, when called into power, have *most agreeably* disappointed public opinion, by far surpassing all previous anticipation. The fact is, that the great and little vulgar, too often judge of the blade by the scabbard; and shining outward qualites, although they may excite first rate expectations, are not unusually found to be the companions of second rate abilities. Whereas, to possess a head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly, that a man's next door neighbour shall not discover them, until some unforseen and fortunate occasion has called them forth.

CCXXIX.

The ignorance of the Chinese may be attributed to their language. A literary Chinese must spend half his life in acquiring a thorough knowledge of it. The use of metaphor, which may be said to be the algebra of language, is, I apprehend, unknown amongst them. And as language, after all is made up only of the signs and counters of knowledge, he that is obliged to lose so much time in acquiring the sign, will have but little of the thing. So complete is the ignorance of this conceited nation, on many points, that very curious brass models of all the mechanical powers, which the French government had sent over as a present, they considered to be meant as toys for the amusement of the grand-children of the emperor. And I have heard the late Sir George Staunton declare, that the costly mathematical instruments made by Ramsdem and Dolland, and taken to Pekin by Lord Macartney, were as utterly useless to the Chinese, as a steam engine to an Esquimaux, or a loom to a Hottentot. The father of Montaigne, not inaptly to my present subject, has observed, that the tedious time which we mod-

erns employ in acquiring the language of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which cost them nothing, is the principal reason why we cannot arrive at that grandeur of soul, and perfection of knowledge that was in them. But the learned languages, after all, are indispensable to form the gentleman and the scholar, and are well worth all the labour that they have cost us, provided they are valued not for themselves alone, which would make a pedant, but as a foundation for further acquirements. The foundation, therefore, should be in a great measure hidden, and its solidity presumed and inferred from the strength, elegance, and convenience of the superstructure. In one of the notes to a former publication, I have quoted an old writer, who observes, "that we fatten a sheep with grass, not in order to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but in the hope that he will feed us with mutton, and clothe us with wool." We may apply this to the sciences, we teach a young man algebra, the mathematics, and logic, not that he should take his equations and parallelograms into Westminster Hall, nor bring his ten predicaments to the House of Commons, but that he should bring a mind to both these places so well stored with the sound principles of truth and of reason, as not to be deceived by the chicanery of the bar, nor the sophistry of the senate. The acquirements of science may be termed the armour of the mind; but that armour would be worse than useless, that cost us all we had, and left us nothing to defend.

CCXXX.

That is not the most perfect beauty, which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty, which has not only a substance,

but a spirit,—a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate,—a beauty lighted up in conversation, where the mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the poet, "*the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought.*" An order and a mode of beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul. This is that beauty which never cloys, possessing charms as resistless as the fascinating Egyptian, for which Antony wisely paid the bauble of the world —a beauty like the rising of his own Italian suns, always enchanting, never the same.

CCXXXI.

He that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied, as he that nobody can please.

CCXXXII.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which, the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and so far as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference between a debt of revenge, and every other debt. By paying our other debts, we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior Yet, it must be confessed, that it is much less difficult to forgive our enemies, than our friends, and if we ask how it came to pass that Coriolanus found it so hard a task to pardon Rome, the answer is that he was himself a Roman.

CCXXXIII.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas, than one hole in our coat.

CCXXXIV.

The cynic who twitted Aristippus, by observing that the philosopher who could dine on herbs might despise the company of a king, was well replied to by Aristippus, when he remarked, that the philosopher who could enjoy the company of a king, might also despise a dinner of herbs.

"Non pranderet olus si sciret rigibus uti."

Nothing is more common than to hear people abusing courtiers, and affecting to despise courts; yet most of these would be proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other. The History of the Conclave will show us how ready all men are to renounce philosophy for the most distant probability of a crown. Whereas Casimir of Poland, and Christina of Sweden, are likely to remain the alpha and the omega, the first and the last of those who have renounced a crown for the sake of philosophy.

CCXXXV.

Wars are to the body politic what drams are to the individual. There are times when they may prevent a sudden death, but if frequently resorted to, or long persisted in, they heighten the energies only to hasten the dissolution.

CCXXXVI.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves. and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure. which we do not deserve; and still more rare, to despise praise, which we do. But that integrity that lives only on opinion, would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding world for its audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.

CCXXXVII.

This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.

CCXXXVIII.

Those hypochondriacs, who, like Herodius, give up their whole time and thoughts to the care of their health, sacrifice unto life every noble purpose of living; striving to support a frail and feverish being here, they neglect an hereafter; they continue to patch up and repair their mouldering tenement of clay regardless of the immortal tenant that must survive it; agitated by greater fears than the apostle, and supported by none of his hopes, they "die daily."

CCXXXIX.

Intimacy has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

CCXL.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

CCXLI.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in *every* point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of

the reality, only in *one*. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in *all* points of view, and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.

CCXLII.

There are some characters whose bias it is impossible to calculate, and on whose probable conduct we cannot hazard the slightest prognostication; they often evince energy in the merest trifles, and appear listless and indifferent on occasions of the greatest interest and importance; one would suppose they had been dipped in the fountain of Hammon, whose waters, according to Diodorus, are *cold* by day, and *hot* only by night!

CCXLIII.

There are some who refuse a favour so graciously, as to please us even by the refusal; and there are others who confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure, than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness, as puzzling to our feelings, as the politeness of one, who, if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it unto us with a pair of tongs!

CCXLIV.

It has been said, that the retreat shows the general, as the reply the orator; and it is partly true; although a general would rather build his fame on his advances, than on his retreats, and on what he has attained, rather than on what he has abandoned. Moreau, we know, was famous for his retreats, insomuch, that his companions in arms compared him to a *drum*, which nobody hears of *except it be beaten*. But, it is nevertheless true, that the merits of a general are not to be appreciated by the battle alone, but by those dispositions that preceded it, and by those

measures that followed it. Hannibal knew better how to conquer, than how to profit by the conquest; and Napoleon was more skilful in taking positions, than in maintaining them. As to reverses, no general can presume to say that he may not be defeated; but he can, and ought to say, that he will not be surprised. There are dispositions so skilful, that the battle may be considered to be won before it is fought, and the campaign to be decided, even before it is contested. There are generals who have accomplished more by the march, than by the musket; and Europe saw, in the lines of Torres Vedras, a simple telescope, in the hands of a Wellington, become an instrument, more fatal and destructive than all the cannon in the camp of his antagonist.

CCXLV.

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead. Honours bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead: and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not:

> "*Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes*
> *Infra se positas, extinctus, amabitur idem.*"

CCXLVI.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

CCXLVII.

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

CCXLVIII.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee-shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea, and encounters a storm, to avoid a shipwreck. And thus, the legislator who meets some evils, half subdues them. In the grievous dearth that visited the land of Egypt, Joseph forestalled the evil and adopted measures that proclaimed to the nation, "you shall not feast, in order that you may not fast; and although you must submit to a scarcity, you shall not endure a famine." And those very persons who have been decried, by short-sighted reasoners in this country, as regraters and monopolizers, are, in times of real deficiency, the actual Josephs of the land. Like the *prætolatores* in the camp of the Romans, they point out the nakedness of the land before the main body are advised of it, and, by raising the price of the commodity, take the only means to insure an economy in the use of it.

CCXLIX.

Louis the Fourteenth having become a king by the death of his minister, Mazarin, set up the trade of a conquerer on his own account. The devil treated him as he does young gamesters, and bid very high for him, at first, by granting him unexampled success; he finished by punishing him with reverses equally unexampled.—Thus, that sun which he had taken for his device, although it rose in cloudless majesty, was doomed to set in obscurity, tarnished by the smoke of his defeats, and tinged with the blood of his subjects.

CCL.

It is an old saying, that Truth lies in a well, but the misfortune is, that some men will use no chain to draw her up, but that which is so long that it is the labour of their life to finish it; or if they live to complete it, it may be that the first links are eaten up by

rust, before the last are ready. Others, on the contrary, are so indolent, that they would attempt to draw up Truth without any chain, or by means of one that is too short. Both of these will miss their object. A wise man will provide a chain for this necessary purpose, that has not a link too much, nor a link too little, and on the first he will write "*ars longa*," and on the last, "*vita brevis*."

CCLI.

Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass, before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not *bought* but *borrowed* it.

CCLII.

Great men, like comets, are eccentric in their courses, and formed to do extensive good, by modes unintelligible to vulgar minds. Hence, like those erratic orbs in the firmament, it is their fate to be miscomprehended by fools, and misrepresented by knaves; to be abused for all the good they actually do, and to be accused of ills with which they have nothing to do, neither in design nor execution.

CCLIII.

Some men who have evinced a certain degree of wit and talent, in private companies, fail miserably when they attempt to appear as public characters on the grand theatre of human life. Great men in a little circle, but little men in a great one, they show their learning to the ignorant, but their ignorance to the learned; the powers of their mind seem to be parched up and whithered by the public gaze, a

Welch cascades before a summer sun, which, by the by, we are told, are vastly fine in the winter, when nobody goes to see them.

CCLIV.

Great men often obtain their ends by means beyond the grasp of vulgar intellect, and even by methods diametrically opposite to those which the multitude would pursue. But, to effect this, bespeaks as profound a knowledge of mind, as that philosopher evinced of matter, who first produced ice by the agency of heat.

CCLV.

Those that are the loudest in their threats, are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and, again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he that is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunder clap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

CCLVI.

We most readily forgive that attack which affords us an opportunity of reaping a splendid triumph. A wise man will not sally forth from his doors to cudgel a fool, who is in the act of breaking his windows by pelting them with guineas.

CCLVII.

That an author's work is the mirror of his mind, is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If the devil himself were to write a book, it would be in praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.

CCLVIII.

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected

more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

CCLIX.

As the gout seems privileged to attack the bodies of the *wealthy*, so ennui seems to exert a similar prerogative over their minds. I should consider the middle and lower classes, in this country, in a great measure exempt from this latter malady of the mind; first, because there is no vernacular name that fully describes it, in our language; and, secondly, because we shall find it difficult to explain this disease to such persons; they will admit, however, that they have sometimes thought a rainy Sunday particularly tedious and long In the constitution of our nature, it so happens, that pleasure cloys and bebetates the powers of enjoyment very soon, but that pain does not, by any means, in an equal proportion, dull the powers of suffering. A fit of the tooth ache, or the tic doloreux, shall continue their attacks with slight intermission for months, and the last pang shall be as acute as the first. Again, we are so framed and fashioned, that our sensations may continue alive for years to torment, after they have been dead for years to transport; and it would be well, if old age, which has been said to forbid the pleasures of youth on penalty of death, interdicted us also from those pains which are unhappily as much or more the lot of the old than of the young. But the cold and shrivelled hand of time is doubly industrious; he not only plucks up flowers, but he plants thorns in their room; and punishes the bad with the recollections of the past, the sufferings of the present, and the anticipation of the future, until death becomes their

only remedy because life hath become their sole disease. If these observations be just, their application to ennui, our present subject, is obvious. For he that does labour under acute pain, will be too much occupied for ennui; and he that does not, has no right to indulge it, because he is not in the fruition of vivid pleasure. It is not in the nature of things that vivid pleasures should continue long, their very continuance must make them cease to be vivid. Therefore we might as well suffer ennui, because we are not angels, but men. There are, indeed, some spirits so ardent, that change of employment to them is rest, and their only fatigue a cessation from activity. But, even these, if they make pleasure a business, will be equally subject to ennui, with more phlegmatic minds; for mere pleasure, although it may refresh the weary, yet wearies the refreshed. Gaming has been resorted to by the affluent, as a refuge from ennui; it is a mental dram, and may succeed for a moment, but, like all other stimuli, it produces indirect debility; and those who have recourse to it, will find that the sources of their ennui are far more inexhaustible than those of their purse. Ennui, perhaps, has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair. Its only cure* is the pursuit

* It would seem that employment is more efficacious in the cure of ennui than society. A young Huron, in a village near Quebec, emphatically exclaimed to an English traveller, "On s'ennuie dans le village, et on ne s'ennuie jamais dans le bois." We all remember the instance of that man of rank and title, who destroyed himself in full possession of every thing that could make life desirable, leaving it on record, that he committed the act, only because he was tired of putting on his clothes in the morning, and taking them off again at night; and in times still nearer to us, John Maddocks, and Henry Quin, esq. of Dublin notoriety, the former in the clear unincumbered possession of six thousand pounds per. annum, and both of them in full possession of health and competence, destroyed themselves for no other reason but because they were tired of the unvaried repetitions and insipid amusements of life.

of some desirable object;—if that object be worthy of our pursuit and our desires, the prognostics of a cure are still more favourable;—if the object be a distant one, yet affording constant opportunities of pursuit and advancement, the cure is certain, until the object be attained;—but if that object cannot be attained, nor even expected until *after* death, although the means of its attainment must last as long as our life, and occur as constantly as the moments that compose it, we may then exclaim "*I have found*," with more cause than the philosopher, and seek from the *dying Christian* an infallible nostrum for all the evils of ennui.

CCLX.

Heaven may have happiness as utterly unknown to us, as the gift of perfect vision would be to a man born blind. If we consider the inlets of pleasure from five senses only, we may be sure that the same being who created us, could have given us five hundred, if he had pleased. Mutual love, pure and exalted, founded on charms both mental and corporeal, as it constitutes the highest happiness on earth, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, also form the lowest happiness of Heaven. And it would appear consonant with the administration of Providence, in other matters, that there should be such a link between earth and heaven; for, in all cases a chasm seems to be *purposely* avoided, "*prudente Deo*," Thus, the material world has its links, by which it is made to shake hands, as it were, with the vegetable,—the vegetable with the animal,—the animal with the intellectual,—and the intellectual with what we may be allowed to hope of the angelic.

CCLXI.

Nothing is more common than to hear directly opposite accounts of the same countries. The difference lies not in the reported, but the reporter.

Some men are so imperious and overbearing in their demeanor, that they would represent even the Islanders of Pelew, as insolent and extortionate; others are of a disposition so conciliatory and unassuming, that they would have little that was harsh or barbarous to record, even of the Mussulmen of Constantinople.

CCLXII.

It would be very unfortunate if there was no other road to Heaven but through Hell. Yet this dangerous and impracticable road has been attempted by all those princes, potentates, and statesmen, who have done evil, that good might come.

CCLXIII.

Courage is incompatible with the fear of death; but every villain fears death; therefore no villain can be brave. He may, indeed, possess the courage of a rat, and fight with desperation, when driven into a corner. If by craft and crime a successful adventure should be enabled to usurp a kingdom, and to command its legions, there may be moments, when, like Richard on the field of Bosworth, or Napoleon on the plains of Marengo, *all must be staked;* an awful crisis, when, if his throne be overturned, his scaffold must rise upon its ruins. Then, indeed, though the cloud of battle should lower on his hopes, while its iron hail is rattling around him, the greatest coward will hardly *fly*, to ensure that death which he can only escape by facing. Yet the glare of a courage thus illicited by danger, where fear conquers fear, is not to be compared to that calm sunshine which constantly cheers and illuminates the breast of him who builds his confidence on virtuous principle; it is rather the transient and evanescent lightning of the storm, which derives half its lustre from the darkness that surrounds it.

CCLXIV.

The absent man would wish to be thought a man of talent, by affecting to forget what all others remember; and the antiquarian is in pursuit of the same thing, by remembering what all others have thought proper to forget. I cannot but think it would much improve society, first, if all absent men would take into their heads to turn antiquaries; and, next, if all antiquarians would *be absent men!*

CCLXV.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for, when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us.

CCLXVI.

Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means weak enough to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

CCLXVII.

In literature, it is very difficult to establish a name. Let an author's *first* work have what merit it may, he will lose if he prints it himself; and being a *novus homo* in literature, his only chance is to give his *first edition* to his bookseller. It is true that the bookseller will offer terms extremely liberal to those who have established a reputation, and will lose by many, who, like Scott, have written spiritedly for fame, but tamely for money. But even in this case, the booksellers have no right to complain; for these calculating Mæcenases ought to remember, that if they pay too dearly for the *less*, they had the *first squeezing of the grapes* for nothing.*

* Those who continue to write after their wit is exhausted, may be compared to those old maids who give us one cup of good tea, but all the rest of milk and water.

CCLXVIII.

In addressing the multitude, we must remember to follow the advice that Cromwell gave his soldiers, "*fire low.*" This is the great art of the Methodists, "*fast est et ab hoste doceri.*" If our eloquence be directed above the heads of our hearers, we shall do no execution. By pointing our arguments *low*, we stand a chance of hitting their *hearts*, as well as their *heads*. In addressing angels, we could hardly raise our eloquence too high; but we must remember that men are not angels. Would we warm *them* by our eloquence, *unlike* Mahomet's mountain, it must come down to them, since they cannot raise themselves to it. It must come home to their wants and to their wishes, to their hopes and their fears, to their families and their fire-sides. The moon gives a far greater light than all the fixed stars put together, although she is much smaller than any of them; the reason is, that the stars are superior and remote, but the moon is *inferior* and *contiguous*.

CCLXIX.

The plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, "You, my Lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiences of mine.'

CCLXX.

Agriculture is the most certain source of strength, and wealth, and independence. Commerce flourishes by circumstances precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change, as the winds and waves that waft it to our shores. She may well be

termed the younger sister, for, in all emergencies, she looks to agriculture, both for defence and for supply. The earth, indeed, is doubly grateful, inasmuch as she not only repays forty fold to the cultivator, but reciprocally improves its improver, rewarding him with strength, and health, and vigor. Agriculture, therefore, is the true *officina militum;* and in her brave and hardy peasantry, she offers a legitimate and trusty sword to those rulers that duly appreciate her value, and court her alliance. It is, however, more easy to convert husbandmen into excellent soldiers, than to imitate Romulus, who could at will *reconvert* them again.—He first moulded those materials that conquered the world: a peasantry victorious in war, laborious in peace, despisers of sloth, prepared to reap the bloodless harvest of the sickle, after having secured that of the sword. The only employments, says Dion, that Romulus left to freemen were, agriculture and warfare; for he observed that men so employed are more temperate, less entangled in the pursuits of forbidden love, and subject to that kind of avarice only which leads them not to injure one another, but to enrich themselves at the expense of the enemy. But finding that each of these occupations, separate from the other, is imperfect, and produces murmurs; instead of appointing one part of the men to till the earth, and the other to lay waste the enemy's country, according to the institution of the Lacedemonians, he ordered the same persons to exercise the employments both of husbandmen and of soldiers; and accustomed them, in time of peace, to live in the country, and cultivate the land, except when it was necessary for them to come to market, upon which occasions they were to meet in the city, in order to traffic; and to that end he appointed a market to be held every ninth day. And, in time of war, he taught them the duty of soldiers, and not to yield to any other, in the fatigues or advantages that attend it.

CCLXXI.

Avarice has ruined more men than prodigality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes, as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.

CCLXXII.

Some *reputed* saints that have been canonized, ought to have been cannonaded: and some *reputed* sinners that have been cannonaded, ought to have been canonized.

CCLXXIII.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

CCLXXIV.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accomodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows: an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

CCLXXV.

If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial, nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing fortune, without enjoying her, and purchasing wisdom without possessing her.

CCLXXVI.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

CCLXXVII.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has, are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one, is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment, than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad, indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "*as morter sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*" Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant, who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck, at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

CCLXXVIII.

Women do not transgress the bounds of decorum so often as men, but when they do, they go greater lengths. For with reason somewhat weaker, they have to contend with passions somewhat stronger;

besides, a female by *one* transgression, forfeits her place in society forever; if once she falls, it is the fall of Lucifer. It is hard, indeed, that the law of opinion should be most severe on that sex which is least able to bear it; but so it is, and if the sentence be harsh, the sufferer should be reminded that it was passed by her *peers*. Therefore, if once a woman breaks through the barriers of decency, her case is desperate; and if she goes greater lengths than the men, and leaves the pale of propriety *further behind* her, it is because she is aware that all return is prohibited, and by none so strongly as by her own sex. We may also add, that as modesty is the richest ornament of a woman, the want of it is her greatest deformity, for the better the thing, the worse will ever be its perversion; and if an *angel* falls, the *transition* must be to a demon.

CCLXXIX.

Of the professions it may be said, that soldiers are becoming too popular, parsons too lazy, physicians too mercenary, and lawyers too powerful.

CCLXXX.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.

CCLXXXI.

Evils are more to be dreaded from the suddenness of their attack, than from their magnitude, or their duration. In the storms of life, those that are foreseen are half overcome, but the *tiffoon* is a just cause of alarm to the helmsman, pouncing on the vessel, as an eagle on the prey.

CCLXXXII.

Homer, not contented with making his hero invulnerable every where but in the heel, and so swift of foot, that if he did run, nobody could catch him,

completes the whole by making a god his blacksmith, and covering him, like a rhinoceros, with a coat of mail, from a superhuman manufactory. With all those advantages, since his object was to *surprise* his readers, he should have made his bully a coward, rather than a hero.

CCLXXXIII.

Of method, this may be said, if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me, that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius himself to write any thing worth reading.

CCLXXXIV.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

CCLXXXV.

There are many good-natured fellows, who have paid the forfeit of their lives to their love of bantering and railery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it too dear. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often extolled, yet it has at last been extinguished forever; and by a foe, perhaps, who had neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee. I have heard of a man in the province of Bengal, who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger. His skill gained him great eclat, and insured him much diversion; at length he narrowly escaped with his life; he then relinquished the sport, with this observation: "Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger, but it is rather awkward when the tiger

takes it into his head to hunt us." Again, this skill in small wit, like skill in small arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment, for even cowards have their fighting days, or we may mistake the proper man. A certain Savoyard got his livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear; he gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practise some of them upon the bear; he was dreadfully lacerated, and on being rescued with great difficulty from the gripe of bruin, he exclaimed: "What a fool was I not to distinguish between a monkey and a bear: a bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of personage, and, as you plainly see, does not understand a joke!"

CCLXXXVI.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies —seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

CCLXXXVII.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars: in the goodness of the road, in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the christian traveller when he has finished his course.

CCLXXXVIII.

All who have been great and good without Christianity, would have been much greater and better with it. If there be amongst the sons of men, a single exception to this maxim, the divine Socrates may be allowed to put in the strongest claim. It was his high ambition to deserve, by deeds, not by creeds, an *unrevealed* heaven; and by works, not by faith, to enter an *unpromised* land.

CCLXXXIX.

Though the Godhead were to reward and to exalt, without limit, and without end, yet the object of its highest favours could never offend the brightness of his eternal majesty, by too near an aproximation to it; for the difference between the creator and created must ever be infinite, and the barrier that divides them insurmountable.

CCXC.

Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

CCXCI.

Vanity finds in self-love so powerful an ally, that it storms, as it were by a *coup de main*, the citadel of our heads, where, having *blinded the two watchmen*, it readily descends into the heart. A coxcomb begins by determining that his own profession is the first; and he finishes, by deciding that he is the first of his profession.

CCXCII.

A poor nation that relaxes not from her attitude of defence, is less likely to be attacked, though surrounded by powerful neighbours, than another nation which possesses wealth, commerce, population, and all the sinews of war, in far greater abundance, but *unprepared*. For the more sleek the prey, the greater is the temptation; and no wolf will leave a sheep, to dine upon a porcupine.

CCXCIII.

Memory is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention; and there are many books that owe their success to two things, the good memory of those who write them, and the bad memory of those who read them.

CCXCIV.

Suicide sometimes proceeds from cowardice, but not always; for cowardice sometimes prevents it; since as many live because they are afraid to die, as die because they are afraid to live.

CCXCV.

We submit to the society of those that can inform us, but we seek the society of those whom we can inform. And men of genius ought not to be chagrined if they see themselves. For, when we communicate knowledge, we are raised in our own estimation, but when we receive it, we are lowered. That, therefore, which has been observed of treason may be said also of talent, we love instruction, but hate the instructer, and use the light, but abuse the lantern.

CCXCVI.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

CCXCVII.

There are four classes of men in the world; first, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk of;—these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk of;—these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom every body talks of, but nobody talks to;—these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom every body talks to, but whom nobody talks of; and these constitute the fools.

CCXCVIII.

He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion, he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and adventurous task of diverting the shafts of cal-

umny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

CCXCIX.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things. Our blood is nearer and dearer to us than our money, and our life than our estate. Women are more taken with courage than with generosity, for it has *all* the merits of its sister virtue, with the addition of the most disinterested devotedness, and most powerful protection. Generosity enters so much into the constitution of courage, that, with the exception of the great Duke of Marlborough,* we shall hardly find an instance of undaunted personal bravery, coexisting in the same breast, with great avarice. The self denial of Christianity, the magnanimity of chivalry, all that is splendid in history, or captivating in romance, seems to have been made up of courage, of generosity, or of both. In fact, true courage well directed, can neither be overpaid nor overpraised. An hero is not composed of common materials; his

* At a certain diplomatic dinner, where there were many foreigners of distinction, the Duke gave for a toast, "My Queen." One of the party, who sat next to Prince Eugene, inquired of him in a whisper, "what queen his grace had given." "I know of no queen that is his particular favourite," replied the Prince, "except it be regina pecunia."

expense is hazard, his coin is blood, and out of the very imposibilities of the coward he cuts a perilous harvest with the sword. We cannot aspire to so high a character, on cheaper terms, otherwise Falstaff's soldiers might be allowed their claim, since they were afraid of nothing but danger. It is unfortunate, however, that presence of mind is always most necessary, when absence of body would be most desirable; and there is this paradox in fear, he is most likely to inspire it in others, *who has none himself!*

CCC.

Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue.

He has learnt much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connexion, that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be, to make a bad man happy, even in heaven: he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, *that is all excess*, brings on its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve. The debauchee, offers up his body a "*living sacrifice*" to sin.

CCCI.

To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity, is knowledge sufficient for a *little* great man.

CCCII.

Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous.

But a wise man will look into it for two purposes, to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so, are assorted and arranged.

CCCIII.

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.

CCCIV.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

CCCV.

As he gives proof of a sound and vigorous body that accidentally trangressing the line of demarcation, is confined to a pest-house, and at the end of his quarentine, comes out without being infected by the plague, so he that can live in courts, those hospitals of intellectual disease, without being contaminated by folly or corruption, gives equal proof of a sound and vigourous mind. But as no one thinks so meanly of a conjurer as his own Zany, so none so thoroughly despise a court, as those who are thoroughly acquainted with it, particularly if to that acquaintance they also add due knowledge of themselves; for many have retired in digsust from a court which they *felt* they despised to a solitude which they merely *fancied* they could enjoy, only, like Charles the Fifth, to repent of their repentance. Such persons, sick of others, yet not satisfied with themselves, have closed each eventless day with an anxious wish to be liberated from so irksome a liberty, and to retire from so melancholy a retirement; for it requires less strength of mind to be dissatisfied

with a court than to be contented with a cloister; since to be disgusted with a court, it is only necessary to be acquainted with courtiers; but to enjoy a cloister, we must have a thorough knowledge of ourselves.

CCCVI.

Oceans of ink, and reams of paper, and disputes infinite might have been spared, if wranglers had avoided lighting the torch of strife at the wrong end; since the tenth part of the pains expended in attempting to prove the why, the where and the when certain events have happened, would have been more than sufficient to prove that they never *happened at all.*

CCCVII.

The most admired statues of the Pagan deities were produced in an age of general infidelity; and the Romans, when sincere believers in their mythology, had not a single god tolerably executed; and yet Seneca observes that these primitive "*fictiles dei,*" these gods of clay, were much more propitious than those of marble, and were worshipped with an adoration more ardent and sincere. Something similar to what happened to the religion of imperial, has since happened to that of pontifical Rome. Formerly that altar was contented with utensils of wood and of lead, but its rites were administered by an Austin and a Chrysostom—priests of gold! Things are now reversed; The altar of St. Peter, says Jortin has golden utensils, but *leaden priests!*

CCCVIII.

It rarely happens that the finest writers are the most capable of teaching others their art. If Shakspeare himself had been condemned to write a system of metaphysics explanatory of his magic influence over all the passions of the mind, it would have

been a dull and unsatisfactory work; a heavy task, both to the reader and to the writer. All preceptors, therefore, should have that kind of genius described by Tacitus, "equal to their business, but not above it;" a patient industry, with competent erudition; a mind depending more on its correctness than its originality, and on its memory, rather than on its invention. If we wish to cut glass, we must have recourse to a diamond; but if it be our task to sever iron or lead, we must make use of a much coarser instrument. To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school, is to put a race-horse in a mill.

CCCIX.

Histrionic talent is not so rare a gift as some imagine, it is both overrated and overpaid. That the requisites for a first rate actor demand a combination not easily to be found, is an erroneous assumption, ascribable, perhaps, to the following causes: The market for this kind of talent must always be *understocked*, because very few of those who are really qualified to gain theatrical fame, will condescend to start for it. To succeed the candidate must be a gentleman by nature, and a scholar by education; there are many who can justly boast of this union, but out of that many, how few are there that would seek or desire theatrical celebrity. The metropolitan theatre therefore, can only be recruited from the best samples which the provincial theatres will afford, and this is a market, abundant as to quantity, but extremely deficient as to quality. Johnson told Garrick that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other: "Your profession," said the doctor, "has made you rich, and you have made your profession respectable." Such men as Smith, Garrick, Kemble, and Young, might do honour to any profession, and would perhaps have succeeded

in any; but their attempting success in this department is much more extraordinary than their attaining it; for, in general those who possess the necessary qualifications for an actor, also feel that they deserve to be something better, and this feeling dictates a more respectable arena. Neither is the title to talent bestowed by the suffrages of a metropolitan audience, always unequivocal.—Such an audience is, indeed, a tribunal from which an actor has no appeal; but there are many causes which conspire to warp and to bias its judgment; and it often happens, that it is more difficult to *please a country audience*, than a London one. In a country theatre, there is nothing to bribe our decisions; the principal actor is badly supported, and must depend solely on himself. In a London theatre, the blaze of light and beauty, the splendour of the scenery, the skill of the orchestra are all abscitious attractions, acting as *avant* couriers for the performer, and predisposing us to be pleased. Add to this that the extended magnificence of a metropolitan stage defends the actor from that microscopic scrutiny to which he must submit in the country. We should also remember, that at times it requires more courage to praise than to censure, and the metropolitan actor will always have *this* advantage over the provincial, if we are pleased, our taste is flattered in the one instance, but suspected in the other.

CCCX.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting *itself* to death.

CCCXI.

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character, than to raise one.

CCCXII.

There are no two things so much talked of, and so seldom seen, as virtue and the funds.

CCCXIII.

The depravity of human nature is a favourite topic with the priests, but they will not brook that the laity should descant upon it: in this respect they may be compared to those husbands who freely abuse their own wives, but are ready to cut the throat of any other man who does so.

CCCXIV.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it, rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

CCCXV.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.

CCCXVI.

In any public scheme or project, it is advisable that the proposer or projector should not at first present himself to the public as the *sole* mover in the affair. His neighbour will not like his egotism if it be at all ambitious, nor will they willingly co-operate in any thing that may place an equal a single step above their own heads. Dr. Franklin was the projector of many useful institutions in the infant state of Ameriea. He attained his object, and avoided envy, for he himself informs us, that his secret was to propose the measure at first, not as originating in himself alone, but as the joint recommendation of a few friends. The doctor was no stranger to the workings of the human heart; for if his mea-

sures had failed, their failure would not be attributed to him alone, and if they succeeded, some one else would claim the merit of being the first planner of them. But whenever this happens, the original projector will be sure te gain from the envy of mankind, that justice which he must not expect from their gratitude; for all the rest of the members will not patiently see another run away with the merit of that plan which originated in the first projector alone, who will, therefore, be sure to reap his full due of praise in the end, and with that interest which mankind will always cheerfully pay, not so much for the justice of rewarding the difficult, as for the pleasure of lowering the vain.

CCCXVII.

Some well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and of sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through, before they can arrive at regeneration: to satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered by tears, or harrowed up by affliction.

CCCXVIII.

Shakspeare, Butler, and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them, to be sublime, witty, or profound.

CCCXIX.

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you *must* have dealings, take care that you have no communication with him, if he has his friend and you have not; you are playing a danger-

ous game, in which the odds are two to one agains you.

CCCXX.

When the Methodists first decide on the doctr they approve, and then choose such pastors as they know will preach no other; they act as wisely as a patient, who should send for a physician, and then prescribe to him what medicines he ought to advise.

CCCXXI.

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

CCCXXII.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

CCCXXIII.

It is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in the kingdom, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king. At length an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it: an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot.

CCCXXIV.

It is a serious doubt whether a wise man ought to accept of a thousand years of life, even provided that those three important advantages of health, youth, and riches, could be securely guaranteed unto him. But this is an offer that can never be refused, for it will never be made. Taking things as they

really are, it must be confessed that life, after forty, is an anticlimax, gradual indeed, and progressive with some, but steep and rapid with others. It would be well if old age diminished our perceptibilities to pain, in the same proportion that it does our susceptibilities to pleasure; and if life has been termed a feast, those favoured few are the most fortunate guests, who are not compelled to sit at the table, when they can no longer partake of the banquet. But the misfortune is that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body; and worse still when the body survives the mind; but, when both these survive our spirits, our hopes, and our health, this is worst of all.

CCCXXV.

As some consolation for the fears of the brave, and the follies of the wise, let us reflect on the magnanimity that has been displayed by the weak, and the disinterestedness that has been evinced by the mistaken; by those who have indeed grossly erred, but have nobly acted. And this reflection will increase our veneration for virtue, when even its shadow has produced substantial good and unconquerable heroism; since a phantom, when msitaken for *her* has been pursued with an ardor that gathered force from opposition, constancy from persecution, and victory from death.

CCCXXVI.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

CCCXXVII.

Aristotle has said that man is by nature, a social animal, and he might have added, a selfish one too.

Heroism, self-denial and magnanimity, in all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another. I think it is Adam Smith who has observed, that if a man in Europe were to go to bed with the conviction that at the hour of twelve, on the following morning, the whole empire of China would be swallowed up by an earthquake, it would not disturb his night's rest so much as the certainty, that, at the same hour, he himself would be obliged to undergo the amputation of his little finger. It seems to be a law of our nature, intended, perhaps, for our preservation, that little evils coming home to ourselves, should affect us more than great evils at a distance, happening to others; but they must be evils that we cannot prevent, and over which we have no control; for, perhaps, there is no man who would not lose a little finger to save China. It has been also remarked, that if a state criminal were to be executed opposite the doors of the theatre, at the moment of the performance of the deepest tragedy, that the emptiness of the house and the sudden abandonment of the seats would immediately testify how much more we are interested by witnessing real misery, than artificial. But the result of such an experiment would probably be this, that the galleries would be wholly deserted, and the boxes in part, but that the far greater part of the proportion of the audience in the pit would keep their stations; for the extremes of luxury* on the one hand, and of misery on the oth-

* It was from the pavilion of pleasure and enjoyment that the Fourteenth Louis sent out his orders for the devastation of the whole palatinate; and it was from the bowl and the banquet, that Nero issued forth to fiddle to the flames of Rome; and, on the contrary, it was from the loathsome bed of a most foul and incurable disease that Herod decreed the assassination of the Jewish nobility; and Tippoo Saib ordered the murder of a corps of

er, have a decided tendency to harden the human mind; but the middle class, inasmuch as it is equally removed from both these extremes, seems to be that particular meridian, under which all the kindlier affections, and the finer sensibilities of our nature most readily flourish and abound. But, even if the theatre were wholly emptied on such an occasion as that which I have noticed above, it would not appear that we should be warranted in affirming, that we are creatures so constituted as to derive happiness not only from our own pleasures, but from another's pains. For sympathy, in some temperaments, will produce the same conduct, with insensibility, in others, and the effects will be similar, although the causes that produce them will be opposite. The famous "*amateur Anglaise*," who crossed the channel to witness an execution at Paris, was never suspected of a want of feeling; but the servant girl, recorded by Swift, who walked seven miles in a torrent of rain, to see a criminal hanged, and returned crying and sobbing because the man was reprieved, may, without any breach of christian charity, be accused of a total want of *compassion and benevolence*.

CCCXXVIII.

Analogy, although it is not infallible, is yet that telescope of the mind by which it is marvellously assisted in the discovery of both physical and moral truth. Analogy has much in store for *men;* but babes require milk, and there may be intellectual food which the present state of society is not fit to partake of; to lay such before it, would be as absurd as to give a quadrant to an Indian, or a loom to a Hottentot. There is a time for all things, and it was

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Christian slaves, the most cruel act of his cruel life, at a moment when he justly anticipated his own death, and the conflagration of his capital.

necessary that a certain state of civilization and refinement should precede, and, as it were, prepare the human mind for the reception even of the noblest gift it has ever received, the law of God revealed by Christianity. Socrates was termed a Christian, born some centuries before his time. A state of society like the present, obscured by selfishness, and disturbed by warfare, presents a medium almost impervious to the ray of moral truth; the muddy sediment must subside, and the tempest must cease, before the sun can illuminate the lake. But I foresee the period when some new and parent idea in morals, the matrix of a better order of things, shall reconcile us more completely to God, to nature, and to ourselves. In physics there are many discoveries already made, too powerful to be safe, too unmanageable to be subservient. Like the Behemoth, described by Job, who could neither be tamed to render sport for the maidens, nor to bend his neck to the plough, so these discoveries in physics have not yet been subdued by any hand bold enough to apply them either to the elegances or to the necessities of life. Let any man reflect on the revolution produced in society by two simple and common things, glass and gunpower. What then? Shall some discoveries in physics be so important as to produce a complete revolution in society, and others so powerful that the very inventors of them have not as yet dared to apply them, and shall not discoveries in *morals* be allowed a still more paramount and universal influence; an influence the greater in proportion as *matter* is inferior to *mind?* For we must remember that analogy was that powerful engine that, in the mind of a Newton, discovered to us the laws of all *other* worlds; and in that of a Columbus, put us in full possession of our own.

CCCXXIX.

Society, like a shaded silk, must be viewed in all

situations, or its colours will deceive us.—Goldsmith observed, that one man who travels through Europe on foot, and who, like Scriblerus, makes his legs his compasses, and another who is whisked through in a chaise and four, will form very different conclusions at the end of their journey. The philosopher, therefore, will draw his estimate of human nature, by varying as much as possible his own situation, to multiply the points of view under which he observes her. Uncircumscribed by lines of latitude or of longitude, he will examine her "*buttoned up and laced in the forms and ceremonies of civilization, and at her ease, unrestrained in the light and feathered costume of the savage.* He will also associate with the highest without servility, and with the lowest without vulgarity. In short, in the grand theatre of human life, he will visit the pit and the gallery, as well as the boxes, but he will not inform the boxes that he comes amongst them from the pit, nor the pit that he visits them from the gallery.

CCCXXX.

A second profession seldom succeeds, not because a man may not make himself fully equal to its duties, but because the world will not readily believe he is so. The world argue thus: he that has failed in his first profession, to which he dedicated the morning of his life, and the spring time of his exertions, is not the most likely person to master a second. But to this it may be replied, that a man's first professions is often chosen for him by others; his second he usually decides upon for himself; therefore, his failure in his first profession may, for what they know, be mainly owing to the secret but sincere attentions he was constantly paying to his second; and in this case, he may be compared to those who, having suffered others to prescribe to them a wife, have taken the liberty to consult themselves in the choice of a mistress.

CCCXXXI.

It has been well observed, that the tongue discovers the state of the mind, no less than that of the body; but, in either case before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must *open his mouth*. Some men envelop themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are fools, but foolish if they are wise; and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes, is narrowly to observe when, where and how they smile. It shows much more stupidity to be grave at a good thing, than to be merry at a bad one; and of all ignorance, that which is silent, is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea, if they cannot start one.

CCCXXXII.

The labouring classes of the community, in the metropolis, are vastly inferior, in point of intellect, to the same order of society in the country. The mind of the city artificers is mechanized by his constant attention to one single object; an attention into which he is of necessity drilled and disciplined by the minute subdivision of labour, which improves, I admit, the art, but debilitates the artist, and converts the man into a mere breathing part of that machinery by which he works. The rustic, on the contrary, who is obliged to turn his hand to every thing, and must often *make* his tool before he can use it, is pregnant with invention, and fertile in resource. It is true, that by a combination of their different employments, the city artificers produce specimens in their respective vocations, far superior to the best efforts of the rustics. But if, from the effects of *systematic combination*, the cits infer an *individual superiority*, they are woefully deceived.

CCCXXXIII.

The society of dead authors has this advantage over that of the living, they never flatter us to our faces, nor slander us behind our backs, nor intrude upon our privacy, nor quit their shelves until we take them down. Besides, it is always easy to shut a book, but not quite so easy to get rid of a lettered coxcomb. Living authors, therefore, are often bad companions; if they have not gained a character, they seek to do so by methods often ridiculous, always disgusting; and if they have established a character, they are silent, for fear of losing by their tongue what they have acquired by their pen; for many authors converse much more foolishly than Goldsmith, who have never written half so well.

CCCXXXIV.

If you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village; if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a city.

CCCXXXV.

That modes of government have much more to do with the formation of national character, than soils, suns, and climates, is sufficiently evident from the present state of Greece and Rome, compared with the ancient. Give these nations back their former governments, and all their national energies would return, and enable them to accomodate themselves to any conceivable change of climate; but no conceivable change of climate would enable them to recover their former energies. In fact, so powerful are all those causes that are connected with changes in their governments, that they have sometimes made whole nations alter as suddenly and as capriciously as individuals. The Romans laid down their liberties at the feet of Nero, who would not even lend them to Cæsar; and we have lately seen the whole French nation rush as one man from the very

extremes of loyalty, to behead the mildest monarch that ever ruled them; and conclude a sanguinary career of plunder, by pardoning and renewing a tyrant, to whom their blood was but water, and their groans but wind: thus they sacrificed one, a martyr to his clemency, and they reward another, who lives to boast of his murders.

CCCXXXVI.

He that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to all other questions with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they were ever accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects: they encountered more fatigue, but the victory was bloodless.

CCCXXXVII.

A peace, for the making of which the negociator has been the most liberally rewarded, is usually a bad peace. He is rewarded on the score of having overreached his enemy, and for having made a peace the advantages of which are clearly on his own side. But such a peace will not be kept; and that is the best peace which is most likely to be the firmest. Now, a peace where the advantages are ballanced, and which consults the good of both parties, is the firmest, because both parties are interested in its preservation; for parchment bonds and seals of state will not restrain a discontented nation, that has arms in her hands and knows how to use them.

CCCXXXVIII.

No men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it

can perform. They have been tinkering the human constitution four thousand years, in order to cure about as many disorders. The result is, that mercury and brimstone are the only two specifics they have discovered. All the fatal maladies continue to be what they were in the days of Paracelsus, Hippocrates, and Galen, "*opprobria medicorum*," It is true that each disorder has a thousand prescriptions, but not a single remedy. They pour a variety of salts and acids into a marble mortar, and expect similar results when these ingredients are poured into the human stomach; but what can be so groundless as reasonings built on such analogies?* For the marble mortar admits the agency of atmospherical air, which cannot be said of the human stomach; and, again, the stomach possesses life,† and the gastric juice, which cannot be said of the marble mortar.

CCCXXXIX.

There are two metals, one of which is component in the cabinet, and the other in the camp—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both, may indeed attain the highest station, but he must know something *more*, to keep it. It has been doubted whether Cromwell, with all his pretended sanctity, and all his real courage, could have maintained his

* It is more safe to imitate the conduct of the late Dr. Herberden. He paid the strictest attention to symptoms, and to temperaments, and having ascertained these, to the best of his judgment, he prescribed such remedies as he had always observed to be beneficial to others under similar circumstances; and what was of still greater consequence, he carefully avoided what long experience had taught him would do harm. Here he stopped, for he was not so presumptuous as to frame thories to explain the why and the wherefore this did harm, or that did good; he was too much occupied in things of greater importance, well knowing that the wisest of us know nothing of life, but by its effects, and that the consequences of every prescription are far more clear and apparent than the causes that produce them.

† The gastric juice will not act upon a living stomach, although it will rapidly decompose a dead one.

power one short year longer, even if he had not died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and on the anniversary of that very day, which he had always considered as the most fortunate of his life. For Cromwell had also his *high destinies*, and his lucky days.

CCCXL.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity, unless sound sense be the trunk, and truth the root.

CCCXLI.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who, when alive would part with nothing. In Catholic countries there is no mortmain act; and those who, when dying, impoverish their relations, by leaving their fortunes to be expended in masses for themselves, have been shrewdly said to leave their own souls their heirs.

CCCXLII.

The science of the mathematics performs *more* than it promises, but the science of metaphysics promises more than it *performs*. The study of the mathematics, like the Nile, begins in minuteness, but ends in magnificence; but the study of metaphysics begins with a torrent of tropes, and a copious current of words, yet loses itself at last in obscurity and conjecture, like the Niger in his barren deserts of sand.

CCCXLIII.

To be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but, in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the *currency* may be somewhat impeded.

CCCXLIV.

The mob is a monster with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus,—strong to execute, but blind to perceive.

CCCXLV.

When we apply to the conduct of the ancient Romans, the pure and unbending principles of christianity, we try those noble delinquents unjustly, in as much as we condemn them by the severe sentence of an "*ex post facto*" law.

CCCXLVI.

Strong as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered, without being killed.

CCCXLVII.

Great men, like great cities, have many crooked arts, and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

CCCXLVIII.

There are some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light forever upon their legs; *didappers*, whom, if you had stripped naked and thrown over Westminster bridge, you might meet on the very next day, with bag-wigs on their heads, swords by their sides, laced coats upon their backs, and money in their pockets.

CCCXLIX.

We may doubt of the existence of matter, if we please, and, like Berkely, deny it, without subjecting ourselves to the shame of a very conclusive confutation; but there is this remarkable difference between matter and mind; he that doubts the existence of mind, by *doubting*, proves it.

CCCL.

The policy of drawing a public revenue from the private vices of drinking and of gaming, is as purblind

as it is pernicious; for temperate men drink the most because they drink the longest; and a gamester contributes much less to the revenue than the industrious, because he is much sooner ruined. When Mandeville maintained that private vices were public benefits, he did not calculate the widely destructive influence of bad example. To affirm that a vicious man is only his *own* enemy, is about as wise as to affirm that a virtuous man is only his *own* friend.

CCCLI.

Russia, like the elephant, is rather unwieldy in attacking others, but most formidable in defending herself. She proposes this dilemma to all invaders —a dilemma that Napoleon discovered too late. The horns of it are short and simple, but strong. *Come unto me with few, and I will overwhelm you; come to me with many, and you shall overwhelm yourselves.*

CCCLII.

The art of destruction seems to have proceeded geometrically, while the art of preservation cannot be said to have advanced even in a plain arithmetical progression; for there are but *two* specifics known that will infallibly cure their two respective diseases. But the modes of destroying life have increased so rapidly, that conquerors have not to consider how to murder men, but out of the numberless methods invented are only puzzled which to choose. If any nation should hereafter discover a new mode of more inevitable destruction to its enemies, than is yet known, (and some late experiments in chemistry make this supposition far from improbable,) it would, in that case, become absolutely necessary for all neighbouring nations to attempt a similar discovery; or that nation which continued in sole possession of so tremendous a secret, would, like the serpent of Aaron, swallow up all the neighbouring

nations, and ultimately subjugate the world. Let such a secret be at once known by any particular nation, and the awkward activity of all neighbouring states, by every possible effort of vigilant and sleepless espionage, and by the immense rewards proposed for information, mankind would soon perceive which of the two arts government considered of the greatest consequence—the art of preservation or that of destruction. If, indeed, any new and salutary mode of preserving life were discovered, such a discovery would not awaken the jealousy, nor become, in any degree, such a stimulus to the inventive faculties of other nations, as the art of destruction; princes and potentates would look on with indifference, and the progress of such discoveries has always been slow, and their salutary consequences remote and precarious. Inoculation was practised in Turkey long before it was known in Europe; and vaccination has, at this moment, many prejudices to contend with. The Chinese, who aspire to be thought an enlightened nation, to this day are ignorant of the circulation of the blood; and, even in England, the man who made that noble discovery, lost all his practice in consequence of his ingenuity; and Hume informs us, that no physician in the united kingdoms, who had attained the age of forty, ever submitted to Harvey's theory, but went on preferring *numpsimus* to *sumpsimus* to the day of his death. So true is that line of the satirist, "*a fool at forty, is a fool indeed*;" and we may also add, on this occasion, another line from another satirist:

"*Durum est,*
"*Quæ juvenes didicere, senes perdenda fateri*"

CCCLIII.

There are two things which, united, constitute the value of any acquisition, its difficulty and its utility. But the bulk of mankind, with Bayes in the

Rehearsal, like what will astonish, rather than what will improve. Dazzled by the difficulty, they examine not the utility; and he that benefits them by some mode which they can comprehend, is not so sure of their applause, as the political juggler who merely surprises them, they know not how.

CCCLIV.

God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

CCCLV.

The most disagreeable two-legged animal I know, is a little great man, and the next a little great man's factotum and friend.

CCCLVI.

There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

CCCLVII.

Civil and religious freedom go hand in hand, and in no country can much of the one long exist, without producing a correspondent portion of the other. No despotism, therefore, is so complete, as that which imposes ecclesiastical as well as political restrictions; and those tyrants in christendom, who discourage popery, have learned but half their lesson. Provided tyrants will assist her in fettering the mind, she will most readily assist them in enslaving the body.

CCCLVIII.

There are some persons whose erudition so much outweighs their observation, and have read so much and reflected so little, that they will not hazard the most familiar truism, or commonplace allegation, without bolstering up their ricketty judgments in the swaddling bands of antiquity, their doting nurse and

preceptress.—Thus, they will not be satisfied to say that content is a blessing, that time is a treasure, or that self-knowledge is to be desired, without quoting Aristotle, Thales, or Cleobulus; and yet these very men, if they met another walking in noon day, by the smoky light of a lantern, would be the first to stop and ridicule such conduct, but the last to recognise in *his folly* their own.

CCCLIX.

Mystery magnifies danger as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a *body;* and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

CCCLX.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

CCCLXI.

Revenge is a fever in our own blood, to be cured, only by letting the blood of another; but the remedy too often produces a relapse, which is remorse—a malady far more dreadful than the first disease, because it is incurable.

CCCLXII.

Afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

CCCLXIII.

When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe the fer-

tile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

CCCLXIV.

The French nation despises all other nations, except the English; we have the honour of her hate, only because she cannot despise us.

CCCLXV.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

CCCLXVI.

Neutrality is no favourite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.

CCCLXVII.

Religion, like its votaries, while it exists *on earth*, must have a body as well as a soul. A religion purely spiritual, might suit a being as pure, but men are compound animals; and the body too often lords it over the mind.

CCCLXVIII.

Secrecy has been well termed the soul of all great designs; perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions, than by discovering those of our enemy. But great men succeed in both.

CCCLXIX.

Always look at those whom you are talking *to*, never at those you are talking *of*.

CCCLXX.

There are some truths, the force and validity of which we readily admit, in all cases except our own; and there are other truths so self-evident that

we dare not deny them, but so dreadful that we dare not believe them.

CCCLXXI.

Many speak the truth, when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by *other men.*

CCCLXXII.

If the weakness of the head were an admissible excuse for the malevolence of the heart, the one half of mankind would be occupied in aggression, and the other half in forgiveness; but the interests of society peremptorily demand that things should not be so; for a fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more *incorrigible.*

CCCLXXIII.

There are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakspeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme!

CCCLXXIV.

The greatest professor and proficient in any science, loves it not so sincerely as to be fully pleased with any finer effort in it than he can *himself* produce. The feeling excited on such an occasion, is a mixed sensation of envy, delight and despair; but the bitters here are as two, the sweets but as one.

CCCLXXV.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

CCCLXXVI.

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be *sold,* and the other *buried.*

CCCLXXVII.

Husbands cannot be *principals* in their own cuckoldom, but they are parties to it much more often than they themselves imagine.

CCCLXXVIII.

Professors in every branch of the sciences, prefer their own theories to truth; the reason is that their theories are *private* property, but truth is common *stock*.

CCCLXXIX.

It is dangerous to be much praised in private circles before our reputation is fully established in the world.

CCCLXXX.

Many designing men, by asking small favours, and evincing great gratitude, have eventually obtained the most important ones. There is something in the human mind (perhaps the force of habit,) which strongly inclines us to continue to oblige those whom we have begun to oblige, and to injure those whom we have begun to injure; "*eo injuriosior quia nocuerat.*"

CCCLXXXI.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

CCCLXXXII.

It is safer to be attacked by some men, than to be *protected* by them.

CCCLXXXIII.

Persecuting bigots may be compared to those burning lences which Leuhenhoeck and others composed from ice; by their chilling apathy they freeze the suppliant; by their fiery zeal they burn the sufferer.

CCCLXXXIV.

As the rays of the sun, notwithstanding their ve-

locity, injure not the eye, by reason of their minuteness so the attacks of envy, notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue by reason of their insignificance.

CCCLXXXV.

There is a holy love, and a holy rage: and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when our passions are excited in the cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes, has also smothered many virtues,* and the best of us are better when roused. Passion is to virtue, what wine was to Æschylus and to Ennius,† under its inspiration their powers were at their height.

CCCLXXXVI.

Fear debilitates and [illegible]vers, but hope animates and revives; therefore rulers and magistrates should attempt to operate on the minds of their respective subjects, if possible, by reward, rather than punishment. And this principle will be strengthened by another consideration; he that is punished or rewarded, while he falls or rises in the estimation of others, cannot fail to do so likewise in his own.

CCCLXXXVII.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the lawful association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth, is at least as common as wealth without independence.

CCCLXXXVIII.

If St. Paul were again to appear on earth, since all the multifarious denominations of christians would

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*"*Socordia innocens.*"

†"———*Nunquam, nisi potus, ad aram* "*Succurrit dicendo.*"

claim him, which would he choose? The apostle himself shall answer: "*Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*"

CCCLXXXIX.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those who cannot conquer.

CCCXC.

There are politic friendships which knaves find it necessary to keep up with those whom they mean the more effectually to ruin; for most men may be led to their destruction, few can be driven. Had Talleyrand's enmity to Napoleon manifested itself in opposition, it would have been fatal, not to his master, but to himself; he maintained, therefore, a friendship that not only aggrandized himself, but opened a door for the communication of that advice that enabled him eventually to ruin his master.

CCCXCI.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

CCCXCII.

Demagogues, however fond they may affect to be of independence and liberty in their public speeches, are invariably tories in their private actions, and despots in their own families. The most violent of them have usually been formed by the refusal of some unreasonable request; and their patriotism appears in a very questionable shape, when we see that they rejoice in just as much public calamity as introduces them into power, and supplants their rivals.*

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* The real difference, therefore, between a tory and a whig

Restorations disappoint the loyal. If princes at such times have much to give, they have also much to gain; and policy dictates the necessity of bestowing rather to conciliate enemies, than to reward friends.*

CCCXCIII.

In our attempt to deceive the world, those are the most likely to detect us, *who are sailing on the same tack.*

CCCXCIV.

None know how to draw long bills on futurity, that never will be honoured, better than M[illegible]et. He possessed himself of a large stock of r[illegible]nd present pleasure and power here, by promising a visionary quantum of th[illegible] good things to his followers hereafter; and, like the maker of an almanac, made his fortune in this world, by telling absurd lies about another.

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would seem to be this: the one has power, the other wants it. Samuel Johnson was not a little disconcerted by an unexpected retort made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Dr. Crowe. The principles of our lexicographer ran with too much violence in one way, not to foam a little when they met with a current running equally strong in another. The dispute happened to turn upon the original of whiggism, for Johnson had triumphantly challenged Dr. Crowe to tell him who was the first whig; the latter finding himself a little puzzled, Dr. Johnson tauntingly rejoined, "I see, Sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party, but I will tell you, Sir: the devil was the first whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform even in Heaven." Dr Crowe calmly replied, "I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority; yet I rather fear that your argument makes against yourself; for, if the devil was a whig, you have admitted that while he was a whig, he was in Heaven, but you have forgotten that the moment he got into Hell, he set up for a tory."

* The amnesty act of Charles the Second was termed an act of oblivion to his friends, but of grateful remembrance to his foes. And on another occasion, the loyalty of the brave Orillon was not strengthened by any reward, only because it was considered too firm to be shaken by any neglect.

CCCXCV.

There are three things, that, well understood, and conscientiously practised would save the three professions a vast deal of trouble; but we must not expect that every member of the three professions would thank us for such a discovery, for some of them have too much time upon their hands; and a philosopher would be more inclined to smile than to wonder, should he now and then hear a physician crying down *regimen;* a lawyer, *equity;* or a priest, *morality.*

CCCXCVI.

[redacted]e ruined, not by what we really want, but by [redacted] we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

CCCXCVII.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring eternally, but to no purpose, and in constant motion, without getting on a jot; like a turnstile, he is in every body's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into every thing but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.

CCCXCVIII.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime, but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the

criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never coexisted but in one breast, and never will.

CCCXCIX.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

CCCC.

Hesitation is a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action, about which we hesitate, are seldom equally ballanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam, with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very *minute*, even although there should be *life* in one scale, and *death* in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkely, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage by a highwayman, who ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a *single* highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary, His lordship putting his hand into his pocket, replied. neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

CCCCI.

Some are so censorious as to advance, that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravity of the human heart, must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease, must be himself diseased.

CCCCII.

The learned have often amused themselves by publishing the follies of the dunces; but if the dunces would retaliate by publishing the blunders of the learned, they might for once put forth a volume that would *not be dull*, although it would be *large*. Dr. Johnson, when publishing his dictionary, requested, through the medium of one of the journals, the etymology of *curmudgeon*. Some one shortly afterwards answered the doctor's advertisement, by observing that it was in all probability derived from *cœur mechant*; these words he did not think it necessary to translate, but merely put as his signature, "*An unknown correspondent.*" A brother lexicographer, who was also preparing a dictionary, got to press before the doctor, and *ingeniously* as he thought forestalled him in the article of curmudgeon, where to the no small amusement of all etymologists, he had thus derived it, "curmudgeon, from cœur mechant, *an unknown correspondent!!*"

CCCCIII.

The profoundly wise do not declaim against superficial* knowledge in others, so much as the profoundly ignorant; on the contrary, they would rather assist it with their advice than overwhelm it with their contempt, for they know that there was a period when even a Bacon or a Newton were superficial,

* Desperately wounded, and at a fearful distance from all surgical help, I owe my own life, under providence, to a slight smattering in anatomy, by which I knew that the pressure of the finger close to the clevis would effectually stop the whole circulation of the arm; but this served my purpose at that time, as well as if I had been sufficiently skilled in the science, to be the demonstrator to a Cline or a Brodie. I cannot express my gratitude better to those very able and skillful surgeons who attended me on that occasion, than by saying that their success has excited the astonishment of some of the most eminent practitioners in this metropolis, who have also expressed their doubts even as to the attempt of saving the limb, had such an accident occurred in London.

and that he who has a little knowledge is far *more* likely to get more than he that has none. When the great Harvey was whipped at school for an experiment upon a cat, his *Orbilius* could not foresee in the little urchin that he was flagellating the future discoverer of the circulation of the blood. And the progress of the mind in science, is not very unlike the progress of science herself in experiment. When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it? The doctor answered this question by asking another: "*What is the use of a new born infant? It may become a man.*

CCCCIV.

When I hear persons gravely affirm that they have made up their minds to forego this or that improper enjoyment, I often think in myself that it would be quite as prudent, if they could also make up their *bodies* as well. Falstaff would have been as abstemious at the banquet as a hermit, and as firm in the battle as a hero, if he could have but gained over the consent of his belly, in the one case, and of his legs in the other. He that *strives for the mastery* must join a well disciplined body to a well regulated mind; for with mind and body, as with man and wife, it often happens that the stronger vessel is ruled by the weaker, although in moral, as in domestic economy, matters are best conducted where neither parties are unreasonable, and where *both* are agreed.

CCCCV.

Those who visit foreign notions, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs "*cœlum non animum mutant;*" they see new meridians, but the same men, and with heads as empty as their pockets, re-

turn home, with travelled bodies, but untravelled minds.

CCCCVI.

Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unskilful noviciate, who might usurp the first fiddle, would infallibly get into a *scrape*. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers, if too dissimilar, there will be no harmony, if too few, there will be no variety: and if too numerous, there will be no order, for the presumption of one prater* might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single kettledrum would drown the finest solo of a Gioniwich or a Jordini.

CCCCVII.

Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions; and some set off against the marvellous things that he has done, we might fairly abduce the monstrous things that he has believed. The more gross the fraud,† the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.

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* Butler compared the tongues of these eternal talkers to race-horses, which go the faster the less weight they carry; and Cumberland has observed, that they take possession of a subject as a highwayman does of a purse, without knowing its contents, or caring to whom it belongs.

† Who could have supposed that such a wretch as Joanna Southcote could have gained numerous and wealthy proselytes, in the nineteenth century, in an era of general illumination, and in the first metropolis of the world? I answer, none but philosophers, whose creed it is "nil admirari," when the folly of mankind is the subject.

CCCCVIII.

Although the majority of the inhabitants of London will stop to gaze at the merest trifles, will be amused by the heaviest efforts of dulness, and will believe their grossest absurdities, though they are the dupes of all that is designing abroad, or contemptible at home, yet, by residing in this wonderful metropolis, let not the wisest man presume to think that he shall *not* add to his wisdom, nor the most experienced man to his experience.

CCCCIX.

He that dies a martyr, proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool; since the most absurd doctrines are not without such evidence as martyrdom can produce. A martyr therefore, by the *mere* act of suffering, can prove nothing but his own faith. If, as was the case of the primitive christian martyrs, it should clearly appear that the sufferer could not have been himself deceived, then, indeed, the evidence rises high, because the act of martyrdom absolves him from the charge of wilfully deceiving others.

CCCCX.

Of governments, that of the mob is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.

CCCCXI.

When a man has displayed talent in some particular path, and left all competitors behind him in it, the world are too apt to give him credit for an universality of genius, and to anticipate for him success in all that he undertakes. But to appear qualified to fill the department of another, is much more easy, than really to master our own; and those who have succeeded in one profession, have seldom been able to afford the time necessary to the fully understand-

ing of a second. Cromwell could manage men, but when he attemped to manage horses,* he encountered more danger than in all his battles, and narrowly escaped with his life. Neither can we admit that definition of genius that some would propose, "a power to accomplish all that we undertake," for we might multiply examples to prove that this definition of genius contains more than the thing defined, for Cicero failed in poetry, Pope in painting, Addison in oratory; yet it would be harsh to deny genius to these men. But, as a man cannot be fairly termed a poor man who has a large property in the funds, but nothing in land, so we cannot deny genius to those who have discovered a rich vein in one province of literature, but poverty of talent in another. This tendency, however, to ascribe an universality of genius to great men, led Dryden to affirm, on the strength of two smart satirical lines, that Virgil could have written a satire equal to Juvenal. But, with all due deference to Dryden, I conceive it much more manifest, that Juvenal could have written a better opic than Virgil, than that Virgil coul l have written a satire equal to Juvenal. Juvenal has many passages of the moral sublime far superior to any that can be found in Virgil, who, indeed, seldom attempts a higher flight than the sublime of description. Had Lucan lived, he might have rivalled them both,

* Nero made a similar mistake; but he proved himself as unequal to the task of governing horses as of men, and as unfit to hold the reins of a chariot, as of a kingdom: he made his appearance at the hippodrame of Olympia, in a chariot drawn by ten horses, although he himself had formerly censured Mithridates for the same temerity; he was thrown from his seat, but unfortunately the fall was not fatal, although it prevented him from finishing the race; nevertheless, the halladonics, or stewards of the course proclaimed the emperor victor, and assigned him the Olympic crown, for which upright decision they were rewarded with a magnificent present. Galba, however, obliged them afterwards to refund it, and they themselves partly from shame, and partly from pique, erased that Olympiad out of the calendar,

as he has all the vigour of the one, and time might have furnished him with the taste and elegance of the other.

CCCCXII.

Horace makes an awkward figure in his vain attempt to unite his real character of sycophant, with the assumed one of the satirist: he sometimes attempts to preach down vice without virtue, sometimes to laugh it down without wit. His object was to be patronized by a court, without meanness, if possible, but, at all events, to be patronized. He served the times more, perhaps, than the times served him, and instead of forming the manners of his superiors, he himself was, in great measure, formed by them. In fact, no two men who have handled the same subject, differ so completely, both in character, and in style, as Horace and Juvenal; to the latter may be applied what Seneca said of Cato, that he gained as complete a triumph over the vices of his country, as Scipio did over the enemies of it. Had Juvenal lived in the days of Horace, he would have written much better, because much bolder; but had Horace lived in the time of Juvenal, he would not have dared to have written a satire at all; in attacking the false friends of his country, he would have manifested the same pusillanimity which he himself informs us he discovered, when he on *one* occasion ventured to attack her real foes.

CCCCXIII.

Shrewd and crafty politicians, when they wish to bring about an unpopular measure, must not go straight forward to work, if they do, they will certainly fail; and failures to men in power, are like defeats to a general, they shake their popularity. Therefore, since they cannot sail in the teeth of the wind, they must tack, and ultimately gain their object, by appearing at times to be departing from it.

Mr. Pitt, at a moment when the greatest jealousy existed in the country, on the subject of the freedom of the press, inflicted a mortal blow on this guardian of our liberties, without seeming to touch, or even to aim at it; he doubled the tax upon *all* advertisements, and this single act immediately knocked up all the host of pamphleteers, who formed the sharp-shooters and tirailleurs of literature, and whose fire struck more terror into administration than the heaviest cannonade from bulky quartos or folios could produce; the former were ready for the moment, but before the latter could be loaded and brought to bear, the object was either changed or removed, and had ceased to awaken the jealousies, or to excite the fears of the nation.

CCCCXIV.

That extremes beget extremes is an apothegm built on the most profound observation of the human mind; and its truth is in nothing more apparent than in those moral phenomena, perceivable when a nation inspired by one common sentiment, rushes at once from despotism to liberty. To suppose that a nation under such circumstances should confine herself precisely to that middle point, between the two extremes of licentiousness and slavery, in which true liberty consists, were as absurd as to suppose that a volcano, nearly suppressed and smothered by the superincumbent weight of a mountain, will neither consume itself, nor destroy what is contiguous when by an earthquake, that pressure is suddenly removed; for it must be remembered that despotism degrades and demoralizes the human mind; and though she at length forces men on a just attempt to recover by violence, those rights that by violence were taken away, yet that very depravation superinduced by despotism, renders men for a season unfit for the rational exercise of those civil rights, they

have with so much hazard regained. At such a crisis to expect that a people should keep the strict unbending path of rectitude and reason, without deviating into private rapine or public wrong, were as wise as to expect that a horse would walk in a straight line, immediately on being released from his trammels, after having been *blinded* by a long routine of drudgery in the circle of a mill.

CCCCXV.

When men in power profusely reward the intellectual efforts of individuals in their behalf, what are the public to presume from this? They may generally presume that the cause so remunerated was a bad one, in the opinions of those who are so grateful for its defence. In private life, a client will hardly set any bounds to his generosity, should his counsel be ingenious enough to gain him a victory, not only over his antagonist, but even over the laws themselves; and, in public affairs we may usually infer the weakness of the cause, by the excessive price that ministers have freely paid to those whose eloquence or whose sophistry has enabled them to make that weakness triumph.

CCCCXVI.

Much may be done in those little shreds and patches of time, which every day produces, and which most men throw away, but which nevertheless will make at the end of it, no small deduction from the life of man. Cicero has termed them *intercisiva tempora*, and the ancients were not ignorant of their value; nay, it was not unusual with them either to compose or to dictate, while under the operation of rubbing after the bath.

CCCCXVII.

Arbitration has this advantage, there are some points of contest which it is better to *lose* by arbitra-

tion than to win by law. But as a good general offers his terms before the action, rather than in the midst of it, so a wise man will not easily be persuaded to have recourse to a reference, when once his opponent has dragged him into a court.

CCCCXVIII.

In death itself there can be nothing terrible, for the act of death annihilates sensation; but there are many roads to death, and some of them justly formidable, even to the bravest; but so various are the modes of going out of the world, that to be born may have been a more painful thing than to die, and to live may prove a more troublesome thing than either.

CCCCXIX.

More have been ruined by their servants, than by their masters.

CCCCXX.

Love, like the cold bath, is never negative, it seldom leaves us where it finds us; if once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues, or inflame our vices.

CCCCXXI.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the deathbed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

CCCCXXII.

Public charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to christianity; no other system of civil or

religious policy has *originated* them ;—they form its highest praise and characteristic feature; an order of benevolence so disinterested, and so exhalted, looking before and after, could no more have *preceded* revelation, than light the sun.

CCCCXXIII.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

CCCCXXIV.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel, either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow.

CCCCXXV.

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and *always* a temptation to others.

CCCCXVI.

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

CCCCXXVII.

Those who are embarked in that greatest of all undertakings, the propagation of the gospel, and who do so from a thorough conviction of its superior utility and excellence, may indeed fail in saving others, but they are engaged in that labour of love, by which they are most likely to save themselves, particularly if they pray that through God's assistance *both ends* may be obtained.

CCCCXXVIII.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than

things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

CCCCXXIX.

Faith and works are as necessary to our spiritual life, as christians, as soul and body are to our natural life, as men; for faith is the soul of religion, and works the body.

CCCCXXX.

Solomon has said, "there is nothing new under the sun;" and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention; for that is often a revival, which we think a discovery.

CCCCXXXI.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

CCCCXXXII.

There are three kinds of praise, that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

CCCCXXXIII.

We generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends, might perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third; when to permit them to make their own choice, would be his ruin.

CCCCXXXIV.

Eloquence is the language of nature and cannot be learnt in the schools; the passions are powerful

pleaders, and their very silence, like that of Garrick, goes directly to the soul; but rhetoric is the creature of art, which he who feels least, will most excel in; it is the quackery of eloquence, and deals in nostrums, not in cures.

CCCCXXXV.

When honours come to us, rather than we to them, when they meet us, as it were, in the vestibule of life, it is well if our enemies can say no more against us, than that we are too young for our dignities; it would be much worse for us, if they could say that we are too old for them; time will destroy the first objection, but confirm the second.

CCCCXXXVI.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who it is notorious, mistook a philosopher for a highwayman.

CCCCXXXVII.

Faults of the head are punished in this world, those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.

CCCCXXXVIII.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.

CCCCXXXIX

Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.

CCCCXL.

A revengeful knave will do more than he will say; a grateful one will say more than he will do.

CCCCXLI.

In naval architecture, the rudder is first fitted in,

and then the ballast is put on board, and, last of all, the cargo and the sails. It is far otherwise in the fitting up and forming of man; he is launched into life with the cargo of his faculties aboard, and all the sails of his passions set; but it is the long and painful work of his life, to acquire the ballast of experience, and to form the rudder of reason; hence, it too often happens that his frail vessel is shipwrecked before he has laid in the necessary quantity of ballast, or that he has been so long in completing the rudder, that the vessel is become too crazy to benefit by its application.

CCCCXLII.

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others, think the highest of themselves: for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other. The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch; when it is out of order, they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one. The Persians think that all foreign merchants come to them from a small island in the northern waters, barren and desolate, which produces nothing good or beautiful; for why else, say they, do the Europeans fetch such things from us if they are to be had at home. The Turk will not permit the sacred cities of Mecca or Medina to be polluted by the residence or even footstep of a single Christian; and as to the grand Dairo of Japan, he is so holy that the sun is not permitted to have the honour of shining on his illustrious head. As to the king of Malacca, he styles himself lord of the winds; and the Mogul, to be equal with him, titles himself conqueror of the world, and his grandees are denominated rulers of the thunder storm and steersman of the whirlwind: even the pride of Xerxes, who fettered the sea, and wrote his commands to mount Athos;

or of Caligula, who boasted of an intrigue with the moon—are both surpassed by the petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe in North America, who every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good-morrow, and points out to him with his finger, the course he is to take for the day: and to complete this climax of pride and ignorance, it is well known, that the Khan of Tartary, who does not possess a single house under the canopy of heaven, has no sooner finished his repast of mare's milk and horse flesh, than he causes a herald to proclaim from his seat, that all the princes and potentates of the earth have his permission to go to dinner. "The Arab," says Zimmerman, "in the conviction that his caliph is infallible, laughs at the stupid credulity of the Tartar, who holds his lama to be immortal." Those who inhabit Mount Bata, believe that whoever eats a roasted cuckoo before his death, is a saint, and firmly persuaded of the infallibility of this mode of sanctification, deride the Indians, who drag a cow to the bed of a dying person, and by pinching her tail, are sure, if by that method they can make the creature void her urine in the face of the patient, he is immediately translated into the third heaven. They scoff at the superstition of the Tartarian princes, who think that their beatification is secure, provided they can eat of the holy excrements of the lama; and the Tartans in their turn, ridicule the Brahmins, who, for the better purification of their country, require them to eat cow-dung for the space of six months, while these would, one and all, if they were told of the cuckoo method of salvation, as heartily desp[ise] and laugh at it. I have cited these ridiculous e[x]agancies to show that there are two things in [w]hich all sects agree, the hatred with which they [re]gard the errors of others, and the love with which [c]ling to their own.

CCCCXLIII.

We must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the rescipient. We do not put essences into hogsheads, nor porter into phials. Delicate minds may be disgusted by compliments that would please a grosser intellect, as some fine ladies, who would be shocked at the idea of a dram, will not refuse a liquere. Some, indeed, there are, who profess to despise all flattery, but even these are, nevertheless, to be flattered, by being told that they do despise it.

CCCCXLIV.

Expense of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage; since there are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no rescources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body, and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

CCCCXLV.

Some men of a secluded and studious life, have sent forth from their closet or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts, and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon which, though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb that world of waters.

CCCCXLVI.

Happiness is much more equally divided than some s imagine. One man shall possess most of the ials, but little of the thing; another may posnuch of the thing, but very few of the materi- In this particular view of it, happiness has been autifully compared to the manna in the desert, *he*

that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; therefore to diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness then can have no other foundation than the deepest wisdom; and the happiest fool is only as happy as he knows how to be.

CCCCXLVIII.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

CCCCXLIX.

Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honour from repulse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of rational preference, and just appreciation, start for that *prize that endureth forever;* you will have little left to learn. The advantages you will possess over common minds, will be those of the *Lanista* over the *Tyro*, and of the veteran over the recruit.

CCCCL.

Truth and reason, in this mixed state of good and evil, are not invariably triumphant over falsehood and error; but even when labouring under a *temporary* defeat, the two former bear within them one stamp of superiority which plainly indicates that

Omnipotence is on their side; for their worthy conquerors for *such* a victory, universally retire abashed, enlightened, self-reproved, and exclaiming with Pyrrhus, *a few more such victories and we are undone.*

CCCCLI.

Were a plain unlettered man but endowed with common sense, and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink, and oceans of blood.

CCCCLII.

The most cruel and revengeful measures, when once carried, have often been pushed to their utmost extremity, by those very men, who, before their enactment pretended to oppose them, in order to throw the odium on others. But this opposition has proceeded from the lip, not from the heart, and would not have been made, if the objector did not foresee that *his* opposition would be *fruitless.* Augustus, with his *usual* hypocrisy, pretended to be shocked with the idea of a proscription, and perceiving that Antony and Lepidus were two to one against him, he knew that his single vote against the measure could not succeed; and that, by giving it, he should preserve his popularity, and not be prevented from glutting his revenge; but Suetonius informs us, that when the horrid work commenced, he carried it on with a severity more unrelenting than either of his colleagues; "*utroque acerbius exercuit,*" and that whenever Lepidus or Antony were inclined to mercy, either from interest, entreaty, or bribes, he alone stoutly and lustily stood out for blood: "*Solus magnopere contendit ne cui parceretur.*"

CCCCLIII.

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

CCCCLIV.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

CCCCLV.

Riches may enable us to confer favours; but to confer them with propriety, and with grace, requires a something that riches cannot give; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles. The citizens of Megara offered the freedom of their city to Alexander; such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of him who had conquered the world; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but to Hercules and himself.

CCCCLVI.

The worst thing that can be said of the most powerful is, that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.

CCCCLVII.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

CCCCLVIII.

When the cruel fall into the hands of the cruel, we read their fate with horror, not with pity. Sylla commanded the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn in pieces with pincers, and Catiline was the executioner. "A piece of cruelty," says Sene-

ca, "only fit for Marius to suffer, Catiline to execute, and Sylla to command."

CCCCLIX.

Injuries accompanied with insults are never forgiven; all men, on these occasions, are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest; they never threaten until they can strike, and smile when they cannot. Caligula told Valerius, *in public*, what kind of a bedfellow his wife was; and when the Tribune Cherus, who had an effeminate voice, came to him for the watchword, he would always give him Venus or Priapus. The first of these men was the principal instrument in the conspiracy against him, and the second cleft him down with his sword, to convince him of his manhood.

CCCCLX.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

CCCCLXI.

We should have all our communications with men as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.

CCCCLXII.

A power above all human responsibility, ought to be above all human attainment; he that is unwilling *may* do harm, but he that is unable *can* not.

CCCCLXIII.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities of of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the magnanimity of a god. do we not behold an heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.

CCCCLXIV.

It is dangerous to take liberties with great men unless we know them thoroughly; the keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth, upon a *short* acquaintance.

CCCCLXV.

Love is an alliance of friendship and of lust; if the former predominate, it is a passion exhalted and refined, but if the latter, gross and sensual.

CCCCLXVI.

That virtue which depends on opinion, looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.

CCCCLXVII.

If patrons were more *disinterested*, ingratitude would be more rare. A person receiving a favour is apt to consider that he is, in some degree, discharged from the obligation, if he that confers it, derives from it some visible advantage, by which he may be said *to repay himself*. Ingratitude has, therefore, been termed a nice preception of the causes that induced the obligation; and Alexander made a shrewd distinction between his two friends, when he said that Hephæstion loved Alexander, but Craterus the *king*.—Rochefacult has some ill-natured maxims on this subject; he observes "that we are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us; that we confer benefits more from compassion to ourselves than to others; that gratitude is only a nice calculation, whereby we repay small favours, in the hope of receiving greater, and more of the like." By a certain mode of reasoning indeed, there are very few human actions which might not be resolved into self-love. It has been said that we assist a distressed object, to get rid of the unpleasant sympathy excited by misery unrelieved; and it might, with equal plausibility

be said, that we repay a benefactor to get rid of the unpleasant burthen imposed by an obligation. Butler has well rallied this kind of reasoning, when he observes, "That he alone is *ungrateful*, who makes returns of obligations, because he does it merely to free himself from owing as much as thanks." In common natures, perhaps an active gratitude may be traced to this; the pride that scorns to owe, has triumphed over that self-love that hates to pay.

CCCCLXVIII.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

CCCCLXIX

Governments connive at many things which they ought to correct, and correct many things at which they ought to connive. But there is one mode of correcting so as to endear, and of conniving so as to reprove.

CCCCLXX.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head, or a very short creed. Many gain a false credit for liberality of sentiment in religious matters, not from any tenderness they may have to the opinions or consciences of other men, but because they happen to have no opinion or conscience of their own.

CCCCLXXI.

As all who frequent any place of public worship, however they may differ from the doctrines there delivered, are expected to comport themselves with seriousness and gravity, so in religious controversies, ridicule ought never to be resorted to on either side; whenever a jest is introduced on such a subject, it is indisputably out of its place, and ridicule, thus employed, so far from being a test of truth, is the surest test of

error, in those who, on such an occasion, can stoop to have recourse unto it.

CCCCLXXII.

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman, and those who release her from her cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering* her.

CCCCLXXIII.

Men of strong minds, who think for themselves should not be discouraged, on finding occasionally that some of their best ideas have been anticipated by former writers; they will neither anathematize others with a *pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint*, nor despair themselves. They will rather go on in science, like John Hunter in physics, discovering things before discovered, until like him, they are rewarded with a *terra*, hitherto *incognitia* in the sciences, an empire indisputably their own, both by right of conquest and of discovery.

CCCCLXXIV.

The most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves; therefore, it is ridiculous to see character-mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down: they generally find or make for him some ruling passion the rudder of his course; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men and women have but one *apparent good*. Those indeed,

are the strongest minds, and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant goods, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.

CCCCLXXV.

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends. Theodore and others, who gravely defend the monkish miracles, and the luminous cross of Constantine, by their zeal without knowledge, and devotion without discretion, have hurt the cause of Christianity more by such frienship, than the apostate Julian by his hostility, notwithstanding all the wit and vigour with which it was conducted.

CCCCLXXVI.

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.

CCCCLXXVII.

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy—avaricious men of generosity—and proud men of humility,—that is to say, in others, not in themselves.

CCCVLXXVIII.

There is this difference between hatred and pity; pity is a thing often avowed, seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, seldom avowed.

CCCCLXXIX.

There is elasticity in the human mind, capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself, until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its pow-

ers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have *nothing to bear.*

CCCCLXXX.

Were the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy, that it would become necessary again to drown or to burn the world. Earth would become an hell; for future rewards, when put off to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

CCCCLXXXI.

He that is contented with obscurity, if he acquire no fame will suffer no persecution; and he that is determined to be silent, may laugh securely at the whole corps of critics, although they should exclaim as vainly as the patriarch Job, "*O that our enemy had written a book.*"

CCCCLXXXII.

Physicians must discover the weakness of the human mind, and ever condescend to humour them, or they never will be called in to cure the infirmities of the body.

CCCCLXXXIII.

Envy ought, in strict truth, to have no place whatever allowed it in the heart of man; for the goods of this present world are so vile and low, that they are beneath it; and those of the future world are so vast and exalted, that they are above it.

CCCCLXXXIV.

If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the sincerest christian to go to Heaven.

CCCCLXXXV.

The schisms in the church of Christ are deeply to be lamented, on many accounts, by those who have any regard for all that is valuable and worth preserving amongst men; and, although we are willing to hope and believe with Paley, that the rent has not reached the foundation, yet are these differences (though not in essentials) most particularly to be lamented, because they prevent the full extension of the glorious light of the gospel throughout the world. These differences amongst ourselves, furnish those whom we would attempt to convert, with this plausible, and to them I fear unanswerable argument;—with what face can you christians attempt to make us converts to your faith, when you have not yet decided amongst yourselves what christianity is? Surely it will be time enough to make proselytes of others, when you yourselves are agreed. For Calvin damns the Pope and the Pope damns Calvin; and the *only* thing in which they agree, is in damning Socinus, while Socinus in his turn, laughs at both and believes neither.

CCCCLXXXVI.

The mob, like the ocean, is very seldom agitated without some cause superior and exterior to itself; but (to continue the simile) both are capable of doing the *greatest* mischief after the cause which *first* set them in motion has ceased to act.

CCCCLXXXVII.

The victims of ennui paralyse all the grosser feelings by excess, and torpify all the finer by disuse and inactivity. Disgusted with this world and indifferent about another, they at least lay violent hands upon themselves and assume no small credit for the *sang froid* with which they meet death. But alas, such beings can scarcely be said to die, for they have never *truly lived*.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

A dull author just delivered, and a plain woman about to be so, are two very important animals.

CCCCLXXXIX.

There are moments of despondency, when Shakspeare thought himself no poet and Raphael no painter; when the greatest wits have doubted the excellence of their happiest efforts.

CCCCXC.

It has been observed that a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, will see farther than the giant himself; and the moderns, standing as they do on the vantage ground of former discoveries and uniting all the fruits of the experience of their forefathers, with their own actual observation may be admitted to enjoy a more enlarged and comprehensive view of things than the ancients themselves; for that alone is *true antiquity*,* which embraces the antiquity of the *world*, and not that which would refer us back to a period when the *world was young*. But by whom is this true antiquity enjoyed? Not by the ancients, who did live in the infancy, but by the moderns who do live in the maturity of things. Therefore as regards the age of the world, we may lay a juster claim to the title of being the *ancients*, even than our very forefathers themselves, for they inhabited the world when it was young, but we occupy it now that it is old; therefore that precedent may not exert too despotic a rule over experience, and that the dead may not too strictly govern the living, may I be pardoned in taking a brief and cursory view of the claims of the *ancients* to our veneration, so far as they are built on the only proper foundation,—superiority of mind. But it is by no means my object to lessen

* Mundi enim senium pro antiquitate vere habendum est: quod temporibus nostris tribui debet, non juniori aetati mundi qualis apud antiquos fuit.

our esteem for those great men who have lived before us, and who have accomplished such wonders, considering the scantiness of their means; my intention is merely to suggest that the veneration due to times that are past, is a blind veneration, the moment it is paid at the expence of times that are present; for as these very ancients themselves were once the moderns, so we moderns must also become ancients in our turn. What I would principally contend for, is that the moderns enjoy a much more extended and comprehensive view of science, than the ancients; not because we have greater capacities, but simply because we enjoy far greater *capabilities*; for that which is perfect, in science is most commonly the elaborate result of successive improvements, and of various judgments exercised on the rejection of what was wrong no less than in the adoption of what was right. We therefore are profiting not only by the knowledge, but also by the ignorance, not only by the discoveries, but also by the errors of our forefathers; for the march of science, like that of time, has been progressing in the darkness, no less than the light Now the great chart of antiquity is chronology; and so sensible of its value was Scaliger, that his celebrated invocation to the Olympiads, is as full of passion and admiration as the warmest address of a lover to his mistress, with this difference, that our literary Colossus sought for wrinkles rather than dimples and his idol would have had more charms for him, if she had numbered more ages upon her head But it is admitted that previously to the establishment of the Olympiads there was much error and confusion in the historical records of Greece and Rome, neither if their dates had been accurately calculated, did they possess the means which we enjoy of multiplying the recordances of them, so as to put them beyond the reach either of accidental or intentional destruction; and hence it happens that on the great-

est work of antiquity, the pyramids, chronology has nothing to depose; one thing is apparent, that the builders of them were not totally ignorant either of geometry, or of astronomy, since they are all built with their respective faces precisely opposite the four cardinal points. It is well known that a modern "*nulli veterum virtute secundus*," has detected an enormous error in ancient chronology, and has proved that the Argonautic expedition, and the Trojan war, are nearer to the birth of Christ by six hundred years, than all former calculation had placed them; for Hipparchus, who first discovered the procession of the equinoxes, fancied they retrograded one degree in one hundred years, whereas, Sir Isaac Newton* has determined that they go back one degree in seventy-two years. As geographers, their knowledge is still more limited, since they were ignorant of the *polarity* of the magnet, although they were acquainted with its powers of attraction; many of them fancied the earth was motionless and flat; that the pillars of Hercules were its boundaries; and that the sun set in the sea, was believed by graver persons than the poets; and with a timidity proportionate to their ignorance, in all their voyages they

* We know that the fixed stars, which were formerly in Aries are now in Taurus; and the point proposed by Sir Isaac Newton was to ascertain from the Greek astronomy, what was the position of the colours with respect to the fixed stars, in the time of Chiron: and as Sir Isaac had proved that the fixed stars have a motion in longitude of one degree in seventy two years, not in one hundred years, as Hipparchus has affirmed, the problem was to calculate the distance between those stars through which the colour now passes, and those through which it passed in the time of Chiron. And as Chiron was one of the argonauts this would give us the number of years that have elapsed since that famous expedition, and would consequently fix the true date of the Trojan war; and these two events form the cardinal points of the ancient chronology so far at least as the Greeks and the Romans are concerned. A something similar attempt to correct the ancient chronology has also been undertaken, by a retro-calculation of the eclipses.

seldom dared to lose sight of the coast, since a needle and a quadrant would have been as useless a present to Palinurus, the helmsman of Æneas, as to the chief of an Indian canoe. As historians, it is almost superfluous to say, that their credibility is much shaken by that proneness to believe in prodigies, auguries, omens, and the interposition of their gods; with credulity the very soberest of them have by no means escaped. As moralists, their want of confidence in a future state of existence, was a source of the greatest error and confusion. They could not sincerely approve of virtue, as a principle of action always to be depended on, since without a future state, virtue is not always its own reward. Nor did the noblest of them, as Brutus and Cato, succeed in finding it to be so. Their honestum, and their decorum, were phantoms that fed on the air of opinion, and like the camelion, changed as often as their food; yet, these visionary objects, though undefined, were perpetually explained, and though ungrasped, were constantly pursued.* As warriors, their ignorance of chymis-

* Carneades was a philosopher, whose eloquence Cicero dreaded so much, that he deprecated an attack from him, in the humblest manner, in the following words: Perturbatricem autem harum omnium rerum academiam hanc ab Arcesila et Carneade recentum exoremus ut sileat; nam si invaserit in has quae satis scite nobis instructae et compositae videntur rationes nimias udet ruinas, quam quidam ego placare cubio submovere non audeo." Now this Carneades whom Cicero so much dreaded, maintained that there was no such thing as justice! and he supported his theory by such sophisms as these: that the condition of men is such that if they have a mind to be just, they must act imprudently; and that if they have a mind to act prudently, they must be unjust; and that, it follows, there can be no such thing as justice, because a virtue inseparable from a folly cannot be just. Lactantius is correct, when he affirms that the heathens could not answer this sophism, and that Cicero dared not undertake it. The error was this, the restricting of the value of justice to temporal things; for to those who disbelieve a future state, or even have doubts about it, "honesty is not always the best policy," and it is reserved for Christians, who take into their consideration the whole ex-

try must render their campaigns very tame and uninteresting to those who reflect that a single piece of ordinance would have secured to Pompey the battle of Pharsalia, and that a single frigate at Actium, would have given Antony the empire of the world. In the useful arts, their ignorance of the powers of steam, and of that property of water, by which it rises to its level, has rendered all their efforts proofs of their perseverance rather than of their knowledge, and evidence of the powers of their hands rather than of their heads The most stupendous remains of antiquity, the aqueducts themselves, are rather monuments of a strength like that of Sampson, blind to contrive, but powerful to execute, than of a skill, sharpsighted to avoid difficulties, rather than to overcome them. But, with all these defects, we must admit that the ancients were a wonderful order of men, and a contemplation of their actions will richly repay the philosopher. The ancients are fully rescued from all imputation of imbecility, for they were denied those ample means of an advancement in knowledge, to which we have access; and it is highly probable that some *future modern* will have hereafter to make the very same apology for us. If I have cited some of their deficiencies, I have done it, not to diminish that respect we owe to them, but to give somewhat more of solidity to that which we owe to ourselves. We willingly submit to the authority and attestation of the dead; but when it would triumph over all the improvement and experience of the living, it is no longer submission, but

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latence of man, to argue clearly and consequentially on the sterling value of justice. It is well known that Mr Hume himself was never so much puzzled as when peremptorily asked, by a lady at Bath, to declare, upon his honour as a gentleman, whether he would choose his own confidential domestics from such as held his own principles, or from those who conscientiously believed the eternal truths of Revelation. He frankly decided in favour of the latter.

slavery. We would then rather be right with one single companion, *truth*, than wrong with all the celebrous names of antiquity. We freely admit that the ancients effected *all* that could be accomplished by men who lived in the *infancy* of time; but the eagle of science herself could not soar *until* her wings were grown. In sculpture, and in poetry, two sciences where they had the means, our forefathers had fully equalled, perhaps exceeded their children. In sculpture, the image worship of their temples held out the highest encouragement to the artist; and in the battle, no less than in the palæstra statues were the principal rewards of conquerors. We know that Pindar was refused the price he had set upon an ode in celebration of one who had been crowned at the Olympic games, because the victor had calculated that a much less sum would purchase a statue of brass. But, on the following day, he determined to employ the poet, under the conviction that an ode of Pindar would outlive a statue of far more indescrutible materials than marble or brass. We might also add, that the games of Greece enabled the sculptor to study the human form, not only naked, but in all its various attitudes of musclar exertion; and while the genial climate of Greece supplied the sculptor with the finest models, the soil furnished him with the best materials. If the ancients are *more* than our rivals in poetry, it may be observed, that their mythology was eminently calculated for poetical machinery, and also that the scenery of nature, that laboratory of the poet, neither wants nor waits for its full improvement, from the progressive hand of time. We must also remember, that the great merit of this art is originality, and its peculiar province invention. The ancients, therefore, being in the order of precedence the *first* discoverers of the *poetical* mine, took care to help themselves to the largest diamonds.

CCCCXCI.

Success too often sanctions the worst and the wildest schemes of human ambition. That such a man as Cromwell should have been enabled, under any circumstances, to seize the reigns of a mighty empire, is matter of surprise to some, of indignation to all. Could we call him up from the dead, he is the very last man that could rationally explain his own success, which, no doubt, at the time, excited as much astonishment in himself as in beholders; but he owed as much to the folly, timidity and fanatacism of others, as to his own sagacity, courage, and craftiness, In fact, the times made him, not he the times. If a civil war raged at this moment, and the sacred names of king and parliament again arrayed against each other in the field, such a man as Cromwell, at present, would never arrive at any station higher than an adjutant of dragoons. He might preach and pray, and write and fight, and bluster and harangue, but not one step higher would he get. If every thing in his character had not been artificial, except *his courage*, he had been nobody; and if he had not carried his hypocrisy so far as at times to deceive himself, he had been ruined. When he cleared the house of commons, and exclaimed, "you are an adulterer, you are an extortioner, you are a glutton, and you are no longer a parliament;" suppose a single member had rejoined, and you are a hypocrite, and by this illegal act have forfeited your commission, and are no longer an officer; soldiers at your peril proceed! Such a speech might have turned the whole tide of affairs, and have sent back Oliver to the tower instead of to Whitehall, never again to quit it, except to lay his head upon the block.

CCCCXCII.

It was observed of the Jesuits, that they constantly inculcated a thorough contempt of worldly things

in their doctrines, but eagerly grasped at them in their lives. They were "*wise in their generation*," for they cried down worldly things, because they wanted to obtain them, and cried up spiritual things because they wanted to dispose of them.

CCCCXCIII.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

CCCCXCIV.

"The fowler," saith Solomon, "*spreadeth not his net in the sight of the bird*;" and if rulers open the eyes of a nation, they must expect that they will see. A government that is corrupt can no more consist with a population that is enlightened, than the night can continue when the sun is up. But the most laudable efforts are now making by those that are in power, for the intellectual improvement of the labouring classes of society. It would be invidious to affirm, with some, that our rulers have done so much only because they were affraid that *others* would do more, if they themselves did nothing. There are good grounds to believe that they have been influenced by higher motives, but, at all events, every public measure for the intellectual improvement of the governed, is the surest pledge and guarantee, of the integrity of those who govern, because all that are in power are well aware that a corresponding purity in those who rule, must ever keep a proportionate pace with the progression of knowledge in those who obey. Some would maintain that the rays of truth, like those of the sun, if too abundant, dazzle the multitude, rather than enlighten them; but this analogy is false, for truth has no such effect, although the *ignus fatuus* of error may; and although truth is brighter than the sun, yet the mind is stronger than the body, and the intellectual eye can look at the

essence of moral truth, with far less uneasiness than the corporeal eye at the concentration of material.

CCCCXCV.

Some demagogues, like Catiline, can raise a storm, who cannot, like Cromwell, rule it; thus the Gracchi, wishing to make the Agrarian law the ladder of their assent, found it the instrument of their fall; "*fracta compage ruebant*"

CCCCXCVI.

Dreams ought to produce no conviction whatever on philosophical minds. If we consider how many dreams are dreamt every night, and how many events occur every day, we shall no longer wonder at those accidental coincidences, which ignorance mistakes for verifications.—There are also numberless instances on record, where dreams have brought about their own fulfilment, owing to the weakness and credulity of mankind. The mother of Abbot, who filled the Archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury, in the reign of James the First, had a dream, that if she could eat a pike, the child with which she was then pregnant, would be a son, and rise to great preferment. Not long after this, in taking a pail of water our of the river Wey, which ran near her house, she accidentally caught a pike, and thus had an opportunity of fulfilling the first part of her dream. This story being much noised about, and coming to the ears of some persons of distinction, they became sponsors to the child, and his future patrons. But I suspect, after all, that this marvellous pike swallowed by the mother, was not so instrumental to the archbishop's preferment as the story of the Earl of Gowrie's conspiracy against the life of the king, swallowed by the son. It would seem that there are occasions where even churchmen may carry the doctrine of divine right so far as to displease even kings, for thus writeth King James, with his own hand, to Doctor Ab-

bott, then a dean, "you have dipped too deep into what all kings reserve among the *arcana imperii*; and whatever aversion you may profess against God's being the author of sin, you have stumbled even on the threshold of that opinion, in saying, upon the matter, that even tyranny is God's authority, and ought to be remembered as such. But, if the King of Spain should return to claim his old pontifical right to my kingdom, you leave me to seek for others to fight for it, for you tell us, upon the matter, beforehand, that his authority is God's authority, if he prevail." A man who could go such lengths, was not likely to continue long in a deanery, under the reign of James, nor need we call in the assistance of a dream to account for his promotion.

CCCCXCVII.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, the tide of opinion set so strong in favour of loyalty, that the principal annalist of that day pauses to express his wonder where all the men came from, who had done all the mischief; but this was the surprise of ignorance; for it is in politics as in religion, that none run into such extremes as renegadoes, or so ridiculously overact their parts. The passions, on these occasions, take their full swing, and react like the pendulum, whose oscillations on one side, will always be regulated by the height of the arc it has subtended on the other.

CCCCXCVIII.

He that from small beginnings has *deservedly* raised himself to the highest stations, may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object, that he anticipated in the pursuit of it. But although the individual may be disappointed, the community are benefitted, first, by his exertions, and secondly by his example; for, it has been well observed, that the public are served, not by what the lord mayor

feels, who rides in his coach, but by what the apprentice boy feels, who looks at them.

CCCCXCIX.

As in public life, that minister that makes war with parsimony, must make peace with prodigality, so in private life, those hostile but feeble measures which only serve to irritate our enemies, not to intimidate them, are by all means to be avoided; for he that has recourse to them, only imposes upon himself the ultimate necessity of purchasing a reconciliation often expensive, always humiliating.

D.

A noble income, nobly expended, is no common sight; It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it, like a gentleman. If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease. What we lend we shall most probably lose; what we spend rationally, we shall enjoy; what we distribute to the deserving, we shall enjoy and *retain*.*

DI.

The inexhaustable resources of Great Britain were always an inexplicable mystery to Napoleon, and he was taught their reality only by their effects; there *was* a period, when, to the defence of the noblest cause, England brought the highest valour, while all that were oppressed, *drew at sight* on her treasure and on her blood. It would have been glorious if she had evinced a magnanimity that calculated not on return; if she had continued to show benefits, although she might reap ingratitude. Alas! she found it more easy to conquer others than her-

* If there be any truth in the old epitaph,
"What we lent we lost;
"What we spent we have:
"What we gave, we had."

self. But her safety requires not the compromise of her honour; for although her prosperity will draw envy,* her power may despise it. she is beset with difficulties, but it is her own fault if they become dangers; and, although she may suffer somewhat if compared with her former self, she is still gigantic if compared with others. She may command peace, since she has not relinquished the sinews of war; a paradox to all other nations, she will say to America territory is not power; to India, population is not force; and, to Spain, money is not wealth.

DII.

To judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit; for, in every instace, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity When Nelson fought his battle in the Sound, it was the result *alone* that decided whether he was to kiss a *hand* at a court, or a *rod* at a court-martial.

DIII.

Princes rule the people, and their own passions rule princes; but Providence can overrule the whole, and draw the instruments of his inscrutible purposes from the vices, no less than from the virtues of kings. Thus, the Reformation, which was planted by the lust of Henry the Eighth of England, was preserved by the ambition of Philip the Second of Spain. Queen Mary would have sacrificed Elizabeth to the full establishing of the Catholic faith, if

* Envy, as is generally the case, is both purblind and impolitic; it is for the general and true interest of the world, that Great Britain should hold the sceptre of the seas, for if she ceased to wield it, it must of necessity devolve to France: and on the fatal consequences of such a calamity, to the best interests of the civilized world, there can be no necessity to enlarge; not that France would make a worse use of such power than some other nations, but because such an accumulation of it ought not to be vested in any, that are already so powerful by land.

she had not been prevented by Philip the Second, her husband, who foresaw, in the death of Elizabeth the succession of Mary Stewart, who was then married to Francis the Second, and, in that succession, he anticipated the certain union of Great Britain and France; an event that would have dispersed to the winds his own ambitious dream of universal monarchy. The consequence was, the life of Elizabeth was preserved, and the Protestant cause prevailed.

DIV.

The great estate of a dull book maker is biography; but we should read the lives of great men, if written by themselves, for two reasons; to find out what others really were, and what they themselves would *appear* to be.

DV.

To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others, and how little to ourselves. Philip having made himself master of Potidœa, received three messengers in one day; the first brought him an account of a great victory, gained over the Illyrians, by his general Parmenio; the second told him that he was proclaimed victor at the Olympic games; and the third informed him of the birth of Alexander But there was nothing all these events that ought to have fed the vanity, or that would have justified the pride of Philip, since, as an elegant writer* remarks," for the first he was indebted to his general; for the second to his horse; and his wife is shrewdly suspected of having helped him to the *third*."

DVI.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us

* See Lee's Pindar.

appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

DVII.

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

DVIII.

Subtract from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakspeare, and trash will remain.

DVIX.

He that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, *new* ideas, and *old* wine, will not often dine with the great.

DX.

Those who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better been concealed; namely that their vanity has survived themselves.

DXI.

In reading the life of any great man, you will always in the course of his history, chance upon some obscure individual, who on some particular occasions was greater than him whose life you are reading.

DXII.

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say is there any harm in doing this? This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another; is there any harm in letting it alone?

DXIII.

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

DXIV.

When men of senses approve, the million are sure to follow; to be pleased, is to pay a compliment to their own taste.

DXV.

The death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of christianity as the life of Paul.

DXVI.

Women generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.

DXVII.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

DXVIII.

We should embrace Christianity, even on prudential motives; for a just and benevolent God will not punish an intellectual being for believing what there is so much reason to believe: therefore we run no risk by receiving Christianity, if it be false, but a dreadful one, by rejecting it, if it be true.

DXIX.

The great designs that have been digested and matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, fully prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.

DXX.

He that knows himself knows others; and he that

is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.

DXXI.

We ought not to be over anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established, and it is understood.

DXXII.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for, whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

DXXIII.

There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

DXXIV.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

DXXV.

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

DXXVI.

All great cities abound with little men, whose object it is to be the stars of the dinner table, and grand purveyors of all the stray jokes of the town; so long as these *turnspits* confine themselves to fetch and carry for their *masters*, they succeeded tolerably well; but the moment they set up for originality, and commence manufacturers instead of retailers, they are

ruined. Like the hind wheel of the carriage which is in constant pursuit of the fore one, without ever overtaking it, so these become the *doubles* of a Selwyn or a Sheridan, but without ever coming up to them. They are constantly near wit, without being witty, as his valet is always near a great man, without being great.

DXXVII.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

DXXVIII.

The British constitution, *as it is to be found in "Magna Charta," and the "Bill of Rights,"* has so much that is good, and worthy of preservation, that a lover of true liberty would rather live under it, than under any other mode of government, ancient or modern, barbarous or refined. Its destruction, at the present moment, would be the most melancholy thing that could happen both to Englishmen and to the world. Such an event would retrograde the march of improvement many centuries of years; and he that could coolly set about to effect it, must unite the frenzy of the maniac, with the malignity of the demon. The financial difficulties which this mighty empire has at present to contend with, as they arise from the most honorable causes, throw a greater lustre upon her, in the eyes of surrounding nations, than the most brilliant prosperity could possibly do, if obtained by the slightest direliction of public principle and faith. The *fiscal* embarrassments of the nation ought not, and must not endanger the *constitution*. The sincere lovers of the constitution tremble not at *these* things, but they do tremble when they see the possibility of a violation of the laws with impunity, whether that violation be attempted by the *highest*, or by the *lowest*. For if we trace the

history of most revolutions, we shall find that the first inroads upon the laws have been made by the governors as often as by the governed. The after excuses committed by the people, have usually been the result of that common principle of our nature, which incites us to follow the example of our betters, however ridiculous the consequences may be on some occasions, or deplorable on others. The laws are a restraint submitted to by both parties, the ruler and the subject, until the fences on both sides being completely broken down and destroyed, the two parties meet in the adverse shock of mutual hostility, and force becomes, for a season, the sole legislator of the land. In this country, the king has been justly termed *the speaking law; the law, the silent king.* We have a monarch not at all inclined to strain his prerogative, which forbearance ought to render the people equally cautious of stretching their privilege; let them beware of those demagogues who tell them that they feel for them, but who would be the last to *feel with them*, when the consequences of their own doctrine shall arrive. The truth is, that no atrocity nor aggression of the people, will vitally affect the solid safety of our commonwealth *until* our rulers are intimidated to compromise that security, by resorting to illegal modes of defending the laws, or unconstitutional measures to preserve the constitution; knowing this, that the moment any government usurps a power superior to the laws, it then usurps a power, which, like the convulsive strength of the madman, springs from *disease*, and will infallibly terminate in *weakness.*

DXXIX.

The science of legislation is like that of medicine in one respect, that it is far more easy to point out what will do harm, than what will do good. "*Ne quid nimis,*" therefore, is perhaps quite as safe a

maxim for a Solon as for an Hippocrates, because it unfortunately happens that a good law cannot operate so strongly for the amendment, as a bad law for the depravation of the people; for it is necessary, from the very nature of things, that laws should be prohibitory, rather than remunerative, and act upon our fears, rather than upon our hopes. Pains and penalties are far more cheap and feasible modes of influencing the community, than rewards and encouragements: therefore, if a law should strongly recommend habits of justice, industry, and sobriety, such a law would be feebly obeyed, because it has little to offer, but very much to oppose; it has to oppose all the vicious propensities of our nature; but if through oversight or indiscretion, a law should happen to connive at, or to tempt the subject to habits of fraud, idleness, or inebriety, such a law, in as much as it falls in with all the vicious propensities of our nature, would meet with a *practical* attention, even beyond its own enactments, and produce *works of supererogation* on the side of delinquency; for the road to virtue is a rugged ascent, to vice a smooth declivity, "*facilis rescensus averni.*" To strengthen the above positions, all the bearings of the poor laws upon society might be fairly adduced; most of those enactments operate as a bounty upon idleness, and as a drawback upon exertion; they take from independence its proper pride, from mendicity its salutary shame; they deprive foresight of its fair reward, and improvidence of its just responsibility They act as a constant and *indiscriminating* invitation to the marriage feast, crowding it with guests, without putting a single dish upon the table; we might even affirm that these laws *now indicate* a quiet contrary tendency, and are beginning to *remove* the dishes, although they still continue to invite the guests; for there are numerous instances where the paralyzing pressure of the poor rates has

already begun to produce its own *necessary* and final consummation—*the non cultivation of the soil!**

* Before a committee of the house of commons, some fearful evidence was lately adduced, which went to prove the alarming fact that, in some cases, particularly in the neighbourhood of large manufacturing towns, estates had not been cultivated, as being utterly unequal to meet the double demand of rates, and of rent. Our late political Hercules, Mr. Pitt, felt the necessity, but shrunk from the difficulty of cleansing the Augean stable of the poor laws The most effectual mode of assisting the poor, must be the devising some source of employment, that shall enable them to assist themselves. But it unfortunately happens, that unless this employment be profitable to those who find the capital, it will not long be serviceable to those who find the industry, and how to devise adequate employment for the labourer, that shall at the same time repay the capitalist, is the grand arcanum we want to get hold of, "hic labor hoc opus est." Our inexhaustible treasure of coal, and of iron, have made the steam power so available, and so accessible, that there seems to be no assignable limit to the improvement of our machinery. But, to permit our own machinery to be exported is about as wise as to hammer swords upon our own anvils, to be employed against ourselves; "in nostros fabricata est machina muros." It is impossible to deprive Englishmen of their spirit of enterprise, and of invention, or of the power of their ingenuity, and their habits of industry; but our machinery is the embodied result of all these things put together, and, in this point, the exportation of our machinery, is to deprive us of much of the benefit of those high qualifications stated above: thus it is that the powers of our own heads may ultimately paralyze the labours of our hands. The gigantic and formidable dilemma of the present day is this; three orders of men are vitally necessary to the existence of the state, for our national independence is triune, resting upon the welfare of the agriculturalist, the manufacturer, and the merchant. But the misfortune is, that the agriculturalist wants one state of things opposite to, and destructive of the interests of the other two; for the agriculturalist must have high prices, or he can no longer meet the heavy demands upon the land: but the merchant and the manufacturer are equally anxious for low prices at home, to enable them them to compete with the foreigner abroad. Now, inasmuch as it is chiefly from our superiority in machinery that we are still able to command a preference of our articles in the foreign markets, notwithstanding the state of high prices at home, it follows that the means by which that superiority is preserved, should be most jealously guarded, and, like a productive patent, kept as far as possible, exclusively to ourselves. So unbounded is the power of machinery, that I

The code of poor laws, has at length grown up into a tree, which, like the fabulous Upas, overshadows and poisons the land; unwholesome expedients *were* the bud, dilemmas and depravities *have been* the blossom, and danger and despair *are* the bitter fruit; "*radice ad tartara et tendit.*"

DXXX.

It is best, if possible, to deceive no one; for he that, like Mahomet or Cromwell, begins by deceiving others, will end, like these, by deceiving himself; but should it be absolutely necessary to deceive our enemies, there may be times when this cannot be effectually accomplished without deceiving, at the same time, our friends; for that which is known to our friends, will not long be concealed from our enemies. Lord Peterborough persuaded Sir Robert Walpole that Swift had seen the folly of his old political principles, and had come over to those of the administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass the remainder of his days with English preferment, and on English ground. After frequent importunities from his Lordship, Sir Robert consented to see Swift: he came over from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine with Sir Robert at Chelsea. His manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough; but we shall see, in the sequel, that Swift had ruined him-

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have been informed that raw cotton is brought by a long and expensive voyage to England, wrought into yarn, and carried out to India, to supply the poor Hindoo with the staple commodity for his muslins of the finest fabric: and this yarn, after having performed two voyages, we can supply him with cheaper than the Hindoo himself can spin it, although he is contented with a diet of rice and water, and a remuneration of about one penny per day. And I have heard a lace manufacturer in the west of England affirm, that one pound of raw cotton has been spun by machinery into yarn so fine that it would reach from London to Edinburgh.

self, by not attending to the maxim that is necessary, at times, to deceive our friends as well as our enemies. Some time after dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanor; but all this was soon done away: "You see, my Lord," said Sir Robert, "how highly I stand in Swift's favour." "Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "and I am confident he means all he says." Sir Robert proceeded, "In my situation, assailed as I am by false friends, and real enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit to watch correspondence; this letter I caused to be stopped at the post-office—read it." It was a letter from Swift to Doctor Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to see him at last; that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert, and that he should receive plenty, and added, that he hoped very soon to have the old fox in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment: Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a complete misanthrope,* and died without a friend.

DXXXI.

In the superstitious ritual of the church of Rome, the pope has not the poor merit of inventing that mummy by which he reigns. The Roman church professes to have a christian object of adoration, but

* He did not open his lips, except on one occasion, for seven years. It would seem, that he had a melancholy forboding of his fate, for on seeing an old oak, the head of which was withered, he feelingly exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree—I shall die at the top." The following lines in Hypocrisy allude to this circumstance:

"Then ask not length of days, that giftless gift,
More pleased like Wolf to die, than live like Swift;
He, with prophetic plaint, his doom devin'd;
The body made the living tomb of mind,
Rudder and compass gone, of thought and speech,
He lay a mighty wreck, on wisdom's beach!

she worships him with Pagan forms.* She retains the ancient custom of building temples, with a position to the east. And what are her statues, her incense, her pictures, her image worship, her holy water, her processions, her prodigies, and her legerdemain, but religious customs, which have survived the dolicy of imperial Rome, but which caused that metropolis, when she became pontifical to receive popery as an *ally*, not to submit to it as a sovereign.

DXXXII.

Matrimony is an engagement which must last the life of one of the parties, and there is no retracting, "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*;" therefore, to avoid all the horror of a repentance that comes too late, men should thoroughly know the real causes that induce them to take so important a step, before they venture upon it; do they stand in need of a wife, an heiress, or a nurse; is it their passions, their wants, or their infirmities, that solicit them to wed? Are they candidates for that happy state, "*propter opus, opes*, or *opem*?" according to the epigram. These are questions much more proper to be proposed before men go to the altar, than after it; they are points which, well ascertained, would prevent many disappointments, often deplorable, often ridicu-

* I shall quote the following remarks from the learned author of the Dissertation on the Olympic Games: "Thus were the two most powerful and martial states of Greece subjected in their turn, to the authority of a petty and unwarlike people; this possibly we should have some difficulty to believe, were there not many modern examples of mightier, if not wiser nations, than either of the two abovementioned, having been awed into a submission to a power still more significant than that of Elis, by the same edgeless arms, the same brutum fulmen. Whether the thunders of the Vatican were forged in imitation of those of the Olympian Jupiter, I will not determine, though I must take notice that many of the customs and ordinances of the Roman church allude most evidently to many practised in the Olympic stadium, as extreme unction, the palm, the crown of mart[illegible] and others, as may be seen at large Faber's Agonisticon."

lous, always remediless. We should not then see young spendthrifts allying themselves to females who are *not* so, only because they have nothing to expend; nor old debauchees taking a blooming beauty to their bosom, when an additional flannel waistcoat would have been a bedfellow much more salutary and appropriate.

DXXXIII.

Villainy that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partizans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; where the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and to do nothing for themselves.

DXXXIV.

War is a game in which princes seldom win, the people never. To be *defended* is almost as great an evil as to be attacked; and the peasant has often found the shield of a protector no less oppressive than the sword of an invader. Wars of opinion, as they have been the most destructive, are also the most disgraceful of conflicts; being appeals from right to might, and from argument to artillery; the fomentors of them have considered the *raw material* man, to have been formed for no worthier purposes than to fill up gazettes at home, with their names, and ditches abroad with their bodies. But let us hope that true philosophy, the joint offspring of a religion that is pure, and of a reason that is enlightened, will gradually prepare a better order of things, when mankind will no longer be insulted by seeing bad pens mended by good swords, and weak heads exalted by strong hands.

DXXXV.

Powerful friends, and first rate connections, do

often assist a man's rise, and contribute to his promotion; but there are many instances wherein all these things have acted as impediments against him, "*ipsa sibi obstat magnitudo;*" for our very greatness may prevent its own aggrandizement, and may be kept down by its own weight, "*mole ruit suo.*" It is well known that the conclave of cardinals were extremely jealous of permitting a jesuit to fill the apostolic chair, because that body was already too powerful and overbearing; and *dignus sed jesuita* est*, was a common maxim of the Vatican; the fact is, that men like to retain some little power and influence over those whom they aggrandize and advance; and hence it happens that great talents, supported by great connexions, are not unfrequently passed over, for those that are less powerful; but more *practicable*, and less exalted, but more manageable and subservient.

DXXXVI.

On reflecting on all the frauds and deceptions that have succeeded in duping mankind, it is really astonishing upon how very small a foundation an immense superstructure may be raised. The solution of this may, perhaps, be found in that axiom of the atomists: That there must ever be a much greater distance between nothing, and that which is least, than between that which is least, and the greatest.

DXXXVII.

Matches wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dis-

* The talent for intrigue which distinguished that society, became at length so brilliant, as to consume itself. Of this most extraordinary offspring of Loyola, many will be inclined to repeat, "urit enim fulgore suo;" but few will be ready to add, "extinctus amabitur idem."

solve the ice, but it is most probable that will be extinguished in the attempt.

DXXXVIII.

It is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

DXXXIX.

The keenest abuse of our enemies, will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

DXL.

This world cannot explain its own difficulties, without the assistance of another.

DXLI.

In the constitution both of our mind and of our body, every thing must go on right, and harmonize well together to make us happy; but should *one* thing go wrong, that is quite enough to make us miserable; and, although the joys of this world are vain and short, yet its sorrows are real and lasting; for I will show you a ton of perfect pain, with greater ease than one ounce of perfect pleasure; and he knows little of himself, or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow; therefore give a *wise* man health, and he will give himself every other thing. I say, give him health, for it often happens that the most ignorant empiric can do us the greatest harm, although the most skilful physician knows not how to do us the slightest good.

DXLII.

The advocate for torture would wish to see the strongest hand joined to the basest heart, and the weakest head. Engendered in intellectual, and carried on in *artificial* darkness, torture is a trial, not guilt, but of nerve, not of innocence, but of en-

durance; it perverts the whole order of things, for it compels the weak to affirm that which is false, and determines the strong to deny that which is true; it converts the criminal into the evidence, the judge into the executioner, and makes a direr punishment than would *follow* guilt, *precede* it. When under the cloak of religion, and the garb of an ecclesiastic, torture is made an instrument of accomplishing the foulest schemes of worldly ambition, it then becomes an atrocity that can be described or imagined, only where it has been seen and felt. It is consolitory to the best sympathies of our nature, that the hydra head of this monster has been broken, and a triumph over her as bright as it is bloodless obtained, in that very country whose aggravated wrongs had well nigh made vengeance a virtue, and clemency a crime.

DXLIII.

A semi-civilized state of society, equally removed from the extremes of barbarity and of refinement, seems to be that particular meridian under which all the reciprocities and gratitudes of hospitality do most readily flourish and abound. For it so happens that the ease, the luxury, and the abundance of the *highest* state of civilization, are as productive of *selfishness*, as the difficulties, the privations and sterilities of the *lowest*. In a community just emerging from the natural state to the artificial, and from the rude to the civilized, the wants and the struggles of the individual, will compel the most liberal propensities of our nature to begin at home, and too often to end where they began; and the history of our own country will justifiy these conclusions; for as civilization proceeded, and property became legalized and extended, the civil and ecclesiastical impropriators of the soil, set an example of an hospitality coarse indeed, and indiscriminating, but of unrivalled mag-

nificence, from the extent of its scale, if not from the elegance of its arrangements. The possessor had no other mode of spending his vast revenues. The dissipations, the amusements, and the facilities of intercourse to be met with in large towns and cities, were unknown. He that wanted society, and who that can have it, wants it not? cheerfully opened his cellars, his stables and his halls; the retinue became as necessary to the lord, as the lord to the retinue; and the parade and splendour of the chase, were equalled only by the prodigality and the profusion of the banquet. But as the arts and sciences advanced, and commerce and manufactures improved, a new state of things arose. The refinements of luxury enabled the individual to expend the whole of his income, however vast, upon *himself;* and hospitality immediately yielded to parsimony, and magnificence to meanness. The Crœsus of civilization can now wear a whole forest in his pocket, in the shape of a watch, and can carry the produce of a whole estate upon his little finger in the shape of a ring; he can gormandize a whole ox at a meal, metamorphosed into a turtle, and wash it down with a whole butt of October, *condensed* into a flaggon of tokay; and he can conclude these feasts by selling the whole interests of a kingdom for a bribe, and by putting the costly price of his delinquency in a snuff box.

DXLIV.

Modern criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is, therefore, read by the discerning, not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic.

DXLV.

Living kings receive more flattery than they deserve, but less praise. They are flattered by syco-

plants, who, as they have their own interest at heart, much more than that of their master, are far more anxious to say what will be profitable to themselves, than salutary to him. But the high-minded and independent, although they will be the first to perceive, and the fittest to appreciate the sterling qualities of a sovereign, will be the last to applaud them, while he fills a throne. The reasons are obvious; their praises would neither be advantageous to the monarch, nor creditable to themselves. Not advantageous to the monarch, because however pure may be the principles of their admiration, the world will give them no such credit, but will mix up the praises of the most disinterested with the flatteries of the most designing, wherever a living king is the theme; neither will such praises be creditable to those who bestow them, for they will be sure to incur the obloquy of flattery, without the wages of adulation, and will share in the punishment, without participating in the spoil or concurring in the criminality. None therefore, but those who have established the highest character for magnanimity and independence, may safely venture to praise living merit, when in the person of a king,* it gives far more lustre to a crown than it receives.

DXLVI.

If we steal thoughts from the moderns, it will be cried down as plagiarism; if from the ancients, it will be cried up as erudition. But in this respect, every author is a *Spartan*, being more ashamed of the discovery, than of the depredation. Yet the offence itself may not be so heinous as the manner of

* What has been said of happiness, with regard to men, may be said of praise with respect to monarchs with a slight alteration:

"Dicique celebris,
Ante obitum, nemo, supremaque funera debet."

committing it; for some, as Voltaire,* not only steal, but, like the harpies, befoul and bespatter those whom they have plundered. Others, again, give us the mere carcass of another man's thoughts, but deprived of all their life and spirit, and this is to add murder to robbery. I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book, as a bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it; and those sweets she herself improves and concocts into honey. But most plagiarists, like the *drone*, have neither taste to select, nor industry to acquire, nor skill to improve, but impudently pilfer the honey ready prepared from the hive.

DXLVII.

Custom is the law of one description of fools and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash: for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last. Custom, therefore, looks to things that are past, and fashion to things that are present, but both of them are somewhat purblind *as to things that are to come;* but, of the two, fashion imposes the heaviest burden; for she cheats her votaries of their time, their fortune, and their comforts, and she repays them only with the celebrity of being ridiculed and despised; a very paradoxical mode of remuneration, *yet always most thankfully received!* Fashion is the veriest goddess of semblance, and of shade; to be happy, is of far less consequence to her worshippers, than to appear so; and even pleasure itself they sacrifice to parade, and enjoyment to ostentation. She requires the most passive and implicit obe-

* He robbed Shakespeare, and then abused him, comparing him, among other things, to a dunghill. It was in allusion to these plagiarisms, that Mrs. Montague retorted upon Voltaire, that if Shakespeare was a dunghill, he had enriched a very ungrateful soil.

dience, at the same time that she imposes a most grievious load of ceremonies, and the slightest murmurings would only cause the recusant to be laughed at by all other classes, and excommunicated by his own. Fashion builds her temple in the capitol of some mighty empire, and having selected four or five hundred of the silliest people it contains, she dubs them with the magnificent and imposing title of THE WORLD! But the marvel and the misfortune is, that this arrogant title is as universally accredited by the many who *abjure*, as by the few who adore her; and this creed of fashion requires not only the weakest folly, but the strongest faith, since it would maintain that the minority are the whole, and the majority are nothing! Her smile has given wit to dulness and grace to deformity, and has brought every thing into vogue, by turns, but virtue. Yet she is most capricious in her favours, often running from those that pursue her, and coming round to those that stand still. It were mad to follow her, and rash to oppose her, but neither rash nor mad to despise her.

DXLVIII.

Logic and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work. A modern metaphysician had been declaiming before a large party, on the excellence of his favourite pursuit; an old gentleman who had been listening to him with the most voracious attention, at length ventured humbly to inquire of him whether it was his opinion that the metaphysics would ever be reduced to the same certainty and demonstration as the mathematics? "Oh! most assuredly," replied our oracle, "there cannot be the slightest doubt of that!!" The author of this notable discovery must have known *more* of metaphysics than any other man, or *less* of mathematics; and I leave my readers to decide whether his confidence

was built on a profound knowledge of the one, or a profound ignorance of the other.

DXLIX.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty, we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it, than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson,* that he talked his Greek fluently, when he could no longer articulate in English.

DL.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

DLI.

The straits of Thermopylæ were defended by only three hundred men, but they were all *Spartans;* and, in advocating our own cause, we ought to trust rather to the force, than to the number of our arguments, and to care not how few they be, should that few be incontrovertible; when we hear one argument refuted, we are apt to suspect that the others are weak; and a cause that is well supported, may be compared to an arch that is well built—nothing can be taken away without endangering the whole.

DLII.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth: we shall get second-hand

* The professor was remarkable for a strong memory, which was not so puzzling as the great perfection of his other faculties; for to the utter confusion of all craniologists, on examination, after death, it turned out that this great scholar was gifted with the thickest skull that ever was dissected. How his vast erudition could get into such a receptacle, was the only difficulty to be explained; but, when once in, it seems there were very solid and substantial reasons to prevent its getting out again.

sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

DLIII.

It is common, to say that a liar will not be believed, although he speak the truth; but the converse of this proposition is equally true, but more unfortunate; that a man who has gained a reputation for veracity, will not be discredited, although he should utter that which is *false;* but he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie would set fire to the temple of truth, with a faggot stolen from her altar.

DLIV.

Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their *titles*, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

DLV.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are, our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

DLVI.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility; and few things are so disgusting as the *arrogant* affability of the great, which only serves to show others the sense they entertain of their inferiority, since they

consider it necessary to stoop so low to meet it. A certain prelate, now no more, happened to meet, at a large party, his old collegiate acquaintance, the celebrated Dr. G., of coursing and classical notoriety. Having oppressed the doctor with a plentiful dose of condescention, his lordship, with a familiarity evidently affected, inquired of the doctor, how long it might be since they had last the pleasure of seeing one another? "The last time I had the honour of seeing your lordship," said the doctor, "happened to be when you was walking to serve your curacy at Trumpington, and I was riding to serve my church at Chesterford; and as the rain happened to be particularly heavy, your lordship most graciously condescended to mount my servant's horse. The animal not having been used to carry double, was unruly, and when your lordship dismounted, it was at the expense of no small number of stitches in your small-clothes; I felt not a little embarrassed for your lordship, as you had not then an apron to cover them, but I remember that you soon set me at ease by informing me that a sermon enclosing some black thread and a needle, were three articles which you never travelled without; on hearing which, I ventured to congratulate your lordship on the happy expedient you had hit upon, for giving a connected *thread* to your discourse, and some *polish*, no less than *point* to your arguments."—His lordship was never afterwards known to ask an old friend how long it was since he had last the pleasure of seeing him.

DLVII.

Most females will forgive a liberty, rather than a slight, and if any woman were to hang a man for stealing her picture, although it were set in gold, it would be a new case in law; but, if he carried off the setting, and left the portrait, I would not answer

for his safety, even if Alley were his pleader, and a Middlesex jury his peers. The felon would be doomed to feel experimentally, the force of two lines of the poet, which, on this occasion, I shall unite:

" Fœmina quid possit.
" Sprætague injuria formæ."

DLVIII

Habit will reconcile us to every thing but change, and even to change, if it recur not too quickly. Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice house, as well as an oven, and freezes his devils, at one period, but bakes them at another. The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a Rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time however, he could sleep comfortably on his *" bed of thorns,"* and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

DLIX.

Those who have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, will often produce all the best effects of the virtues, by a subtle appeal to the vanities of those with whom they have to do;—and can cause the very weakness of our minds, indirectly to contribute to the furtherance of measures, from whose strength the powers of our minds would perhaps recoil, as unequal and inefficient. A preacher in the neigh-

bourhood of Blackfriars, not undeservedly popular, had just finished an exhortation strongly recommending the liberal support of a certain very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous, and the chapel crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about to be handed round to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the congregation; "from the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenaces, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of; that some of you may feel inclined *to give too much*; now it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a *prior* virtue to generosity; therefore as you will all immediately be waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting any thing into the plate, *who cannot pay his debts*." I need not add, that this advice produced a most overflowing collection.

DLX.

Little errors ought to be pardoned, if committed by those who are great, in things that are greatest. Paley once made a false quantity in the church of St. Mary's; and Bishop Watson most feelingly laments the valuable time he was obliged to squander away, in attending to such *minutiæ*. Nothing, however, is more disgusting than the triumphant crownings of learned dunces, if by any chance they can fasten a slip or peccadillio of this kind, upon an illustrious name. But these spots in the sun, they should remember, will be exposed only by those who have made use of the smoky glass of envy, or of prejudice; and it is to be expected that these trifles should have great importance attached to them, by *such* men, for they constitute the little intellectual all of weak minds, and if they had not them, they

would have nothing. But he, that, like Paley, has accurately measured *living men*, may be allowed the privilege of an occasional false quantity in *dead languages*; and even a false concord in *words*, may be pardoned in *him*, who has produced a true concord between such momentous *things* as the purest faith, and the profoundest reason.

DLXI.

Nobility is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its *source*, than at its termination.

DLXII.

The greatest difficulty in pulpit eloquence is, to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves; some preachers reverse the thing;—they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

DLXIII.

Ingratitude in a superior, is very often nothing more than the refusal of some unreasonable request; and if the patron does too little, it is not unfrequently because the dependent expects too much. A certain Pope, who had been raised from an obscure situation, to the apostolic chair, was immediately waited upon by a deputation sent from a small district, in which he had formerly officiated as *cure*. It seems that he had promised the inhabitants that he would do something for them, if it should ever be in his power; and some of them now appeared before him, to remind him of his promise, and also to request that he would fulfil it, by granting them *two harvests in every year!* He acceded to this *modest* request, on condition that they should go home immediately, and so adjust the almanac of their own particular

trict, as to make every year of *their* register consist of twenty-four calender months.

DLXV.

Those traitors who know that they have sinned beyond forgiveness, have not the courage to be true to those who, they presume, are perfectly acquainted with the full extent of their treachery. It is conjectured that Cromwell would have proposed terms of reconciliation to Charles the Second, could he but have harboured the hope that he would forgive his father's blood; and it was the height of wisdom in Cæsar, to *refuse* to be as wise as he might have been if he had not immediately burnt the cabinet of Pompey, which he took at Pharsalia.

DLXV.

"*Noscitur a Sociis*," is a proverb that does not invariably apply; for men of the highest talent have not always culled their familiar society from minds of a similar calibre with their own. There are moments of relaxation, when they prefer friendship to philosophy, and comfort to counsel. Fatigued by confuting the coxcombs, or exhausted by coping with the giants of literature, there are moments when the brightest minds prefer the soothings of sympathy to all the brilliance of wit, as he that is in need of repose, selects a bed of feathers rather than of flints.

DLXVI.

Politics and personalities will give a *temporary* interest to authors, but they must possess something more if they would wish to render that interest permanent. I question whether Junius himself had not been long since forgotten, if we could but have ascertained whom to forget; but our reminiscences were kept from slumbering, chiefly because it was undetermined *where* they should *rest*. The Letters

of Junius* are a splendid monument, an unappropriated cenotaph, which, like the pyramids of Egypt, derives much of its importance from the mystery in which the hand that reared it is involved.

DLXVII.

No men deserve the title of infidels, so little as those to whom it has been usually applied; let any of those who renounce Christianity, write fairly down in a book, all the absurdities that they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject christianity than to embrace it.

DLXVIII.

The temple of truth is built indeed of stones of

* In my humble opinion the talents of Junius have been overrated. Horne Tooke gained a decisive victory over him; but Horne was a host, and I have heard one who knew him well, observe, that he was a man who felt nothing, and feared nothing; the person alluded to above, also informed me that Horne Tooke on one occasion wrote a challenge to Wilkes, who was then sheriff for the country of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalized himself in a most determined affair with Martin, on account of No. forty-five in the true briton, and he wrote Horne Tooke the following laconic reply to the challenge. "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff for the City of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavours to serve you." Probably it was about this time that Horne Tooke, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction, how much treason an Englishman might venture to write without being hanged, replied, that he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying. But to return to Junius, I have always suspected that those letters were written by some one who had either afterwards apostatized from the principles which they contain, or who had been induced from mercenary and personal motives, to advocate them with so much asperity, and that they were not avowed by the writer, merely because such an avowal would have detracted more from his reputation as a man than it would have added to his fame as an author. This supposition has been considerably strengthened by a late very conclusive and well reasoned volume, entitled Junius identified, published by Messrs Taylor and Hessey.

crystal, but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency, as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he that follows truth too closely, must take care that she does uot strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely, has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles, and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

DLXIX.

Genius, when employed in works whose tendency it is to demoralize and to degrade us, should be contemplated with abhorrence, rather than with admiration; such a monument of its power may indeed be stamped with immortality, but like the Colisæum at Rome, we *deplore* its magnificence, because we detest the purposes for which it was designed.

DLXX.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far greater consequence than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

DLXXI.

Intrigues of state, like games of whist, require a partner, and in both, success is the joint effect of chance and of skill; but the former differ from the latter in one particular—the knaves rule the kings.

Count Stackelbergh was sent on a particular embassy by Catharine of Russia, into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was despatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated and attended by a number of Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the presence-chamber, and Thurgut perceiving his mistake, retired, much mortified and ashamed. In the evening it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs!!" "A mistake!" said the monarch, "it is the knave!" "Pardon me, Sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, "This is the second time to-day I have mistaken a knave for a king!!!" Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

DLXXII.

As it is far more difficult to be just than to be generous, so also those will often find it a much harder task to punish than to pardon, who have both in their power. There is no one quality of the mind, that requires more resolution, and receives a less reward, than that prospective but ultimately *merciful* severity, which strikes the individual for the good of the community. The popular voice,—the tears of relatives,—the influence of rank,—the eloquence of talent, may all conspire to recommend

act of clemency, in itself most grateful to the sympathies of Him whose high situation has privileged Him to exert it. What shall we put into the opposite scale? The public good; but it *may* happen that the public themselves have signified their willingness to waive this high consideration. Here, then, the supreme head of the state is forced upon a trial almost too great for humanity; he is called upon to sink the feelings of the man in the firmness of the magistrate, to sacrifice the finest sensibilities of the heart to the sternest dictates of the head, and to exhibit an integrity more pure than the ice of Zembla, but as repulsive and as cold. Those who can envy a sovereign so painful a prerogative, know little of others, and less of themselves. Had Doctor Dodd*

* Many thinking persons lament that forgery should be punished with death. If we consider forgery as confined to the notes of the Bank of England, it has been universally objected to them that they have hitherto been executed in so slovenly a manner, as to have become temptations to the crime. But this circumstance has been attended with another evil not quite so obvious; it has given ground for a false and cruel mode of reasoning; it has been argued, that an offence holding out such facilities, can only be prevented by making the severest possible example of the offender; but surely it would be more humane, and much more in the true spirit of legislation, to prevent the crime rather by removing those facilities which act as temptations to it, than by passing a law for the punishment of it so severe that the very prosecutors shrink from the task of going the full extent of its enactments, by perpetually permitting the delinquents to plead guilty to the minor offence. In the particular case of Dr. Dodd, these observations will not fully apply: and the observation of Thurlow to his sovereign was in this correct, that all partial exceptions should be scrupulously avoided. I have however heard the late honorable Daines Barrington give another reason for Dodd's execution. This gentleman also informed me that he was present at the attempt to recover Dodd, which would have succeeded if a room had been fixed upon nearer the place of execution, as the vital spark was not entirely extinguished when the measures for resuscitation commenced; but they ultimately failed, owing to the immense crowd which prevented the arrival of the hearse in proper time. A very feasible scheme had also been devised for the Doctor's escape from Newgate. The outline of it, as I have had it from the gentlemen mentioned above, was

been pardoned, who shall say how many men of similar talents that cruel pardon might not have fatally ensnared. Eloquent as he was, and exemplary as perhaps he *would* have been, an *enlarged* view of his case authorizes this irrefragable inference; *that the most undeviating rectitude, and the longest life of such a man, could not have conferred so great and so permanent a benefit on society, as that single sacrifice, his death.* On this memorable occasion, Europe saw

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this: There was a certain woman in the lower walk of life, who happened to be in features remarkably like the Doctor. Money was not wanting, and she was engaged to wait upon Dodd in Newgate. Mr. Kirby, at that time the governor of the prison, was inclined to show the Doctor every civility compatible with his melancholy situation; amongst other indulgences, books, paper, pens, and a reading desk had been permitted to be brought to him; and it was not unusual for the Doctor to be found by his friends, sitting at his reading desk, and dressed in the habiliments of his profession. The woman above alluded to was, in the character of a domestic, in the constant habit of coming in and out of the prison, to bring paper, linen, and other necessaries. The party who had planned the scheme of his escape, soon after the introduction of this female had been established, met together in a room near the prison, and requested the woman to permit herself to be dressed in the Doctor's wig, gown, and canonicals; she consented; and in this disguise the resemblance was so striking, that it astonished all who were in the secret, and would have deceived any who were not. She was then sounded as to her willingness to assist in the Doctor's escape, if she were well rewarded; after some consideration, she consented to play her part in the scheme, which was simply this, that on a day agreed upon, the Doctor's irons having been previously filed, she should exchange dresses, put on the Doctor's gown and wig, and occupy his seat at the reading desk, while the Doctor, suddenly metamorphosed into his own female domestic, was to have put a bonnet on his head, to have taken a bundle under his arm, and to have walked coolly and quietly out of the prison. It was thought that this plan would have been crowned with success, if the Doctor himself could have been persuaded to accede to it; but he had all along buoyed himself up with the hope of a reprieve, and like that ancient general who disdained to owe a victory to a stratagem, so neither would the Doctor be indebted for his life to a trick. The event proved that it was unfortunate that he should have had so many scruples on this occasion, and so few on another.

the greatest monarch she contained, acknowledging a *sovereign*, within his own dominions, *greater than himself*; a *sovereign* that triumphed not only over his power, but over his pity—*The Supremacy of the Laws.*

DLXXIII.

The praise of the *envious* is far less creditable than their *censure*; they praise only that which they can surpass,* but that which surpasses them—they censure.

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* Sir Joshua Reynolds had as few faults as most men, but jealousy is the besetting sin of his profession, and Sir Joshua did not altogether escape the contagion. From some private pique or other, he was too apt to take every opportunity of depreciating the merits of Wilson, perhaps the first landscape painter of his day. On a certain occasion, when some members of the profession were discussing the respective merits of their brother artists, Sir Joshua, in the presence of Wilson, more pointedly than politely, remarked, that Gainsborough was indisputably and beyond all comparison, the first landscape painter of the day: now it will be recollected, that Gainsborough was very far from a contemptible painter of portraits as well; and Wilson immediately followed up the remark of Sir Joshua by saying, that whether Gainsborough was the first landscape painter or not of the day, yet there was one thing in which all present, not excepting Sir Joshua himself, would agree, that Gainsborough was the first portrait painter of the day without any probability of a rival. Here we see two men respectively eminent in the departments of their art giving an undeserved superiority to a third in both; but a superiority only given to gratify the pique of each, at the expense of the feelings of the other. The late Mr. West was perfectly free from this nigrae succus loliginis. This freedom from all envy was not lost upon the discriminating head, and benevolent heart of our late sovereign. Sir William Beachy having just returned from Windsor, where he had enjoyed an interview with his late majesty, called on West in London. He was out, but drank tea with Mrs. West, and took an opportunity of informing her how very high Mr. West stood in the good opinion of his sovereign, who had particularly dwelt on Mr. West's entire freedom from jealousy or envy, and who had remarked to Sir William, that in the numerous interviews he had permitted to Mr. West, he had never heard him utter a single word detractory or depreciative of the talents or merits of any one human being whatsoever. Mrs. West, on hearing this, replied with somewhat of plain sectarian bluntness,—Go thou and do likewise.

DLXXIV.

Men are more readily contented with no intellectual light than with a little; and wherever they have been taught to acquire *some* knowledge in order to please others, they have most generally gone on, to acquire *more*, to please themselves. "*So far shalt thou go, but no further*," is as inapplicable to wisdom as to the wave The fruit of the tree of knowledge may stand in the garden, *undesired* only so long as it be *untouched;* but the moment it is tasted, all prohibition will be vain. The present is an age of inquiry, and truth is the real object of many, the avowed object of all. But as truth can neither be divided against herself, nor rendered destructive of herself, as she courts investigation, and solicits inquiry, it follows that her worshippers must grow with the growth, strengthen with the strength, and improve with the advancement of knowledge. "*Quieta ne morete*," is a *sound* maxim for a *rotten* cause. But there is a nobler maxim from a higher source, which enjoins *us to try all things but to hold fast that which is good.* The day is past when custom could procure acquiescence; antiquity, reverence; or power, obedience to error; and, although error, and that of the most bold and dangerous kind, has her worshippers, in the very midst of us, yet it is simply and solely because they mistake error for *truth.* Show them their error, and the same power that would in vain compel them *now* to abjure it, would then as vainly be exerted in compelling them to adore it. But as nothing is more turbulent and unmanageable than a half enlightened population, it is the duty no less than the interest of those who have begun to teach the people to reason, to see that they use that reason aright; for understanding, like happiness, is far more generally diffused than the sequestered scholar would either concede or imagine. I have often observed *this* in the uneducat

that when once another can give them true premises, they will then draw tolerably fair conclusions for themselves. But as nothing is more mischievous than a man that is half intoxicated, so nothing is more dangerous than a mind that is half informed. It is this semiscientific description of intellect, that has organized those bold attacks made, and still making upon Christianity. The extent and sale of infidel publications is beyond all example and belief. This intellectual poison* is circulating through the

* Mr. Bellamy, in a very conclusive performance, the Anti-deist does not attempt to parry the weapon, so much as to disarm the hand that wields it; for he does not explain away the objections that have been advanced by the deist, but he labours rather to extirpate them, and to show that they have no other root but misconception or mistake. Mr. Bellamy's endeavours have had for their object the manifestation of the unimpeachable character and attributes of the great Jehovah, and the inviolable purity of the Hebrew text. Every Christian will wish success to such labours, and every Hebrew scholar will examine if they deserve it. I do not pretend or presume to be a competent judge of this most important question; it is well worthy the attention of the profoundest Hebrew scholars in the kingdom. The Rabbi Meldolah, whose proficiency in the Hebrew language will give his opinions some weight, admitted, in my presence, one very material point, that Mr Bellamy had not perverted the signification of the sacred Ketib, or Hebrew text, as far as he was able to decide. Should this author's emendations turn out to be correct, they should be adopted, as no time and no authority can consecrate error. Mr. Bellamy has met with patronage in the very highest quarter; a patronage liberal in every sense of the word; and as honourable to the patron as to the author. His alterations I admit, are extremely numerous, important, and consequential; but they are supported by a mass of erudition, authority, and argument that does indeed demand our most serious attention, and many, in common with myself, will lament that they have drank at the stream more freely than at the fountain. Mr Bellamy contends, that he has not altered the signification of a single word in the original Hebrew text; and he defends this position by various citations from numerous other passages, wherein he maintains that the same word carries the meaning he has given it in his new version, but a meaning very often totally different from that of the version now in use. And it is worthy of remark, that the new signification he would establish, while it rectifies that which was ..rd, and reconciles that which was contradictory, is borne out

lowest ramifications of society; for it is presumed that if the root can be rendered rotten, the towering tree must fall. The manufacture is well suited for the market, and the wares to the wants. These publications are put forth with a degree of flippant vivacity that prevents them from being dull, at the same time that they profess to be didactic, while their grand and all pervading error lies too deep to be de-

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by a similar meaning of the same word in various other passages which he adduces, that are neither absurd nor contradictory. But, if we would retain the word that he would alter, and apply it to the passages that he has cited, but in the same sense that it carries in the disputed passage in the old version, what will then be the consequence? All the passages which before were plain and rational, became unintelligible; and the passage under consideration, which was before absurd or contradictory, will remain so. The points which Mr. Bellamy chiefly labours to establish are the following; That the original Hebrew text is, at this moment as pure as at the time of David: That Christ and his apostles invariably quote from the original Hebrew: That the original Septuagint, finished under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred and fifty years before Christ, was burnt in the Alexandrian library: That the spurious Septuagint is a bad translation: and, therefore, that all translations from it must partake of its imperfections: That the first Christian churches, about one hundred and fifty years after the dispersion of the Jews, had recourse to the Greek translation made by Aquila. In confirmation of these positions, Mr. Bellamy quotes Michaelis, Buxtorf, Lowth, Kennicott, Archbishops Newcome, Secker, and Usher, all profound Hebrew scholars, the latter of whom affirms, in one of his letters, "that this spurious Septuagint of Aquila continually takes from, adds to, and changes the Hebrew text at pleasure; that the original Septuagint was lost long ago; and that what has ever since gone under that name, is a spurious copy, abounding with omissions, additions, and alterations of the Hebrew text. Mr. Bellamy's very arduous undertaking, has excited the greatest sensation, both at home and abroad, and he must expect that a question involving such high and awful interests, will be most strictly scrutinized. Inasmuch as all his emendations have for their object the depriving of the champion of infidelity of all just ground of cavil and objection, every Christian will sincerely wish him success, until it be clearly proved by competent Hebrew scholars, that he has touched the ark of God with unhallowed hands, either by misrepresenting the signification, or by violating the purity of the Hebrew text, "*Sub judice lis est.*"

tected by superficial observers; for they draw somewhat plausible conclusions, from premises that are false and they have to do with a class of readers that concede to them the "*relitio principii*," without even knowing that it has been asked. It would seem that even the writers themselves are not *always* aware of the baseless and hollow ground upon which the foundation of their reasoning rests. If indeed their conduct did always arise from ignorance, rather than from insincerity, we, as Christians, must feel more inclined to persuade than to provoke them, and to hold the torch of truth to their minds, rather than the torch of persecution to their bodies. In the *nineteenth* century, we would not recommend the vindictive and dogmatic spirit of a Calvin, nor the overbearing and violent temper of a Luther, but that charity "*which is not easily provoked*"' shining forth in the mild and accessable demeanor of an Erasmus, that would convince in order to conciliate, rather than convict in order to condemn. It is for those who thrive by the darkness, to hurl their anathemas against the diffusion of light; but wisdom, like a pure and bright conductor, can render harmless the "*brutum fulmen*" of the Vatican. *We* hail the march of intellect, because we know that a reason that is cultivated, is the best support of a worship that is pure. The temple of truth, like the indestructible pillar of Smeaton, is founded on a rock; it triumphs over the tempest, and enlightens those very billows that impetuously but impotently rush on to overwhelm it.

DLXXV.

Those illustrious men, who like torches, have consumed themselves in order to enlighten others, have often lived unrewarded, and died unlamented. But the tongues of aftertimes have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another. They have honored them with their praise, but they have disgraced

them with their pity. They pity them forsooth, because they missed of present praise, and temporal emolument; things great indeed to the little, but little to the great. Shall we pity a hero, because, on the day of victory, he had sacrificed a meal? And those mighty minds whom these pigmies presume to commisserate, but whom they cannot comprehend, were contending for a far nobler prize than any, which those who pity them, could either give or withhold. Wisdom was *their* object, and *that* object they attained; she was their "*exceeding great reward.*" Let us therefore honour such men, if we can, and emulate them, if we dare; but let us bestow our pity, not on them, but on ourselves, who have neither the merit to deserve renown, nor the magnanimity to despise it.

DLXXVI.

To pervert the talents we have improved under the tuition of a party, to the destruction of that very party by whom they were improved, this is an offence that generous and noble minds find it almost as difficult to pardon in others, as to commit in themselves. It is true that we are enjoined to forgive our enemies, but I remember no text that enforces a similar conduct with regard to our *friends.* David, we may remember, exclaimed, that if it had been his enemy who had injured him, he could have borne it, but it was his own familar friend. *We took,* says he, *sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.* Therefore, to employ the powers of our mind to injure those to whom we are mainly indebted for the perfection of those powers, is an act of ingratitude as monstrous as if Patroclus had attacked Achilles, in the very armour in which he had invested him for the destruction of Hector.

"*Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.*"

It is well known that Mr. Burk on his first debut in

life improved himself not a little under the banners and the patronage of the opposition; for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Jeacocke, a *baker*, but who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence, that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at Robin Hood, near temple-Bar. On a certain memorable occasion, in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke exclaiming, "*I quit the camp*," suddenly left the opposition benches, and going over to the *treasury* side of the house, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked-for attack, nearly in the following words.—"That gentleman, to use his own expression has quitted the camp; but he will recollect that he has quitted as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the house; for neither I, nor that gentleman, have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from being astonished at that gentleman's present tergiversation, I consider it to be not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural, that he who on his first starting in life, could commit so gross a blunder as to go to the *baker's* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career, by coming to the *house of Commons* for his *bread*."

DLXXVII.

As there are some sermons that would have been sermons upon every thing, if the preachers had only touched upon *religion* in their variety, so there are some men who would know a little of every thing,

if they did but know a little of their *own* profession. And yet these men often succeed in life; for as they are voluble and fluent, upon subjects that every body understands, the world gives them credit for knowledge in their own profession, although it happens to be the only thing on which they are totally ignorant. And yet, if we chose to be sophistical, we might affirm that it requires more talent to succeed in a profession that we do *not* understand, than in one that we do; but the plain truth is, that it does not require more talent, but more impudence; and we have but little reason to pride ourselves upon a *success that* is indebted much more to the weakness of others, than to any strength of our own.

DLXXVIII.

Evidence* has often been turned the eye of the

* I have said that evidence seldom deceives, or is deceived. In fact its very etimology *evideo*, would seem to indicate a something clearly perceived and ascertained, through the medium of the senses. And herein evidence, I must repeat, differs most materially from testimony, which, as its derivation also clearly shows us, can be nothing more than the disposition of a witness, which disposition may be *true* or *false*, according to the will of him who testifies. But *no man can will* that his own mind should receive one impression, while his senses give him another. *But any man may will* that his tongue should communicate a different impression to the senses of others, from that which he has received from his own. And, hence, it happens that a sagacious and penetrating judge has got a very high kind of moral conviction, more satisfactory, perhaps, and conclusive than the unsupported, though positive oath of any one individual whatever; I mean a connected chain of circumstances, all pointing one way, and leading the mind to one object; a chain by which truth has often been pumped up from her well, notwithstanding all the efforts of *testimony*, to keep her at

law, and has been too generally considered to be that which regulates the decisions of all courts of

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the bottom of it. Thus, in the case of Donnellan, who was executed for poisoning Sir Theodosius Boughton, with distilled laurel water, some circumstances were elicited that would have weighed more strongly in the judgment of reflecting minds, than any positive but single affidavit which might have been brought to contradict them. A still that had been recently used, was discovered on the premises. Donnellan was so bad a chymist, that on being asked for what purpose he had procured this machine, he replied, "that he had used it to *make lime-water!* to kill the fleas; not knowing that lime-water could only be made by saturating water with lime, and that a still never was, and never can be applied to such a purpose. But in his library, there happened to be a single number of the Philosophical Transactions, and of this single number the leaves had been cut only in one place, and this place happened to contain an account of the mode of making laurel-water by distillation. But the greatest discretion and shrewdness is necessary wherever circumstances point one way, and testimony another, since probable falsehood will always be more readily accredited than improbable truth; and it unfortunately happens that there are occasions, where the strongest circumstances have misled, as in that famous case of the murdered farmer, recorded by Judge Hale.—I have heard the late Danes Barrington mention a very extraordinary circumstance of a similar kind, that took place, if I remember right, at Oxford, but it was prior even to his time, and I have forgotten the names of the parties. As the story may be new to some of my readers, I shall relate it as nearly as my memory serves. A country gentleman was travelling from Birkshire, on horseback, to London; he had a friend with him, and a servant, and they supped at the inn, and ordered beds for the night. At supper, his friend happened to observe to the gentleman, that it would be adviseable to start early on the next

justice, that are conducted with impartiality. But the term evidence, so applied, is a misnomer, since,

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morning, as it would be dangerous to go over Hounslow Heath after sunset, as he had so much property about him. This conversation was overheard by the landlord, who assisted the gentleman's servant in waiting at the table. About the middle of the night, the gentleman's companion thought he heard a noise in his friend's apartment, but it passed over, and he thought no more of it. Some little time afterwards, he was again disturbed by a similar noise, when he determined on entering the apartment.—He did so, and the first object he saw, was the landlord with a lantern in his hand, and with a countenance of the greatest consternation, standing over the still bleeding, and murdered body of his friend. On a still further search, it appeared that the gentleman had been robbed of all his property, and a knife was discovered on the bed, which was proved to be the property of the landlord. He was tried, condemned, and executed, and what was very remarkable, he admitted that he most justly deserved to suffer, although he persisted to the last moment in his entire innocence of the crime for which he was condemned. This mysterious affair was not explained, until some years afterwards, when the gentleman's servant, on his death-bed, confessed that *he* was the man who had robbed and murdered his master. It would seem that *both* the landlord and the servant had nearly at the same time made up their mind to commit this dreadful deed, but without communicating their intentions to each other; and that the one had anticipated the other by a few minutes. The consternation visible in the countenance of the landlord, his confused and embarrassed account of his intrusion into the chamber, and of the cause that brought him there at such an hour, were all natural consequences of that alarm produced by finding a fellow-creature whom he had sallied forth at the dead of the night to destroy, weltering in blood, and already murdered to his hands; and

from the very nature of things, evidence rarely, if ever, either can or does appear in a court of justice. We do not mean to quibble about words, nor to split distinctions where there are no differences. The eye of the law, however, happens unfortunately to be composed of something very different from evidence; for evidence, seldom deceives, nor is itself deceived. But the law is compelled to make use of an eye that is far more imperfect; an eye that sometimes sees too little, and sometimes too much; this eye is *testimony*. If a man comes in a court of justice covered with wounds and bruises, I admit that the whole court has evidence before it that the man has been beaten and mangled; and this is matter of *testimony*, not of *evidence*. For evidence is the impression made upon a man's *own* mind, through his *own* senses; but *testimony* is the impression that he may *choose* that his *tongue* should make upon the senses of others; and here we have a very serious distinction, not without a difference. Thus, for instance, if I see A murdered by B, I am satisfied of that fact, and this is *evidence*; but I may think fit to swear that he was murdered by C, and then the court are bound to be satisfied *of that fact*, and this is testimony.

DLXXIX.

There is a spot in Birmingham, where the steam power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let ont in small parts and parcels to those who may stand in need of it; and something similar to this may be observed of the power of mind in London. It is concentrated and brought together

knife had involuntarily dropped from his arm, uplifted to strike, but unstrung, as it were, and paralysed by the terror excited by so unexpected and horrifying a discovery.

here into one focus, so as to be at the service of all who may wish to avail themselves of it. And Doctor Johnson was not far from the truth, when he observed, that he could sit in the smoky corner of Bolt Court, and draw a circle round himself, of one mile in diameter, that should comprise and embrace more energy, ability, and intellect, than could be found in the whole island besides. The circumstance of talent of every kind being so accessible, in consequence of its being so contiguous, this it is that designates London as the real university of England. If we wish indeed to collate *manuscripts*, we may repair to Oxford or to Cambridge, but we must come to London* if we would collate *men*.

DLXXX.

Men of enterprising and energetic minds, when buried alive in the gloomy walls of a prison, may be considered as called upon to endure a trial that will put all their strength of mind and fortitude to the test, far more than all the hazards, the dilemmas, and the broils of the camp, the cabinet, or the cabal. I have often considered that the cardinal de Retz was never so great as on one occasion, which occurred at the castle of Vincennes. He was shut up in that fortress by his implacable enemy Mazarin;†

* These observations do not at all interfere with some former remarks on the state of the *labouring classes* of the community in the metropolis; but the *scientific assortment*, is of the highest order, and he that is great in London, will not be little any where.

† This same minister had shut up some other person in the Bastile for a few years, owing *to a trifling mistake in his name*. He was at last turned out, with as little ceremony as he was clapped in. The mistake was explained to him, on his dismissal; but he received a gentle hint to beware of a very dangerous spirit of curiosity which he had evinced during his confinement. Not being over anxious again to trespass on the hospitalities of the Bastile, he ventured to ask what involuntary proof he could have given of this very dangerous spirit of curiosity, in order that he might carefully avoid such an offence in future: he was then gravely told that he had on one occasion made use of these words to an

and on looking out of his grated window, to fan the burning fever of hope delayed, he saw some labourers busy in preparing a small plot of ground opposite to his apartment. When the person commissioned to attend him, brought in his breakfast, he ventured to enquire of him what those labourers were about whom he saw from his window; he replied they are preparing the ground for the reception of the *seed of some asparagus*, a vegitable of which we have heard that your Excellency is particularly fond. The cardinal received this appalling intelligence with a smile.

DLXXXI.

Some have wondered how it happens that those who have shone so conspicuously at the bar, should have been eclipsed in the senate, and that the giants of Westminster Hall should have been mere pigmies* at St. Stephen's. But that a successful forensic pleader should be a poor diplomatic orator, is no more to be wondered at, than that a good microscope should make a bad telescope. The mind of the pleader is occupied in scrutinizing minutiæ, that of the statesman is grasping magnitudes,—the one deals in particulars, and the other in generals. The well-defined rights of individuals are the province of the pleader, but the enlarged and undetermined claims of communities are the *arena* of the statesman. Forensic eloquence may be said to lose in comprehension, what it gains in acuteness, as an eye so formed as to perceive the motion of the hour-hand, would

attendant: "I always thought myself the most insignificant fellow upon the face of the earth, and should be most particularly obliged to you if you could inform me by what possible means I ever became of sufficient consequence to be shut up in this place."

* Such men as Dunning, and Sir Samuel Romilly, and Lord Erskine, from splendid exceptions to this general rule, and only serve to show the wonderful elasticity of the powers of the human mind. Wedderburn was not always so successful in the *House* as in the *Hall*; and "*Illa se jactet in aula Æolus*," was a quotation not unhappily appplied.

be unable to discover the time of the day. We might also add, that a mind long hackneyed in anatomizing the nice distinctions of words, must be the less able to grabble with the more extended bearing of things; and that he that regulates most of his conclusions by precedent, that is past, will be somewhat embarrassed, when he has to do with power that is present.

DLXXXII.

It has been urged that it is dangerous to enlighten the lower orders, because it is impossible to enlighten them sufficiently; and that it is far more easy to give them knowledge enough to make them discontented, than wisdom enough to make them resigned; since a smatterer in philosophy can see the evils of life, but it requires an adept in it to support them. To all such specious reasonings, two incontrovertible axioms might be opposed, that truth and wisdom are the firmest friends of virtue, ignorance and falsehood of vice. It will, therefore, be as hazardous, as unadvisable for any rulers of a nation to undertake to enlighten it, unless they themselves are prepared to bring their own example up to the standard of their own instructions, and to take especial care that their *practice* shall precede their *precepts*; for a people that is enlightened may *follow*, but they can no longer be *led*.

DLXXXIII.

True greatness is that alone which is allowed to be so, by the *most great*; and the difficulty of attaining perfection is best understood, only by those who stand nearest themselves unto it. For as he that is placed at a great distance from an object, is a bad judge of the relative space that separates other objects from it, that are comparatively contiguous unto it, so also those that are a great way off from excellence, are equally liable to be misled, as to the respective advances that those who have nearly reached it have made. The combination of research,

of deduction, and of design, developing itself at last in the discovery of the safety lamp for the miner, and muzzling, as it were, in a metallic net, as fine gossamer, the most powerful and destructive of the elements, was an effort of mind that can be fully appreciated only by those who are thoroughly aware of the vast difficulty of the end, and of the beautiful simplicity of the means. Sir Humphrey Davy will receive the eternal *gratitude* of the most ignorant, but the *civic* crown he has so nobly earned will be placed upon his head by the admiration and the suffrages of the most wise. The truly great, indeed, are few in number, and slow to admit superiority; but, when once admitted they do more homage to the greatness that overtops them, even than minds that are inferior and subordinate. In a former publication, I have related that I once went to see an exhibition of a giant; he was particularly tall and well proportioned. I was much interested by a group of children, who were brought into the room, and I promised myself much amusement from the effect that the entrance of a giant would produce upon them. But I was disappointed for this Brobdignag seemed to excite a much less sensation than I had anticipated in this young coterie Lilliputions. I took a subsequent opportunity to express my astonishment on this subject, to the giant himself, who informed me that he had invariably made the same remark, and that children and persons of diminutive statue never expressed half the surprise or gratification on seeing him, that was evinced by those that were tall. The reason of this puzzled me a little, until at last I began to reflect that children and persons of small statue, are in the constant habit of looking up at others, and, therefore, it cost them no trouble to look a little higher at a giant; but those who are comparatively tall, inasmuch as they are in the constant habit of looking *down* upon all others, are beyond measure astonished, when they meet one whose very

superior stature obliges them to look up; and so it is with minds, for the truly great meet their equals rarely, their inferiors constantly, but when they meet with a superior, the novelty of such an intellectual phenomenon, serves only to increase its brilliance, and to give a more ardent adoration to that homage which it commands.

DLXXXIV.

Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style; those graces which from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

DLXXXV

The inhabitants of all country towns will respectively inform you, that their own is the most scandalizing little spot in the universe; but the plain fact is that *all* country towns are liable to this imputation, but that each individual has seen the most of this spirit, in that particular one in which he himself has most resided; and just so it is with historians; they all descant upon the superlative depravity of their own particular age; but the plain fact is, that every age has had its depravity; but historians have only heard and read of the depravity of other ages, but they have *seen* and *felt* that of their own;

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

DLXXXVI

There is an idiosyncrasy* in *mind*, no less than in body, for some individuals have a peculiar constitution both of head and heart, that sets all analogy and all calculation at defiance. There is an occult

* I request all candid readers to accept of the above Reflections as a general apology for all apparent deviations from correct remark in this work; until they have fully considered whether my general rule be not right, although, in some cases, the exceptions to it may be numerous.

disturbing force within them, that designates them as unclassed anomalites and hybirds; they form the "*corps particulier*" of exceptions to all general rules, being at times full as unlike to themselves as to others. No maxim, therefore, aphorism, or apothegm can be so propounded, as to suit all descriptions and classes of men; and the moralist can advance such propositions only as will be found to be generally true, for none are so universally; those therefore, that are inclined to cavil, might object to the clearest truisms, for "that all *men must die*;" or "*that all men must be born*," are affirmations not wholy without their exceptions. Rochfaucault has written one maxim, which, in my humble opinion, is worth all the rest that he has given us; he says, that "*hypocricy is the homage which vice pays to virtue*;" but even this fine maxim, is not universally true; on the contrary, its very reverse sometimes has happened; for there are instances where, to please a profligate superior, men have affected some vices to which they were not inclined, and thus have made *their* bypocricy an homage paid by *virtue* to *vice*.

DLXXXVII.

There is no chasm in the operations of nature; the mineral world joins the vegetable, the vegetable the animal and the animal the intellectual, by mutual but almost imperceptible gradations. The adaptations that each system makes to its neighbour are reciprocal, the highest parts of the lower, ascending a little out of their order, to fill the receding parts of that which is higher, until the whole universe, like the maps that are made of it, for the amusement of children, become one well arranged and connected whole, dove-tailed as it were, and compacked together, by the advancement of some parts, and the retrocession of others. But although each system *appears* to be assimilated, yet is each essentially distinct; producing, as their whole, the grand discordant harmony of things. Man is that compound be-

ing, created to fill that wide hiatus, that must otherwise have remained unoccupied, between the natural world and the spiritual; and he sympathizes with the one in his death, and will be associated with the other by his resurrection.—Without another state it would be utterly impossible for him to explain the difficulties of this: possessing earth, but destined for heaven, he forms the link between two orders of being, and partakes much of the grossness of the one, and somewhat of the refinement of the other. Reason,* like the magnetic influence imparted to iron, gives to matter properties and powers which it possessed not before, but without extending its bulk, augmenting its weight, or altering its organization; like that to which I have compared it, it is visible only by its effects, and perceptible only by its operations. Reason, superadded to man, gives him peculiar and characteristic views, responsibilities, and destinations, exalting him above all existences that are visible, but which perish, and associating Him

* No sound philosopher will confound instinct with reason because an ourang outang has used a walking stick or a trained elephant a lever. Reason imparts powers that are progressive, and that, in many cases, without any assignable limit; instinct only measures out faculties that arrive at a certain point, and then invariably stand still. Five thousand years have added no improvement to the hive of the bee, nor to the house of the beaver, but look at the habitations and the achievements of man; observe reflection, experience, judgment, at one time enabling the head to save the hand; at another, dictating a wise and prospective economy, exemplified in the most *lavish* expenditure of means, but to be paid with the most usurious interest, by the final accomplishment of ends. We might also add another distinction peculiar, I conceive, to reason: *the deliberate choice of a small present evil to obtain a greater distant good*: he, that on all *necessary* occasions can act upon this single principle, is as superior to other men, as other men to the brutes. And as the exercises of this principle is the perfection of reason, it happens also, as might have been anticipated, to form the chief task assigned us by religion, and this task is in a great measure accomplished from the moment our lives exhibit a *practical* assent to one eternal and immutable truth. *The necessary and final connection between happiness and virtue, and misery and vice.*

with those that are invisible, but which remain. Reason is that Homeric, and golden chain descending from the throne of God even unto man, uniting Heaven with Earth, and Earth with Heaven.—For all is connected and without a chasm; from an angel to an atom, all is proportion, harmony, and strength. But here we stop:—There is an awful gulf, that must be forever impassable, infinite and insurmountable: *The distance between the created, and the Creator;* and this order of things is as fit as it is necessary; it enables the Supreme* to exalt without limit, to reward without exhaustion, without a possibility of endangering the safety of his throne by rivalry, or tarnishing its lustre by approximation.

DLXXXVIII.

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself unmeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limits, and it would be still more so if it had.† It is

* The ancient sculptures and painters always designated their Jupiter with an aspect of placid and tranquil majesty, but with an attitude slightly bending and inclining forwards, as in the act of looking down upon the whole created universe of things.—This circumstance, perhaps, suggested to Milton those noble lines:

"Now had the Almighty Father, from above,
From the bright Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd, above all height, cast down his eye,
His own works, and man's works at once to view."

† If we stand in the middle of a dark vista, but with a luminous object at one end of it, and none at the other, the former will appear to be short, and the latter long. And so perhaps it is with time; if we look back upon time that is past, we naturally fix our attention upon some event, with the circumstances of which we are acquainted, because they have happened, and this is that luminous object which apparently shortens one end of the,

more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied; until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death.—Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long

vista: but if we look forward into time that is to come, we have no luminous object on which to fix our attention, but all is uncertainty, conjecture, and darkness.—As to time without an end, and space without a limit, these are two things that finite beings cannot clearly comprehend. But if we examine more minutely into the operations of our own minds, we shall find that there are two things much more *incomprehensible*, and these are time that *has* an end, and space that *has* a limit. For whatever limits these two things, must be itself unlimited, and I am at a loss to conceive where it can exist, but in space and time. But this involves a contradiction, for that which limits, cannot be contained in that which is limited. We know that in the awful name of Jehovah, the Hebrews combined the past, the present, and the future, and St. John is obliged to make use of a periphrasis, by the expressions of *Who is, and was, and is to come*; and Sir Isaac Newton considers infinity of space on the one hand, and eternity of duration on the other, to be the grand sensorium of the Deity; it is indeed a sphere that alone is worthy of Him who directs all the movements of nature, and who is determined by his own unalterable perfections, eventually to produce the highest happiness, by the best means; *summam felicitatem, optimis modis.*

and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

NOTES, &c. &c.

ARTICLE 10.

There are two tyrants of this name, the last of whom ruled with such tyranny, that his people grew weary of his government. He, hearing that an old woman prayed for his life, asked her why she did so? She answered, "I have seen the death of several tyrants, and the successor was always worse than the former, then camest thou, worse than all the rest; and if thou wert gone, I fear what would become of us, if we should have worse still."

ARTICLE 107.

That the wicked prosper in the world, that they come into no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men, is a doctrine that divines should not broach too frequently in the present day. For there are some so completely absorbed in present things, that they would subscribe to that blind and blasphemous wish of the marshal and duke of Biron, who on hearing an ecclesiastic observe, that those whom God had forsaken and deserted as incorrigible, were permitted their full swing of worldly pleasures, the gratification of all their passions, and a long life of sensuality, affluence, and indulgence, immediately replied "That he should be most happy to be so forsaken."

ARTICLE. 188.

I am not so hardy as to affirm, that the French revolution produced little, in the *absolute* sense of the word. I mean that it produced little if compared with the expectation of mankind, and the probabilities that its first development afforded of its final es-

tablishment. The papal power, the dynasty of the Bourbons, the freedom of the press, and purity of representation, are resolving themselves very much into the "*statu quo ante bellum.*" It is far from improbable, that the results of a "*reformation*" now going on in Spain, with an aspect far less assuming than the late revolntion in France, will be more beneficial both to the present and future times than that gigantic event, which destroyed so much, but which repaired so little, and which began in civil anarchy, but ended in military despotism

ARTICLE 352.

Andrew Cæsalphinus, chief physician to Pope Clement the 8th, published a book at Pisa, on the 1st of Juue, 1569, entitled, Questionum Peripateticacum, Libri, V, in which there is a passage, which evidently shows that he was thoroughly acquainted with the circulation of the blood: "Idcirco Pulmo per venom arteriis similem, ex dextro cordis ventriculo, fervidum hauriens sanguinem, eumque per anastamosim ateriæ venali reddens, quæ in sinistrum cnrdis ventriculum tendit, transmisso interim aere frigido per asperæ arteriæ canales, qui juxta arteriam venalem protenduntur, non tamen osculis communicantes, ut putavit Galenus, solo tactu temperat. Huic sanguinus circulationi ex dextro cordis ventriculo, per pulmones, in siuistrum ejusdem ventriculum, optime respondent ea quæ ex dissectione apparent. Nam duo sunt vassa in dextrum ventriculum disinentia, duo etiaw in sinistrum. Duorum autem, unum intromittit tantum, alterum educit, membranis eo ingenio compositis." As I have a remark on inoculation in the article to which this note refers, I shall quote an ingenious writer, who says, "When it was observed that the inoculation produced fewer pustules, and did not disfigure the conntenance like the natural small pox, the practice was immediately adopted in those countries, where the beauty of the females constituted an important source of wealth;

as for example in Georgia, and Circassia." "The Indians and Chinese," says the same writer, "have practised inoculation for many ages, in all the empire of the Burmahs, in the island of Ceylon, in Siam and in Cambodia."

ARTICLE 576.

Burke was one of the most splendid specimens of Irish talent; but his imagination too often ran away with his judgment, and his interest with both.

INDEX, &C.

Note. *The figures refer not to the Page, but to the Articles.*

END OF VOLUME I.