LA CON:  
OR  
MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS;  
ADDRESS TO  
THOSE WHO THINK.

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"Φιλοσοφία εκ πραγμάτων."  
"The noblest study of mankind is man."

A NEW EDITION,  
COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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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 dulness 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 dulness, are constantly repeated, and as constantly fail. For the misfortune, that the Head of Dulness, unlike the tail of the torpedo*, loses nothing of her benumbing and lethargising influence, by reiterated discharges.

* See Humboldt's account of the Gymnotus Electricus.

B
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 at the present day; if applied to it, the simile of Virgil must be reversed, "Non truncus 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 great 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 sit 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 un-
likely 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 some what more freely with the world, than inclination might prompt, or judgment approve. For observations made in the cloister, or in the desert, will generally be as obscure as the one, and as barren as the other: but he that would paint with his
pen, no less than he that would paint with his pencil, must study originals, and not be overfearful 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. “Satür est, cum dicit Horatius Euge.” We know that Malherbe, on hearing a prose work of great merit much extolled, drily 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, 'Ἰστορία Φιλόσοφία
ητις καὶ απεραίωματι,' 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 be perhaps 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 overturn 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 con-
quest. The pointed propriety of Pope, was to all
his readers originality, and even the lawful posses-
sors could not always recognize their own prop-
ty in his hands. Few have borrowed more freely
than Gray and Milton, but with a princely prodi-
gality, 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 shew the difficulties
all must encounter, who aim at originality, will
nevertheless in no wise tend to diminish the num-
ber of those who will attempt to surmount them
since "fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."
In good truth, we should have a glorious conflagra-
tion, 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 œconomy, as well as of illumina-
tion, 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 the 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 for ever, 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 independ-
ence 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 to 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 a 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 wouldest 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, nor 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 damn the lines."

London, January, 1st, 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 erase. 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 farther 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 it 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 immortality 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, culminated 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 proffer the poison of Circe in a chrysal goblet, and to steal the bridal vestments of the virgin, to add more allurement to the seductive smiles of the harlot.

V.

IF those alone who "sowed the wind, did reap the whirlwind," it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blind-
ness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the mis-calculations of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and the 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 most valuable 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 cannot be explained away, nor done away; "Expellas furcā tamen usque recurrent." A leveller therefore has long ago 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 belong to a state of society more or less civilized and refined. Perhaps the whole four are all ultimately resolvable into 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 of 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 much 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 de-
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generate patrician, "I am the first of my family, but you are the last of your's." 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 the 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 Olympus, of a robe of massy gold, and substituted 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 bye-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 bypath, 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, in as much 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 followers 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; therefore Mahomet 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 the 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 demora-
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The influence of war is not 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 the 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 extravagancies 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 the hope 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 that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagancies, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagancies, 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 his 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 the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

XVII.

THE enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog; every thing immediately around him, or in 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 cantonned 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 Steele 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 pretensions 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 dissent with civility; in rebus necessariis sit unitas; in non necessariis liberalitas; in omnibus, charitas. This ought to teach all 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 mor-
bid 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 beginning to feel more for ourselves, than for our master. To lose our charity in the 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—"Nullum 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 for-
tunate that few men could know the abandoned profissigacy 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 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 to 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 Spencer; 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 Shakespeare'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 pomp, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a means 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 jailor 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 replenishment, 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 a 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 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, 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 buffeted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and stedfast, 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 pur-
chase 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, and innocence 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 they so fondly anticipate shall arrive: an era of universal illumination. They will then experience a similar rebuff, with those who now attempt to make proselytes amongst the Jews. These cunning descendants 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 poli-
IN FEW WORDS.

acs, 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 Servetus had been a Mohammedan, 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 probability reach the foundation.

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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.

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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 assemblies, 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.

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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 visitors, 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 of 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 desert, becomes a 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 caatum," this is well translated by some one who observes that it is far better to borrow experience than to buy it. He that sympathizes 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 every 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 be friend, 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, thus equipped, 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 divided 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 spend-thrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

XLI.

THAT knowledge which a man may acquire only by travelling, is often 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, habits, 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 Dodding-
ton, 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 us 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 lament-
able 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 Marvell, could not be connected for one
hour, with a Walpole*, or a Mazarin. Those who would
conscientiously employ power for the good of others, de-
serve it, but do not desire it; and those who could em-
ploy it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not de-
serve it.

XLIII.

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

* 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 was
himself incorruptible. He refused the sum of sixty thousand pounds,
which was offered him to save the life of the earl of Derwentwater.
that is injured, the more inexpiable 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 omelet."

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 plaister, 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 plaisterer 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 precariously safe, 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 too ready to suppose, of those great occasions wherein they might have shewn 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 might say vernacular opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to everyone; 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 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 in-
sensible as marble? Yet the sculptor can warm it into life, and bid it breathe an eternity of love. What so variable as colour? 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, safety from danger, resource from sterility, and remedy from poison. In her hands all things become beautiful, by their 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 can-
not 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 *titled 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 falseless destroyers of all other earthly things, —Time—and Death.

LIII.

HE that abuses his own profession, will not patiently bear with any one else who does so. And this is one of our most subtle 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 highbred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through bypaths, 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
Many Things

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 accident befell 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.

LVI.

He that acts towards men, as if God saw him, and prays to God, as if men heared 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 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 perhaps 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 successful 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 them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper, that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintance, to these their numerous qualifica-
tions 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.

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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.

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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 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.

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LXIII.

THERE is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortunes, 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 waste in deliberation. Cromwell* had much of this decision in the camp, 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

* Cromwell is thus described by his confidential physician George Bate: "A perfect master of all the arts of simulation, 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."
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 always right; but he concluded that all others had none, and here he was often wrong. On a more confined stage, and in a smaller sphere, few have combined more talent with more decision, than Lord Thurlow. Nature seems to have given him a head of chrystal, and nerves of brass. I shall quote his reply to a deputation from the dissenters, 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 shewn 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, with-
OUT 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, sedet 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 FRONTISPICE, TO A CONTEMPTIBLE MISSAL; A LOFTY ARCH, OVERTHROWING 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.
A CERTAIN degree of labour and exertion, seems to have been allotted us by Providence, as the condition of humanity. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," this is a curse which has proved 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, but 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 human exertion. Thus, Spain produces the worst farmers; and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoilt children of indulgence, the latter, the hardy offspring of endeavour. The copper, coal, and iron, of England, in as much as they cost much labour to dig, and insures a still farther 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 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 Cesar, or 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 expences, 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*; And Prince Eugene 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 to 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 James'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 re-
partee, 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 it 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 chusing between a good and an evil; and still more seldom, that they can boast of that fortunate situation, where, like the great Duke of Marlborough, they are permitted to chuse 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 Dispatch and of Skill; but neither of them ever learn their masters' 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 excesses 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 Abbé 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 often necessitated to
invert the natural order of things; to fight before they de-
liberate, and to 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 main-plot, and an under-plot; and
he that understands 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 prefer-
ments, and the head mastership 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 di-
vinity 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 suc-
cessful 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 de-
throned 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 with all who do not recognise their former royalty, and commiserate their 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 determining 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 the tasting of 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 vigour to enjoy it; not a fabric, so vast and expensive, 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

* King of Corsica.
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 prac-
tise 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 Fourth, after his abdication, amused himself in
his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a number
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 re-
ligion, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time
together;

"His vellem potius nugis tota ista dedisset
"Tempora servitiae."

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 pro-
fessed to be no flatterer; but his cynic raillery was, in other
words, flattery; it fed the ruling passion of the Athenian
mob, who were more pleased to hear their superiors abused,
than themselves commended.

* The great Howard, on the contrary, was so fully engaged in
works of active benevolence, that, unlike Baxter, whose knees were
calined by prayer, he left himself but little time to pray. Thousands
were praying for him!
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 lexæ 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 alierno facile, et utile. Ergo specie legis tractabat quasi majestas populi Romani insanaretur."

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

* 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.
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 upon 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 *.

LXXXVIII.

WHEN the great Frederic, 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 of 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 have been called upon to perform a tragedy in which this adventurous monarch himself might have been under the awkward necessity of performing the principal part.

* 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, 14.
LXXXIX.

THERE are a vast number of easy, pliable, good-natured human expletives in the world, who are just what that world chuses 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 to 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 squalid 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 the Missouri, 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 Wortley Montague observed, that in the whole course of her long and extensive 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 also no sex in courage. Barbarous or refined, in rags, or in ruffles, at St. Giles's or St. James's, 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 Parthenon, 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 I 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 stedfastly at his companion, exclaimed, "Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene! to me it is as the 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!"

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**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 control; and the inference deductible 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 in 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.

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**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

* Late Bishop of Landaff.
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 possessors of them will be doomed to conquer only where nothing is to be gained, but to be defeated, where everything is to be lost; they will be outdone by 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 that 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 for 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 a self-importance which they have, and at their assumption of a philosophic indifference which they have not.

XCVI.

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.

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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.

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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 for show.

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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.

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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.

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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,
Prove 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, also, 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 con-
sideration, 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 unporitioned virgin, an "Indolata 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 dia-
gonal 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 add-
ed, that he would then shew 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, at-
tempted to exculpate himself, by saying, "we must live." Dr.
Johnson would have replied, "I see no absolute neces-
sity 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 mis-
fortune 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 signal instance on record, where this kind of
Many Things

Prejudice was overcome by a miracle;—but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.

CIV.

The awkwardness and embarrassment 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, both have 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 are 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, occa
In Few Words.

In the study, a diffidence in our own opinions, a deference to those of other men, a sensibility that feels every thing, a humility that arrogates nothing, are necessary qualifications for a writer; but their very opposites would perhaps be preferred by an orator. He that has spent much of his time in his 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 counsellor 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 valet; 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 sed;" they know that 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 effect 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 made of wheat. Affectation is the cause of this error, disgust its consequence, and disgrace its punishment.
CVI.

SENSIBILITY would be a good fortress, 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 brutalised, 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 will use 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 him that takes," for no man falls without a stumbling block, nor yields without a tempter. In confirmation 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 da fé, 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 beffitted 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 strife is the greatest curse 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 the choice of two 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 Romans, or Nero would not have dared to amuse himself with his fiddle, nor Caligula with his horse.

CXX.

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 can not 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 has 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 many 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 many men that are great, and some men 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 "Terra Incognita" of grammar, as the settler to an uncultured 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 Frederic, who was wont to amuse himself, during his fits of the gout, by 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 an habitation, because the scaffolding is often stronger than the house, and

* 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.
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 expence 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 that paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Monboddo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms their theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinions which he would not most readily have exchanged for truth. A traveller shewed 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 villain 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!!
XVI.

IT is better to be laughed at, than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial'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 the possession of 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 to wit with gravity, and to gravity with wit; make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know you can answer, and slur over all those which you feel you cannot; but above all, if he

* See Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic.
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.

CXXI.

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.

CXXII.

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.

CXXIII.

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

CXXIV.

ALWAYS suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enun-
ciation 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.

CXXV.

LABOURED letters, written like those of Pope, yet apparently in all the case 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.

CXXVI.

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

CXXVII.

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

CXXVIII.

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

CXXIX.

TO excel others is a proof of talent; but to know when to conceal that superiority, is a greater proof of pru-
dence. 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 served his life to a victory that would have cost it.

CXXX.

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 by a friend 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 outvoted, and here I am.

CXXXI.

VILLAINS are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry the eighth committed murder, to avoid the imputation of adultery; 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!

CXXXII.

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.

CXXXIII.

I THINK it is Warburton who draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness, and a mediocre. "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."

CXXXIV.

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. Dodington, 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, un-
til the people desire, and the crown consents to dismiss 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, "Covendum
est ne quid damni capiat Respublica." 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."

CXXXV.

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 de-
stroys. 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 develop-
ment of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the
rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

CXXXVI.

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 dissimula-
tion 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 com-
mon character than a Brutus; and many men who have
gained power by an hypocrisy as gross as that of Pope Six-
tus, 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 bar-
gained 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 remark-
ing 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 attained
the papal chair by less objectionable means, none have filled
it with more credit to themselves, and satisfaction to others.

CXXXVII.
IT has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a
thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in the
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
women 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 Madame 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 ex-
ternal attractions of this lady were by no means equal to
those of her mind.
CXXXVIII.

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 obtrusive 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 bye-stander, few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclairsamientos, which this mistake invariably occasions.

CXXXIX.

ENGLAND, with a criminal code the most bloody, and a civil code the most expensive in Europe, can, notwithstanding, boast of more happiness and freedom 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.

CXL.

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 even 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 Empyrean, where He sits,
"High throned above all height, casts down his eye,
"His own works, and man's works, at once to view!"
THE great remore to any improvement in our civil code, is the reduction that such reform must produce in the revenue. The laws' 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 sympathize with the judge, the judge with the counsellor, and the counsellor with the attorney, in throwing every possible embarrassment in the way of legal dispatch and decision, and when I weigh the humble, but comparatively insignificant interests of the mere plaintiff or defendant, against this combined array of talent, of influence, and of power, I am no longer astonished at the prolongation of suits, and I wonder only at their termination.

* 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, that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.
CXLII.

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 their reason, and the well-grounded 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 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 of 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, realises 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 unforeseen. 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 the 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.” Telescopes 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 *pedis tantum 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.

CXLIII.

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. “*Tinnitus, inane est.*”
CXLIV.

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 quickest 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.

CXLV.

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.

CXLVI.

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 tyger will spare the hart, to browse upon the herbage.

CXLVII.

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 curátor curátor. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in Court, apprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating—curátor, Sir, if you please. The barrister imme-
diately replied, I am happy to be corrected by so great an orātor as your Lordship.

CXLVIII.

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 attaining it. Hyder, like Richard the third, was observed, by one of his most familiar companions, Gholau 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 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 center 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 splendour.* And yet ambition has not so wide an horizon as some have supposed; it is an horizon that embraces probabilities always, but impossibilities never.

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

CXLIX.

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

CL.

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 also to appear equally little to others.

CLI.

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

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.

CLIII.

COMMENTATING lore makes a mighty parade, and builds a lofty pile of erudition, raised up like the pyramids, only to embalm some mouldering mummy 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 mea tenebra.”

CLIV.

THERE are two things which speak as with a voice from heaven, that He that fills that eternal throne, must be on the side of virtue, and that which He 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 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, although 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 Melanchthon, 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.

CLV.

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.

CLVI.

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 which was platted with thorns! Cincinnatus and Washington were greater in their retirement, than Cesar and Napoleon, 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 meannesses which the truly noble cannot brook, nor will such stoop to kiss the earth, although it were like Brutus for dominion!*

* Quo minus gloriäm petebat, eo magis adequebatur. When they
CLVII.

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 percitari; 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. But he was a powerful agent in the cause of truth, for his writings acted upon the public mind as alteratives 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

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 despised it as a thing of small value, and unworthy his attention. And when he approached the city, they met him upon the road, and with great applause, salutations, and other honours, conducted him into Rome.—Dio. H. Book the Second.
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 barbarous wretches with my body."

CLVIII.

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.

CLIX.

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

CLX.

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

CLXI.

HOW small a portion of our life it is that we really 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.

CLXII.

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.
CLXIII.

"And pride, vouchsaf'd 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 deficiencies, 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 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 enquirer 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.

CLXIV.

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.

CLXV.

THYSICAL 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.

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**CLXVI.**

THERE are two things that bestow consequence; great possessions, or great debts.* Julius Cæsar consented to be millions of sesterces worse than 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 partizans to anticipate their own success only through that of their commander.

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**CLXVII.**

THESE 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 espousers 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 favourite 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

*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.—*Sapiens, verbum sat.*
negociator was not to be 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 summoned 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 a 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 shouldest 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.
CLXVIII.

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, you have 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.

CLXIX.

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.

CLXX.

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 those tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess, and of 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."

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CLXXI.

THERE are too many who reverse 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.

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CLXXII.

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.

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CLXXIII.

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 Cesar, that all the world should be taxed.”

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CLXXIV.

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 farther. Papal Rome im-
proved upon imperial; she made the tiara stronger than the
diadem; pontiffs more powerful than pretors; and the
crozier more victorious than the sword. She devised a sys-
tem, 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 Paetus tore to pieces, with his own teeth, a woodpecker, because 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 a better thing than a raw woodpecker.

CLXXXVII.

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 sceptic, 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 ever will be 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 sceptic, 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.

CLXXXVIII.

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
MANY THINGS

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! *

CLXXXIX.

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!

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

CLXXXII.

THOSE missionaries who embark for India, like some other reformers, begin at the wrong end. 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 irritat animos demissa per aures,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

The 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 depravities 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 enquiry, 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.
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 who can practise, in himself, can willingly believe in another.

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 aggrandizement; 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 Eton, which only strengthens an observation I have often made, that vivacity, in youth, is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dulness.
THE farther 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 chemistry have so simplified the laws by which the Deity acts in his great laboratory of nature, that Sir Humphry Davy has felt himself authorised 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 Pyrornists, 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 dimi-
nution. 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 grandilo-
quence, 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 re-
gulate the universe, we might farther 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 re-
gulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of
things, are not always proportionate to the apparent magni-
tude of those events that have produced them. Thus, the
American revolution, from which little was expected, pro-
duced 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 Cesar
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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 destroys. 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 dispatched to a neighbouring town, to
purchase provisions for their last carousel. 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, but upon what we would 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 unto 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 footprint 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 has been 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 the effects. History can produce many Syllas, for 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 which 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 antients, 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 sympathize 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 meaness, 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 mistresses 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!

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 martyr mongers 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

* 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 on record, 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 has been surpassed by none.
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 as 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
seal 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 woefully 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 favour; 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 him, by breaking his cardinal laws; he then seeks to glorify a God of mercy, by worshipping him as a Moloch, who delights in human sacrifices; 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 this paradox in pride,—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

CCVIII.

THOSE who worship gold 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 somewhat 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 unbucks 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. He 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 by familiarity, or disgrace himself
by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by
nature, as his companions are by rank.

CCXV.
ROYAL favourites are often obliged to carry their
complaisance farther 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 Chris-
tian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.

CCXVII.
IMITATION is the sincerest of flattery.

CCXVIII.
THERE are two modes of establishing our reputa-
tion; 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 calum-
niation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer
upon us, but it is also the only service that 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 congela-
tion commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we ap-
proach 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 confidante, 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 obligations 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 bigotted and presumptuous supposition of doing service to God. Under the influence of such hallucination, all common modes of reasoning are perverted, and all general principles are 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 Struther-dyke, 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.

CCXXXIII.

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 selec-
tion, 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 sensation, 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 of 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 Caesar, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, were contemporaries, 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 farther 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 enquires into the use, will not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce so marvelous an union of talent, but will farther 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; Caesar, Pompey, Brutus, and Cato; Caesar 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 his Plato’s Republic, in the dregs of Romulus. Proud, without ambition, he was less beloved as the stern defender of liberty, than Caesar 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 prerog-
tive of the Deity alone. In a state of nature, 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 this 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 declamations 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 the 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 it is to arm an harlot with beauty, and to heighten the attractions of a vain and an 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, than of Caesar, "confound their virtues, they've undone the world!"

CCXXVIII.

MANY have been thought capable of governing, until they were called to govern; and others have 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 qualities, 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 unforeseen 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 grandchildren of the emperor. And I have heard the late Sir George Staunton declare, that the costly mathematical instruments made by Ramsden and Dollond, 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 an Hottentot. The father of Montaigne, not inaptly to my present subject, has observed, that the tedious time which we moderns 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 cost us, provided they are valued not for themselves alone, which would make a pedant, but as a foundation for farther 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 his 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 those of the fascinating Egyptian, for which Anthony wisely paid the bauble of a 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 regibus 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 an 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 observa-

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, shews 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 precisely 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 can not 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 tongues!

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, even 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 praegravat aries
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 regrates and monopolizers, are, in times of real deficiency, the actual Josephs of the land. Like the praestolatores in the camp of the Romans, they spy 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 conqueror, 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 breviss."  

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 erratio 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 venture 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 shew their learning to the ignorant, but their ignorance to the learned; the powers of their mind seem to be parched up and withered by the public gaze, as Welch cascades before a summer sun, which, by the bye, we are told, are vastly fine in the winter, when no body goes to see them.  

CCLIV.  

GREAT men often obtain their ends by means be-
yond 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 bears 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 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 hebetates 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 toothache, or the tic doloreux, shall continue their attacks with slight intermissions 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
IN FEW WORDS.

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, 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 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 *πρός with more cause than the philosopher, and seek from the dying Christian an infallible nostrum for all the evils of ennui.

* 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 unencumbered 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
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 over-bearing in their demeanour, 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, they were tired of the unvaried repetitions, and insipid amusements of life.
potentates, and statesmen, who have done evil, in order that
good might come.

CCLXIII.

COURAGE is incompatible with the fear of the
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 adventurer 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 overthrown,
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 insure that death which he can only escape by
facing. Yet the glare of a courage thus elicited 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 lightening of the storm,
and which derives half its lustre from the darkness that sur-
rounds 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 re-
membering what all others have thought proper to forget. I
cannot but think it would much improve society, first, if all
absent men would take it into their heads to turn antiquari-
ans; 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 so weak as 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 the first edition to his bookseller. It is true that the booksellers 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 lees, they had the first squeezing of the grapes for nothing.

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, “fus 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

* 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.
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 their wishes, to their hopes and their
fears, to their families and their firesides. The moon
gives a far greater light than all the fixed stars put to-
gether, 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 your fine exterior, I
should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

CCLXX.

AGRICULTURE is the most certain source of
strength, and wealth, and independence. Commerce flour-
ishes 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 vigour. 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 Lacedaemonians, 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 canonized; 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 its 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 accommodate 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 the 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 mortar 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 before hand 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 for ever; 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 farther 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 tiffon 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 everywhere, 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 raillery. 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 for ever; 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 had 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 a 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 ex-
alt, without limit, and without end, yet the object of his highest favours could never offend the brightness of his eternal majesty, by too near an approximation to it; for the difference between the Creator and the created must ever be infinite, and the barrier that divides them insurmountable.

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CCXC.

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

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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.

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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.

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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.
IN FEW WORDS.

CCXCV.

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.

CCXCVI.

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 blockheads favoured with a heartier welcome than 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 instructor, and use the light, but abuse the lanthorn.

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 that 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 Caesar, is above suspicion,
he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny 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 to 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.

CCXCV.

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, or 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 expence is hazard, his coin is blood, and out of the very

* 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, enquired 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."
impossibilities of the coward, he cuts a perilous harvest, with his 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 connection, 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 significations, all vice, that is all excess, brings 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, therefore, 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 L
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 transgressing the line of demarcation, is confined to a pest-house, and, at the end of his quarantine, 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 vigorous mind. But, as no one thinks so meanly of a conjuror 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 disgust 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 cloyster, since to be disgusted with a court, it is only necessary to be acquainted with courtiers, but to enjoy a cloyster, 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 a 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 Shakespear, 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 over-rated and over-paid. 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 underecked, 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 adscititious 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 neighbours 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 first projector of many useful institutions in the infant state of America. 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 measures had failed, their failure would not be attributed to him alone, and if they succeeded, some one else would be forward enough to claim the merit of being the first planner of them. But whenever this happens, the original projector will be sure to 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 diffident, 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 with tears, or harrowed up by affliction.

CCCXVIII.

SHAKESPEARE, 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 to have no communication with him, if he has his friend, and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

CCCXX.

WHEN the Methodists first decide on the doctrine they approve, and then chuse such pastors as they know before hand, 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.
CCCXXXI.
A NECESSITOUS man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

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

CCCXXXIII.
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 this 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.

CCCXXXIV.
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 than 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 sensibilities 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.

CCCXXXV.

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 mistaken for her, has been pursued with an ardor that gathered force from opposition, constancy from persecution, and victory from death.

CCCXXXVI.

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.

CCCXXXVII.

Aristotle has said that man is by nature, ἄνθρωπος, 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 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 that would not lose a little finger to save China. It has been also remarked, that if a state criminal were to be executed opposite to 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 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 other, have a decided tendency to harden the human mind; but the middle class, in as much 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

* 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 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.
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 an Hottentot. There is a time for all things, and it was 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 elegancies or to the necessities of life. Let any man reflect on the revolution produced in society by two simple and common things, glass and gunpowder. 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.

CCCXXXIX.

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 it 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, and 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 profession 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 envelope 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
artificer, 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 cities 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 usually 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 accommodate 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 Caesar; 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 rewarding a tyrant, to whom their blood was but water, and their groans but wind; thus they sacrificed one that died a martyr, to his clemency, and they rewarded 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 balanced, 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 the atmospheric air, which cannot be said of the human stomach; and,

* It is more safe to imitate the conduct of the late Doctor Heberden; 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 all that long experience had taught him would do harm; here he stopped, for he was not so presumptuous as to frame theories 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.
again, the human stomach possesses life*, and the gastric juice, which cannot be said of the marble mortar.

CCCXXXIX.

THERE are two metals, one of which is omnipotent 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 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

* The gastric juice will not act upon a living stomach, although it will rapidly decompose a dead one.
promises, but the science of metaphysics promises more than it performs. The study of the mathematica, 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

CCCXLVIII

THERE are some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light for ever upon their legs; Wilkes was one of these didappers, whom, if you had stripped naked, and thrown over Westminster bridge, you might have met on the very next day, with a bag wig on his head, a sword by his side, a laced coat upon his back, and money in his pocket.

CCCXLIX.

WE may doubt of the existence of matter, if we please, and, like Berkeley, even 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 unwieldly 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 to me with few, and I will
overwhelm you; come to me with many, and you shall over-
whelm yourselves.

CCCLII.

THE art of destruction seems to have proceeded
grometrically, while the art of preservation cannot be said to
have advanced even in a plain arithmetical progression; for
there are but two specifics known, which will infallibly cure
their two respective diseases. But the modes of destroy-
ing life have increased so rapidly, that conquerors have
not to consider how to murder men, but out of the number-
less methods invented, are only puzzled which to choose. If
any nation should hereafter discover a new mode of more in-
evitable and universal destruction to its enemies, than is yet
known, (and some late experiments in chemistry have made
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 neighbouring nations,
and ultimately subjugate the world. Let such a secret be
once known by any particular nation, and by the awakened
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 jea-
losy, nor become, in any degree, such a stimulus to the in-
ventive 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. Inocu-
lation was practised in Turkey, long before it was known in
Europe; and vaccination has, at this moment, many pre-
judices 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 become a convert to Harvey's theory, but went on preferring mumpsimus to sumpsimus to the day of his death. So true is that line of the satyrlist,

" a fool at forty, is a fool indeed;" and we may also add, on this occasion, another line from another satyrlist:

"Durum est,
Qua 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, but reflected so little, that they will not hazard the most familiar truism, or common place allegation, without bolstering up their rickety 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 lanthorn, would be the first to stop and ridicule such conduct, but the last to recognize 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 do 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.

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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.

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

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CCCLXIV.

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

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CCCLXV

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

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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 whom 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 Shakespeare 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 to be 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 lenses which Leukhenhoek 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 velocity, 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 lowers, 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 law of 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 claim him, which would be chuse? The apostle himself shall answer: "Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

* "Socordiæ innocens."
† "Nunquam, nisi potus, ad arma
"Succurrît dicenda."
CCCLXXXIX.

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

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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.

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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.

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CCCXCII.

DEMAOGUES, 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 like Wilkes, 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.

* The real difference, therefore, between a tory and a whig would seem to be this: the one has power, the other wants it. Samuel Johnson was not a little discomfited by an unexpected retort, made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Doctor Crowe. The principles of
IN FEW WORDS.

CCCXCIII.
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.

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

CCCXCV.
NONE knew how to draw long bills on futurity, that never will be honoured, better than Mahomet. He possessed himself of a large stock of real and present pleasure and power here, by promising a visionary quantum of those good things to his followers hereafter; and, like the maker of an almanack, made his fortune in this world, by telling absurd lies about another.

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 origin 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 Crillon was not strengthened by any reward, only because it was considered too firm to be shaken by any neglect.
CCCXCVI.

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*.

CCCXCVII.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what 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.

CCCXCVIII.

NO two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch 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.

CCCXCIX.

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 co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

CCCC.

RATS and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

CCCCL.

HESITATION is a sign of weakness, for in as much as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate, are seldom equally balanced, 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 Berkeley, 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.

CCCCLII.

SOME are so censorious as to advance that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravities 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.
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!!*"

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, and that he who has a little know-

* 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 clavis 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 skilful 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.
ledge 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 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."

CCCCV.

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 but have 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.

CCCCVI.

THOSE who visit foreign nations, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs "cælum non animum mutant;" they see new meridians, but the same men, and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home, with travelled bodies, but untravelled minds.

CCCCVII.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind, an in-
tellectual 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 Gionioch or a Jordini.

CCCCVIII.

MAN is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions; and as some set off against the marvellous things that he has done, we might fairly adduce 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.

CCCCCIX.

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 the

* 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 "hic admirari," when the folly of mankind is the subject.
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 he shall not add to his wisdom, nor the most experienced man to his experience.

CCCCX.

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.

CCCCXI.

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

CCCCXII.

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 understanding of a second. Cromwell could manage men, but when he attempted to manage horses, he encountered more danger.

* 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
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 fairly be 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 epic than Virgil, than that Virgil could 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, as he has all the vigour of the one, and time might have furnished him with the taste and elegance of the other.

CCXCIII.

HORACE makes an awkward figure in his vain at-
of a chariot, as of a kingdom; he made his appearance at the hippodrome 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 belladonics, 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.
tempt to unite his real character of sycophant, with the assumed one of the satyr; he sometimes attempts to preach down vice, without virtue, sometimes to laugh it down without meanness, if possible, but, at all events, to be patronized. 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 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.

CCCV.

SHREWD and crafty politicians, when they wish to bring about an unpopular measure, must not go strait 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 can-
nonade 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.

CCCCXV

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 although 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 strait line, immediately on being released from his trammels, after having been blinded by a long routine of drudgery in the circle of a mill.

CCCCXVI.

WHEN men in power profusely reward the intellectual efforts of individuals in their behalf, what are the pub-
lic 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.

CCCCXVII.

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 little 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.

CCCCXVIII.

ARBITRATION has this advantage, there are some points of contest which it is better to lose by arbitration, 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.

CCCCXIX.

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.

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

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.

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.

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 exalted, looking before and after, could no more have preceded revelation, than light the sun.

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

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 for ever, no fire will follow.

CCCXXXVI.

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

CCCXXXVII.

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.

CCCXXXVIII.

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.

CCCXXXIX.

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.

CCCXXX.

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.

CCCCXXXI.

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

CCCCXXXII.

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.

CCCCXXXIII.

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.

CCCCXXXIV.

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.

CCCCXXXV.

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.

CCCCXXXVI.
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.

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

CCCCXXXVIII.
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.

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

CCCCXL.
ATTEMPTS at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.
A REVENGEFUL knave will do more than he will say; a grateful one will say more than he will do.

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.

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 steersmen 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 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, de-ride the Indians, who drag a cow to the bed of a dying person, and 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 Tartars, 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 despise and laugh at it. I have cited these ridiculous extravagancies to show that there are two things in which all sects agree, the hatred with which they pursue the errors of others, and the love with which they cling to their own.
WE must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the recipient. 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 liqueur. 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.

EXPENCE 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 resources 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.

SOME men of a secluded and studious life, have sent forth from their closet or their cloyster, 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 restless world of waters.

HAPPINESS is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this parti-
cular view of it, happiness has been beautifully 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.

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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.

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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 *price that endureth for ever*; 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.

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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 unworthy conquerors, from 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 Anthony 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 Anthony were inclined to mercy, either from interest, intreaty, or bribes, he alone stoutly and lustily stood
out for blood; "Solus magnopere contendit ne cus parce-retur."

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 to 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 pinchers, and Catiline was the executioner. "A piece of cruelty," says Seneca, "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 Chereus, 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 no harm, but he that is unable can not.
CCCCLXIII.
WE cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of our ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities 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 exalted 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 perception of the causes that induced the obligation; and Alexander made a shrewd distinction between his two friends, when he said that Hephaestion loved Alexander, but Craterus the king. Rochefacault has some ill-natured maxims on this subject;
ne 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 so 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.

CCCLXVIII.

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.

CCCLXIX.

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

CCCLXX.

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
IN FEW WORDS.

opinions or consciences of other men, but because they happen to have no opinion or conscience of their own.

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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.

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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.

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CCCCLXXIII.

MEN of strong minds, and 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 per seant 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 incognita in the sciences, an empire indisputably their own, both by right of conquest and of discovery.
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 all 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.

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. Theodoret 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 friendship, than the apostate Julian by his hostility, notwithstanding all the wit and vigour with which it was conducted.

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.

CRUEL men are the greatest lovers of mercy—ava-
ricious men of generosity—and proud men of humility,—
that is to say, in others, not in themselves.

CCCCLXXVIII.

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 an elasticity in the human mind, capable
of bearing much, but which will not show itself, until a cer-
tain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers 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 be 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 weaknesses of the
human mind, and even condescend to humour them, or they will never 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 to 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 last 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 Shakespeare 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 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 expense of times that are present; for as these very ancients themselves were once the moderns, so we moderns must also become the 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 in 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 in the light. Now, the great chart of antiquity is

* Mundi enim senium pro antiquitate vere habendum est; quod temporibus nostris tribui debet, non juxtori orati mundi, quales apud antiquos fuit.
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 greatest 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 calculators had placed them; for Hipparchus, who first discovered the precession 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.

* 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 colures 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 had affirmed, the problem was to calculate the distance between those stars through which the colure 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
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 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; which 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 το παρασχεια, and their το περιτον, their honestum, and their decorum, were phantoms that fed on the air of opinion, and, like the camelon, changed as often as their food; yet, these visionary objects, though undefined, were perpetually explained, and though ungrasped, were constantly pursued*. As warriors, their

points of 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.

* 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 Arceoia et Carneade recentem, exoremus ut sileat; nam si invocaret in hos quem satis scire nobis instructus et composita vestantur rationes, nimias edet ruinas, quam quidem ego placare cupio, sub movere non audio. 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
ignorance of chemistry must render their campaigns very tame and uninteresting to those who reflect that a single piece of ordnance would have secured to Pompey the battle of Pharsalia, and that a single frigate at Actium, would have given Anthony 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 sharp-sighted 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 all 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 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 anony the best policy;" and it is reserved for Christians, who take into their consideration the whole existence 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 chuse 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!
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 slavery. We would then rather be right with one single companion, truth, than wrong, with all the celebrious 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 have 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 palaestra, 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 rather than the sculptor, under the conviction that an ode of Pindar would outlive a statue of far more indestructible 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 muscular 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.
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 fanaticism 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 were 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.

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.

CCCXCIII.

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

CCCXCIV.

"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 afraid 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 for 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

CCCCXXCV.

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 ascent, found it the instrument of their fall; "fracta compage ruebant."


CCCCXXCVI.

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 Abbott, who filled the Archi-episcopal 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 out 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 Earl 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 Abbott, 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, before hand, 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 renegades, 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 benefited, 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 him.

CCCCXCIX.

AS in public life, that minister that makes war with parsimony, must make peace with prodigality, so in private
IN FEW WORDS.

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 both enjoy and retain*.

DI.

THE inexhaustible 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 sow benefits, although she might reap ingratitude. Alas! she found it more easy to conquer others than herself. But her safety requires not the compromise of her honour; for although her prosperity will draw envy †, her power may despise it; she is best

* If there be any truth in the old epitaph,
"What we lent we lost;
we spent, we have;
we gave, we had."
case, is both purblind and impolitic; it interests of the world, that Great Britain
for if she ceased to wield it, it
end, on the fatal consequences of
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 instance, 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 inscrutable 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 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 uni-

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.
versal 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 Potidæa, 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 in 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 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.

* See Lee's Findar.
the very day after that on which they were supposed to have been buried.

DVII.

FOR one man who sincerely pitied our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

DVIII.

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

DIX.

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 have 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 occasion, 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?
IN FEW WORDS.

DXIII.

HE that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shews 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 sense 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.
IN FEW WORDS.

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 succeed 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 honourable 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 dereliction 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 excesses 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, for the general good. Each aggression from the ruler produces fresh retaliation from 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 ever vitally affect the solid safety of our commonwealth, until our rulers are intimidated to compromise that security, by resorting to il-
legal 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 descensus averti." To strengthen the above positions, all the bearings of the Poor Laws upon society might be fairly adduced; most of their enactments operate as a bounty upon idleness, and as a draw-back upon exertion; they take from independence its proper pride, from mendicity, its salutary
shame; they deprive foresight of its fair reward, and impro-
vidence of its just responsibility. They act as a constant
and indiscriminating invitation to the marriage feast, crow-
ding it with guests, without putting a single dish upon the
table; we might even affirm that these laws now indicate a
quite 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 neces-
sary and final consummation—the non-cultivation of the soil.

* Before a committee of the house of commons, some fearful evi-
dence 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 shrank from the difficulty of cleansing
the Augean stable of the poor laws. The most effectual mode of assist-
ing the poor, must be the devising of 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 treasures 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 ma-
cinery. 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 nostris fabricata est machina murus." It is impossible
to deprive Englishmen of their spirit of enterprise, and of invention, nor
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 own 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 trium, resting upon the wel-
fare of the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the merchant. But the
misfortune is, that the agriculturist wants one state of things opposite
to, and destructive of the interests of the other two, for the agricultu-
rist must have high prices, or he can no longer meet the heavy demands
The code of the 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 deprivations 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 be long 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

upon the land; but the merchant and the manufacturer are equally anxious for low prices at home, to enable 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 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 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 at a cheaper rate 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.
from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to
dine with Sir Robert at Chelsea. His manner was very cap-
tivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely impos-
ing on Lord Peterborough; but we shall see, in the sequel,
that Swift had ruined himself, by not attending to the maxim
that it 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 demeanour; but all this was soon done
away; "You see, my, Lord," said Sir Robert, "how high-
ly I stand in Swift's favour;" "Yes," replied Lord Peter-
borough, "and I am confident he means all that 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
cau sed 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 re-
ceive plenty, and added, that he hoped very soon to have the
old fox in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonish-
ment; Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily re-
turned 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 mummem

* He did not open his lips, except on one occasion, for seven years.
It would seem, that he had a melancholy foreboding of his fate, for on
seeing an old oak, the head of which was withered, he feelingly exclain-
ed, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top." The following lines
in Hypocrisy allude to this circumstance:

"Then ask not length of days, that giftless gift,
More pleased like Wolfe to die, than live like Swift;
He, with prophetic plaint, his doom divin'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!"
by which he reigns. The Roman church professes to have a Christian object of adoration, but 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 policy 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 retrosum;" 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 ascer-

* 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 above mentioned, having been subdued into a submission to a power still more significant than that of Ægis, 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 martyrs, and others, as may be seen at large in Faber's Agonisticum."
tained, would prevent many disappointments, often deplorable, often ridiculous, always remediless. We should not then see young spendthrifts allying themselves to females who are not so, only because they have had 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; whereas, 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 an instrument not 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 sua." 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 even over those whom they aggrandize and advance; and hence it happens that great talents, supported by great connections, 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 dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that will be extinguished in the attempt.

* 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 fulgere suo;" but few will be ready to add, "extinctus amabitur idem."
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 of guilt, but of nerve, not of innocence, but of endurance; 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 consolatory 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.

DXLI.

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 gratuities 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 the 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 justify these conclusions; for as civilization proceeded, and property became legalized, and extended, the civil and ecclesiastical proprietors of the soil, set an example of hospitality, coarse indeed, and indiscriminating, but of unrivalled magnificence, 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 Cæsars 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 form of 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 flagon 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 sycophants, 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 be 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 *Spar- tan*, being more ashamed of the discovery, than of the depredation. Yet, the offence itself may not be so heinous as the manner of committing it; for some, as Voltaire †, not only steal, but, like the harpies, besoul 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, that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it; and those sweets she

* What has been said of happiness, with regard to men, may be said of praise with respect to monarchs, with a slight alteration;

"*Disque celebris,"

"*Ante obitum, nemo, supremaque funera debet."

† He robbed Shakespeare, and then abused him, comparing him, amongst other things, to a dunghill. It was in allusion to these plagiarisms, that Mrs. Montague retorted on Voltaire, that if Shakespeare was a dunghill, he had enriched a very ungrateful soil.
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.

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**DXLVI.**

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 burthen; 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 obedience, at the same time that she imposes a most grievous 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 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 enquire 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.

* 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.
MANY THINGS.

DL

FALSHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

DLI.

THE straits of Thermopylae 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 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 should 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, that 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 more disgusting, than that 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 courting and classical notoriety. Having oppressed the doctor with a plentiful dose of distressing condescension, his lordship, with a familiarity evidently affected, enquired 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 a little unruly, and when your lordship dismounted, it was at the expense of no small num-
ber of stitches in your small-clothes; I felt not a little em-
barrassed 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, inclosing 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 giv-
ing 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.

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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:

"Femina quid possit,
Spretaque injuria forma."

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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 an-
other. 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 im-
posed; 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.

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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 weaknesses 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 neighbourhood 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 countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of; that some of you may see, 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 persons will think of putting any thing into the plate, who cannot pay their debts." I need not add, that this advice produced a most overflowing collection.

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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 minutiae. Nothing, however, is more disgusting than the triumphant crowings of learned dunces, if by any chance they can fasten a slip or peccadillo 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 great 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 no-
thing 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 Almanack of their own particular district, as to make every year of their Register consist of twenty-four calendar months.

DLXIV.

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 Cesar, 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 exhaust-ed 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 unappro-

* 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 high sheriff for the county of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalised 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 apostatised from the principles 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.
priated cenotaph, which, like the pyramids of Egypt, derives much of its importance from the mystery in which the hand that reared it is involved.

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**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.

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**DLXVIII.**

**THE temple of truth is built indeed of stones of chrystal, but, in as much 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 not 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.

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**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 Coliseum at Rome, we deplore its magnificence, because we detest the purposes for which it was designed.**
ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

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 Stackelberg was sent on a particular embassy by Catharine of Russia, into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was dispatched 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 several 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.

AS it is far more difficult to be just, than to be ge-
ncrous, 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 an 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; for 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 Honourable Daines Barrington give another reason for Dodd's execution. This gentleman also informed me
been pardoned, who shall say how many men of similar talents that cruel pardon might have fatally ensnared. Eloquent as he was, and exemplary as perhaps he would 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 gentleman mentioned above, was 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 shew 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 books, paper, linen, or 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 assented 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 unto 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.
have been, an enlarged view of his case authorises this irre-fragable 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 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.

DLXXXIII.

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.

* 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 plume of each, at the expense of the feelings of the other. The late Mr. West was perfectly free from this aigea succus laliginis. 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 he 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.
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 enquiry, 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 enquiry, it follows that her worshippers must grow with the growth, strengthen with the strength, and improve with the advancement of knowledge. "Quiesa ne movete," 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

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 deprecative of the talents or merits of any one human being whatsoever. Mrs. West, on hearing this, replied with somewhat of plain and sectarian bluntness,—Go thou and do likewise!
concede or imagine. I have often observed this, in the un-
educated, that when once another can give them true pre-
mises, 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 semi-scientific descrip-
tion 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 lowest ramifi-

*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 suc-
cess to such labours, and every Hebrew scholar will examine if they de-
serve 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
emutations turn out to be correct, they should be adopted, as no time
and no authority can consecrate error. Mr. Bellamy has met with pa-
tronage 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 conse-
quential; 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 dif-
ferent 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 absurd, and reconciles that which was contradictory, in
cations of society; for it is presumed, that if the roots 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 slipshod 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 detected by superficial observers; for they draw somewhat plausible con-
borne out 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 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 still 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. In as much 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 significations, or by violating the purity of the Hebrew text, "Sub judice lis est."
clusions, from premises that are false, and they have to do with a class of readers that concede to them the "petitio 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 accessible demeanour 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 unmented. But the tongues of aftertimes have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another. They have honoured 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
he day of victory, he had sacrificed a meal? And those mighty minds, whom these pigmies presume to commiserate, 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 familiar 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. Burke 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 disquisitions 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 the 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 it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathise 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."

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 suc-
cess that is indebted much more to the weakness of others, than to any strength of our own.

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DLXXXVIII.

EVIDENCE * has often been termed the eye of the law, and has been too generally considered to be that which

* I have said that evidence seldom deceives, or is deceived. In fact its very etymology evido, 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 deposition of a witness, which deposition 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 often got a very high kind of moral conviction, more satisfactory, perhaps, and conclusive than the unsupported, though positive oath of any one individual whatsoever; 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 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 chemist, that on being asked for what purposes 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 can 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
regulates the decisions of all courts of justice, that are conducted with impartiality. But the term evidence, so applied, is a misnomer, since, from the very nature of things, farmer, recorded by Judge Hale. I have heard the late Daines 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 Berkshire, 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 advisable to start early on the next 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 lanthorn in his hand, and with a countenance of the greatest consternation, standing over the still bleeding, and murdered body of his friend. On a 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 minds 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 night to destroy, wringing in blood, and already murdered to his hands; and the 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.
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 into a court of justice covered with wounds and with bruises, I admit that the whole court has evidence before it that the man has been beaten and mangled; but the question of law is, by whom has he been so beaten or 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 chuse 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.

DLXXXIX.

THERE is a spot in Birmingham, where the steam power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let out 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 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; 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

* These observations do not 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 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."
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 vegetable 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. Steven’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 minutiae, that of the statesman in grasping of 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 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 equal to grapple with the more extended bearings 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

* Such men as Dunning and Sir Samuel Romilly, and Lord Erskine, form splendid exceptions to this general rule, and only serve to shew the wonderful elasticity of the powers of the human mind. Wedderburn was not always so successful in the House as in the Hall; and “Iulæ jactet in aulæ Eolus,” was a quotation not unhappily applied.
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 as 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 Humphry 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 of Lilliputians. 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 stature never expressed half the surprise or gratification on seeing him, that was evinced by those who were tall. The reason of this puzzled me a little, until at last I began to reflect that children and persons of small stature, are in the constant habit of looking up at others, and, therefore, it costs them no trouble to look a little higher at a giant; but those who are comparatively tall, in as much as they are in the constant habit of looking down upon all others, are beyond measure astonished, when they meet with 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 imitable.
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 aureas,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

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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 disturbing force within them, that designates them as unclassed anomalies and hybrids; 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 wholly without their exceptions. Rochefaucult has written one maxim, which, in my humble opinion, is worth all the

* 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.
rest that he has given us; he says, that, "hypocrisy is the homage that 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 hypocrisy 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, becomes one well arranged and connected whole, dove-tailed as it were, and compacted 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 Being, created to fill that wide hiatus, that must otherwise have remained unoccupied, between the natural world, and the spiritual; and He sympathises 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

* No sound philosopher will confound instinct with reason, because an oar of an orang 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
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 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 for ever 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,

cy 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 repaid 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 exercise of this principle is the perfection of reason, it happens also, as might have been anticipated, to form the chief task assigned to us by religion, and this task is in great measure accomplished from the moment our lives exhibit a practical assent to one eternal and immutable truth, αὐθεντικὸς αὐτός.* The necessary and final connection between happiness and virtue, and misery and vice.

· The antient sculptors 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,
without a possibility of endangering the safety of his throne by rivalry, or tarnishing its lustre, by approximation.

DLXXXVII.

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 immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had*. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and

* 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 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 in 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 ἦν ὁ κόσμος, και ἦν ὁ χρόνος, 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 mediis.
IN FEW WORDS.

m 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, 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.
Article 10.

There were 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 a 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 gladly 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 expectations of mankind, and the probabilities that its first development afforded of its final establishment. The papal power, the dynasty of the Bourbons, the freedom of the press, and purity of representation, are resolving themselves very much into the "status 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 revolution 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 CASALPHINUS, chief physician to pope Clement the 8th, published a book at Pisa on the 1st of June 1569, intitled, Questionum Peripateticarum, Libri V., in which there is this passage, which evidently shows that he was thoroughly acquainted with the circulation of the blood: “Idcirco Pulmo per venam arteriae similem, ex dextra cordis ventriculo, fervidum hauriens sanguinem, eumque per anastomosis arteriae venali reddens, quae in sinistrum cordis ventriculum tendit, transmissio interim aere frigido per asperae arteriae canales, qui juxta arteriam venalem protenduntur, non tamen osculis communicantes, ut putavit Galenus, solo tactu temperat. Huic sanguinis circulationi ex dextra cordis ventriculo, per pulmones, in sinistrum ejsdem ventriculum, optime respondent ea quæ ex dissectione apparent. Nam duo sunt vasa in dextrum ventriculum desinentia, duo etiam in sinistrum. Duo 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 countenance 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 the 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
INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

I know not that I should have attempted a Second Volume of Lacon, if the first had not met with some encouragement; Its reception has proved that my book has been purchased at least by the many, and I have testimonies far more gratifying, that it has not been disapproved of by the few. He that aspires to produce a work that shall instruct and amuse the unlearned, without displeasing or disgusting the scholar, proposes to himself an object more attainable perhaps on any other theme, than on that which I have adopted; for on this subject all men are critics, although very few are connoisseurs; the man of the world is indignant at being supposed to stand in need of information, and the philosopher feels that he is above it; the old will not quit the school of their own experience, and hope is the only moralist that has any weight with the young. There are many things on which even a coxcomb will receive instruction with gratitude, as for instance a knowledge of the languages, or of the mathematics,
because his pride is not wounded by an admission of his ignorance, as to those sciences to which he has never been introduced. But if you propose to teach him any thing new concerning himself, the world, and those who live in it, the case is widely altered. He finds that he has been conversant all his life with these things, suspects that here he knows at least as much as his master, becomes quite impatient of information, and often finishes by attempting to instruct his instructor. It is true that he has made very laudable use of his eyes, since his opera glass has given him an insight into others, and his looking glass has helped him to some knowledge of himself. His ears indeed have had a very easy time of it, but their inactivity has been dearly purchased, at the expense of his tongue; he feels, however, from his experience, that he has had the opportunities at least of observing, and he fancies from his vanity, that he has improved them. Can one (says he) be ignorant of those things that are so constantly and so closely around us, and about us; he that runs, he thinks, may read that lucid volume whose pages are days, whose characters are men. But too close a contiguity is as inimical to distinct vision, as too great a distance; and hence it happens that a man often knows the least of that which is most near to him,—even his own heart; but if we are ignorant of ourselves, a knowledge of others is built upon the sand. On this subject, however, nothing is more easy than to talk plausibly, and few things more
INTRODUCTION.

difficult than to write profoundly; thoroughly to succeed, requires far more experience than I possess, or ever shall. I am however fully satisfied of the utility of a work similar to that in which I am engaged, and hope that what little encouragement I have met with, may stimulate those to attempt something better, who are deeply conversant, not only with the living, but with the dead, not only with books, but with men, not only with the hearts of others, but with their own. But the moral world will by no means repay our researches, with such rich discoveries as the natural; yet where we cannot invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite. A Hume may soar indeed somewhat higher than a Davy, but he will meet with more disappointments; with wing that could reach the clouds, but not with strength of pennon that could pierce them, Hume was at times as incomprehensible to himself, as invisible to others, lost in regions where he could not penetrate, nor we pursue; for it is as rare for experiment to give us nothing but conjecture, as for speculation to give us nothing but truth. In this walk of science, however, if we know but little, upon that little we are becoming gradually more agreed; perhaps we have discovered that the prize is not worth the contention. Hence there is a kind of alphabet of first principles, now established in the
moral world, which is not very likely to be overturned by any new discoveries. But principles, however correct, may sometimes be wrongly, and however true, may sometimes be falsely applied; and none are so likely to be so, as those that from having been found capable of effecting so much, are expected to perform all. An Indian has very few tools, and it is astonishing how much he accomplishes with them; but he sometimes fails, for although his instruments are of general, they are not of universal application. There are two principles however of established acceptance in morals; first that self-interest is the main spring of all our actions, and secondly, that utility is the test of their value. Now there are some cases where these maxims are not tenable, because they are not true; for some of the noblest energies of gratitude, of affection, of courage, and of benevolence, are not resolvable into the first. If it be said indeed that these estimable qualities, may after all be traced to self-interest, because all the duties that flow from them, are a source of the highest gratification to those that perform them, this I presume savours rather too much of an identical proposition, and is only a round-about mode of informing us that virtuous men will act virtuously. Take care of number one, says the worldling, and the christian says so too; for he has taken the best care of number one, who takes care that number one shall go to heaven; that blessed place is full of those same selfish beings who by having con-
stantly done good to others, have as constantly gratified themselves. I humbly conceive therefore that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. As to the standard of utility, this is a mode of examining human actions, that looks too much to the event, for there are occasions where a man may effect the greatest general good, by the smallest individual sacrifice; and there are others where he may make the greatest individual sacrifice, and yet produce but little general good. If indeed the moral philosopher is determined to do all his work with the smallest possible quantity of tools, and would wish to cope with the natural philosopher, who has explained such wonders from the two simple causes of impulse, and of gravity, in this case he must look out for maxims as universal as those occasions to which he would apply them. Perhaps he might begin by affirming with me that—men are the same, and this will naturally lead him to another conclusion, that if men are the same, they can have but one common principle of action, The attainment of apparent good; those two simple truisms contain the whole of my philosophy, and as they have not been worn out in the performance of one undertaking, I trust they will not fail me in the execution of another.
REFLECTIONS.

&c. &c.

I.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.* I have

* As this volume opens with a double antithesis, I hope I may be permitted to offer a few remarks on this subject, in a note. In the first volume I observed, that with respect to the style I proposed to adopt in these pages, I should attempt to make it vary with the subject. I now find that I have succeeded, so far at least in this attempt, that some have doubted whether all the articles came from the same pen. I can however assure my readers, that whatever faults Lacon may possess belong to me alone, and having said thus much, I believe I shall not have made a very good bargain, by claiming also whatever trifling merits may be found in the book. To those therefore that are disgusted with the abundance of the one, or dissatisfied from the scarcity of the other, I can only reply in the words of the Poet,

"Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum."

As to the frequent recurrence of antithesis, I admit that wherever this figure presents itself to my imagination, I never reject it, if the deductions proposed to be drawn from it, appear to me to be just. I have consulted authors ancient and modern on this subject, and they seem to be all agreed that the sententious, short and apothegmatic style, so highly requisite in a book of maxims or aphorisms, is a style, to the force and spirit of which, antithesis is not only particularly advantageous, but even absolutely necessary. A maxim, if it be worth any thing, is worth remembering, and nothing is so likely to rivet it on the memory, as antithesis; deprived of this powerful auxiliary, all works of the nature of that in which I am engaged, must droop and be dull.

If indeed I have blundered on some antitheses that lead to false conclusions, I admit that no mercy ought to be shown to these, and I consign them, without benefit of clergy, to the severest sentence of criticism.
observed elsewhere, that no swindler has assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own; self-love can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the

No candid reader I presume will accuse an author of adopting the antithetical style from laziness, and to those who would ask whether it be an easy style of writing, I would say with the celebrated Painter, "try." That I can abandon antithesis, on subjects where it is not required, will, I think be allowed, by those who have read the notes to Hypocrisy, and my remarks on Don Juan. But to extirpate antithesis from literature altogether, would be to destroy at one stroke about eight-tenths of all the wit, ancient and modern, now existing in the world; and I fancy we shall never have the same excuse for such a measure, that the Dutch had for destroying their spices—the fear of a glut. Dunces, indeed, give antithesis no quarter, and to say the truth, it gives them none; if indeed it be a fault, it is one of the very few which such persons may exclaim against with some justice, because they were never yet found capable of committing it. Let any man try to recall to his memory all the pointed, epigrammatic, brief or severe things which he may have read or heard either at the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage, and he will see that I have not overrated the share which antithesis will be found to have had in their production. It is a figure capable not only of the greatest wit, but sometimes of the greatest beauty, and sometimes of the greatest sublimity. Milton, in his moral description of hell, says that it was a place which God "created evil, for evil only good; where all life dies, death lives." That it is capable of the greatest beauty, will be seen by the following translation from an Arabic poet, on the birth of a child:

"When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
While thine assembled friends around
With smiles their joy confess.
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be drest."

If these lines will not put my readers in good humour with antithesis, I must either give them up as incorrigible, or prescribe to them a regular course of reading discipline, administered by such writers as Herder or Giborne, restricting them also most strictly from all such authors as Butler and Swift, where they will be often shocked with such lines as the following:

"'Tis said that Cesar's horse would stoop
To take his noble Rider up,
So Hudibras's, 'tis well known,
Would often do to set him down."
grossest venality, when tinselled over with the semblance of
gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach. There is an
anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole, so much to my present pur-
pose, that I cannot refrain from relating it, as I conceive
that it will be considered apposite by all my readers, and may
perhaps be new to some. Sir Robert wished to carry a
favourite measure in the House of Commons. None under-
stood better than this minister, two grand secrets of state,—
the great power of principal, and the great weakness of prin-
ciple. A day or two previous to the agitation of the mea-
sure alluded to, he chanced upon a county member, who
sometimes looked to the weight and value of an argument,
rather than to its justice, or its truth. Sir Robert took him
aside, and rather unceremoniously put a bank note of a thou-
sand pounds into his hand, saying I must have your vote and
influence on such a day. Our Aristides from the country
thus replied: Sir Robert, you have shown yourself my friend
on many occasions, and on points where both my honour
and my interest were nearly and dearly concerned; I am
also informed that it was owing to your good offices, that
my wife lately met with so distinguished and flattering a
reception at court; I should think myself therefore, con-
tinued he, putting however the note very carefully into his own
pocket, I should think myself, Sir Robert, a perfect monster
of ingratitude, if on this occasion I refused you my vote and
influence. They parted: Sir Robert not a little surprised
at having discovered a new page in the volume of man, and
the other scarcely more pleased with the valuable reasoning
of Sir Robert, than with his own specious rhetoric, which
had so suddenly metamorphosed an act of the foulest cor-
ruption, into one of the sincerest gratitude.

II.

AS that gallant can best affect a pretended passion
for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he that
has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume
the appearance of them all.
III.

TRUE friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

IV.

WE are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these? but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

V.

THE plainest man that can convince a woman that he is really in love with her, has done more to make her in love with him than the handsomest man, if he can produce no such conviction. For the love of woman is a shoot, not a seed, and flourishes most vigorously only when ingrafted on that love which is rooted in the breast of another.

VI.

CORRUPTION is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling: and all that corruption attracts, it also retains, for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch than having yielded to regain it.

VII.

WORKS of true merit are seldom very popular in their own day; for knowledge is on the march, and men of genius are the Praestolatores or Videttes that are far in
advance of their comrades. They are not with them, but before them; not in the camp, but beyond it. The works of Sciolists and Dullards are still more unpopular, but from a different cause; and theirs is an unpopularity that will remain, because they are not before the main body but behind it; and as it proceeds, every moment increases the distance of those sluggards that are sleeping in the rear, but diminishes the distance of those heroes that have taken post in the van. Who then stands the best chance of that paltry prize, contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; Who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to learn; Who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, nor so far behind them as to be unregarded.

VIII.

A TOWN, before it can be plundered and deserted, must first be taken; and in this particular Venus has borrowed a law from her consort Mars. A woman that wishes to retain her suitor, must keep him in the trenches; for this is a siege which the besieger never raises for want of supplies, since a feast is more fatal to love than a fast, and a surfeit than a starvation. Inanition may cause it to die a slow death, but repletion always destroys it by a sudden one. We should have as many Petarchs as Antonies, were not Lauras much more scarce than Cleopatras.

IX.

THOSE orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning
even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

X.

LET us so employ our youth that the very old age, which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of the women, shall enable us to replace what we have lost with something better, from the ears of the men

XI.

THE reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this. The friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is much more punctual paymaster than gratitude. Those whom a great man has marred, rejoice at his ruin, and those whom he has made, look on with indifference; because, with common minds, the destruction of the creditor is considered as equivalent to the payment of the debt.

XII.

OUR achievements and our productions are our intellectual progeny, and he who is engaged in providing that these immortal children of his mind shall inherit fame, is far more nobly occupied than he who is industrious in order that the perishable children of his body should inherit wealth. This reflection will help us to a solution of that question that has been so often and so triumphantly proposed, "What has posterity ever done for us?" This sophism may be replied to thus. Who is it that proposes the question? one of the present generation of that particular moment when it is proposed. but to such it is evident that posterity can exist only in idea. And if it be asked, what the idea of posterity has done for us? we may safely reply that it has done, and is doing two most important things; it increases the energies of virtue and diminishes the excesses of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.
IN FEW WORDS.

XIII.

NO improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is an universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

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XIV.

THOSE who at the commencement of their career meet with less cotemporaneous applause than they deserve, are not unfrequently recompensed by gaining more than they deserve at the end of it: and although at the earlier part of their progress such persons had ground to fear that they were born to be starved, yet have they often lived long enough to die of a surfeit. But this applies not to posterity, which decides without any regard to this inequality. Contemporaries are anxious to redeem a defect of penetration, by a subsequent excess of praise; but from the very nature of things it is impossible for posterity to commit either the one fault or the other. Doctor Johnson is a remarkable instance of the truth of what has been advanced; he was considered less than he really was in his morn of life, and greater than he really was in its meridian. Posterity has calmly placed him where he ought to be,—between the two extremes. He was fortunate in having not only the most interesting, but also the most disinterested of biographers, for he is constantly raising his hero at the expense of himself. He now and then proposes some very silly questions to his oracle. He once asked him, pray, Doctor, do you think you could make any part of the Rambler better than it is? Yes, sir, said the Doctor, I could make the best parts better. But posterity, were she to cite the Doctor before her, might perhaps propose a more perplexing question,—Pray, Doctor, do you think you could make the worst parts worse?

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XV.

THE testimony of those who doubt the least is not,
unusually, that very testimony that ought most to be doubted.

XVI.

IT is curious that intellectual darkness creates some authors, whom physical darkness would destroy; such would be totally silent if they were absolutely blind, and their ability to write would instantly cease with their ability to read. They could neither draw, like Shakspeare, on imagination; like Bacon, on reflection; like Ben Jonson, on memory; nor, like Milton, on all. These traffickers in literature are like bankers in one respect, and like bakers in another. Like bankers, because they carry on business with a small capital of their own, and a very large one of other men's, and a run would be equally fatal to both. They are like bakers, because while the one manufactures his bread and the other his book, neither of them has had any hand in the production of that which forms the staple of his respective commodity.

XVII.

WITH the offspring of genius, the law of parturition is reversed; the throes are in the conception, the pleasure in the birth.

XVIII.

AS no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

XIX.

WHEN dunces call us fools without proving us to be so, our best retort is to prove them to be fools without condescending to call them so.

XX.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.
XXI.

HE that pleases himself without injuring his neighbour, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the whole of it; he also stands a far better chance of a majority in his favour, since upon all equal divisions he will be fairly entitled to his own casting vote.

XXII.

I HAVE often heard it canvassed how far it would be beneficial that written speeches should be permitted to be read in our Houses of Parliament. Madame De Stael, who in the infancy of the French revolution, saw the consequences of written speeches developed before her eyes, has, with her usual discernment, set the question at rest, by deciding in favour of the system that excludes them. In the British Senate, she observes, it is a rule not to read a written speech, it must be spoken, so that the number of persons capable of addressing the House with effect is of necessity very small. But, she adds, as soon as permission is given to read either what we have written for ourselves, or what others have written for us, men of eminence are no longer the permanent leaders of an assembly, and thus we lose the great advantages of a free government, that of giving talent its place, and consequently of prompting all men to the improvement of their faculties.

XXIII.

WOMEN will pardon any offence rather than a neglect of their charms, and rejected love re-enters the female bosom with a hatred more implacable than that of Coriolanus, when he returned to Rome. In good truth we should have many Potiphars, were it not that Josephs are scarce. All Addison's address and integrity were found necessary to extricate him from a dilemma of this kind. The Marquiss Des Vardes fared not so well. Madame the Duchess of Orleans fell in love with him, although she knew
he was the gallant of Madame Soissons, her most intimate friend. She even went so far as to make a confidante of Madame Soissons, who not only agreed to give him up, but carried her extravagance so far as to send for the Marquis, and to release him, in the presence of Madame, from all his obligations, and to make him formally over to her. The Marquis Des Vardes deeming this to be only an artifice of gallantry to try how faithful he was in his amours, thought it most prudent to declare himself incapable of change, but in terms full of respect for Madame, but of passion for the Duchess. His ruin was determined upon from that moment, nor could his fidelity to the one, save him from the effects of that hatred his indifference had excited in the breast of the other. As a policiser, the marquis reasoned badly; for had he been right in his conclusion, it would have been no difficult matter for him, on the ladies discovering their plot, to have persuaded his first favourite that his heart was not in the thing, and that he had fallen into the snare, only from a deference to her commands; and if he were wrong in his conclusion, which was the case, women do not like a man the worse for having many favourites if he deserts them all for her; she fancies that she herself has the power of fixing the wanderer; that other women conquer like the Parthians, but that she herself, like the Romans, cannot only make conquests, but retain them.

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XXIV.

IN civil jurisprudence* it too often happens that there is so much law that there is no room for justice, and that the

* It follows upon the same principle that the converse of what has been offered above will also be true, and that women will pardon almost any extravagancies in the men, if they appear to have been the uncontrolled effects of an inordinate love and admiration. It is well known from the confession of Catharine herself, that Alexis Orloff, though at that time a common soldier in the guards, had the hardiesse to make the first advances to the Autocatrix of all the Russias.

† Grievances of this kind are not likely to be speedily redressed, on many accounts, some of which I have elsewhere enumerated. There is
claimant expires of wrong, in the midst of right, as mariners
die of thirst, in the midst of water.

XXV.

TOO high an appreciation of our own talents is the
chief cause why experience preaches to us all in vain. Hence
it happens, that both in public and in private life, we so
constantly see men playing that very game at which they
know that others have been ruined; but they flatter them-
selves that they shall play it with more skill. The powerful
are more deaf to the voice of experience, than their inferiors,
from the very circumstances in which they are placed.
Power multiplies flatterers, and flatterers multiply our delu-
sions, by hiding us from ourselves. It is on this principle
only, that we can account for such a reign as that of the
Second Charles, treading so quickly upon that of the First.
The former was restored to a throne that might be said to
have been built out of the very materials that composed the
scaffold of his father! He converted it into an Altar of Bac-
chanalians, where he himself officiated as high priest of the
orgies, while every principle of purity and of honour, were
the costly victims that bedewed with libations, and bedizened
with flowers, were led in disgusting splendour to the sacri-
ifice.

an esprit du corps amongst lawyers which is carried to a greater height
than in any other profession; its force here is more prominent, because
it is more effectual. Lawyers are the only civil delinquents whose
judges must of necessity be chosen from themselves. Therefore the
"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" is a more perplexing question with
regard to them, than any other body of men. The fact is, that the
whole Civil Code is now become a most unwieldy machine, without the
least chance of being improved, for to those who manage its movements,
its value rises in precise proportion to its complication, and to them it
is most profitable, when it performs the least. This machine devours
an immensity of paper in the shape of bank notes, and returns to its
customers other paper in the shape of legal instruments and documents,
from which on examination nothing can be learnt, except that the par-
ties have been regularly ruined according to law.

Vol. II.

C
XXVI.

HE that would thoroughly accomplish himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that are present, and a learning that can look back into things that are past.* But the poring pedant, who will slake his thirst only from antiquity, will find that it abounds with wells so deep, that some of them were not worth the digging, and now so dark that they are not worth the descending; yet so dry withal, that he will come up more thirsty than he went down, with eyes blinded by the dust of time, and with lips unquenched by the living waters of truth. Wisdom, however, and learning, should go hand in hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance. But it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich.

XXVII.

WHEN we have lost a favourite horse or a dog, we usually endeavour to console ourselves, by the recollection of some bad qualities they happened to possess; and we are very apt to tranquillize our minds by similar reminiscences, on the death of those friends who have left us nothing.

XXVIII.

WHEN certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

XXIX.

WHY is it that we so constantly hear men complain-

* Some contend that the moderns have less strength than the ancients, but it would be nearer the truth, to insist that the moderns have less weakness; the muscularity of their mind on some points is not enfeebled by any rickety conformation on others, and this enables us to ascend the ladder of science, high enough to be on a level with the wisdom of our forefathers at some times, and above their errors at all times.
ing of their memory; but none of their judgment; is it that they are less ashamed of a short memory, because they have heard that this is a failing of great wits, or is it because nothing is more common than a fool, with a strong memory, nor more rare than a man of sense with a weak judgment.

XXX.

AS the mean have a calculating avarice, that sometimes inclines them to give, so the magnanimous have a condescending generosity, than sometimes inclines them to receive.

XXXI.

PHILOSOPHY is to Poetry, what old age is to youth; and the stern truths of Philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one, as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

XXXII.

NO reformation is so hazardous as that of retrenchment; it forces the corrupt to give a practical assent to a system which they outwardly extol, but inwardly execrate. Even the bright talent and still brighter integrity of M. Necker,† were not equal to the host of enemies which his inflexible adherence to economy had created around him. I was placed, says he, in a situation, where I was under the constant necessity of disobliging all those whom I knew, in

* Of all the faculties of the mind, memory is the first that flourishes, and the first that dies. Quintilian has said "Quantum memorie tantum ingenii;" but if this maxim were either true, or believed to be so, all men would be as satisfied with their memory, as they at present are with their judgment.

† So firm was the confidence reposed in this great man by the whole nation of France, that on his re-assumption of office, the French funds rose thirty per cent in one day. Had M. Necker had plenitude of power, or M. Mirabeau purity of principle, could the former have done what he would, or the latter what he could, in either case the French revolution had been prevented.
order to secure the interests of those whom I knew not. Even
the ladies at court would demand pensions, says Madame De
Stael, with as much confidence, as a Marshal of France
would complain of being superseded. What, they would
say, is three thousand livres to the king: three thousand
livres, replied M. Necker, are the taxation of a village.

XXXIII.

SELFLOVE, in a well regulated breast, is as the
steward of the household, superintending the expenditure,
and seeing that benevolence herself should be prudential, in
order to be permanent, by providing that the reservoir
which feeds, should also be fed.

XXXIV.

SOMETHOW, write nonsense in a clear style, and
others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without
being able to persuade, others can persuade without being
able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into
darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light;
and some in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us
only that which is cut and dried. We should labour
therefore, to treat with ease, of things that are difficult; with
familiarity, of things that are novel; and with perspicacity,
of things that are profound.

XXXV.

WHAT we conceive to be failings in others, are not
unfrequently owing to some deficiencies in ourselves; thus
plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain
women think young men want politeness; dull writers think
all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty
writers devoid of brilliance; old men can see nothing to
admire in the present days; and yet former days were not
better, but it is they themselves that have become worse.
XXXVI.

A THOROUGH paced Antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.

XXXVII.

SPEAKING, says Lord Bacon, makes a ready man, reading a full man, and writing a correct man. The first position perhaps is true. for those are often the most ready to speak, who have the least to say. But reading will not always make a full man, for the memories of some men are like the buckets of the daughters of Danae, and retain nothing; others have recollections like the bolters of a mill, that retain the chaff and let the flour escape; these men will have fulness, but it will be with the drawback of dulness. Neither will writing always accomplish what his Lordship has declared, otherwise some of our most voluminous writers, would put in their claim for correctness, to whom their readers would more justly award correction. But if we may be allowed to compare intellectual wealth to current, we may say that from a man's speaking, we may guess how much ready money he has; from his reading what legacies have been left him; and from his writing, how much he can sit down and draw for, on his banker.

XXXVIII.

DRUNKENNESS is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

XXXIX.

TRUE goodness is not without that germ of greatness that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant,
and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her "exceeding great reward," and she would not debase a thing so precious, by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.

XL.

WOMEN that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer any laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanour, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to, to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; but it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armour, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

XLI.

WHAT Fontenelle said of cuckoldom, might more truly be said of fame; it is nothing if you do not know it, and very little if you do. Nor does the similarity end here; for in both cases, the principals, though first concerned, are usually the very parties that are last informed.

XLII.

AN ambassador* from Naples, once said of the young ladies of Paris, that they loved with their heads, and thought with their hearts; and could the same ambassador

* This same ambassador was no disgrace to his corps, and some of his fraternity would not be the worse for a spice of his penetration: On being asked by a lady, how it happened that the women have so much political influence in France, but so little in England? he replied, the reason is that men govern in France, but in England the Laws; the women can influence the men, but they can have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them.
now see a certain class of young gentlemen in London, he might as truly say of them, that they did neither, with either.

XLIII.

GOOD faith is the richest Exchequer of Princes, for the more it is drawn upon, the firmer it is, and its resources increase, with its payments. But a falsehood from Royal Lips, is to a nation, what the mistake of a signal is to an army: the word of a king is as a pharos to the mariner, to withhold his word is to withhold the light, but to give his word and not to fulfil it, is not only to withhold the true light, but to set up a false one.

XLIV.

WE pity those that have lost their eyes, because they admit their infirmity, are thankful for our assistance, and do not deny us that light which they themselves have lost. But it is far otherwise with the blindness of the mind, which, although it be a calamity far more deplorable, seldom obtains that full commiseration it deserves. The reason is, that the mentally blind too often claim to be sharp sighted, and in one respect are so, since they can perceive that in themselves which no one else can discover. Hence it happens that they are not only indignant at the proffered assistance of the enlightened, but most officiously obtrude their guidance upon them. Inflexibility, alas, is not confined to truth, nor inconstancy to error, and those who have the least pretensions to dogmatize, are not always those who have the least inclination to do so. It is upon such lamentable occasions as these, that the Scriptural Paradox has been carried to a still greater excess of absurdity, when the presumption of those that are blind, would insist upon leading those that can see.

XLV.

EVERY man, if he would be candid, and sum up
his own case, as impartially as he would that of his neighbour, would probably come to this conclusion, that he knows enough of others to be certain that he himself has enemies, and enough of himself, to be as certain that he deserves them. But we are dissatisfied, not so much with the quantum of the requital, as with the quarter from whence it comes, and are too apt to fancy that our punishment is not deserved, because it is not always inflicted precisely by the proper hand. But in as much as the bitter seeds of offence are sometimes sown without producing revenge, their proper harvest, so we also are not to wonder, if at other times the harvest should spring up, even where no seed has been sown.

XLVI.

GROSS and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

XLVII.

MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

XLVIII.

THE freest possible scope should be given to all the opinions, discussions, and investigations of the learned; if frail they will fall, if right they will remain; like steam they are dangerous only when pent in, restricted, and confined. These discordancies in the moral world, like the apparent war of the elements in the natural, are the very means by which wisdom and truth are ultimately established in the one, and peace and harmony in the other.
XLIX.

GREAT examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy, for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds, as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand pacific ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

L.

WHETHER we are fidlers or philosophers we are equally puffed up by our acquirements, and equally vain of our art. But the fidler is more ingenuous than the philosopher, since he boldly places his own profession at the head of every other, and in all the self complacency of egotism exclaims "one God, one Farinelli." Perhaps he is right, for in both pursuits the value of the prize often consists solely in the difficulty of attaining it. But the philosopher, with as much arrogance as the fidler, has a trifle more of circumspection. Proud of being thought incapable of pride, he labours less to exalt his particular pursuit, than to lower those of his neighbours, and from the fineness of their structures, would slyly establish the solidity of his own. He would rather be the master of a hovel amidst ruins, than of a palace if confronted by piles of equal grandeur and dimensions. But pride is a paradoxical Proteus, eternally diverse yet ever the same; for Plato adopted a most magnificent mode of displaying his contempt for magnificence, while neglect would have restored Diogenes to common sense and clean linen, since he would have had no tub, from the moment he had no spectators. "Thus I trample," said Diogenes, "on the pride of Plato;" but, rejoined Plato, "with greater pride, O Diogenes."
LI.

SO idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

LII.

CONTEMPORARIES* appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.

LIII.

WE shall at times chance upon men of profound and recondite acquirements, but whose qualifications, from the incommunicative and inactive habits of their owners, are as utterly useless to others, as though the possessors had them not. A person of this class may be compared to a fine chronometer, but which has no hands to its dial; both are constantly right, without correcting any that are wrong, and may be carried round the world without assisting one individual either in making a discovery, or taking an observation.

LIV.

Γνῶθι σταυρόν, know thyself, is a precept which we are informed descended from heaven, a ceelo descendit, γνῶθι σταυρόν. But the same authority has not been bold enough to affirm that it had yet reached the earth; and from all that we can observe, we might be pardoned for suspecting that this celestial maxim was still on its journey. The mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself, and philosophers, like travellers, are often far better informed as to what is going on abroad than at home. I blame not those who run to scale the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt, the cataracts of the Missouri, or the apex of Chimborasso; but

* Blair complains of the dearth of good Historians in his day; an era that could boast of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.
if they would examine that which far surpasses, not only the artificial wonders of the old world, but the natural wonders of the new, they must return to themselves.

LV.

As the mother tongue in which we converse, is the only language we all talk, though few are taught it, so the mother wit by which we act, is the only science we never learn: and yet we are all more or less obliged to practise it, although it is never heard of in the schools. The antient philosophers indeed scrutinized man in all his various bearings and connections, both as to his individual and social relations, as to his present capabilities, and future hopes. But although they have descanted so largely about him, and about him they have left us little that is satisfactory or conclusive, and one short sentence uttered by a despised and persecuted man in the streets of Jerusalem, perhaps, is worth it all. For truth is one, but error multifarious, since there may be a thousand opinions on any subject, but usually only one that is right. That these sages of antiquity wandered very far from the mark, may be collected from their glaring contradictions constantly of each other, and often of themselves. But like moles they were industrious, and like them they worked in the dark, fancied themselves very deep, when they were only a few inches beneath the surface, threw up a great deal of rubbish, and caused men to stumble and trip. Nevertheless they had so numerous an audience, that the common business of life ran a risk of being neglected for speculations upon it, and it was fortunate that some of these sages, not only walked barefoot themselves, but encouraged their followers to do the same; for logic had become far more cheap at Athens than leather, and syllogisms than shoes. But even this state of things had its portion of good; for he that knew not where to get a dinner, was in the highest state of practical discipline for a declamation on the advantages of temperance, and he that had no house over his head, might naturally be expected to surpass all others in his knowledge of the stars.
LVI.

THOSE who would draw conclusions unfavourable to Christianity from the circumstance that many believers have turned sceptics, but few sceptics, believers, have forgotten the answer of Arcesilaus, to one that asked him why many went from other sects to the Epicureans, but none from the Epicureans to the other sects;—Because, said he, of men, some are made Eunuchs, but of Eunuchs never any are made men. In matters of religion, it too often happens that belief goes before examination, and we take our creed from our nurse, but not our conviction. If the intellectual food should afterwards rise upon the stomach, it is because in this unnatural order of things, the act of swallowing has preceded the ceremony of tasting.

LVII.

FEW things are more destructive of the best interests of society, than the prevalent, but mistaken notion, that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud, in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it, on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves, than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest with success, requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest without success, requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty, than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects
IN FEW WORDS.

it where there is a road, or where there is none; he tres-
passes without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of
private property, or on those bye-paths where there is no
legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over, he will over-
reach, and those obstacles he cannot surmount by climbing,
he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the filth
that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is
that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by
him with a sneer. What then shall we say, that the rogue
has more talent than the upright, let us rather say that
he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment
exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but
of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that
remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these
things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the flat of the
tribunal both of God and of man;—That honesty is not only
the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom; since however
difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand
times more difficult for knavery to get off; and no error is
more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no
other reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

LVIII.

IN all civilized communities, there must of necessity
exist a small portion of society, who are in a great measure
independent of public opinion. How then is this seeming
advantage balanced in the great account? These privileged
individuals surrounded by parasites, sycophants, and de-
ceivers, too often become the willing victims of self-delusion,
flattery, or design. Such persons commence by being their
own masters, and finish by being their own slaves, the auto-
mata of passion, the Heliogaboli of excess, and the
martyrs of disease. Undelighted amidst all delight, and joy-
less amidst all enjoyment, yet sateless in the very lap of
satiety, they eventually receive the full measure of the
punishment of their folly, their prodigality, or their vice
may, they often suffer more than other men, not because they
are as amenable as their inferiors, but because they go greater lengths. Experience speaks to such in vain, and they sink deeper in the abyss, in precise proportion to the height from which they have plunged.

LIX.

IT has been said, that we are much deceived, when we fancy that we "can do without the world," and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us. Against the truth of the latter part of the proposition I have nothing to depose; but, to return to the first feature of the proposition, quoted above, I am inclined to think that we are independent, very much in proportion to the preference we give to intellectual and mental pleasures, and enjoyments, over those that are sensual, and corporeal. It is unfortunate, that although affluence cannot give this kind of independence, yet that poverty should have a tendency to withhold it, not indeed altogether, but in part. For it is not a more unusual sight to see a poor man who thinks, acts, and speaks for himself, than to see a rich man, who performs all these important functions at the will of another; and the only polite phrase I know of, which often means more than it says, is that which has been adopted as the conclusion of our epistles; where for the word servant might not unfrequently be substituted, that of slave.

LX.

IT is astonishing how parturescent is evil, and with what incestuous fertility the whole family of vice increase and multiply, by cohabiting amongst themselves. Thus if kings are tyrannical and oppressive, it is too often because subjects are servile and corrupt; in proportion to the cowardice of the ruled, is the cruelty of the ruler, and if he govern by threats and by bribes, rather than by justice and by mercy, it is because fear has a stronger influence over the base than love, and gain more weight with the mercenary,
than gratitude. Thus the gladiatorial shews of ancient Rome, brought upon the institutors of them, their own punishment; for cruelty begat cruelty. The tyrant exercised those barbarities on the people, which the people exercised upon the prisoner, and the slave; the physical value of man fell with his moral, and a contempt for the lives of others, was bred in all, by a familiarity with blood.

LXI.

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, by any thing within the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it, so the wicked by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity; to know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them, but above them. When all moves equally (says Paschal) nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.

LXII.

There are two questions, one of which is the most important, and the other the most interesting that can possibly be proposed in language; Are we to live after death? and if we are—in what state? These are questions confined to no climate, creed, or community; the savage is as deeply interested in them as the sage, and they are of equal import under every meridian where there are men. I shall offer some considerations that have been decisive with me, on a subject that might well warrant a much larger demand than I shall make on the patience of my readers. Those who agree with me in drawing their hopes of immortality from the purest and the highest source, will not be offended at an
attempt to show, that on this most momentous question, the voice of reason re-echoes back the truths of Revelation, and that the calmest assent of philosophy coincides with the firmest conviction of faith. Many causes are now conspiring to increase the trunk of infidelity, but materialism is the main root of them all. Are we to live after death? and if we are, in what state? The second question evidently depends upon the first, for he that feels no conviction as to the certainty of a future life, will not be over-solicitous as to the condition of it; for to common minds the greatest things are diminished by distance, and they become evanescent, if to that distance be added doubt. But should the doubt of futurity introduce the denial of it, what must then be the result? all that endears us to our fellow men, and all that exalts us above them, will be swallowed up and lost, in the paltriness of the present, and the nothingness of now. The interests of society demand that a belief in a future state should be general; the probability of such a state, is confirmed by reason, and its certainty is affirmed by Revelation. I shall confine myself altogether to such proofs as philosophy and reason afford, and in so doing, I shall attack neither motives nor men. But if an argument can be proved to be false in its premises, absurd in its conclusions, and calamitous in its consequences, it must fall; we cannot desire it, because it has nothing to allure, and we cannot believe it, because it has nothing to convince.

The analogical* method of proof has very lately been

* Analogy is a powerful weapon, and like all instruments of that kind, is extremely dangerous in unskilful hands. The grounds of probability which this mode of reasoning affords, will be more or less firm in proportion to the length, the frequency, and the constancy, of the recurrence of the phenomena, on which the analogy itself is built. In some cases analogical proof may rise almost to mathematical certainty, as, when from the undeviating experience of the past, we anticipate the future, and affirm that the sun will rise to-morrow. On other occasions, where the phenomena have occurred at long and broken intervals, and with no regard to dates or periods, the analogical presumption of their recurrence will mount no higher than the lowest stage of proba-
resuscitated for the purpose of destroying the immortality of the soul. A bold and fresh attempt has been made to convert analogy into the Delta of scepticism by the help of which, as by a lever, the Archimedes of materialism may be enabled to overturn, not earth indeed, but heaven! Analogy has in fact supplied the first stone of the foundation, and that alone; but infidelity has reared the superstructure, with an industry as fertile of resource, and we might add, of invention, as that of the children of Israel, who continued to deliver in the tale of bricks, after the materials were denied. As much talent has been displayed in the support of these opinions which I am contributing my efforts to controvert, and as some of the positions on which the inferences are built, will be conceded, I think it right to commence, by observing, that falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and that no opinions so fatally mislead us, as those that are not wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer, as those that are sometimes right.

The argument I contend against is this: "The mind, (we are told) "is infantile with the body, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated by disease, enfeebled in the decline of life, dying in decrepitude, and annihilated by death." Now it so happens that out of all the positions which make the links in this formidable analogical chain, the first alone is universally true, and disturbed by no exceptions; the intermediate links are sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, and the last is mere assertion, wholly unsupported by proof. The ubility, and will in no way affect the common concerns and business of life. It is on this principle that the inhabitants of Lisbon sleep securely in their beds, without any very disturbing perplexities on the probabilities of an earthquake. Where the phenomena occur with regularity, as in eclipses, mere distance of time does by no means invalidate the analogical proof, save and except that in consequence of the shortness of life, the verification of such phenomena, must be matter of testimony, rather than of experience. So powerful, however, is analogy, that in most disputes it has been courted as an ally by both parties; it has even sent arguments, as Switzerland troops, to both sides, and its artillery has at times by both been overcharged, until it has reacted upon themselves.
versal history of man, our own experience, and the testimony of others, are full of instances that clearly prove that the assertions which intervene between the first and the last, are as often false as they are true. And this is more than we want; for I must beg my reader’s attention to this particular circumstance, namely, that one exception to each of the assertions advanced above, must necessarily be as fatal to the annihilating clause which is inferred from them, as one million. For if there be any force in that mode of argument which has been termed the *reductio ad absurdum*, it is evident that a single exception to each of the intermediate assertions, between the first position, and the last, forces the materialist upon the monstrous necessity of admitting two *discrete* orders of men, and that there is one law of existence for one description, and a second for another. For if we pursue the analogy no further than history, experience and observation warrant, and this is the only logical mode of pursuing it, we are then forced upon the absurdity mentioned above. For the only analogical chain which the facts authorise us to form is as follows: the mind is infantile with the body, it is sometimes manly in the adult, sometimes sick and debilitated by disease, sometimes enfeebled in the decline of life, sometimes doting in decrepitude, and sometimes annihilated by death!!!

But if the mind be only sometimes annihilated with the body, it must sometimes survive it; but an argument that would make one class of men mortal, and another immortal, by proving too much, proves nothing, and must fall by its own absurdity.

“*Circa Deos negligentem quippe adducit mathematica*,” is an accusation that is not, I fear, confined in the present day to any particular pursuit; for as there have been some mathematicians so devout as to fancy they have discovered the trinity in a triangle, so there are some anatomists who will not believe in the existence of a soul, because they have never yet been able to transfixed it upon the point of their knife; and yet methinks there is one circumstance that ought
to lower the dogmatical confidence of the materialist, and this is, that mind happens to be the only thing on whose existence we can by intuition itself rely. We may go on heaping proof upon proof, and experiment upon experiment, to establish, as we suppose, the reality of matter, and after we have done all this, I know not of one satisfactory answer that we could give, to those who chose to affirm that with all our pains, we have only established the reality (not of matter, but) of sensation. We may also doubt about the existence of matter, as learnedly and as long as we please, as some have done before us, and yet we shall not establish the existence of matter by any such dubitations; but the moment we begin to doubt about the existence of mind, the very act of doubting proves it.

Another great source of error, in this most important of all questions, is the mistaking of a strong but inexplicable connection, for an inseparable identity. But, in the first place, I should humbly conceive that it is quite as unphilosophical to say that a lump of brain thinks, as that an eye sees; the one indeed ministers to thought, as the other to vision; for the eye, although it be necessary and subservient to vision, can, strictly speaking, no more be said to see, than a microscope or a telescope; it is indeed a finer instrument than either, but still an instrument, and capable of being assisted by both. This observation would apply, mutatis mutandis, to all of the senses, but I have selected that of vision, as the most refined. We all know that the two eyes paint two minute and inverted images of an object, upon the retina; having done this, they have done all that is expected of them. What power is it then that rectifies all the errors of this machinery, as to number, position, and size, and presents us with one upright object, in its just dimensions and proportions. All this is certainly not effected by the eyes, for a paralysis of the optic nerve instantly and totally destroys their powers, without in the slightest manner affecting their organization. The optic nerve then, it seems, and the eye, are both necessary to vision, but are
they all that is necessary? certainly not; because if we proceed a little farther we shall find that certain effects operating upon the brain, will completely and instantly destroy the powers of vision, the optic nerve and the eye both remaining unaltered, and undisturbed. How then are these effects produced; are their causes always mechanical as from pressure, or the violence of a blow? no, they are often morbid, the result of increased action, brought on by inflammation, or of diseased structure superinduced by abscess. But are there not causes neither morbid nor mechanical, that have been found capable of producing similar effects? yes—a few sounds acting on the tympanum of the ear, or a few black and small figures scribbled on a piece of white paper,* have been known to knock a man down as effectually as a sledge hammer, and to deprive him not only of vision, but even of life. Here then we have instances of mind acting upon matter, and I by no means affirm that matter does not also act upon mind; for to those who advocate the intimate connection between body and mind, these reciprocities of action are easily reconcilable; but this will be an insuperable difficulty to those who affirm the identity of mind and body, which however is not for us, but for those who maintain this doctrine, to overcome. But if mind be indeed so inseparably identified with matter, that the dissolution of the one must necessarily involve the destruction of the other, how comes it to pass that we so often see the body survive the mind in one man, and the mind survive the body in another. Why do they not agree to die together? How happened it that the body of Swift became for so many years the living tomb of his mind, and, as in some cases of paralysis, how are we to account for the phenomena of the body, reduced to the most deplorable and helpless debility, without any corresponding weakness or hebation of the mind. Again, if the mind be indeed not the tenant of the corporeal dwelling, but an absolute and component part of the dwelling itself, where does the mysterious but tangible palladium of this temple reside? Where are we to go to find it, since if material, why can it

* See Mr. Rennells' Pamphlet.
not be felt, handled, and seen? but she resides, we are in-
formed, in the inmost recesses of her sensorium the brain;
a mere assertion that can never be proved; for if she doth in-
deed enlighten this little citadel, it is with a ray like that of
those sepulchral lamps, which, the instant we discover, we
destroy. But if we return to the evidence of facts, the dis-
sections carried on by Morgagni, Haller, Bonnet and others,
do most thoroughly and irrefutably establish one most im-
portant, and to me at least, consoling truth; that there is no
part of the brain either cortical, or medullary, not even the
pineal gland itself, that has not, in one instance or in another,
been totally destroyed by disease, but without producing in
the patient any corresponding alienation or hallucination of
mind; in some cases without any suspicion of such disease
during life, and without any discovery of it, until after death,
by dissection. But we shall be told, perhaps, that the thinking
faculty may be something residing in the very centre of
the pineal gland, but so minute as to survive the destruction
even of that in which it is inclosed. The pineal gland does
indeed contain a few particles of a schistous or gritty sub-
stance, but which, alas, prove little for the argument of him
who would designate thought, to be nothing more than the
result of a more curious and complicated organization;
since these particles, on examination, turn out to be nothing
more nor less than phosphate of lime!!!

And this intimate union between body and mind is in fact
analogous to all that we see, and feel, and comprehend. Thus
we observe that the material stimuli of alcohol, or of opium,
act upon the mind, through the body, and that the moral
stimuli of love, or of anger, act upon the body through the
mind; these are reciprocities of action that establish the
principle of connection between the two, but are fatal to that
of an identity.

For those who would persuade us that the thinking faculty

* For an astounding collection of cases and authorities on this most
interesting part of the subject, see the Quarterly Review, page 25 and
30. No. 43.—See also the excellent treatise of Dr. Burrows on Mania.
is an identical part of the body, maturescent in it, and dying with it, impose a very heavy task upon themselves; and if we consider the insuperable difficulties of their creed on the one hand, and the air of conviction with which they defend it on the other, we are perhaps justified in affirming that these men are the very last persons in the universe, to whom the name of sceptic ought to be applied; but a dogmatic doubter, although it may be a something beyond our philosophy, is too often not beyond our observation. We, I repeat, contend for a strong but inexplicable connection between body and mind; and upon this principle all the sympathies of mutual pleasure and of pain, and all the reciprocities of rest and of action, are both natural, and intelligible. But those who advocate the identity of the body, and of the mind, will find that they have embraced a theory surrounded by facts that oppose it at every point, facts which their system will neither enable them to explain, nor their experience to deny. For does not every passion of the mind act directly primarily, and as it were per se upon the body; with greater or with lesser influence in proportion to their force. Does not the activity belong on this occasion to the mind, and the mere passiveness to the body; does not the quickened circulation follow the anger, the start the surprise, and the swoon the sorrow. Do not these instances, and a thousand others, clearly convince us that priority of action here belongs to the mind, and not to the body, and those who deny this are reduced to the ridiculous absurdity of attempting to prove that a man is frightened because he runs away, not that he runs away because he is frightened, and that the motion produces the terror, not the terror the motion, a kind of logic this that would become a Falstaff much better than a philosopher. Again, is not mania produced

* I shall insert a note from Dr. John Armstrong on Fever, p. 478, which those who only look at will think too long, but those who read will think too short.

"It will have been perceived, that I consider insanity as the effect of some disorder in the circulation, whether produced by agencies of a cor-
by moral causes, quite as often as by physical, and has not that mode of cure succeeded best, which was instituted with a reference to this cause. On examination, after death, of those who have laboured under chronic mania, it most poreal or mental nature. It might be shown by familiar facts, that the brain is the principal organ through which the operations of the mind are performed; and it does not, as many have supposed, necessarily involve the doctrine of materialism to affirm, that certain disorders of that organ are capable of disturbing those operations. If the most skilful musician in the world were placed before an unstrung or broken instrument, he could not produce the harmony which he was accustomed to do when that instrument was perfect, nay on the contrary, the sounds would be discordant; and yet it would be manifestly most illogical to conclude, from such an effect, that the powers of the musician were impaired, since they merely appeared to be so from the imperfection of the instrument. Now what the instrument is to the musician, the brain may be to the mind, for aught we know to the contrary; and to pursue the figure, as the musician has an existence distinct from that of the instrument, so the mind may have an existence distinct from that of the brain; for in truth we have no proof whatever of mind being a property dependant upon any arrangement of matter. We perceive, indeed, the properties of matter wonderfully modified in the various things of the universe, which strike our senses with the force of their sublimity or beauty; but in all these we recognize certain radical and common properties, that bear no conceivable relation to those mysterious capacities of thought and of feeling, referable to that something which, to designate and distinguish from matter, we term mind. In this way, I conceive, the common sense of mankind has made the distinction which every where obtains between mind and matter, for it is natural to conclude, that the essence of mind may be distinct from the essence of matter, as the operations of the one are so distinct from the properties of the other. But when we say that mind is immaterial, we only mean that it has not the properties of matter; for the consciousness which informs us of the operations, does not reveal the abstract nature of mind, neither do the properties reveal the essence of matter. When any one, therefore, asserts the materiality of mind he presupposes, that the phenomena of matter clearly show the real cause of mind, which as they do not, he unphilosophically places his argument on an assumption; and his ground or reasoning is equally gratuitous—when he contends, that mind is an attribute of matter, because it is never known to operate but in conjunction with matter, for though this connection is constantly displayed, yet we have no direct proof of its being necessary."
usually happens that no difference of structure is perceptible in the brain, on dissection. If, however, in some few instances there has been a perceptible difference, will not a retrospection to the mental origin of the malady, justly warrant us in asserting that the derangement of structure was not the cause, but is the consequence of the disease. That so many instances should occur where no such difference of structure is perceptible, is analogous to what so often happens in other disorders, where a total functional derangement is unaccompanied by the slightest organic destruction.

It is admitted that each and every component particle of the body is changed in the course of twenty years, and that corporeal identity is by these means so totally destroyed, that a man who lives to sixty shall have gradually received three distinct bodies, the last of which shall not contain one individual atom that composed the first. But those who would persuade us that mind is an absolute and component part of the body, so completely ingrafted as it were and incorporated with it, that the thinking faculty is only the result of a more curious and complicated organization, must admit, that the mind must sympathize not partially, but wholly with these changes of the body, changes so powerful that they must effect the total destruction of moral identity, as they certainly do of that which is corporeal. The materialist must admit this absurdity, as his only means of escaping a greater, namely, that a whole shall not be altered, notwithstanding a total change of all the parts that composed it. If indeed the materialist is inclined to admit that these changes do alter the body, but not the mind, then indeed he admits which is true; but truth itself may be bought too dear, in the opinion of some, if the confession of their defeat be the price; but the admission alluded to above, is in fact all the concession for which we contend, namely, that body and mind, although they are united, are also distinct. In a former part of this argument, I have admitted that the proposition that the mind is infantile with the body, is a general rule disturbed by no exceptions. But this truism,
I presume, will perform but little, either for the materialist, or against him, because the terms are convertible. The mind is infantile with the body, says the materialist; but has not the immaterialist quite as much reason on his side, should he feel inclined to assert that the "body is infantile with the mind?" For observe, we do not contend that the mind has no beginning, but that it shall have no end, and it appears that the body is appointed to be the first stage of its existence. Therefore I should rather affirm that the body is infantile with the mind, than that the mind is infantile with the body, and that a fuller and stronger demonstration of all the powers and faculties of the mind evinces itself in proportion as a more matured development of the organs of the body, enables it passively to receive the impressions, and actively to execute the sovereign volitions of the mind. And in confirmation of this mode of considering the subject, we may observe that children often have a tolerable idea of the thing desired or feared, long before they are able to express the term by which it is described. The mind precedes the tongue, and the effort and wish to speak evinces itself much earlier than the power to do so. The distinguishing and endearing characteristics of mother are sufficiently understood by the infant, long before it can call her by name; and the infantile mind is not without a thousand modes of expressing its feelings, long before the lagging organs of the body are sufficiently developed to accomplish the articulation of them.

But if mind be material, it must be both extended and divisible, for these are properties inseparable from matter. But the absurdity of such a supposition startled even the boldest of sceptics, because he happened also to be the most acute; I shall therefore quote a passage from Mr. Hume, who will be allowed by materialists at least, to be an orthodox authority. "There is one argument (says he) commonly employed for the immateriality of the soul, which seems to be remarkable; whatever is extended consists of parts, and whatever consists of parts is divisible, if not in reality, at least in
the imagination. But it is impossible any thing divisible can be conjoined to a thought or a perception, which is a being altogether inseparable and indivisible. For, supposing such a conjunction, would the indivisible thought exist on the left hand, or on the right of this extended divisible body, on the surface, or in the middle, on the back or foreside of it? if it be conjoined with the extension, it must exist somewhere within its dimensions. If it exist within its dimensions, it must either exist in one particular part, and then that particular part is indivisible, and the perception is conjoined only with it, not with the extension: or if the thought exists in every part, it must also be extended and separable, and divisible as well as the body; which is utterly absurd and contradictory. For can any one conceive a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth and an inch in thickness? Thought therefore and extension are qualities wholly incompatible, and can never incorporate together into one subject.” Mr. Hume seems to have been so fully convinced by the positions which this argument contains, that he has laboured to push its conclusions even up to the establishment of that celebrated paradox so formally laid down, and so stoutly defended by him. This maxim (to use again his own words,) is that an object may exist, and yet be no where, and I assert (says he) that this is not only possible, but that the greatest part of beings (by which he afterwards gives us to understand he means impressions and ideas) do and must exist after this manner. “A moral reflection (says he) cannot be placed either on the right or on the left hand of a passion, nor can a smell or a sound be either of a circular or square figure. These objects and perceptions so far from requiring any particular place, are absolutely incompatible with it, and even the imagination cannot attribute it to them.”

These passages prove that materialists will sometimes find Mr. Hume to be a very dangerous ally. Again, all mind is conscious of its own existence; but if mind be material, matter must be conscious of its own existence too; for this consciousness is inseparable from mind, and if mind be com-
posed of matter, that which is inseparable from the one, cannot be denied to the other. These are some of the absurdities which the **capacious credulity of infidelity**, and the **bold belief of unbelievers**, will find it more easy to swallow, than to digest. It has been urged by some, that a total though temporal suspension of the thinking faculty takes place during sleep, and that a faculty that may be suspended, may also be destroyed. But it is evident that this again must be mere assertion that can never be proved; on the contrary dreams go to prove that there are seasons where the thinking faculty is not suspended by sleep; but since it is manifest that sleep cannot suspend it at all times, it may not suspend it any time. We have recollections of mental operations going on during sleep, which recollections are extremely vivid, on some occasions, and on some occasions equally faint and confused. These recollections vary from reality, almost down to nothingness, and these recollections we term a dream. But these operations of the thinking faculty may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been going on during sleep, unaccompanied by any after recollection of them when awake; and the gradations of distinctness with which we recollect our dreams, are confirmatory of such an hypothesis. But I conceive analogy will also assist us here; for I would ask one simple question with respect to our waking thoughts; have we not all forgot more of them than we remember? and yet none of us, I presume, are prepared to deny the existence of these thoughts on such a ground. To those who prefer a shorter mode of putting the argument, I would say that our apprehension of the operation of thought is not necessary to the existence of it; but that its existence is absolutely necessary to our apprehension of it.

But if mind be indeed material, what has death to do with the annihilation of it? for death has no such power over matter. But we are told that "the thinking faculty is nothing more than the result of a more curious and complicated organisation." Yet what is this, but an attempt to illustrate that which is obscure, by an explanation which is
more so. Can we, for one moment, believe that a mere juxtaposition of parts is able to convey the highest activity and energy, to that whose very essence it is, to be, on all other occasions, of all created things, the most inactive and inert. If we request the materialist to explain this kind of *hocus pocus*, I suspect he can only do it by repeating *hoc est corpus*, the well known etymology of the term. In a former part of this article, I have quoted a passage from Mr. Hume; the passage occurs in a work which he afterwards apologised for, and requested that the public would not consider it as containing his more matured philosophical opinions. He embodied, however, a great part of this work afterwards into his essays, against which he enters no such *caveat*; and it is known that he himself considered these essays his masterpiece, and in them the positions contained in the article I have quoted, are repeatedly referred to, and confirmed. In these essays the following passage occurs: "Is there any principle in all nature more mysterious than the union of soul with body; by which a supposed spiritual substance acquires such an influence over a material one, that the most refined thought is able to actuate the grossest matter? were we empowered by a secret wish, to remove mountains, or control the planets in their orbit, this extensive authority would not be more extraordinary, nor more beyond our apprehension." How unfortunate was Mr. Hume that he did not live in this enlightened age; when he might have been informed that this most inexplicable phenomenon was, after all, the result of the most simple contrivance, arising from nothing more nor less than a very slight alteration in the juxtaposition of a few particles of matter!! for the thinking faculty (we hear) is only the result of a more curious and complicated organisation! Nature, then, it would seem, no less than art, has her *cupa*, and her *balls*, and a small portion of matter thrown into the inside of a little *globe of bone*, acquires properties and powers diametrically opposite to all those, which on the *outside* of it, it has been ascertained invariably to possess. Neither does that gulph of
insurmountable ignorance, under which we labour as to the nature of this mysterious union of body with mind, invalidate in the slightest degree the proofs of its existence; for no one, I presume, will be hardy enough to deny the existence of life, and yet the union of life with body is quite as inexplicable as the union of mind, superadded to both. Let us then be as candid in the one case, as in the other, and apply the same reasoning to mind, that we have all consented to, with regard to life. Let us affirm of both of them, that we know nothing of either, but by their effects, which effects, however, do most fully and firmly establish their existence.

If indeed that marvellous microcosm man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich Argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who amongst us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirations of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage? as to the common and the sensual herd, who would be glad, perhaps, under any terms, to sweat and groan beneath the load of life, they would find that the creed of the materialist, would only give a fuller swing to the suicidal energies of a selfism as unprincipled as unrelenting; a selfism that would not only make that giftless gift of life a boon the most difficult to preserve, but would at the same time render it wholly unworthy of the task and the trouble of its preservation. Knowledge herself, that fairest daughter of heaven, would be immediately transformed into a changeling of hell; the brightest reason would be the blackest curse, and weakness more salutary than strength; for the villainy of man would increase with the depravity of his will, and the depravity of his will, with every augmentation of his power. The force of intellect imparted to that which was corrupt, would be like the destructive energies communicated by an earthquake, to that which is inert; where even things inanimate, as rocks and mountains, seem endowed with a momentary impulse of motion and of life, only to overwhelm, to destroy and to be
destroyed. Justice is usually depicted as having no eyes, but holding a sword in the one hand, and a pair of scales in the other. But under a system that destroyed the awful obligations of an oath, what could justice weigh? She must renounce her scales, and apply both her hands to the sword;

The awful importance of the above article must excuse the length of it, and to show that I am not singular in my view of its scope, and bearings, I shall finish by a quotation from a work just published, which has many readers, and will certainly have more. "But there is another more important relation in which the mind is still to be viewed,—that relation which connects it with the Almighty Being to whom it owes its existence. Is man, whose frail generations begin and pass away, but one of the links of an infinite chain of beings like himself, uncaused, and co-eternal with that self-existing world of which he is the feeble tenant? or, Is he the offspring of an all-creating Power, that adapted him to nature, and nature to him, formed, together with the magnificent scene of things around him, to enjoy its blessings, and to adore, with the gratitude of happiness, the wisdom and goodness from which they flow? What attributes, of a Being so transcendent, may human reason presume to explore? and, What homage will be most suitable to his immensity, and our nothingness? Is it only for an existence of a few moments, in this passing scene, that he has formed us? or, Is there something within us, over which death has no power,—something, that prolongs and identifies the consciousness of all which we have done on earth, and that, after the mortality of the body, may yet be a subject of the moral government of God? When compared with these questions, even the sublimest physical inquiries are comparatively insignificant. They seem to differ, as it has been said, in their relative importance and dignity, almost as philosophy itself differs from the mechanical arts that are subservient to it. "Quantum inter philosophiam interest—et ceteras artes; tantum interesse existimo in ipsa philosophia, inter illum partem qua ad homines et hanc quae ad Deos spectat. Altior est haec et animosior: multum permissit sibi; non fuit oculis contenta. Majus esse quidam suspicata est, ac pulchrior, quod extra conspectum naturae posuisset." It is when ascending to these sublimier objects, that the mind seems to expand, as if already shaking off its earthly fetters, and returning to its source; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the delight which it thus takes in things divine is an internal evidence of its own divinity. "Cum illa tetigit, altit, crescit: ac velut vinculis liberatus, in originem reedit. Et hoc habet argumentum divinitatis sum, quod illam divina delectant." Vide Introduction to Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.
and it would be a bloody sword, strong indeed to exterminate, but feeble to correct. As to Justice herself, she would not only be more blind than Polyphemus, but she would also want more hands than Briareus, to enable her to combat the Hydra-headed monster of crime!

LXIII.

THERE are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change, and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere, through every circumstance of change, as the hound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally at work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weathercock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.

LXIV.

THERE is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which if he spread over too large a superficies produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.

LXV.

THE women are satisfied with less than the men; and yet, notwithstanding this, they are less easily satisfied. In the first place—preference and precedence are indispensable articles with them, if we would have our favours graciously received; they look moreover to the mode, the manner, and the address, rather than to the value of the obligation, and estimate it more by the time, the cost, and the trouble we may have expended upon it, than by its intrinsic worth. Attention is ever current coin with the ladies, and they
weigh the heart much more scrupulously than the hand. A wealthy suitor purchases a watch for his idol, studded with gems, an artificer makes a far less costly one for his favourite, and I need not add which will be most propitiately received, since there will be one person at least, in the world, who will be certain that during the whole process of the fabrication of the present, the donor was thinking of her for whom it was designed.

LXVI.

PRIDE differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable.* Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the overrating of certain qualities that we do actually possess; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied and can extract a feeling of self-complacency, from qualifications that are imaginary. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment, pride to the future, and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself, he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his preten-

* See a very short and acute distinction between Pride and Vanity in an Analytical Dictionary on a novel and very ingenious plan by Mr. David Booth.
sions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until that debt which cancels all others, shall have been paid.

LXVII.

FEW things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no cause so effectually restrains us from revenge, as self-love. And this paradox naturally suggests another,—that the strength of the community is not unfrequently built upon the weakness of those individuals that compose it; a position not quite so clear as the first, but I conceive equally tenable and true. We receive an injury, and we are so constituted that the first consideration with most of us is revenge. If we happen to be kings, or prime ministers, we go straight forward to work, unless indeed it should happen that those that have inflicted the injury are as powerful as those that have received it. It is fortunate, however, for the interests of society, that the great mass of mankind are neither kings, nor prime ministers, and that men are so impotent that they can seldom bring evil upon others, without more or less of danger to themselves. Thus then it is that public strength, security, and confidence grow out of private weakness, danger, and fear. These considerations have given rise to this saying, "It is better to quarrel with a knave than with a fool," for with the latter all consideration of consequences to himself, is swallowed up and lost in the blind and brutal impulse that goads him on to bring evil upon another. We hate our enemy much, but we
love ourselves more. We have been injured, but we will not avail ourselves of the legal means of redress, because of the certain expence and trouble, and the uncertain success; neither will we resort to illegal modes of retaliation, because we will not run the risk of the mortification, the disgrace, and the danger of a discovery. For it is as difficult for revenge to act, without exciting suspicion, as for a rattlesnake to stir without making a noise. The result is that we are quiet, and self-love is made to correct its own violence, as a steam engine its own velocity, and the fear of danger effects for the one, what the safety-valve accomplishes for the other. And it is highly necessary that things should be so, for retaliation aggravates resentment, and resentment produces fresh retaliation; Therefore were there nothing to restrain these causes from acting reciprocally upon each other, the destruction of all society must be the consequence, and a conflagration would be excited in the moral world, like that which is observable in the natural, where the fire increases the wind, and the wind increases the fire.

LXVIII.

IN the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair, but these, alas, are things that appertain not unto death, but unto life. How strange a paradox is this, we love the distemper, and loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest buffetings of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbour. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colours, the orator his tropes to pourtray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades; but can he be called a destroyer? who for a perishable state,
gives us that which is eternal; can he be styled the enemy? who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest; can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades? who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which alone is real and fixed. And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, the sepulchral gloom, the moulder- ing carcase, and the slimy worm? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it; but if they are rugged they are short, and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life, be it so, if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own; or he summons us late; the call is a re- prieve rather than a sentence, for who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure. Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sen- tence them to life. Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death, is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then like centinels be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the conse- quences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate, and con- trol. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.
LXIX.

AS in the game of billiards, the balls are constantly producing effects from mere chance, which the most skilful player could neither execute, nor foresee, but which when they do happen, serve mainly to teach him how much he has still to learn, so it is in the more profound and complicated game of politics, and diplomacy. In both cases, we can only regulate our play, by what we have seen, rather than by what we have hoped, and by what we have experienced, rather than by what we have expected. For one character that appears on the theatre of human affairs that can rule events, there are ten thousand that can follow* them,

* It is astonishing how many men the French Revolution obliged to be great, even in spite of themselves; events hurried on the political machine with such tremendous rapidity, that the passengers were compelled to travel not only faster, but farther than they had bargained for; most of them would very gladly have given up their places, had it not been more dangerous to jump out, even than it was to remain. There are four men who might have written the most interesting volumes that ever were bequeathed to posterity, could we only insure two things, that their own egotism would permit them to be candid, or that “the Powers that be” would permit their details to be read. Of the men I allude to, one is now, and three remain—Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Sieyes, and Carnot. Such men as Talleyrand, Sieyes, Mazarin, Richelieu, and De Retz, go to prove that what Lord Chatham termed the College of Fishermen, had very different views of their vocation, from the College of Cardinals, and infallibility itself must prove itself fallible, the instant it sets about to reconcile the career of these men, with the life, and doctrine of him who expressly said, “My kingdom is not of this world.” “Be ye not called Rabbi.” I shall finish this note with a quotation from the text and notes of “Hypocrisy,” as the passage contains an anecdote of Sieyes, and an application of some lines of Juvenal to him, which have been thought happy, but the reader must judge.

As Sieyes shrewd, who in the direst times,
When Paris reeked with cruelties and crimes,
By turns ruled All—and as each Colleague bled,
Contrived,—no trifling task,—to wear a head;
Though favourites daily fell, dragged forth to die
Unheard, or ere their plaister Busts were dry.

Dr. Moore, father of the gallant General, was at Paris on the break-
sometimes with more success than these master-minds, always with more safety. He that undertakes to guide the vessel, may at last be swept away from the helm, by the hurricane; while those who have battened themselves down, determined to follow the fate of their vessel, rather than to guide it, may arrive safe on the shore. Fortune like other females, prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that woos her with opportunity, and importunity, will seldom court her in vain.

LXX.

IT is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it; and as misers often lose large sums of money in attempting to make more, so do hypochondriacs squander large sums of time in search of nostrums by which they vainly hope they may get more time to squander. Thus the diurnals give us ten thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well, and hence the use of

ing out of the Revolution. He wished to purchase a few of the busts of those Demagogues who had, each in their turn, strutted their hour on that bloody stage. "Ah Sir!" exclaimed the artist, "our's has been a losing trade of late; as the real heads have often taken leave of the shoulders of their owners, before the artificial ones, which we were modelling, could be exhibited for sale. It then became as dangerous to have them, as before it was to be without them. But here, Sir," said he, handing him the bust of the Abbe Sieyes, "here is a head that has not yet quarrelled with its shoulders. This head in some degree makes up for what we have lost by its companions; it is in great request still, and sells well."

The Abbé has lately had much leisure time upon his hands; may we indulge the hope that he has employed it in preparing the history of his own times? If to this delicate task he would bring the honesty of Burnet, without his credulity, he might bequeath to posterity the most interesting volume that ever was written.—Kynge or war.

For some account of the present state of this extraordinary man, see the following quotation from Juvenal.

"Venit et Crespi jucunda senectus,

Cujus erant mores, quals facundia, mite"
that present which we have, is thrown away in idle schemes of how we shall abuse that future we may not have. No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years, in forty;—let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on two sorts of acquaintance only, those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt.

LXXI.

THE rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient; and it is rather paradoxical that the rapid recovery of the one, usually depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other. Some persons will tell you, with an air of the miraculous, that they recovered although they were 'given over, whereas they might with more reason have said, they recovered because they were given over.

LXXII.

THE most adroit flattery is that which counterfeits a resentment at hearing our daring opinions so sturdily attacked, yet counterfeits it, only to bestow the meed of a victory wrested from us, as we pretend, by the more forcible weapons of our opponent.

Ingenium.—Maria ac terras populosque regenti,
Quis comes utilior? Si clade et Peste sub illā
Sevitiam damnare, et honestum affiger liceret
Consilium; sed quid Violentius auro Tyranni?
Ili igitur, nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem; nec civis erat qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vilam impenderes vero.
Sic, multas hyemae, atque octogesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis illa quoque fuitus in aula."
IN FEW WORDS.

LXXIII.

IF a legislator were to transport the robbed, but to encourage and reward the robber, ought we to wonder if felonies were frequent? and in like manner, when women send the seduced to Coventry, but countenance and even court the seducer, ought we not to wonder if seductions were scarce?

LXXIV.

WE usually prefer ourselves, to our revenge; but there are cases where we prefer our revenge to ourselves. This reflection ought to make us extremely cautious how we too deeply injure another; for revenge is a dreadful engine, even in the feeblest hands; and as there are injuries which make life a burthen, can we wonder if that burthen be got rid of, by the very act that also set us even with our enemy.

LXXV.

THERE is a very cunning flattery, which great minds sometimes pay themselves, by condescending to admire efforts corresponding with, but vastly inferior to their own. This will help a close observer to account for a vast deal of otherwise unaccountable flummery, that is hawked about in the market of fame, but very cheap like all other articles, that are so doubly unfortunate as to be not only stale, but a glut.

LXXVI.

THE conduct of corporate bodies sometimes would incline one to suspect that criminality is, with them, a matter of calculation, rather than of conscience, since the individuals that compose these bodies, provided they can only divide the weight of the odium attached to an obnoxious
measure, have no objection to the full weight of the profit, and the whole weight of the guilt. I have heard of a plain countryman who had occasion to renew a fine in a certain diocese. He waited on every individual of the chapter separately, they were vastly civil; one gave him brandy, another beer, a third wine, a fourth Hollands, and so on. On the day following he appeared before them in their corporate capacity, when he found a terrible metamorphosis had taken place, and it was not without difficulty he could persuade himself they were the same men. Having concluded a very hard bargain, gentlemen, said our rustic, I can compare you to nothing but the good cheer I received at your houses yesterday; taken separately, you are excellent, but mix you together, and you are a mess for the D——l.

LXXVII.

AS the next thing to having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.

LXXVIII.

THE idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honor of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it, amongst all his acquaintance.
LXXIX.

THE priest should be careful not to act the reverse of the physician, and in two most important points. The physician renders the most nauseous prescription palatable, by the elegance of its preparation, and the winning suavity with which it is recommended; whereas the priest may possibly render a most refreshing cordial disgusting, by the injudicious addition of his own compounds, and the ungracious manner with which they are administered.

LXXX.

THE character of a people is raised, when little bickerings at home, are made to give way to great events that are developing themselves abroad; but the character of a people is degraded, when they are blinded as to measures of the greatest moment abroad, by paltry jealousies at home.

LXXXI.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second; but I should suspect his emptiness, if he carried on his reserve to a third.

LXXXII.

OUR vanity often inclines us to impute not only our successes, but even our disappointments, to causes personal, and strictly confined to ourselves, when nevertheless the effects may have been removed from the supposed cause, far as the poles asunder. A zealous, and in his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had
already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large, but to a practised eye, the deduction of even one was perceptible. What keeps our friend farmer B. away from us? was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. I have not seen him amongst us, continued he, this three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away. "No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism! God forbid it should be Deism." "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism!" "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism! impossible; nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes it is, your honour—it is Rheumatism!"

LXXXIII.

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love, in friendship—never.

LXXXIV.

TO marry a rake, in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments; and yet I know a lady who fancies she has succeeded in the one, and all the world knows a divine who really has succeeded in the other.

LXXXV.

TO write to please the lowest, few would; to write to please the highest, fewer can; we must either stoop to the ignorance of the one, or surmount the envy of the other. Let us then strive to steer between them, if we would consult both our fortune and our fame. In the middle classes there is a measure of judgment fully equal to any demands we can make upon it—a judgment not too fastidious from
vainity, nor too insensible, from ignorance; and he that can
balance the centre, may not be fearful as to the two ex-
tremes. Were one half of the world philosophers, and the
other, fools, I would either not have written these pages,
or having written—burnt them.

LXXXVI.

IT is a curious paradox, that precisely in proportion
to our own intellectual weakness, will be our credulity as to
those mysterious powers assumed by others; and in those
regions of darkness and ignorance where man cannot effect
even those things that are within the power of man, there
we shall ever find that a blind belief in feats that are far
beyond those powers, has taken the deepest root in the
minds of the deceived, and produced the richest harvest to
the knavery of the deceiver. An impostor that would starve
in Edinburgh, might luxuriate in his Gymneceum at Constan-
tinople. But the more we know as to those things that can
be done, the more sceptical do we become, as to all things
that cannot. Hence it is that no man thinks so meanly of
a prime minister, as his private secretary, nor so humbly of
a conjuror, as his own zany; hence it is that no men have
so little confidence in medicine, as physicians, nor in works
of supererogation, as monks; notwithstanding both re-
spectively prescribe each, to others. And the converse of
this proposition, being perhaps equally true, it then affords
the same kind of conviction to the philosopher, that the
joint proof of synthesis and analysis doth to the chemist.
And we might transpose, for brevity, the proposition thus—
the less we know as to things that can be done, the less sce-
tical are we as to things that cannot. Hence it is that
sailors and gamblers, though not over remarkable for their
devotion, are even proverbial for their superstition; the
solution of this phenomena is, that both these descriptions
of men have so much to do with things beyond all possibility
of being reduced either to rule, or to reason,—the winds
and the waves,—and the decisions of the dice-box. The
gambler, indeed, abounds in two of the cardinal virtues—
Faith and Hope; but as he lamentably fails in Charity,
which is greater than these—He is nothing.

LXXXVII.

THOSE that are teaching the people to read, are
doing all that in them lies to increase the power, and to ex-
tend the influence of those that can write;* for the child will
read to please the master, but the man, to please himself.

* This question would require a volume, and all I shall observe upon
it here, is, that a state of half knowledge in the lower orders, is far
more dangerous to the tranquillity of a government, than a state of ig-
norance; for those that can see a little will submit to be led, far less
readily than those that are blind, and the little glimmering such have,
does not enable them to distinguish between the false light of the dema-
gogue, and the true light of the patriot; between him who means their
good, and him that means his own. But in spite of this, I am still an ad-
vocate for enlightening the people, notwithstanding this middle point must
be passed in doing it; but it is a stage in the progress of a nation re-
quiring not only much of firmness, but much of concession too, on the
part of the rulers. In fact, I know of no political problem where the
adjustment of the balance of the suavisiter and the fortiter is so nice, and
at the same time so necessary. I shall make no apology for quoting here
the words of a learned foreigner, in his Preface of a most valuable
work, addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister of England.
"True and extensive knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful
to the peace of society. It is ignorance, or which is far worse than ig-
norance, false knowledge, that is chiefly terrible to states. They are
the furious, the ill-taught, the blind, and misguided, that are prone to
be seized with groundless fears, and unprovoked resentments; to be raised
by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition, and acts of rage.
Subjects that are most knowing, and best informed, are ever most peace-
able and loyal. Whereas the loyalty and obedience of such, whose un-
derstandings extend not beyond names and sounds, will be always pre-
carious, and can never be thoroughly relied upon, whilst any turbulent
or artful men can by din and clamour, and the continual application of
those sounds intoxicate and inflame them even to madness; can make
them believe themselves undone, though nothing can hurt them; think
IN FEW WORDS.

LXXXVIII.

THE greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

LXXXIX.

IF you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be your's.

XC.

THERE are many dogs that have never killed their own mutton; but very few who having begun, have stopped. And there are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once, are very extraordinary animals, and more

they are oppressed, when they are best protected; and can drive them into riots and rebellion, without the excuse of one real grievance. It will always be easy to raise a mist before eyes that are already dark, and it is a true observation, that it is an easy work to govern wise men, but to govern fools or madmen, a continual slavery. It is from the blind zeal and stupidity clearing to superstition, it is from the ignorance, rashness, and rage attending faction, that so many mad, and so sanguinary evile, have destroyed men, dissolved the best governments, and thinned the greatest nations. And as a people well instructed, will certainly esteem the blessings they enjoy, and study public peace for their own sake, there is a great merit in instructing the people, and cultivating their understandings. They are certainly less credulous, in proportion as they are more knowing, and consequently less liable to be the dupes of Demagogues, and the property of ambition. They are not then to be surprised with false cries, nor animated by imaginary danger. And wherever the understanding is well principled, and informed, the passions will be tame, and the heart well disposed. They, therefore, who communicate true knowledge to their species, are true friends to the world, benefactors to society, and deserve all encouragement from those who preside over society, with the applause and good wishes of all good and honest men.
worthy of a glass case when they die, than half the exotics in the British Museum.

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XCI.

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

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XCII.

THE young fancy that their follies are mistaken by the old, for happiness; and the old fancy that their gravity is mistaken by the young, for wisdom. And yet each are wrong in supposing this of the other. The misapprehension is mutual, but I shall not attempt to set either of them right, because their respective error is reciprocally consolatory to both. I would not be so severe on the old, as the lively Frenchman, who said, that if they were fond of giving good advice, it was only because they were no longer able to set a bad example; but for their own sake, no less than of others, I would recommend cheerfulness to the old, in the room of austerity, knowing that heaviness is much more often synonymous with ignorance, than gravity with wisdom. Cheerfulness ought to be the viaticum vitae of their life to the old; age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth, if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age; time will make a generous wine more mellow; but it will turn that which is early on the fret, to vinegar.

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* ———— "Pol me occidistis amici,
Per quos demptus erat, vita dulcissimus error."
XCIII.

COURAGE is like the diamond—very brilliant, not changed by fire, capable of high polish, but, except for the purpose of cutting hard bodies, useless. The great Tamerlane* had his full share of it, yet he said its value was much overrated, because it required nothing more than the exercise of fortitude and patience for one short hour. One would suppose the Tartar had read Horace, and had his description of a battle in view:

"concurririt—horæ
"Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria leta."

XCIV.

IN great cities men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others, than in the country; for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

XCV.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

XCVI.

IN the East, the women are chosen with reference to their personal charms, rather than their intellectual, considered as ministers to sensuality, rather than as ornaments of society, and abandoned the moment the slightest decay begins to manifest itself in those corporeal attractions which first enhanced their value, and insured their admiration. It would seem that there is a sound physical cause for this low and animal mode of appreciating female excellence, so pre-

* See White's Institutes of Tamerlane.
valent in the East, and in calculating which, if compared with the northern nations, the body has so much more weight in the scale, than the mind. The fact is, that under the ripening suns of the East, all the charms and beauties of the body are developed, long before the less precocious mind has put forth even the promise and the blossom of its ultimate but progressive perfection. But inasmuch as premature adolescence has a constant tendency to superinduce premature decrepitude, the charms of the body have ceased to flourish, when those of the mind are beginning to expand and to bud. Thus the unfortunate pride of the Harem has ceased to please as the mistress, precisely at the moment when she might begin to interest as the friend. For that alliance may be said to have a double tie, where the minds are united, as well as the body, and the union will have all its strength, when both the links are in perfection together. But with regard to the state of society in the East, as connected with women, the evil we are now considering, like many others, acts in a circle; for the education of the female mind, in those regions of solar light, but of intellectual darkness, is sacrificed, even from the cradle, to the meretricious fascinations of the body; since no man is at great pains to cultivate that, which he knows before hand he shall have no relish to enjoy. Corporeal charms may indeed gain admirers, but there must be mental ones to retain them; and Horace had a delicate feeling of this, when he refused to

* Women in warm climates are marriagable, says Montesquieu, at eight or nine years of age; infancy and marriage therefore almost always go together, and women become old at twenty. Reason then and beauty are in them never found together; when beauty wishes to sway, reason refuses it; and when reason might attain it, beauty is no more. And Prideaux, in his life of Mahomet, informs us, that Mahomet was betrothed to his wife Cadhija at five years old, and took her to his bed at eight; and that in the hot countries of Arabia and the Indies, girls are marriagable at eight years old, and are brought to bed the year after.
restrict the pleasures of the lover merely to his eyes, but added also those of the ear.

"Qui sedens identidem, te
"Spectat et audit i""

XCVII.

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest from motives far less philosophical than those of Empedocles,* he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind him, that will tell more tales than a slipper.

XCVIII.

WE often injure our cause by calling in that which is weak, to support that which is strong. Thus the ancient school-men, who in some instances were more silly than school-boys, were constantly lugging in the authority of Aristotle, to support the tenets of christianity; and yet these very men would laugh at an engineer of the present day, who should make a similar blunder in artillery, that they have done in argument, and drag up an ancient battering ram, to assist a modern cannon.

XCIX.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our

* Horace, speaking of this philosopher, says,

"ardentem frigidus Etiam,
"Insiluit."

The mountain threw out his slipper, which discovered his fate. It is recorded that Aristotle, from motives of the same unquenchable curiosity, threw himself into the Euripus; the phenomena of the flux and reflux of this river, puzzled our philosopher so much, that he jumped into the stream, exclaiming, "since I cannot comprehend the Euripus, the Euripus shall comprehend me."
hopes, until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts, when we have.

C

THE ancients, in their poetical and dramatical machinery, made their gods the prime agents of as much evil as good. They have described them, as mixing themselves up with human infirmities, and lending themselves to human passions, in so gross a manner, that it is almost impossible to admire virtue, and to esteem such gods; or to look up to heaven with affection, without looking down upon its rulers with abhorrence.* It is on this account that I should rather

* In confirmation of the above remarks, I shall quote a passage from one of the finest writers of the last century:—

"Be it how it will, the wonderful in poetry has begotten that of knight-errantry, and certain it is, that the devils and conjurors cause much less harm in this way of writing, than the gods and their ministers did in the former.

"The goddess of arts, of knowledge and wisdom, inspires the bravest of all the Greeks with an ungovernable fury, and suffers him not to recover his senses she had taken from him, but only to make him capable of perceiving his folly, and by this means to kill himself out of mere shame and despair.

"The greatest and most prudent of the goddesses favours scandalous passions, and lends her assistance to carry on a criminal amour.

"The same goddess employs all sorts of artifices to destroy a handful of innocent people, who by no means deserved her indignation.

"She thought it not enough to exhaust her own power, and that of the other gods, whom she solicited to ruin Æneas, but even corrupts the god of sleep to cast Palinurus into a slumber, and so to order matters, that he might drop into the sea; this piece of treachery succeeded, and the poor pilot perished in the waves.

"There is not one of the gods in these poems that does not bring the greatest misfortunes upon men, or hurry them on to the blackest actions. Nothing is so villainous here below, which is not executed by their order, or authorized by their example: and this it was that principally contributed to give birth to the sect of the Epicureans, and afterwards to support it.

"Epicurus, Lucretius, and Petronius, would rather make their gods
side with Plato, who would have interdicted the ancient tragedy to the Athenians, than with Aristotle, who with some qualifications, recommended it. For the writers of the Greek tragedy were continually placing their audience in situations where if they exercised their pity, it could only be at the expence of their piety, and where disgust was a feeling far more liable to be excited, than devotion. In short, there seems to be this difference between the superstition of the Pagans, and the religion of the Christians; the

lazy, and enjoy their immortal nature in an uninterrupted tranquillity, than see them active and cruelly employed in ruining ours.

"Nay, Epicurus by doing so, pretended he shewed his great respect to the gods; and from hence proceeded that saying which Bacon so much admires, Non Deos vulgi negare profanum, sed vulgi opinionem diis applicare profanum.

"Now I dont mean by this, that we are obliged to discard the gods out of our works, and much less from those of poetry, where they seem to enter more naturally than any where else. A Jove principium muse. I am for introducing them as much as any man, but then I would have them bring their wisdom, justice, and clemency along with them, and not appear, as we generally make them, like a pack of impostors and assassins. I would have them come with a conduct to regulate, and not with a disorder to confound every thing.

"Perhaps it may be replied, that these extravagancies ought only to pass for fables and fictions, which belong to the jurisdiction of poetry. But I would fain know what art and science in the world has the power to exclude good sense? If we need only write in verse to be privileged in all extravagancies, for my part I would never advise any man to meddle with prose, where he must immediately be pointed at for a coxcomb, if he leaves good sense and reason never so little behind him.

"I wonder extremely, that the ancient poets were so scrupulous to preserve probability in actions purely human, and violated it after so abominable a manner, when they come to recount the actions of the gods. Even those who have spoken of their nature more soberly than the rest, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct.

"When they establish their being, and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good. But at the very moment they set them a working, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop; there is no folly or wickedness which they do not make them commit."
former lowered a God to a man; the latter exalts a man to a God!

CI.

ON a former occasion I have observed, that every historian has described the age in which he happened to write, as the worst, because he has only heard of the wickedness of other times, but has felt and seen that of his own. I now repeat this proposition, for the purpose of introducing a very shrewd remark I have since chanced upon, which will give rise to a few observations. "How strange it is, (says an old author) that we of the present day, are constantly praising that past age, which our fathers abused, and as constantly abusing that present age, which our children will praise." This assertion is witty, and true; but if the praise and the censure awarded by the parties, were equally true, it would follow that the world must have become so bad by this time, that no security, and of course no society could be found within it. For if every succeeding generation praises the past, but abuses the present, and is right in doing it, how very good must men have been in the first ages of the world, and how excessively bad must they have become now. On the former supposition, a deluge of water would not have been necessary, and on the latter, a deluge of fire would hardly effect a cure. But let us pause to enquire who they are? that are most commonly the great admirers of the "olden time;" the "laudatores temporis actis." They are almost invariably to be found, amongst the aged; and the rising generation, having no experience of their own, but trusting to those who have,—hear, and believe. But is it not natural? that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak, the era of their strength; the sick, the season of their vigour; and the disappointed, the spring-tide of their hopes! Alas, it is not the times that have changed, but themselves.
CII.

WE often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would in all probability have done for us. Life too often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods. Like the fallen angels of Milton, we all know the evils that we have, but we are ignorant what greater evils we might have encountered, by rushing on apparent goods, the consequences of which we know not.

"Evertre domus totus, optantibus ipsis
"Dii faciles;"

By which even a Pagan moralist suggests that the prayers of men are sometimes granted by the gods, to the destruction of the supplicants.

CIII.

WE injure mysteries, which are matters of faith, by any attempt at explanation, in order to make them matters of reason. Could they be explained, they would cease to be mysteries; and it has been well said, that a thing is not necessarily against reason, because it happens to be above it. Doctor B*****† once told Horne Tooke that he had just witnessed an exemplification of the Trinity, for he had seen three men in one whiskey! Poh, poh! replied our etymologist, that is no exemplification at all, you should have seen one man in three whiskeys! A certain missionary once asked a new convert, if he had any clear notions on this sacred subject; his Asiatic proselyte immediately made three folds in his garment, and having held them in that state a few seconds, pulled them back again into one. We believe the doctrine of the Trinity, because, though above reason, it is matter of faith; but we are not bound to be-

† This anecdote is rather against the Doctor, for the wit is Parson Horne's, but the profaneness is the Doctor's; perhaps even I shall not wholly escape for relating it.
lieve in all the explanations of it, which are often against both, and matter of neither. The attention of the religious world, in the West of England, was lately much occupied, by a very learned controversy on this subject, carried on by three doughty champions, each of whom with more of erudition, but perhaps less of gentleness, than the shepherds in Virgil, were "et cantare pares, et respondere parati." The individuals, however, were more at home in knocking down each other’s arguments, than in establishing their own; which led the sharp-sighted editor of a certain journal, whose columns our polemics had filled, without much profit to the sale, to suppose that it was high time for him to interfere, and to sum up, with all due impartiality, between the parties:

"Componere lites
Inter Peliden festinat, et inter Atriden."

He did so, and though luminous on many other points, "The Western Luminary" was rather obscure upon this:—

"Magnis tamen excidit ausis."

To convince him, however, that his three learned correspondents, however they had disagreed in particulars, agreed as to the main, and that he himself in summing up, had settled the controversy, in a manner more conclusive, than superficial observers might admit, or accede to, I sent him the following little "jeu d’esprit," which he had the candour to insert:—

Cleve—Dennis—Carpenter—agree!
And fully prove a Trinity:
For in their writings, all may see
Not one incomprehensible—but three!

Yet Flindell deemed the task undone,
So finished what these scribes begun,
And shewed, more clearly than the sun,
Not three incomprehensibles—but one!
IN FEW WORDS.

CIV.

IT is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion—the second, above it.

CV.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead; but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

CVI.

WE make a goddess of Fortune, says Juvenal, and place her in the highest heaven.* But it is not fortune that is exalted, and powerful, but we ourselves that are abject, and weak. We strive to make externals a part of ourselves, over which fortune has power, neglecting that which is within, over which she has none. The storm may strip the mountain of its garniture, and expose its breast to the winds—but the mountain remains. Bias flying from his country, which was wrapt in flames, and reeking with the blood of the vanquished, incumbered himself with none of his goods, or rather, says his biographer, bore them all in his breast, not to be seen by the eye, but prized by the soul, inclosed in the narrow dwelling of the mind, not to be

* “Te fugimus Fortuna Deam, caloque locamus.”
demolished by mortal hands, fixed with those that are settled, not retarding those that travel, and not forsaking those that fly.

CVII.

THE benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled, from the complacency and serenity he has secured, from contemplating the prosperity of all around him. The sun of happiness must be totally eclipsed, before it can be total darkness with him! But the envious man is made gloomy, not only by his own cloud, but by another's sunshine. He may exclaim with the poet, "Dark! dark! amidst a blaze of light!" Desperate by his own calamities, and infuriated also by the prosperity of another, he would fain fly to that hell that is beyond him, to escape that which is within. In short, envy is almost the only vice, that constantly punishes itself, in the very act of its commitment; and the envious man makes a worse bargain, even than the hypocrite, for the hypocrite serves the devil, without wages—but the envious man serves him, not only without reward, but to be punished also, for his pains.

CVIII.

THE affairs of this world are kept together by what little truth and integrity still remains amongst us; and yet I much question whether the absolute dominion of truth, would be compatible with the existence of any society now existing upon the face of the earth. Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves. They will not advance
their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard to their minds. But the high and sterling excellence of truth would appear from hence, that it becomes more safe, practicable, and attainable, the nearer we advance to perfection. No bad man ever wished that his breast was made of glass, or that others could read his thoughts. But the misery is, that the duplicities, the temptations, and the infirmities that surround us, have rendered the truth, and nothing but the truth, as hazardous and contraband a commodity as a man can possibly deal in. This made Sir Walter Raleigh affirm, that it was dangerous to follow truth too near, lest she should kick out our teeth. But let us for a moment figure to ourselves a state of things where truth should be the sole principle of all our thoughts, words, and actions. Constituted as men are at present, could any civilized society keep itself together under such circumstances, for one single year? Would not eternal truth become as insupportable to our imperfect mind, as eternal day to our imperfect vision? Gracious heaven, what a scene would the above supposition produce upon the earth! What recriminations, what éclaircissements, what animosities, what exacerbations; what a pulling of caps by the one sex, and of triggers by the other. The most polite levees would become an aceldama, and the most polished routes a bear-garden. What mourning brides, and merry widows, what rancorous friends and greeting enemies, what accepted sinners, and rejected saints. The whole world would appear to have put on a mask, merely from having taken one off. How few bargains at the Exchange, litigations at the bar, or long speeches at the senate. What would become of the numerous tribe of schismatics in religion, polemics in controversy, partizans in politics, and empirics in science; of enthusiasts, who believe what they cannot explain, and of impostors, who explain what they do not believe. As to literature, bulky quartos would dwindle into duodecimos, and a folio would be unknown. Authors would be restricted to what was true, and critics would be precluded from
what was false. No revolution nor revulsion would be equal to this that we are considering; being nothing less than a transition from an order of society where nothing is what it seems, to another where every thing is what it appears. It is manifest that men would be quickly compelled either to alter such a state of things, or themselves; but I fear the former measure would be found the most convenient. Taking things not as they ought to be, but as they are, I fear it must be allowed that Machiavelli will always have more disciples than Jesus. Out of the millions who have studied and even admired the precepts of the Nazarite, how few are there that have reduced them to practice. But there are numbers numberless who throughout the whole of their lives have been practising the principles of the Italian, without having even heard of his name; who cordially believe with him that the tongue was given us to discover the thoughts of others, and to conceal our own; and who range themselves either under the standard of Alexander the Sixth, who never did what he said, or of his son Borgia, who never said what he did.

CIX.

WHAT is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that would believe, but the latter to our experience, that must. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and
Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although like some other gallants they all boasted of more favors than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Caesar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jea-
lousy; to Revenge, Remorse; alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her enemies, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognito to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a tête à tête and a dinner of herbes in a cottage. Hear then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance, and an Ephemeris of Time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

### CX.

**DEATH** is like thunder* in two particulars; we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only

* It is a doubt whether those that are killed by the lightning, even hear the thunder which follows the stroke; be that as it may, the comparison in the text may be still farther illustrated by a fine thought of the philosopher Arcelius; Death, said he, of all human evils, is the July one whose presence is never troublesome to any one, and which makes us uneasy only by its absence.
from that which preceded it. The rich man, gasping for
breath, and reduced to be a mendicant even of the common
air, tantalized with luxuries that must no more be tasted,
and means that must no longer be enjoyed, feels at last the
impotence of gold; that death which he dreaded at a dis-
tance as an enemy, he now hails when he is near, as a friend;
a friend that alone can bring the peace his treasures cannot
purchase, and remove the pain his physicians cannot cure.

CXI.

WE should take care that we do not carry our reli-
gious controversies so far as to give the infidel the same ad-
vantage over us in matters of faith, that the ancient Phyr-
ronists obtained over other sects, in matters of philosophy.
For all the sects of philosophers agreed in one thing only—
that of abusing each other. He therefore that abused them
all round, was sure of a majority; and as no sect got any
praises except from the disciples of their own particular
school, such party panegyrical went for nothing.

CXII.

GREAT minds that have not as yet established a
name, must sometimes bend to lesser minds that have; or
if they cannot bend, must break. If any able man were
to write an impartial account of those defunct literary cha-
racters of our own country, who have been overrated, and
also of those that have been underrated, and enter somewhat
philosophically into the causes, he might produce a very in-
teresting volume. He would have all the clergy on his side,
for his labours would at least be orthodox, insomuch as it
might be said of him "He hath put down the mighty from
their seats, and exalted the humble and meek." Speaking
generally, no man appears great to his cotemporaries, for
the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both
know too much of him. Envy also has her share, in with-
holding present fame. If an author hath written better than his cotemporaries, he will be termed a plagiarist; if as well, a pretender; if worse, a genius of some promise, of whom they do not quite despair.

CXIII.

IT is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation. If an individual is worthy of his ancestors, why extol those with whom he is on a level; and if he is unworthy of them, to laud them, is to libel himself. And nations also, when they boast of their antiquity,* only

* I do not mean to deny the probability that a state of society highly cultivated and refined, may have existed in various parts of the globe, previous to any written or authentic documents that have been transmitted us. India is not without monuments of such a state of civilization, and some late discoveries go to establish the same supposition even in America. I admit that it is more fair to infer such a state of things from monuments that are extant, than to assert its non-existence from the want of documents which after all may have been left, but may also have been lost. Setting aside the traditions of the Athenians, concerning their Museus, of the Thebans of their Linus, of the Thracians as regards their Orpheus, or the Phoenicians of Cadmus, yet still it must be admitted that Thales did actually discover a state of society in the East, which would have justified him on his return from travelling, in applying the same degrading title to the Greeks themselves, which they afterwards bestowed upon others. The magnificent ruins of ancient cities, of which no record remains, the pyramids, concerning which the remotest antiquity has nothing to depose, the advanced state of the science of geometry and astronomy amongst the Egyptians and the Babylonians, do warrant us of after times, in the presumption that a high state of cultivation and knowledge did exist anterior to any written documents, or historical records; but after all, both individuals and nations, when they vaunt themselves on what they were, must do it at the hazard of provoking enquiry as to what they are. But it ought to suppress the arrogance of national talent to reflect, that destruction may have caused many things to be discoveries, which without it, to us at least, had been none; and a pride founded only on antiquity, may also
tell us, in other words, that they are standing on the ruins of so many generations. But if their view of things is limited, and their prospect of the sciences narrow, and confined, if other nations who stand upon no such eminence, see farther than they do, is not the very antiquity of which they boast, a proof that their forefathers were not giants in knowledge, or if they were, that their children have degenerated. The Babylonians laid claim to an antiquity of four hundred and seventy thousand years, founded on a series of astronomical observations. But with all their knowledge of the heavens, they knew no more of things appertaining to the earth, than their neighbours, and they suffered their glory to be eclipsed, by a little horde of Macedonians. The Chinese of the present day are not behind hand with the Babylonians in looking backwards, but with most other nations in looking forwards. They unite all the presumption, with all the prejudice of ignorance. As a nation, notwithstanding their longevity, they have not yet arrived at manhood, and when they boast of their antiquity, they only boast of a more protracted period of childhood and imbecility.

CXIV.

"Hope, thy weak being ended is,"
"Alike, if thou obtain, or if thou miss."
"Thee, good or ill, doth equally confound,"
"And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
"The joys we should pure virgins wed,
"Thou brings't deflowered, to the nuptial bed."

THESE lines prove that the spirit of poetry cannot be tamed, even by a marriage with such a shrew as Metaphysics, and that the hand of Apollo can draw forth har-
mony, even from the discordant croaking of the schools. I have elsewhere observed, that sleep, that type of death, is restricted to earth, that it avoids hell, and is excluded heaven. This idea might also be applied to Hope, whose habitation is manifestly terrestrial, and whose very existence must, I conceive, be lost, in the overwhelming realities of futurity. Neither can futurity have any room for fear, the opposite of hope; for fear anticipates suffering, and hope enjoyment; but where both are final, fixed, and full, what place remains, either for hope, or for fear? Fear, therefore, and hope, are of the earth, earthy, the pale and trembling daughters of mortality; for in heaven we can fear no change; and in hell, no change is to be feared.

CXV.

No porter ever injured himself by an attempt to carry six hundred weight, who could not previously carry five, without injury; and what obtains with strength of body, obtains also with strength of mind; when we attempt to be wise, beyond what is given to man, our very strength becomes our weakness. No man of pigmy stature, or of puny mould, will ever meet the fate of Milo, who was wedged to death, in an attempt to split an oak; and no man ever finished by being an accomplished fool, so well as Des Cartes, because he began, by being a philosopher; for a racer, if he runs out of the course, will carry us much farther from it, than a cart horse. Ignorance is a much more quiet, manageable, and contented thing, than half knowledge. A ploughman was asked on his cross-examination, whether he could read Greek; this appeared to be a problem he had never taken the trouble to solve, therefore, with as much naïveté as truth, he replied, that he did not know—because he had never tried.

* * *

"Viribus ille"

"Confusus perit, admirandisque lacertos."
CXVI.

HE that sets out on the journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others, but little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and of constant recurrence, as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

CXVII.

IF Diogenes used a lanthorn in broad day solely and simply for the purpose of discovering an honest man, this proceeding was not consistent with his usual sagacity. A lanthorn would have been a more appropriate appendage, if he had been in search of a rogue; for such characters skulk about in holes and corners, and hate the light, because their deeds are evil. But I suspect this philosopher's real motive for using a lanthorn in mid-day, was to provoke enquiry, that he might have the cynical satisfaction of telling all that asked him what he was searching for, that none of them at least were the men to his mind, and that his search had hitherto been fruitless. It is with honesty in one particular, as with wealth, those that have the thing, care less about the credit of it, than those who have it not. No poor man can well afford to be thought so, and the less of honesty a finished rogue possesses, the less he can afford to be supposed to want it. Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself, yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum, by means of it. I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply, to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world: Sir, said he, it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—may know himself.

G
CXVIII.

NO disorders have employed so many quacks, as those that have no cure; and no sciences have exercised so many quills, as those that have no certainty. Truth lies in a small compass, and if a well has been assigned her, for a habituation, it is as appropriate from its narrowness, as its depth. Hence it happens that those sciences that are capable of being demonstrated, or that are reducible to the severity of calculation, are never voluminous, for clearness is intimately connected with conciseness, as the lightning which is the brightest thing, is also the most brief; but precisely in proportion as certainty vanishes, verbosity abounds. To foretell an eclipse, a man must understand astronomy; or to find out an unknown quantity, by a known one, he must have a knowledge of calculation; and yet the rudiments that enable us to effect these important things, are to be found in a very narrow compass. But when I survey the ponderous and voluminous folios of the schoolmen and the metaphysicians, I am inclined to ask a very simple question; what have either of these plodders done, that has not been better done, by those that were neither?

CXIX.

WERE a man to deny himself the pleasure of walking, because he is restricted from the privilege of flying, and refuse his dinner, because it was not ushered in on a service of plate, should we not be more inclined to ridicule, than to pity him? and yet we are all of us more or less guilty of similar absurdities, the moment we deny ourselves pleasures that are present, and within our reach, either from a vain repining after those that must never return, or from as vain an aspiring after those that may never arrive.

* I suspect that some of the sciences are derived from the Greek word άξίος, rather than from the Latin word axio.
IN FEW WORDS.

CXX.

NOBILITY of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur. For the favour and consideration of our fellow-men, is perhaps the strongest incentive to intellectual exertion; but rank and title, unfortunately for the possessors of them, insure that favour and consideration, even without exertion, that others hardly can obtain, by means of it. Therefore men high in rank, are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability, as from want of application; for it is the nature of man, not to expend labour on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well, if he happen to be born upon the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a Gladiator, without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton, without toil.

CXXI.

UNITY of opinion, abstractedly considered, is neither desirable, nor a good; although considered not in itself, but with reference to something else, it may be both. For men may be all agreed in error, and in that case unanimity is an evil. Truth lies within the Holy of Holies, in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule, that leads unto it. Luther began by having his doubts, as to the assumed infallibility of the Pope, and he finished, by making himself the corner stone of the reformation. Copernicus, and Newton, doubted the truth of the false systems of others, before they established a true one of their own; Columbus differed in opinion with all the old world, before he discovered a new one; and Galileo's terrestrial body was confined in a dungeon, for having asserted the motion of those bodies that were celestial. In fact, we owe almost all our knowledge, not to those who have agreed, but to those
who have differed; and those who have finished by mak-
ing all others think with them, have usually been those
who began by daring to think with themselves; as he that
leads a crowd, must begin by separating himself some little
distance from it. If the great Harvey, who discovered the
circulation of the blood, had not differed from all the phy-
sicians of his own day, all the physicians of the present day
would not have agreed with him. These reflections ought
to teach us that every kind of persecution for opinions, is
incompatible with sound philosophy. It is lamentable in-
deed to think how much misery has been incurred from the
intemperate zeal, and bigotted officiousness of those who
would rather that mankind should not think at all, than not
think as they do. Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a
throne, and retired to the monastery of St Juste, amused
himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that
of a watch-maker; he one day exclaimed, "what an egre-
gious fool must I have been to have squandered so much
blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make all men
think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep
time together." We should remember also, that assent, or
dissent, is not an act of the will, but of the understanding;
no man can will to believe that two and two make five, nor
can I force upon myself the conviction, that this ink is white,
or this paper black. If we arrive at certain conclusions, and
act conscientiously upon them, a Judge that is both just and
merciful, will require no more, provided we can answer sa-
tisfactorily to the following interrogations: Have we made
use of all the means in our power to arrive at true conclu-
sions? Did no interest warp us? no prejudice blind us?
no party mislead us? no aloe retard us? and no fear intimi-
date us? No hierarchy, constituted authority, nor poli-
tical establishment, either of ancient, or modern times, has
made so horrible a use of the mistaken notion that unanimity
is a good in itself, as the church of Rome. They have ap-
propriated the term Catholic, to their own pale, and brand-
ed with the name of heretic, all that are without it; and
the latter title has made even the merciful deem it a crime to pity them, and the just, injustice, to do them right; so closely allied in common minds are names to things. Unity* of

* Their pretence of unity captivates multitudes. They upbraid the Protestants with divisions, faction, and schism; which they wholly impute to their departure from the Church of Rome, the pillar and ground of truth, and from their Pope, the head and centre of unity. But suppose their union was greater than it is, it can be no certain argument of the truth of the Church, and excellency of their profession. If all men, says Mr. Chillingworth, would submit themselves to the chief Mufti of the Turks, there would be no division; yet unity is not to be purchased at so dear a rate. He adds, it is better to go to heaven by diverse ways, or rather by diverse paths of the same way, than in one and the same path to go peaceably to hell. Should all the rest of the angels have joined with the arch-rebel in the grand apostacy, their unity would have been no commendation of their cause.

But after all, this is but a pretence. Their divisions have been as great and as scandalous, as of any other body of Christians in the world. Bellarmine confesses twenty-six several schisms in their church; Ursuarius reckons up thirty, one of which lasted, with great animosities, for fifty years. It was begun upon the election of Urban VI.; at which the cardinals being offended, withdrew, and chose another Pope, viz. Clement VII., who sat in France, as Urban and his successors did at Rome. We have a full account of these matters in Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Geddes. The historians of this time, says Dr. Stillingfleet, tell us there was never known so dismal an age for wars and bloodshed, for murders and parricides, rapines and sacrilege, for seditions and conspiracies, for horrible schisms and scandals to religion. The priests opposing the bishops, the people the priests; and in some places not only robbing the churches, burning the tithes, but trampling under foot the holy eucharist, that was consecrated by such, whom Pope Hildebrand had excommunicated. The Bishop adds, and must we, after all this, believe that the Roman See is the fountain of unity in the Catholic Church? that all wars and rebellions arise from casting off subjection to the Popes, when they themselves have been the great fomenters of rebellion, and the disturbers of the peace of Christendom.

It is an admirable fetch of their policy, and which very much contributes to secure and enlarge their interest, the suiting religion to the various humours and inclinations of men. The great wisdom of the court of Rome (says Dr. Stillingfleet) appears in this, "that as long as persons are true to them in the main points, they can let them alone in smaller differences among themselves; and not provoke either of the dissent-
opinion is indeed a glorious and a desirable thing, and its circle cannot be too strong and extended, if the centre be truth;

ing parties, lest they give them occasion to withdraw from their communion. They can allow different rites and ceremonies in the several orders of religion among them, and grant exemptions and privileges in particular cases; if they can but hold them fast, and render them serviceable to their common interest, it is enough.

They make very different representations of religion, as the case may require; and indeed have provided wonderfully for the entertainment of all sorts of persons. What the Jewish Rabbies say of their Manna, that it had every kind of taste, either of oil, or honey, or bread, as would be most grateful to several palates; such a Manna is Popery, only it does not come from heaven. If you be for pomp and glory, their worship cannot miss of giving full satisfaction. Their altars are adorned with costly paintings; hung with images of extraordinary Saints; enriched with gold and pearl, and whatever can charm the spectator’s eye; their priests officiate in costly habits; their churches resound with the choicest music, vocal and instrumental; and their public processions carry an air of magnificence, every way proper to amuse the minds of superstitious people. If on the other hand you are for severity, they can accommodate you; they know how exactly to fall in with that humour. You will hear amongst them many notable harangues in commendation of voluntary poverty, vows of abstinence, penance, and mortification, by going barefoot, fasting, wearing sack-cloth, and exercising the sharpest discipline towards the body. Glorious is the character of their St. Francis, whom they make the highest saint in heaven, because he made himself the poorest and vilest wretch on earth. If you are for strict morals, they have casuists for your purpose, that will talk sermonically, and carry things to an excessive height. If you are for greater liberties in practice, they can turn you to such as will condescend as much as you can desire, that will promise you salvation, though you have no other grace or qualification, but that of subjection and obedience to the church. And it is by this and the like stratagems, that such multitudes are drawn into their net. This is one of the sorceries of the whore, by which so many nations are deceived.

It is a very great inducement to Popery, and a special means of propagating it in the world, that they have contrived so easy a way of salvation. You may go to heaven if you live and die in the Church of Rome, without either repentance towards God, or faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ; you need be at no pains to mortify your lusts and corruptions, to purify your heart, and govern your lives according to the laws of the gospel; what they call attrition, (and what that is you
but if the centre be error, the greater the circumference, the
greater the evil, and the strength of the parts serve only to
give it an energy to be execrated, and a durability to be
deplored.

CXXII.

CRITICISM is like champaigne, nothing more exe-

have been told) with the sacrament of penance, and the absolution of a
priest is sufficient. And you know how well they provide for the safety
of any sort of cattle by holy fraternities. No less a man than their Greg-
ory IX. says, that St. Francis obtained this privilege of God, that who-
ever had his habit on, could not die ill. And St. Francis says himself,
that whoever loved his order in his heart, how great a sinner soever he
was, he should obtain mercy of God. And in the like strain they talk
(as you have heard) of other of their Saints, and the societies called
after their name. To enter among them, and wear their badge, is a suf-
ficient warrant for heaven, whether he be a Saint or the worst of sinners
that has it.

I must not omit the great delusion of all, and that is their tales of
visions, apparitions and miracles. If they find the people a little boggle
at any of their opinions, and not so readily swallow them down as they
could wish, presently heaven engages in the cause! Thus the immacu-
late conception was established by a revelation; as was purgatory, tran-
substantiation, auricular confession, &c. And by this means also the
reputation of their several orders has been raised; the credit of their
images kept up, and image-worship introduced and supported.

For the same purpose they have recourse to miracles. The legends of
their Saints abound with stories of prodigious things; some of which are
ludicrous; as their St. Swithin's making whole a basket full of eggs, by
the sign of the cross; Patricius his making the stolen sheep bleat in the
thief's belly after he had eaten it; their St. Bridget's bacon, which in
great charity she gave to an hungry dog, and was, after the dog had eaten
it, restored again in her kettle. Of the like nature is their story of St.
Dunstan, who took the devil by the nose with his tongs, till he made
him roar; Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burnt his fingers;
Lupus imprisoned the devil in a pot all night; a consecrated host being
put into an hive of bees, to sure them of the murrain, was so devoutly
entertained, that the bees built a chappel in the hive, with steeple and
bells; erected an altar, and laid the host upon it, and sung their canoni-
cal hours like monks in a cloister.—Vid. Bennet against Popery.*

* I suspect an error here—The bees built the chappel, but the drones
performed mass.
crable if bad, nothing more excellent if good; if meagre, muddy, vapid, and sour, both are fit only to engender ebolic and wind; but if rich, generous and sparkling, they communicate a genial glow to the spirits, improve the taste, expand the heart, and are worthy of being introduced at the symposium of the Gods. In the whole range of literature, nothing is more entertaining, and I might add, more instructive, than sound and legitimate criticism, the disinterested convictions of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit, than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and, while he sympathizes with every brilliant power, and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself, as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment, but who can afford us the double pleasure of being first pleased with his author, and secondly with himself, for having given us such just and incontrovertible reasons for our approbation. When death deprived the house of commons of the talents of Charles Fox, I conceive he did not leave behind him a more elegant classic, in all that enlightened body. I once heard him say, that he was so idle at Eton, that he verily believes he should have made but little comparative progress in the Greek language, had it not been for the intense pleasure he received on his first taking up Longinus. It was lucky for me, he would say, that I did not then know where to procure an English translation, and I never quitted him, until I could read him with such facility, as to derive more pleasure from his remarks upon Homer, than from the poet himself. On mentioning this circumstance to an old Etonian, he confirmed it by the following anecdote: he said, that on one occasion, by a wilful kind of mistake, Fox took his favourite Longinus, a book above his class, into the school room, and it happened rather unluckily, that he was called upon to go through a portion of some other author appropriated to that day; he was not a little puzzled, and the master perceived his embarrassment—What book have you got there, Sir. said he, hand it to me. On perceiving that it was a
Greek copy of Longinus, Sir, said the master I shall punish you severely for having neglected to bring the right book, unless you can immediately construe and parse this page, in the author you have thought proper to choose for yourself, picking out at the same time one of the most difficult passages in the volume. The man was never less at a loss in answering Pitt, than was the boy on this occasion, in accepting the challenge of the master, to the astonishment of whom, no less than of his school-fellows, he accomplished off-hand the task imposed upon him, rendering the passage into English, not at all unworthy of the eloquence of the original, "Who was himself the great sublime he drew."

But, to revert to the subject, criticism written in the style of Longinus, must ever be extremely rare, until great genius be extremely common. There is indeed another kind of criticism which will never be rare, because it requires only labour and attention; I mean that which is principally confined to dates, facts, chronologies, niceties of grammar, and quantities of prosody; a criticism conversant with words, rather than things, and with the letter, rather than the spirit. A style of criticism, like that of him who, when all the world were enraptured by a Ceres of Raphael, discovered that the knot in the wheat-sheaf, was not tied as a reaper would have tied it. To be a mere verbal critic, is what no man of genius would be, if he could; but to be a critic of true taste and feeling, is what no man without genius could be, if he would. Could Johnson have had less prejudice, Addison more profundity, or Dryden more time, they would have been well qualified for the arduous office of a critic. Materials for a good critic, might be found in the three, since each had many of the requisites, but neither of them all. As to the three great names of Bentley, Porson, and Parr, they came nearer to our purpose, but have not fully accomplished all that we want. Bentley united two things that were very incompatible, dogmatism, and whim, and was at the same time both conjectural, and dictatorial; he often substituted creation for correction, invented where l
ought rather to have investigated, and gave us what he conceived his author should have said, rather than what he did say. Porson was too cold and costive in his approbation, and too microscopical in his views, for the perfect critic, being more occupied about the syllables, than the sense, with the counters of knowledge, rather than knowledge itself. His temper too was not sufficiently placid for his mission, which required more patience than that of Job, and more meekness than that of Moses. He was too apt not only to quit the game, but to do so in order to worry some mongrels of his own pack, who were at fault, from having overrun the scent. He took his Greek, as some persons take their snuff, that is, he not only stuffed his head with it almost to suffocation, but his pockets as well,* and not with-

* Porson was once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! I roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle;—shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, I think, young gentleman, said he, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there. Oh, Sir, replied our Tyro, the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since you were at college. The professor applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book; after rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, Sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, "Curses me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The uttering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble;—at last, Bless me, Sir, said he, how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus. The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, Step the coach—halloah, coachman, let me out I say, is—
out occasionally bespattering his neighbours with the superfluity. As to Doctor Parr, fortunately for the interests of

stantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson, or the Devil!

I wish to make some observations on anecdotes, and I think I may as well take this opportunity as another. Imprimis, I am not so particular about their originality, as their application. If an anecdote comes across my mind, which tends to the support of any argument or proposition I am advancing, I hesitate not to adduce it. There are no anecdotes in these pages that will be new to all my readers, and perhaps there are none but may be new to some of them. Those to whom any anecdote is old, will not be offended, if it be well applied; and those to whom it may be new, will receive the double pleasure of novelty and of illustration. In fact there are only two modes by which an anecdote can be perfectly original; the parties who relate it, must either have heard it from, or made it for the principals. Anecdotes, like the air, are private property, only so long as they are kept in; the instant the one is told, or the other liberated, they are common stock. But the principal reason that has induced me to intersperse these pages with anecdotes, is to tempt young minds to a higher, and more intellectual kind of reading. If they read a book on such subjects as mine, they must think at least, before they differ with the author, and this is one of the most exalted, noble, yet rare employments of man. But a volume that compels a reader to think, will not be his favourite at first, although it is sure to become so in the end. It is on this account I have occasionally attempted to lead on young minds by anecdotes; they will in all probability be new to them, and I have endeavoured so to write them, that he that runs may read, and he that reads, may understand. There are two classes of people, that profit little by reading, those that are very wise, and those that are very foolish; I cannot presume to inform the one, and I cannot hope to improve the other. I have therefore attempted to make Lacon an intelligible book, capable of doing some good to that valuable class of the community who have other things to do, as well as to read, and who, when they snatch a few hours from their occupations, to devote to literary pursuits, must necessarily prefer that author who gives them the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time. An era is fast approaching, when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscript, that the hydrostatic screw performs, for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period, that before occupied a page; celebrity will be awarded
literature; he is still alive, "vivit adhuc," and may, if he please, remove the principal objection that can justly be brought against his pen, by using it more often; the quality is so good, we more deeply regret the smallness of the quantity, "verbum sapienti sat."

to no pen that cannot imitate the pugilist, in three essentials; that of hitting hard, and sharp, and at short distances.

Let a man of common sense, having read an author with some attention, lay down the book, and then ask himself this question, what has this writer told me that is really new—true, clear, and convincing, and which I did not know before? He will generally find that he may put all this down in a very small compass, and that the task may be performed, even by the most busy, without the help of an amanuensis. Literary characters, indeed, who are constantly on the hunt for interesting anecdotes, will no doubt recognize many of mine as old acquaintances, but such characters are not numerous, and I see no reason why that which amuses, and also instructs, should be monopolized by any class, and particularly by a small one; as Whitfield, when he set divine psalms, to airs that were profane, did so, because he could not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, so neither can I conceive why all the best stories should be confined to the Literati, who, by the bye, are not a whit better able to enjoy them than the unlearned, since their common sense is often deficient, precisely in proportion to their possession of that which is not so; in which case, we might apply the repartee of Des Cartes, to a certain Marquis who had animadverted rather illiberally on this philosopher's indulging himself in the luxuries of the table.—"What, Sir, do you think that Providence made good things only for fools?"

To finish this gossiping and rambling note, tedious to my readers, and particularly tiresome to him that writes it, because it is on himself, I shall merely add one more observation. In such a variety of remarks, and multiplicity of propositions, which a work of the nature of LACON, must necessarily involve, repetition will be a rock which it will be somewhat difficult wholly to avoid. On a comparison, however, of passages apparently similar, the candid reader will, I think, perceive a difference,

"facies non omnibus una,"
"Nec diversa tamen, qualem deecet esse sororum."

If, like modern physicians, I sometimes vary my prescriptions, it is for the same reason that they do, "To give the disorder an opportunity of choosing for itself."
CXXIII.

GIBBON sitting in an elegant apartment, quaffing Noyeau, and talking infidelity, was cautioned as to the danger which such doctrines might bring upon society. "Sir," said the historian, "the doctrines we are now discussing, are not unlike the liqueur we are drinking;—safe, pleasant, and exhilarating to you and I, that know how to use, without abusing them; but dangerous, deleterious and intoxicating, if either were broached in the open streets, and exposed to the discretion of the mob." With two such strong reasons against their continuing upright members of society, I think we might agree with Gibbon, that it would be hazardous to answer either for their heads, or their hearts. But our philosophical historian, was no philosopher here; the bars and the bolts that were efficient in confining his drama, were perfectly nugatory, in restricting his doctrines, they were too volatile for such an imprisonment. In fact it will be possible to have one set of opinions for the high, and another for the low, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into low ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains unto the sea.

CXXIV.

AN author of talent and genius, must not hope that

But to return to Porson. In the notes of Hypocrisy I have mentioned a curious fact, with respect to this learned professor. After death, his head was dissected, and to the confusion of all craniologists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any professor in Europe. Professor Gall, on being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory, with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied, "How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."
the plodding manufacturers of dulness will admire him; it is expecting too much; they cannot admire him, without first despising themselves. When I look out of my window, and see what a motley mob it is, high and low, mounted and pedestrian, that an author is ambitious to please, I am ashamed of myself, for feeling the slightest anxiety, as to the verdict of such a tribunal. When I leave this class of judges, for that which aspires to be more intellectual, I then indeed feel somewhat more ground for anxiety, but less for hope; for in this court I find that my judges have their claims and pretensions no less than myself, pretensions that are neither so low as to be despised, nor so high as to be above all danger of suffering by competition. So small indeed is the fountain of fame, and so numerous the applicants, that it is often rendered turbid, by the struggles of those very claimants who have the least chance of partaking of the stream, but whose thirst is not at all diminished, by any sense of their unworthiness.

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CXXV.

THE power of love consists mainly in the privilege that Potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.

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CXXVI.

MEN, by associating in large masses, as in camps, and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals; thus a retrocession in the one, is too often the price they pay, for a refinement in the other.
CXXVII.

WE are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another, for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this; when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince, and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man; first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples, far better than those whose establishment in the faith, neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestley owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing partly with every body, but entirely with nobody. In politics, as in philosophy, in literature as in religion, below the surface in hydrostatics, or above it in pneumatics, his track might still be traced, by the host of assailants that pursued it, and like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the water, than he had to encounter another in the air.

CXXVIII.

WHO are the least proper to hold this, or to have that; to preside here, or advise there; to be absent from this place, or present at that? Generally speaking, those are the least proper to obtain these ends, who most desire them. Who desires to hold preferment, more than the professing pluralist, or to have place more than the pretended patriot, and who deserves them less? Who wishes to preside at the senate more than the sycophant, or to advise at the council, more than the knave? Who wishes to be absent from the trial more than the criminal, or to be present at the plunder, more than the thief? For that wealth,
power, or influence which are desired, only that they may be properly applied and exerted, are not usually those which are most vehemently desired; since such an application of them cannot be a profitable task, but must be a troublesome, and may be a thankless one. Therefore when we see a man denying himself the common comforts of life, passing restless days, and sleepless nights, in order to compass something where the public good is the apparent motive, we may always venture to pause a little, just to consider whether private good may not be the real end.

CXXIX.

NONE know the full extent of present hate, but those who have achieved that which will insure the highest meed of future admiration.

CXXX.

IF a man be sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is an union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of truth therefore, is above all present things—Firm, in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them, decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought, and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more crooked than a ram's horn,* although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

* The dolphin is not only the straightest fish that swims, but also the swiftest; and for this last property, he is indebted to the first.
CXXXI.

A prodigal starts with ten thousand pounds, and dies worth nothing; a miser starts with nothing, and dies worth ten thousand pounds. It has been asked which has had the best of it? I should presume the prodigal; he has spent a fortune—but the miser has only left one;—he has lived rich, to die poor; the miser has lived poor, to die rich; and if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it, still deeper in debt to himself.

CXXXII.

THAT time and labour are worse than useless, that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but also to root out.

CXXXIII.

GENIUS, in one respect, is like gold, numbers of persons are constantly writing about both, who have neither. The mystifications of metaphysics, and the quackeries of craniology, may be combined and conglomerated without end, and without limit, in a vain attempt to enable common sense to grasp and to comprehend the causes of genius, or the modes of their operation. Neither are men of genius themselves one jot better able to give us a satisfactory solution of the springs and sources of their own powers, than other men. The plain unvarnished fact, after all that may be said or sung about it, and about it, is this; that genius, in one grand particular, is like life. We know nothing of
either, but by their effects. It is highly probable that genius may exist, under every sun and every sky, like moss, and

There is so much of true genius, and poetic feeling of the highest order, in the following stanzas, that I cannot withstand the temptation of enriching my barren pages, with so beautiful a gem. This ode of Doctor Leyden's, in my humble opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary Muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting, and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to that sympathy, which such lines must awaken, to reflect that the spirit that dictated them has fled.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chérica!, Malabar.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine! What vanity has brought thee here? How can I love to see thee shine So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear For twilight-converse, arm in arm; The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chérica!'s dark wandering streams, Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild, Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams Of Teviot lov'd while still a child, Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd By Esk or Eden's classic wave, Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd, Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!— The parish'd bliss of youth's first prime That once so bright on fancy play'd, Revives no more in after-time. Far from my sacred natal clime, I haste to an untimely grave; The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime, Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear. A gentle vision comes by night
with as many varieties; but it may have been more fully
developed in some situations, than in others. The fogs of
Iceland, however, have been warmed by poetry, and those of
Holland by wit—"Veroecum in patria, crassaque sub aere
nasci ingenium." If, indeed, any inferior power can have
the slightest influence on genius, which is itself the essence
of power, if ought which is of earth can control that
which is of heaven, this influence must be looked for, not
in soils, nor sums, nor climates, but in social institutions,
and in the modes and forms of governments. The Jews
have been much the same in all periods, and are the same
in all places, because their social institutions are the same.
Look also at Greece and at Italy, two countries the most
admirable, as much as they have been the most highly
favoured with talent. The bee and the nightingale, the
olive and the grape, remain, because the climate is the
same; but where are the Grecians? where are the Romans?

My lonely widow's heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shook
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn!—
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.
the governments and the institutions are changed, and with them the men. Freedom is not indeed the mother, but she is the nurse of Genius, giving scope to its aspiring, confidence to its darings, and efficiency to its strength. As to those causes that may have been supposed to impart any particular bias or scope to genius, no sooner have we laid down some general rule on this head, than a thousand exceptions rush in to overturn it. If we affirm, with Johnson, that genius is general power accidentally determined to some particular direction, this may be true of the ten, but false of the ninety. Paley and Adam Smith have declared their total incapacity, with regard to all works of fiction, fancy, or imagination; and had Mr. Locke indulged in poetry, it is probable he would have failed more lamentably than Pope, when he dabbled in metaphysics. Such characters as Crichton and Mirandola, on the contrary, would seem to support the theory of Dr. Johnson, and go to prove that extension is not always purchased at the price of profundity. Shakespeare possessed an universality of talent that would have enabled him to accomplish any thing,

"To form one perfect whole, in him conspire
"The painter's pencil, and the minstrel's lyre,
"The wisdom of the sage, and prophet's hallow'd fire."

Neither can we lay down any certain rule for genius, as regards the periods of its development. Some have gone into the vineyard at the third hour, and some at the ninth; some, like the Nile, have been mean and obscure in their source, but like that mighty river, majestic in their progress, with a stream both grand and fertile, have enriched the nations, rolling on with accumulated magnificence, to the ocean of Eternity. Others again there are, who seem to have adopted the motto of Caesar for their career, and who have burst upon us from the depth of obscurity, as the lightning from the bosom of the cloud. Their energy has been equalled only by their brilliance, and like that bolt of heaven to which I have compared them, they have shivered
all opposition with a strength that obstacle served only to awaken, and resistance to augment.

"Blind, and denied the gross corporeal light,
Their intellectual eye but shone more bright,
Strength in disease they found, and radiance in night."
See Hypocrisy—Character of Milton.

CXXXIV.

DOCTOR Johnson observed of the ancient Romans, "that when poor, they robbed others, and when rich, themselves." This remark ought not to have been confined to that people only, for it is more or less applicable to all. Persecution too has been analogous in one respect to plunder, having been at all times both inflicted and endured, as circumstances might serve. When the conquered happen to have become in their turn the conquerors, it is not the persecution that has been crushed, but the persecutors that have been changed; so long has it taken mankind to learn this plain and precious truth, that it is easier to find a thousand reasons why men should differ in opinion, than one why they should fight* about them. Persecution has been the vice of times that are past, may be the vice of times that are present, but cannot be the vice of times that are to come, although we have already witnessed some events in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, that would lead us to suspect that centuries take a much longer time to arrive at years of discretion, than men. In Booth's Review of the Ancient Constitutions of Greece and of Rome, there is a passage that expresses what I have to say, in the happiest manner:

'It thus appears that the constitutions of antiquity were

* I shall quote here, for obvious reasons, the Morning Prayer of the celebrated Doctor Franklin:

"O Powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! increase in me that wisdom, which discovers my truest interest, strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continued favors to me."
as inimical to religious freedom, as the worst of the governments of modern Europe; and that conformity of opinion on the causes of the universe, has at no time been obtained, except by the assistance of penal statutes. An absolute freedom in religious discussions has never yet existed, in any age or country. It is one of the dreams of the new philosophy. The superstition of the Lacedemonians prohibited all enquiry on the subject of religion, but was of little advantage to morality. The Spartan ladies celebrated their nightly orgies; and the warriors, who, every evening during their expeditions, sung hymns, in concert, to the honour of the gods, were ready, without remorse, to join in the cryptia, or massacre of their slaves. The religion of Athens was interwoven with its constitution, and the lives of Eschylus, Anaxagoras, Diogoras, Protagoras, Prodicus, Socrates, and Alcibiades, demonstrated that neither genius, learning, courage, nor the softer virtues, uncombined with the superstition of the age, could screen their possessors from the persecutions of an implacable priesthood.

"Among the Romans, too, it was toleration, not freedom; and even toleration itself was refused to the citizens of Rome. It was in vain, however, that those mighty masters of the world thus endeavoured to fetter the transmission of thought, and to fix the religion of the human race. Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot of this globe, and limited, in his existence, to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can control, and which, unceasingly, seeks for the author of his destiny, through the immensity of space, and the ever-rolling current of ages. The petty legislators of the hour threaten, with their thunders, as if they were the gods of this lower world, and issue their mandates that a boundary shall be drawn round the energies of mind. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther!" Such is the fiat; but it is as useless as that which would restrain the waves of the ocean. Time, who successively consigns to oblivion the ever-changing governments and religious of
men, now sits over the ruins of those proud and boasted republics. Time, the eldest of the gods of Greece and Rome, has seen Olympus despoiled of its deities, and their temples crumbled into dust. But, amid those mighty revolutions, religion has survived the wreck. Man, never ceasing to look for happiness in the heavens, has raised other structures for his devotion, under the symbols of the Crescent and the Cross."

CXXXV.

THE distinguishing peculiarity and most valuable characteristic of the diamond, is the power it possesses of refracting and reflecting the prismatic colours; this property it is that gives fire, life, and brilliancy to the diamond. Other stones reflect the light as they receive it, bright in proportion to their own transparency, but always colourless; and the ray comes out, as it went in. What the diamond effects as to the natural light, genius performs, as to that which is intellectual; it can refract and reflect the surrounding rays elicited by the minds of others, and can divide and arrange them with such precision and elegance, that they are returned indeed, not as they were received, dull, spiritless, and monotonous, but full of fire, lustre, and life. We might also add, that the light of other minds is as necessary to the play and the development of genius, as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not from a common stone; and a Newton or a Shakespeare, deprived of kindred minds, and born amongst savages—savages had died.

CXXXVI.

In literature our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.
CXXXVII.

HE that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life; and we are all of us more indebted than we believe we are, to that class of writers whom Johnson termed "the pioneers of literature, doomed to clear away the dirt and the rubbish, for those heroes who press on to honour and to victory, without deigning to bestow a single smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress."

CXXXVIII.

SELF-LOVE, in spite of all that has been said against it, performs divers necessary offices, in the drama of life, and like friction in mechanics, is not without its compensations of good. Self-pride is the eldest daughter of self-love, and this it is that consoles us on many occasions, and exhilarates us on more; it lends a spring to our joys, and a pillow to our pains; it heightens the zest of our reception, and softens the asperity of our repulse; and it is not until this is mortally wounded within us, that the spirit to endure, expires. This Self-pride is the common friend of our humanity, and like the bell of our church, is resorted to on all occasions; it ministereth alike to our festivals, or our fasts; our merriment or our mourning; our weal, or our woe.

CXXXIX.

LAWS that are too severe, are temptations to plunder on the part of the criminal, and to perjury on the part of the prosecutor, since he would rather burden his conscience with a false oath, than with a true one, which would arm cruelty to kill, in the garb of justice. Such laws, therefore, reverse the natural order of things, transferring the indignation of public feeling which ought to follow the criminal, to the ferocity of that sentence by which he is to suffer, and taking from legislation its main support, the sympathy of public esteem and approbation; for the victim to too severe a law is considered as a martyr, rather than a
criminal, and that which we pity, we cannot at the same
time detest. But there is if possible a stronger objection
against such laws; they open a door to all kinds of favouri-
tism, and partiality, for they afford the executive a power of
pardon ing a friend, under the pretext of mercy; or of de-
stroying a foe, with the forms of justice. A law of this
nature may be compared to a mastiff, that is so ferocious
that he is never suffered to be let loose, and which is no
terror to the depredator, because it is known that he is con-
stantly chained. Hence it happens that we often witness
the jury, and even the judge in a criminal process, resorting
to falsehood and contradiction, from an amiable determination
to adhere to that which is merciful, rather than that which is
legal, and compelling themselves to consider even perjury,
and prevarication as matters of lesser weight and moment,
when the life of a fellow creature is put into the scale against
them. The fault is in the system, not in the men, and there
is one motto, that ought to be put at the head of our penal
code, "summum jus, summa injuria." A law overcharged
with severity, like a blunderbuss overloaded with powder, will
each of them grow rusty by disuse, and neither will be re-
sorted to from the shock and the recoil that must inevitably
follow their explosion.

CXL.

NOTHING more completely baffles one who is full
of trick and duplicity himself, than straight forward and
simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel
with a brother-knave, than with a fool, but he would rather
avoid a quarrel with one honest man, than with both. He
can combat a fool by management and address, and he can
conquer a knave by temptations. But the honest man is
neither to be bamboozled, nor bribed. Therefore the knave
has to combat here, with something quite out of his calcula-
tion; for his creed is that the world is a market, where every
thing is to be bought, and also to be sold; and it is unfor-
turate that he has such good reasons for so bad a faith; he himself is ready either to buy or to sell, but he has now to do with something that is neither, and he is staggered and thrown off his guard, when opposed to that inflexible honesty, which he has read of perhaps in a book, but never expected to see realized in a man. It is a new case in his record, a serious item not cast up in his accounts, although it makes the balance tremendously heavy against him. Here, he can propose nothing that will be acceded to, he can offer nothing that will be received. He is as much out of his reckoning, as a man who being in want of jewels, should repair to the diamond mart, with five pounds in his pocket; he has nothing to give as an equivalent, he exposes his paltry wares of yellow dust, or dirty trick, and fancies that he can barter such trash for the precious pearls of principle and of honour, with those who know the value of the one, and the vileness of the other. Napoleon was a notorious dupe, to his false conceptions, on this subject; inflexible integrity, was an article that he neither found in himself, nor calculated upon in another. He had three modes of managing men; force, fraud, and corruption. A true disciple of Machiavelli, he could not read what was not in his book. But when he was opposed to a British force, he found out his mistake, and his two omnipotent metals proved false divinities here. He had to contend with those, whom he could neither beat with his iron, nor bribe with his gold; whom he could not attack without being overcome, nor run from, without being overtaken.

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**CXLI.**

**RELIGION** has treated knowledge sometimes as

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* I do most particularly except from the observations above, that religion which has been justly termed the reformed; for the reformation was a glorious and practical assent to my position, that "knowledge has become of age." While the christian looks to this faith chiefly as a future
an enemy, sometimes as an hostage; often as a captive, and more often as a child; but knowledge has become of age; and religion must either renounce her acquaintances, or introduce her as a companion, and respect her as a friend.

CXLII.

HE that undertakes a long march, should not have tight shoes, nor he that undertakes great measures, tight manacles. In order to save all, it is sometimes necessary to risk all; to risk less would be to lose the whole, since half would be swallowed up by those who have deserted us, and the other half by those who have defeated us. The Marquis of Wellesley doubled the resources of India, but there was a time when his Leaden-hall* Directors fancied

good, even the sceptic should befriend it as a present good, and the sound philosopher as both. I shall finish this note by a splendid quotation from Sir William Drummond who began by going to the skies for scepticism, and finished by making a pilgrimage to Rome, not to establish his faith, but his infidelity. "He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave." This passage is taken from his preface, an effort so superior to his book, that one wonders how the two could have come together, I have, however, heard such an union accounted for, by an observation that the match was perfectly legal, because they were not of kin.

* These Gentlemen by way of postscript to the letter alluded to above, settled eight thousand pounds per annum, on the Marquis for life. On another occasion they gave Lord Cornwallis one hundred thousand pounds, and the freedom of the city, in the Grocers' Company, and on the same day they gave the freedom of the city to Sir William Meadows, and made him also a Grocer, but forgot to give him a single sou to set up shop. It was thought that Sir William was hardly dealt with, considering his services, which had been successful and splendid, and this Epigram appeared on the occasion, addressed from Sir William to Lord Cornwallis:

From Leaden-hall the news is come,
That we must Grocers be,
To you, my lad, they gave a plum,
But not a fig for me.
that they foresaw in the expense of his equipment, bankruptcy
and ruin. They sent him a long letter of remonstrance;
"Verbosa et grandis Epistola venit a Capreis." He sent
back this truly laconic reply: "Gentlemen, I cannot govern
Kingdoms by the Rule of Three."

CXLIII.

THE great, perhaps the principal cause of that delight
we receive from a fine composition, whether it be in prose*
or in verse, I conceive to be this: the marvellous and magic
power it confers upon the reader; enabling an inferior mind
at one glance, and almost without an effort, to seize, to em-
brace, and to enjoy those remote combinations of wit, melt-
ing harmonies of sound, and vigorous condensations of sense,
that cost a superior mind so much perseverance, labour, and

This brings to my mind another Epigram on a similar occasion, but
which I shall relate, as I think it has something more of point. Admiral
Keppel underwent a trial of court martial at Liverpool, on the score of
having shown more prudence in a naval engagement than suited the
views of the party that opposed him, and which has been still more
eclipsed by the brilliance of modern tactics. Burke assisted him on his
trial, and he was honourably acquitted. After this acquittal the freedom
of the City of London was presented to him in a box of Heart of Oak,
and on the same day Rodney received the same compliment, in a box of
Gold. Rodney was at that time known to be a little embarrassed in
his affairs, and the following Epigram appeared on the occasion:

Each favourite's defective part,
Satyr Cits you've told,
For cautious Keppel wanted heart,
And gallant Rodney, gold.

* I am persuaded that the rhythm of prose is far more difficult, and
in much fewer hands than the harmony of poetry. We have so many
middling Poets that we might exclaim with Juvenal:

"Miserum est cum tot ubique
Venibis occasas."

If most of them could be melted down into one sterling writer of
solid prose, their publishers and their readers would have less to com-
plain of.
time. And I think I am supported in this proposition, by the fact that our admiration of fine writing, will always be in proportion to its real difficulty, and its apparent ease. And on the contrary, it is equally corroborative of my statement, that any thing of confusion or obscurity, creative of a pause in the electric rapidity excited within us, by genuine talent, weakens in some sort its influence, and impedes the full success of its power.

CXLIV.

IN comparing ourselves with those, our good grandfathers, and grandmothers, the antients, we may fairly congratulate ourselves on many superiorities; But in some things we are still in error, and have rather changed than conquered our delusions. For it is not a less destructive infatuation, to flee good as an evil, than to follow evil as a good, to shun Philosophy as Folly, than to pursue Folly as Philosophy; to be surfeited by the voracious credulities of blind confidence, than to be starved by the barren perplexities of doubt. It is a truism, that the same effects often proceed from causes that are opposite; for we are as liable to be bewildered from having too many objects, as from having none; Whether we explore the naked desert of sand, and of sterility, or the exuberant wilderness of forest that none can clear, and thicket that none can penetrate.

CXLV.

JOHNSON said that wit consists in finding out resemblances, and judgment in discerning differences, and as their provinces were so opposite, it was natural that they should seldom coexist in the same men. This position of Johnson's, like many more that came from his pen, sounds so much like truth, that it will often pass for it. But he seems to have overlooked the fact, that in deciding on things that differ, we exercise the very same powers that are called
out in determining on things that resemble. Thus in comparing the merits of a picture as regards its faithfulness to the original, he would give a very false account of it, who should declare it to be a perfect likeness, because the one feature was correct, while all the others were dissimilar. But this can never happen, because the same acumen that discovers to us the closeness of one feature to the original, shows us also the discordancy of all the others. But the direct proof that Johnson was wrong is this: There happens to have been quite as much wit exercised in finding out things that differ, as in hitting upon those that resemble. Sheridan once observed of a certain speech, that all its facts were invention, and all its wit, memory; two more brilliant yet brief distinctions perhaps were never made. Mr. Pitt compared the constant opposition of Sheridan, to an eternal drag chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career, and embarrassing the movements of government; Mr. Sheridan replied, that a real drag chain differed from this imaginary drag chain of the minister, in one important essential; it was applied only when the machine was going down the Hill. In the first volume I have recorded an anecdote of Doctor Crowe, where Johnson himself was vanquished by a piece of wit, the only merit of which lay in the felicitous detection of a very important difference. Those who have sat in Mr. Sheridan's company might record many similar examples, it was never my good fortune but once, to be a satellite, where he was the luminary. He kept us in the sphere of his attraction, until the morning, and when I reflect on his rubicund countenance, and his matchless powers of conviviality, he seemed to preside in the throne of wit, with more effulgence than Phaeton in the Chariot of the Sun; But as an humble example of my present subject, I would add this distinction between them: The first by his failure turned the day into night; but the latter by his success, by the beams of his eloquence, and the flashes of his wit, turned the night into day.
IN FEW WORDS.

CXLVI.

MOTION is the only property we can affirm with certainty to be inseparable at all times, from all matter, and consciousness, from all mind. With these two exceptions the whole universe of things is parcelled out, and partitioned into regions of probability or improbability, acquisiency or hesitation, confidence or conjecture. But that emperor who chiefly sways these petty states, who numbers the greatest census of subjects, and lords it over the richest extent of territory, is the capricious despot,—doubt. He is at once the richest and the poorest of potentates, for he has locked up immense wealth in his treasury, but he cannot find the key. His huge and gloomy palace floats and fluctuates on the immeasurable ocean of uncertainty; its moorings are more profound than our ignorance, but more strong than our wisdom; the pile is stable from its very instability, and has rode out those storms that have so often overthrown the firmest pharos of science, and the loftiest lighthouse of philosophy. Nothing is more perplexing than the power, but nothing is more durable than the dynasty of doubt, for he reigns in the hearts of all his people, but gives satisfaction to none of them, and yet he is the only despot that can never die, while any of his subjects live.

CXLVII.

IN the complicated and marvellous machinery of

* Some may ask is not consciousness suspended by sleep, certainly not, otherwise none could dream but those who are awake, the memory is sometimes suspended in dreams, and the judgment always, but there is no moment when consciousness ceases, although there may be many when it is not remembered. It may also be asked as to matter, whether there be any motion going on in the component parts of the diamond; we may be assured there is, but a motion compared to our finite faculties, almost infinitely slow, but to which it must gradually yield, and cease to be a diamond, as certainly, but not as quickly, as this table I am writing on, will cease to be a table. It is curious that of the two brightest things we know, the one should have the quickest motion, and the other the slowest, lightning and the diamond.
circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that preceded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel, and the ribbon, but where the connection has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year 16 hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year 16 hundred and thirty-two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

CXLVIII.

TO look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it is another; if we look backwards to antiquity, it should be as those that are winning a race; to press forwards the faster, and to leave the beaten still farther behind.

CXLIX.

DULL authors will measure our judgment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their vapidity is to have superior taste, to despise it is to have none.

CL.

WE may concede any man a right, without doing
any man a wrong, but we can favour no one, without injuring some one. Where there are many claimants, and we select one for his superior merit, this is a preference, and to this preference, he has a right; but if we make our election from any other motive, this is a partiality, and this partiality, although it may be a benefit to him, is a wrong to another. We may be very active, and very busy, but if strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the faster we sail, the farther we shall find ourselves from "that haven where we would be."

CLII.

THERE is not a little generalship and strategy required in the managing and marshalling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest. Thus drinking will soon destroy the power, gaming the means, and sensuality the taste for other pleasures less seductive, but far more salubrious, and permanent as they are pure.

CLIII.

IN proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth. But there are two questions that would completely reverse this order of things; what keeps some persons poor? and what has made some others rich? the true answers to these queries, would often make the poor man more proud of his poverty, than the rich man is of his wealth, and the rich man more justly ashamed of his wealth, than the poor man unjustly now is, of his poverty.

CLIII.

IT is lamentable that the intellectual light, which
has so much more power than the solar, should have so much less rapidity; the sons of science mount to their meridian splendour, unobserved by the millions beneath them, who look through the misty medium of prejudice, of ignorance, and of pride. Unlike the sun in the firmament, it is not until they are set themselves, that they enlighten others.

CLIV.

PATRIOTISM, Liberty, Reform, and many other good things have got a bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill intentions, cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds; when a knave sallies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes; but they must expect a Flemish account, that give him credit either for the one, or for the other.

CLV.

ENGLAND can bear more mismanagement, luxury, and corruption, than any other nation under heaven; and those who have built their predictions of her downfall from analogies taken from other nations, have all fortunately failed, because England has four points of strength and revivescence, not common to those examples from which these analogies have been drawn. Two of these sources of strength are physical, her coal, and her iron; and two of them are moral, the freedom of the press, and the trial by jury; and they are mutually conservative of each other, for should any attempt be made to destroy the two last, the two first are admirably adapted to defend them.

CLVI.

EVERY fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.
IN FEW WORDS.

CLVII.
THE more we know of History, the less shall we esteem the subjects of it, and to despise our species, is the price we must too often pay for our knowledge of it.

CLVIII.
THE three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are Wealth, Health, and Power.

CLIX.
IT is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do; and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

CLX.
MAN is a compound Being, and what little knowledge he can arrive at, to be practical, scarcely can be pure. Like the air he breathes, he may refine it, until the one is unfit to be respired, and the other to be applied. Mathematicians have sought knowledge in figures, Philosophers in systems, Logicians in subtleties, and Metaphysicians in sounds; It is not in any nor in all of these. He that studies only men, will get the body of knowledge without the soul, and he that studies only books, the soul, without the body. He that to what he sees, adds observation, and to what he reads, reflection, is in the right road to knowledge, provided that in scrutinizing the hearts of others, he neglect not his own, and
like the Swiss, it doubles his exertions abroad, that he may more speedily profit by them at home.

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**CLXI.**

NO duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in, from motives of revenge. Such duels are rare in modern times, for law has been found as efficacious for this purpose as lead, though not so expeditious, and the lingering tortures inflicted by parchment, as terrible as the more summary decisions of the pistol. In all affairs of honour, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we enter the lists, or we decline to do so, from the real fear of danger, or the moral fear of guilt. Duelling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate, because it would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture; a society where all who are not Christians, must at least be gentlemen, or if neither—philosophers.

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**CLXII**

SOME prayers are so full of their own gabble, and so fond of their own discord, that they would not suspend their eternal monotonies, to hear the wit of Sheridan, or the point of Swift; one might as well attempt to stop the saw of a task-working stone cutter, by the melodies of an Æolian harp. Others again there are, who hide that ignorance in silent gravity, that these expose by silly talk, but they are so coldly correct, and so methodically dull, that any attempt to raise

*This pining to revisit their native land peculiar to the Swiss, is termed Nostalgia, a word that signifies a strong desire to return. They have been known even to die when this cannot be attained, and it is remarkable that the same remedy that cures a Swiss, kills a Scot*.
the slumbering sparks of genius, by means of such instru-
ments, would be to stir up a languishing fire, with a poker
of ice. There is a third class, forming a great majority,
being a heavy compound of the two former, and possessing
many of the properties peculiar to each; thus they have just
ignorance enough to talk amongst fools, and just sense
enough to be silent amongst wits. But they have no vivacity
in themselves, nor relish for it in another, to attempt to keep
up the ball of conversation with such partners, would be to
play a game of fives against a bed of feathers.

CLXIII.

MAN grows up to teach his children as a father, and
he looks back to the time when he himself was taught as a
child. Hence he often becomes a pedagogue by circum-
stance, and a dogmatist by choice. He carries these prin-
ciples beyond his own contracted sphere, into regions without
his jurisdiction, and assumes the dignity of the preceptor, in
situations where the docility of the pupil would be more
consonant to his powers, but less congenial to his pride.
Neither are words, those tools he works with, less imperfect
than his skill in applying them. Words "those fickle
daughters of the earth," are the creation of a being that is
finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite
they fail; for that which is made surpasses not the maker;
nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts,
be measured by our tongues. Man is placed in a system
where he sees benevolence acting through the instrumentality
of wisdom; these proofs multiply upon him, in proportion
to his powers of intellectual perception, and in those depart-
ments of this system which he understands the best, these
marks of wisdom and benevolence are most discernible. An
astronomer would have a sublimier view of the powers of
the first cause in magnitude than an anatomist, but the
anatomist would have a finer conception of this wisdom in
minuteness than the astronomer. A peasant may have as
sincere a veneration for this Being, and adore him with as pure a worship as either the astronomer, or the anatomist; but his appreciations of him must be less exalted, because they are built upon a narrower base. If then in all the parts of this system, which we can understand, these marks of goodness are so plain and legible, is it not rational to infer the same goodness in those parts of the system which we cannot comprehend? The designer of this system has not left himself without a witness, but has unfolded his high qualities so fully in most instances, that if there are some where he appears to us obscure, or unintelligible, to believe in our own ignorance, rather than the injustice of such a Being, is not only the safest creed, but the soundest philosophy. The end may be a state of optimism, and this would be worthy of God; but the means are a state of discipline, and this is fitting for man.

One endowed with a moderate share of mathematical knowledge, might be capable of following Sir Isaac Newton through the rationale of many of his propositions, and would find him clear and irrefragable in all of them. But presently he comes to that philosopher's discovery of fluxions, the principles and deductions of which happen to be beyond his comprehension; would it not be the height of presumption for such a man to suspect Sir Isaac Newton of obscurity, rather than himself of incapacity? But if this reasoning have any weight between one man and another, with how much greater power must it operate between man and his Maker. Infidelity, alas, is not always built upon doubt, for this is diffident, nor philosophy always upon wisdom, for this is meek; but pride is neither. The spoilt children of human science, like some other bantlings, are seen at times to spurn at the good that is offered, in a vain but boisterous struggle for the evil that is withheld.

CLXIV.

NO man can live or die so much for himself as he
that lives and dies for others, and the only greatness of those little men who have conquered every thing but themselves, consists in the steadiness with which they have overcome the most splendid temptations to be good, in consequence of their low schemes and grovelling wishes to be powerful, like Napoleon, who

"Though times, occasions, chances, foes and friends,
Urged him to purest fame, by noblest ends,
In this alone was great,—to have withstood
Such varied vast temptations to be good."

_Conflagration of Moscow._

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CLXV.

WERE we to say that we admire the tricks and gambols of a monkey, but think nothing of that Power that created those limbs and muscles by which these are performed—even a coxcomb would stare at such an asseveration; and yet he is in the daily commission of a much grosser contradiction, since he neglects his Maker, but worships himself.

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CLXVI.

TRUTH is the object of Reason, and this is one;
Beauty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

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CLXVII.

ORATORY is the huffing and blustering spoilt-child of a semi-barbarous age. The Press is the foe of Rhetoric, but the friend of Reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value, from the moment* that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.

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* There are no potentates of modern times that would imitate Philip, and offer a town containing ten thousand inhabitants, for an Orator. The antients were a gossiping and a listening, rather than a writing or
CLXVIII.

LIGHT, whether it be material or moral, is the best Reformer; for it prevents those disorders which other remedies sometimes cure, but sometimes confirm.

CLXIX.

MAN, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

a reading set. This circumstance gave an orator great opportunities of display; for the tongue effects that for thoughts, that the Press does for words; but the tongue confers on them a much shorter existence, and produces them in a far less tangible shape; two circumstances that are often not unfavourable to the speechifier. An antient Demagogue said, that so long as the people had ears, he would rather that they should be without understandings. All good things here below, have their drawbacks; and all evil things their compensations. The drawback of the advantage of printing is, that it enables coxcombs to deluge us with dulness; and the compensation for the want of that art was this, that if blockheads wrote nonsense, no one else would transcribe it; neither could they take their trash to the market, when it cost so much time and labour to multiply the copies. Booksellers are like horse-dealers in one respect, and if they buy the devil, they must also sell the devil—but the misfortune is that a bookseller seldom understands the merits of a book, so thoroughly as the horse-dealer the merits of a horse, and reads with far less judgment than the other rides. But to return to the speechifiers. An orator, who, like Demosthenes, appeals to the head, rather than the heart, who resorts to argument, not to sophistry, who has no sounding words, unsupported by strong conceptions, who would rather convince without persuading, than persuade without convincing, is an exception to all rules, and would succeed in all periods. When the Roman people had listened to the long diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying to one another, what a splendid speech our orator has made; but, when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, but left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming, let us go and fight against Philip.
CLXX.
WE often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often to despise what we really fear.

CLXXI.
AS in our amours those conquests that have cost the conqueror the most difficulty, have retained him the longest in subjection, causing him like Pyrrhus by victory to be undone, so it is also in our appetites; those enjoyments we have come over to with the most repugnance, we abandon with the most regret.

CLXXII.
SLANDER cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse, it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

CLXXIII.
MANY schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized, the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species; that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

CLXXIV.
IT is a common observation that any fool can get money; but they are not wise that think so. The fact is that men apparently dull do get money, and yet they have no reason to thank their dulness for their wealth. They appear to be stupid on every thing unconnected with their ob-
ject, money, because they have concentrated all their powers to this particular purpose. But they are wise in their generation, as those who have any dealings with them, will find out. Like moles they are considered blind, by common observers, although in the formation of their little yellow heaps, both are sufficiently sharp-eyed, and have better eyes for their own low and grovelling purposes, than those by-standers, who suspect that they have none.

CLXXV.

IN Women, we love that which is natural, we admire that which is acquired, and shun that which is artificial. But a system of education that combines the evil of all, and gives us the good of neither, that presents us with the ignorance of that which is natural, without its artlessness, and the cunning of that which is artificial, without its acquirements, that gives us little to admire, less to love, and much to despise, is more calculated to procure the female a partner for the minuet, than for the marriage, and for the ball, than for the bed.

CLXXVI.

TIME does as much for a first-rate poet, as for a first-rate painter, but in a very different manner; that poet whose efforts have established his reputation, and whose celebrity has gone down to after ages, will receive a meed of renown even greater than he deserves, and that text of scripture will be verified as to his fame, which says, "to him that hath shall be given." Time in fact, effects that for a fine poem, that distance performs for a fine view. When we look at a magnificent city from some height that is above it, and beyond it, we are sufficiently removed to lose sight of its little alleys, blind lanes, and paltry habitations; we can discover nothing but its lofty spires, monuments and towers, its palaces, and its sanctuaries. And so it is with a
poem, when we look back upon it through a long interval of time; we have been in the habit of hearing only the finest passages, because these only are repeated; the flats and the failings, either we have not read, or do not remember. The finest passages of Milton, or of Shakespear, can be rehearsed by many who have never waded through all the pages of either. Dacier observed that Homer was a thousand years more beautiful than Virgil, as if Calliope traced the etymology of her name, to her wrinkles, rather than her dimples. Voltaire carried this opinion so far that he seems to infer that distance of time might make a poet still more interesting, by making him invisible, for he asserts that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater, and greater, because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at this point of greatness, and may in some sort be said to have survived their own apotheosis.

CLXXVII.

IT is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, we are half dead, before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

CLXXVIII.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty, it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. That nation cannot be free where reform is a common hack, that is dismissed with a kick, the moment it has brought the rider to his place. That nation cannot be free where parties are but different roads, leading to one common destination, plunder. That nation can not be free where the rulers will not feel for the people, until they are obliged to feel with the people, and
then it is too late. That nation cannot be free that is bought by its own consent, and sold against it; where the rogue that is in rags, is kept in countenance by the rogue that is in ruffles, and where from high to low, from the lord to the lacquey, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing contemptible but poverty; where both patriot and placeman, perceiving that money can do every thing, are prepared to do every thing for money. That nation cannot be free, where religion is, with the higher orders, a matter of indifference; with the middle, of acquiescence; and with the lower, of fanaticism. That nation cannot be free where the leprosy of selfishness sticks to it as close as the curse of Elisha to his servant Gehazi, where the rulers ask not what recommends a man, but who; and where those who want a rogue, have no occasion to make, but to choose. I hope there is no nation like this under Heaven; but if there were, these are the things that however great she might be, would keep such a nation from liberty, and liberty from her. These are the things that would force upon such a nation, first, a government of expedients, secondly, of difficulties, and lastly, of danger. Such a nation could begin to feel, only by fearing all that she deserved, and finish by suffering all that she feared.

CLXXIX.

A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it give the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal, it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction.
CLXXX.

ALL nations that have reached the highest point of civilization, may from that hour assume for their motto, "videri quam esse." And whenever, and wherever we see ostentation substituted for happiness, profession for friendship, formality for religion, pedantry for learning, buffoonery for wit, artifice for nature, and hypocrisy for every thing, These are the signs of the times which he that runs may read, and which will enable the Philosopher to date the commencement of national decay, from the consummation of national refinement.

CLXXXI.

WE should chuse our books as we would our companions, for their sterling and intrinsic merit, not for their adscititious or accidental advantages. For with books as with men, it seldom happens that their performances are fully equal to their pretensions, nor their capital to their credit. Therefore to repeat a sentence in my preface, we should consider rather what is said, than who says it, and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him that delivers it; for wise things have sometimes escaped from heads that are foolish, and foolish things from heads that are wise. We should prefer preceptors who teach us to think, such as Bacon and Locke, rather than those that teach us to argue, as Aristotle, and Cicero; and we should give our days and our nights to those who like Tacitus and Sully, describe men as they are, than to those who like Harrington and Bolingbroke, describe men as they ought to be. Of the poets, it will be most safe to read chiefly those of times that are past, who are still popular in times that are present; and when we read a few of those that are antient, this is the most pleasing and compendious mode of reading all that is good, in those that are modern. The press enables poets to deluge us with streams from Helicon, rapid, over-
flowing, and inexhaustible, but noisy, frothy, and muddy
withal, and profuse rather than profound. But we shall
find more difference of opinion as to the comparative merits
of the poets, than of all other writers. For in science, reason
is the guide; but in poetry, taste. Truth, I have before
observed, is the object of the one, which is uniform and in-
divisible; beauty is the object of the other, which is varied
and multiform.

CLXXXII.

THERE are many who say more than the truth on
some occasions, and balance the account with their con-
sciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the
fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent, as he
would be, that exacted more than his due from his debtors,
and paid less than their due to his creditors.

CLXXXIII.

IT is a piece of pedantry to introduce foreign words
into our language, when we have terms of legitimate English
origin that express all that these exotics convey, with the
advantage of being intelligible to every one. For foreign
sounds, like foreign servants, ought not to be introduced to
the disadvantage of the natives, until these are found unworthy
of trust. I was once asked at a party what was the difference
between a conversation, and a conversationé; I replied, that
if there were any difference, I considered it must be this:
In a conversation, if a blockhead talked nonsense, you were
not obliged to listen to him; but in a conversationé you
were. I have heard of an old gentleman, who was a better
theologian than a chymist, gravely asking a friend, if he
would be so good as to explain to him the difference between
the old word calvinism, and the new term galvanism. He
might have replied, that both of them had a great deal to
do with fire, but that neither of them had been hitherto
able to explain the nature of that element with which they were so intimately connected.

CLXXXIV.

A system of mal-government begins by refusing man his rights, and ends by depriving him of the power of appreciating the value of that which he has lost. It is possible that the Polish cerf, or the Russian boor, or the descendant of the kidnapped negro, may be contented with their condition; but it is not possible that the mind of a Franklin, or a Howard, could be contented to see them so. The philosopher knows that the most degrading symptom of hopeless vassalage, is this very apathy that it ultimately superinduces on its victims, as the surgeon knows that the most alarming symptom of a deadly mortification having taken place, is the cessation of pain on the part of the patient.

CLXXXV.

If sensuality be our only happiness, we ought to envy the brutes; for instinct* is a surer, shorter, and safer guide to such happiness, than reason.

* There are some facts recorded of the Elephant, that one scarcely knows how to reconcile to mere instinct, if the facts be authentic. I have heard the late Sir George Staunton say, that when General Meadows reviewed four war Elephants that had been sent from Ceylon, to Madras, to assist in getting the British artillery through the gauts, a very extraordinary circumstance took place. The war Elephant it is well known is trained to perform the grand Salam, which is done by falling on the first joint of the fore leg, at a certain signal. The largest of the four Elephants was particularly noticed by the general, as being terribly out of condition; the keeper was ordered up to explain the cause, and was in the act of doing this to the general, when the Elephant advanced a few steps out of the line, and with one stroke of his proboscis laid his keeper dead at his feet. He then retired back again into his position, and performed the grand salam. This circumstance excited some con-
IF we read the history of disorders, we are astonished that men live, if of cures, we are still more astonished, that they die. But death is the only sovereign whom no partiality can warp, and no price corrupt. He neither spares the hero, his purveyor by wholesale, nor the physician, his caterer by retail, nor the lawyer, his solicitor-general, nor the undertaker, his master of the wardrobe, nor the priest his chamberlain, and privy-counsellor; even his truest minion and prime sycophant, the sexton, who has spent his whole life in hiding his bad deeds from the world, and concealing his deformities, is at last consigned to the bed of clay, with his own shovel, and this by the hands of some younger favourite, who suc-

siderable alarm, when the wife of the keeper ran up to his dead body, and in a broken sort of exclamation, cried out that she was always afraid something of this sort would happen, as he was constantly in the habit of robbing that Elephant of his rations of rice, by taking them away from his crib after they had been served out to him, under the inspection of his superior. This anecdote is rather a staggering one, but I have mentioned it to many persons who have been in India, and most of them were no strangers to the circumstance. One gentleman informed me that it was authentically recorded in the philosophical transactions of that day, but this I cannot vouch for, having never searched for it.

* I remember when at Paris being introduced to a physician who had fitted up a large apartment with portraits, sent him by those patients whom he had recovered. This circumstance put me in mind of a remark of Diogenes to one that admired the multitude of votive offerings in Samothracia given to the temple of Neptune, by those who had escaped from shipwreck; there would have been many more, said Diogenes, if those who have perished could have presented theirs. There is a Spanish story that runs thus: All the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients, their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single physician of no repute, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors; all Madrid flocked to him, and he got all the fees, until his brother practitioners promulgated the unfortunate discovery that this single ghost, was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him.
IN FEW WORDS.

CXXXVII.

THE minor miseries superinduced by Fashion, that queen of fools, can hardly be conceived by those who live in the present day, when common sense is invalidating every hour the authority of this silly despot, and confirming the rational dictates of comfort. The quantum of uneasiness forced upon us by these absurdities, was no small drawback from the sum total of that happiness allotted to the little life of man; for small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight, they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon ball, than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets. It is within the recollection of very many of my readers, that no gentleman or lady could either pay or receive a visit, or go out to a dinner, or appear at a public party, without submitting to have seven or eight pounds of fat and flour worked into their hair, by the hands of that very industrious and important personage the frizeur, on whose co-operation their whole powers of locomotion depended, and who had so much to do that he could seldom be punctual. Nothing was more common than for ladies at a race ball, an election invitation, or a county assize meeting, to undergo the tremendous operations of the frizeur on the evening that preceded, and to sacrifice one night's rest to fashion, in order that they might sacrifice another night to folly. Our fair country women laugh at the Chinese ladies, who deprive themselves of the use of their feet, by tight shoes and bandages, and whose characters would be ruined if they were even suspected of being able to walk. But they themselves, by the more destructive and dangerous fashion of tight lacing, destroy functions of the body far more important, not only to themselves, but to their offspring, and whole troops of dandies
quite as taper waisted, and almost as masculine as their mothers, are the natural result of such an absurdity. If to be admired is the motive for such a custom, it is a most paradoxical mode of pursuing this end; for that which is destructive of health, must be still more destructive of beauty; that beauty, in a vain effort to preserve which, the victims of this fashion have devoted themselves to a joyless youth, and a premature decrepitude. Another of the minor miseries formerly imposed upon society by the despotism of fashion, was the necessity of giving large sums, denominated vails, to a whole bevy of butlers, footmen, and lacqueys. This was carried to such an excess, that no poor man could afford to dine with a rich one, unless he inclosed a guinea with his card of invitation; and yet this custom, more mean, if possible, than absurd, kept its ground until a few such men as Swift, Steele, and Arbuthnot, happened to make a discovery in terrestrial bodies, productive of more comfort than any made before or since, in those that are celestial.

After a due course of experiments, both synthetically and analytically pursued, they found out and promulgated to the world, that two or three friends, a joint of Welsh mutton, a blazing hearth, a bottle of old wine, and a hearty welcome at home, were far better things than cold fricassee, colder formalities, sour liquors, and sourer looks abroad, saddled, moreover, with the penalty of running the gauntlet of a whole gang of belaced and betassled mendicants, who proceeded from the plunder of the pocket of the guest, to their still more barefaced depredations on the cellar of their master. There is a little Italian story so much to my present purpose, that I shall conclude by relating it. A nobleman, resident at a castle, I think near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. Most providentially, however, on the very morning of the feast, a poor fisherman made his appearance, with a turbot so large, that it seemed
to have been created for the occasion, "animal propter con-

nusia natum." Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was
ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman,
in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what
price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be in-
stantly paid him. One hundred lashes, said the fisherman,
on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate
one strand of whipcord on the bargain. The nobleman and
his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was
resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the
nobleman exclaimed, well, well, the fellow is a humourist,
and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the
price be paid in our presence. After fifty lashes had been
administered, hold, hold, exclaimed the fisherman, I have a
partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should re-
ceive his share. What, are there two such madcaps in the
world, exclaimed the nobleman, name him, and he shall be
sent for instantly; you need not go very far for him, said
the fisherman, you will find him at your gate, in the shape
of your own porter, who would not let me in, until I pro-
mised that he should have the half of whatever I received for
my turbot. Oh, oh, said the nobleman, bring him up instantly,
he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest jus-
tice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the
porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

CLXXXVIII.

HAPPINESS is that single and glorious thing,
which is the very light and sun of the whole animated uni-
verse, and where she is not, it were better that nothing
should be. Without her,* wisdom is but a shadow, and virtue

* Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady, what new work he was em-
ployed about; I am writing nothing just at present he replied: well,
but Doctor, said she, if I could write like you, I should be always
a name; she is their sovereign mistress; for her alone they labour, and by her they will be paid; to enjoy her, and to communicate her, is the object of their efforts, and the consummation of their toil.

CLXXXIX.

IT is with ridicule as with compassion, we do not like to be the solitary objects of either, and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight, by dividing the load. A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic, told me a humorous anecdote, which may serve to illustrate the above position. It will be remembered, that our government had dispatched a rocket brigade to assist at that action, and that Captain Boger, a very deserving young officer, lost his life in the commanding of it. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms, and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there; a British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, enquired if this piece of coin was current there; oh yes, replied he, you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present. Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the single identical shil-

writing, merely for the pleasure of it; pray, madam, retorted he, do you sincerely think that Leander swam across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming.
ling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation elicited from "mine host of the garter, by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very Christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. Do you see, saith he, that large hotel opposite? that fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five francs piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day. Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech, and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic; Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday; and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day.

CXC.

IF you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give him credit on the score of character which he may have attained for any great ability in points which you do not understand.
CXCI.  

EMULATION looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

CXCII.  

TRUTH can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

CXCIII.  

IT is adverse to talent, to be consorted, and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer, neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar, and the yoke.

CXCIV.  

THE good people of England do all that in them lies to make their king a puppet; and then with their usual consistency, detest him if he is not what they would make him, and despise him if he is.

CXCV.  

HE that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal, and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter. Some fancy that they make all matters right by cheating their relations, and leaving all their ill-gotten wealth, to some public institution. I have heard a story of his satanic majesty, that
he was one day sitting on his throne of state, with some of his prime ministers attending him, when a certain imp just arrived from his mission to this nether world, appeared before him. Sirrah, said he, you have been long absent from us, what news from above? I have been attending, and please your majesty, the death bed of a miser, and I have put it into his head to leave all his immense wealth to charitable institutions; Indeed, said the sable monarch, and call you this attending to my interest? I am afraid we shall lose him; fear not said the imp, for he has made no restitutions, and has also many starving relatives; but if we were so unlucky, we are sure after all to be gainers, for I also instilled it into his mind to appoint twelve trustees, and your majesty may safely reckon upon every soul of them, to a man.

CXCVI.

"OMNE simile non est idem," is an axiom which men of powerful imaginations ought to keep constantly in view; for in mental optics those do not always see the farthest who have mounted the highest, and imagination* has sometimes blinded the judgment rather than sharpened its acumen. Minds of this kind have been beautifully compared to those angels described in the Revelations, who hid their eyes with their wings.

* Wit also, will sometimes bribe the judgment to a false decision, and make us more inclined to say what is brilliant, rather than what is true, and to aim at point rather than at propriety. Voltaire was once desired by a poet to criticize a tragedy that he had written. He prefaced his request by saying that he knew the value of this philosopher's time, and therefore he requested him to express his candid opinion in the shortest manner. Unfortunately our tragedian had written the single word Fin at the bottom of his piece, and our merciless critic confined his whole criticism merely to scratching out the letter s, thus Fi. Nevertheless the tragedy did not deserve so severe a sentence; but the wit was too great a temptation.
SOME conversions have failed not for any want of faith in the convert, but for a deficiency of that article in the converter; and when matters have been brought to the point, it has been discovered that the disciple was ready to perform his part of the ceremony, provided the master were equally so to perform his. I remember having somewhere read a story of a certain lady in Italy, who being of the protestant faith, was about to be united in marriage to a papist. Great pains were taken to work her conversion; at length she consented to take the holy sacrament, according to the ritual of the church of Rome, provided the making up, and manufacturing of the wafer to be used in this ceremony were allowed her. This was granted, and when the priest had finished the consecration, she solemnly asked him if he firmly believed that the act of consecration had transformed those elements into the real body of Christ? he replied there could not be the shadow of a doubt of it. Then, said she, I am ready to swallow them if you will only set me the example, but must candidly inform you, added she, that before the miracle of transubstantiation had been performed, on the consecrated host, the principle ingredient in its composition was arsenic. The monk did not deem it prudent to make a convert on such terms.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived; since words that cost little, are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much, for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the strongest dose, only to the weakest patient. The truly great will bear even reproof, if truth support it, more patiently than flattery accompanied with falsehood; for by
venturing on the first, we pay a compliment to their heart, but by venturing on the second, we inflict an insult on their head. Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal; one of them painted a full likeness of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one; The other painted him in profile, but with his blind side from the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.

CXCIX.

HUMAN life, according to Mandeville* and others of his school, is a constant system of hypocrisy acting upon hypocrisy, a kind of double duping, where pretenders pursue virtue that they esteem not, for the sake of praises which those who proffer, value not. Thus, according to him, instead of feeling any gratitude for those who have lost their lives in the service of their country, our feelings ought rather to be those of pity, and contempt, for beings so weak as to permit the love of glory, to overcome the love of life. In conformity to this system, he asserts that all the virtues

* If we were inclined to pun after the manner of Swift, on the name of Mandeville, we might say that Mandeville was a devil of a man, who wrote a book to prove man a devil.

I am rather surprised to see such men as Hobbes, Machiavelli, Mandeville, or Spinoza, receive any attention in that republic which alone is fixed and free—the Republic of Letters. They carry, it is true, their own antidote, for the absurdity of their doctrines is usually in proportion to their atrocity. I would have them read, notwithstanding, and promulgated and examined, and would give them all possible fairplay. I am certain this is the most efficacious mode of satisfying ourselves how much more powerful their names are, than their pens. I shall be told that there are moments when these men evince great strength of mind, as there are times when madmen evince great strength of body; but one is the strength of error, and the other of disease. Now we shut up the one, and clap a strait-waistcoat upon him; but I would give the other all possible liberty, for the more they are seen and known, the fewer converts they will have, and the less mischief they will do.
are nothing more than the political offspring that flattery begets upon pride. Were such a system to be general, with Machiavelli for our tutor, and Mandeville for our moralist, we might indeed deny a heaven, but if we denied a hell, it would not be for want of a prototype upon earth. Mr. Hume on the other hand seems inclined to make utility the test of virtue, and this doctrine he has urged so speciously as to draw after him "a third part of the Host of Heaven." Paley has been in some degree seduced, but Paley's authority is on the decline. If one were disposed to banter such a doctrine, by pursuing up its conclusions to the absurdities to which they would lead us, one would say that if a building were on fire, a philosopher ought to be saved in preference to a fool, and a steam Engine, or a loom, in preference to either; no parent ought to have any affection or tenderness for a child that was dying of a disorder pronounced to be incurable; and no child ought to take any trouble for a parent that was in a state of dotage. If we met with a beggar with one leg, we ought to give him nothing, but reserve a double alms for a beggar who had two, as being the most useful animal. As to religion, all adoration would be transferred to the felt and visible source of all utility, the sun, and the religion of Persia, would be the universal faith. Another mode of accounting for human actions, is self-interest; a system that has more plausibility, and perhaps more proselytes than the two that precede it. It would indeed be very unfortunate for mankind if any virtuous action whatsoever could be proved to be detrimental to the self-interest of him who performed it, if the view taken of it be enlarged and comprehensive. And it is on this ground, that I have asserted elsewhere that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. Swift in his detached thoughts observes that there are some whose self-love inclines them to please others, and some whose self-love inclines them to please themselves; the first he designates as the virtuous, and the
second as the vicious. Rosseau* saw the difficulty of the egotistical creed, and to avoid it, divides self-love into two orders, a higher, and a lower, a sensual and a spiritual; and labours to convince us that his higher order of self-interest is compatible with virtue, the lower not. He gives us as an "instantia crucis," the case of the juryman who was resolved rather to perish than permit the conviction of another man, for a murder which he himself had perpetrated. But that knowledge which is necessary, is seldom abstruse, and for all practical purposes, conscience is the best casuist, and to do as we would be done by, the safest rule. I believe the worst man that ever existed, never committed a bad action without some compunction, nor a good one without some delight, and he that would persuade us that both are indifferent, would approximate us nearer to the brute from our insensibility, than to the philosopher from our stoicism. Human nature may grovel, but it can also soar. We see a man deny himself to gratify others, forget himself to remember others, endanger himself to rescue others, and lastly die that others may live.† Are we after this to subscribe to the moralist, and write this character down a selfish being, because he sought all his delights and gratifications in being the source and distributor, to others, of both.

CC.

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

* Rosseau was more fond of a paradox, than Shakespeare of a pun, and it is seldom that any reliance can be placed upon his opinion, even if he possessed one; thus at the very time he was ranting about liberty, he suffered this sentiment to escape him, in a confidential letter to a friend, "a mon avis le sang d'un seul homme est d'un plusgrand pris que la liberte de tout le genre humain."

† See the accounts of some late shipwrecks in the channel.
CCI.

IS the Deity able to prevent evil, but not willing, where is his benevolence? is he willing but not able, where is his power? is he both able and willing, whence then is evil? These formidable questions all resolving themselves into the "unde malum," of the Epicureans, have been handed down as heir looms from one generation of sceptics to another; a generation, that, like the family of the Wrongheads, can trace back its ancestry to the remotest antiquity, and who like the Jews of the present day, are confined to no meridian, climate or country, but who are as obstinate in rejecting all creeds, as the latter are in adhering to one. Whence is evil? this is that triumphant question resorted to as the trustiest weapon of the infidel, when closely pushed; a weapon produced with as much solemnity as the sword which the Highland chieftain exhibits as the brand of his fore-fathers, and the title to his domains,* and which is considered as terrible as ever, although the stalworth hands that formerly wielded it, are mouldering in the dust. Whence is evil, I will not presume to break a lance with this formidable champion that has foiled so many, neither am I quite inclined, like Æneas, to escape in a cloud. The method I shall adopt will be to retreat fighting, and with my face to the foe. I admit the existence of evil to its full extent, and I also admit my own ignorance, which is not the least part of the evil I deplore. I also find in the midst of all this evil, a tolerably fair proportion of good. I can discover that I did not make myself, and also that the being that did make me, has shown a degree of power and of wisdom far beyond my powers of comprehension. I can also see so much good proceeding from his system even here, that I am inclined to love him; but I can see so much evil, that I am inclined also to fear him. I find

* King James held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.
myself a compound being, made up of body and mind, and
the union is so intimate, that the one appears to perish, at
the dissolution of the other. In attempting to reconcile this
last evil, death, and the many more that lead to it, with the
wisdom, power, and goodness, that I see displayed on many
other occasions, I find that I have strong aspirings after a
state that may survive this apparent dissolution, and I find
that I have this feeling in common, with all the rest of my
species; I find also on looking within, that I have a mind
capable of much higher delights than matter, or earth can
afford. On looking still more closely into myself, I find
every reason to believe that this is the first state of existence
I ever enjoyed, I can recollect no other, I am conscious of
no other. Here then I stand as upon a point acknowledged,
that this world is the first stage of existence to that compound
animal man, and that it is to him at least the first link in
that order of things in which mind is united to matter. May
not then this present state, be, as relates to mind, a state of
infancy and childhood, where the elements and the rudiments
of a progressive state are to be received and acquired,
and may not such be necessarily a state of discipline, and
may not an all-wise, and all-perfect Being take less delight
in creating stones and blocks, and in making them capable
of eternal happiness, than in ultimately granting this glorious
boon to creatures whom he had formed intellectual, and re-
ponsible. And is not this supposition far less absurd, and
monstrous than to conclude the Deity unjust, and the vo-
luntary author of evil, necessary from his prescience that
foresaw it, yet permitted it, and gratuitous from his power,
that could yet would not prevent it. Having arrived at
these conclusions by looking into myself, I then look to
things around me, and without me, and I find an external
state of things, corresponding precisely with these internal
conclusions. I find a mixed state and condition to be the lot
of man; he has much of good to enjoy, and much of evil to
encounter, and the more or the less of either I observe de-
pends in very many instances on himself. I farther find
that this is no particular discovery of mine, that it has struck the profoundest thinkers, and the justest reasoners of all ages, quite as forcibly, and been much better expressed. I farther see that a state of discipline naturally presupposes for its proper theatre a mixed state of good and of evil, since a mixed state alone it is, that calls many virtues into action, that could not be exercised in a state of perfection, such for instance, as benevolence in alleviating the miseries of others, or resignation in bearing our own. In short, I find it to be precisely what I conceive mind in its cunabular and compound state might most naturally require, namely, a state of discipline,* with quite enough of good to keep intellectual agents from despair, and quite enough of evil to keep them from presumption; good also, not so independent of our exertions, as to justify our idleness, and evil not so necessary and unavoidable as to paralyse us with despondency.

__CCII.__

I HAVE strong doubts as to the permission of those phænomena that have been termed supernatural, since the era of the apostles; and if there be any who think they have witnessed such things, they should reflect that there is this hazard in divulging them,—they voluntarily wedge themselves up into the awkward dilemma of being considered either as Liars, or Fools. To withhold our assent to such things, if we have witnessed them, is difficult; but to give our assent to them because they have been witnessed by others,† is absurd. In this latter case, the reasoning of Mr. Hume will apply, and is conclusive against all such phænomena, subsequent to the era stated above; for here we trust not to experience, but to testimony, and it is contrary to our experience that such superhuman appearances should be true, but it is not contrary to our experience that the human testi-

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* This view of the case is confirmed by Revelation.
† It has been my lot to witness some things connected with this subject, as impossible for me to explain, as for those who have not witnessed them to believe.
mony, by which they are supported, should be false. I
know not which is most detrimental to the happiness of
mankind; to believe in such things, if they have never hap-
pened, or to disbelieve them if they have. But it is obvious
that to deny them even in opposition to our own experience,
would savour less strongly of presumption, than to admit
them on the bare testimony of others; would of weakness;
and the advocates of supernatural appearances having hap-
pened in modern times, are sure to be in the minority, not
only as to number, but also as to weight.

CCIII.

EARLY impressions are not easily erased; the
virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impres-
sions serve rather to indent the former ones, than to eradi-
cate them. To change the metaphor, we might say that the
new cask takes its odour from the first wine that it receives,
what may be poured in afterwards, will be contained, but
the first is imbibed. Rousseau carried his envy, hatred, and
malice, of all literary contemporaries, almost to phrenzy. A
social savage on this point, he recoiled as sullenly from the
courtesy of Hume, as from the caustic of Voltaire. This
enigma in his character may be solved, by recollecting that
when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not permitted to
dine at his table, on those days when the literati assembled
there. Even then he felt his own powers, and despised him
who, "like the base Judean threw a pearl away richer than
all his tribe." Therefore he commenced his campaign with
no very charitable feelings for his cotemporaries, but entered,
says Grimm, the field of literature, as Marius re-entered
Rome, breathing revenge, and remembering the Marshes of
Minturnæ.

* I here allude to Rousseau's appreciation of himself, but he was a
pearl I should have no objection to buy at my price. If I could only sell
him at his own.
CCIV.
IN all places, and in all times, those Religionists who have believed too much, have been more inclined to violence and persecution, than those who have believed too little, I suspect the reason is that indifference is a much less active principle than enthusiasm.

CCV.
WE seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity, to set them right. Therefore I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected, without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

CCVI.
IF an author write better than his cotemporaries, they will term him a plagiarist; if as well a pretender; but if worse, he may stand some chance of commendation, as a genius of some promise, from whom much may be expected, by a due attention to their good counsel and advice; when a dull author has arrived at this point, the best thing he can do for his fame, is to die before he can follow it; his brother dullards will in this case club their efforts to confer upon him one year of immortality, a boon which few of them could realise for themselves; and this year of fame may be even extended to two, provided the candidate can be proved to have died on classic ground, and to have been buried within
the verge of the meanderings of the Tiber, or the murmurings of the Melissus.

CCVII.

A TORRENT of declamation, where all is sound and verbiage, has often served the ends of the oppressor, and proved more fatal to the oppressed, than any force of argument or reason that could be brought against him; just as an expert swimmer is in more danger from the froth and foam of the surf, than from the deepest water of the ocean; for although the former has no profundity, it has also no buoyancy, neither can the voice of distress be heard, amidst the roar of the breakers.

CCVIII.

THE British Constitution is the proudest political monument of the combined and progressive wisdom of man; throughout the whole civilized world its preservation ought to be prayed for, as a choice and peerless model, uniting all the beauties of proportion, with all the solidity of strength. But nothing human is perfect, and experience has shown that this proud monument of human wisdom, wants that which its earlier designers had conceived that it possessed; a self-preserving power. Those therefore are its truest friends who are most vigilant and unremitting in their efforts to keep it from corruption, and to guard it from decay; whose veneration, as it regards what it has been, and whose affection, as relates to what it may be, is exceeded only by their fears for its safety, when they reflect upon what it is. And it is a feeling as dishonourable to those who entertain it, as unmerited by those against whom it is entertained, to suspect that those hearts and hands that are most zealous and vigilant in preserving this beautiful fabric from decay, would not be equally brave and energetic in defending it from danger.

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CCIX.

IT is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but Honesty is firm and upright, and yields not. It was upon this ground that Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, recommended Louis the Fourteenth to secure the approbation of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, as to his marriage with Madame de Maintenon.

CCX.

A CALUMNIATOR will sometimes tell truths that are injurious to himself, if by doing so, he can gain believers as to those falsehoods which he circulates of another. Thus Roseau, who had much method in his madness, and more malice, has shown that his reputation was less dear to him than his revenge; for he bespatters himself with infamy in his confessions, only to make that dirt stick the stronger, which he accumulates upon others, and affects the greatest candour, only to exercise the greatest cruelty.

CCXI.

THE French Revolution* was a machine invented and constructed for the purpose of manufacturing liberty; but it had neither lever-clogs, nor adjusting powers, and the consequences were that it worked so rapidly that it destroyed its own inventors, and set itself on fire.

* That France, having no materials to work with, but such as could be found in the heads of Frenchmen, should merge into a military despotism, required no prophet to foretel. Bonaparte said that on his return from Egypt, he found the Constitution in abeyance, and the crown upon the ground. He stooped down, and picked it up. He had not, like Washington, the courage to spurn the glittering bauble, but he had the art to make despotism palatable. He gave to Frenchmen conquest in the room of freedom, and while he contracted their liberties, enlarged their prison; holding out to them this compensation, you shall be Masters of Europe, but my Slaves.
METAPHYSICIANS have been learning their lesson for the last four thousand years, and it is high time that they should now begin to teach us something. Can any of the tribe inform us why all the operations of the mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended, and dormant. This faculty of the mind is in a state of total inefficiency during dreams, let any man carefully examine his own experience on this subject, and he will find that the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance, are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer, without the slightest dissent or demurrage of the judgment. The moment we are wide awake the judgment reassumes her functions, and shocks us with surprise at a credulity that even in sleep could reconcile such a tissue of inconsistencies. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in the continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imported the melancholy tidings, without experiencing at the time, the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree, until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood. The only plausible account that offers itself to my mind as to the phenomenon of this suspension of the judgment seems to be this; all dreams are a piece of vivid painting to the mind's eye, we clearly see all that we dream about; there is no doubt, and of course no reasoning, for the panorama is before us, and all its objects are oculis subjecta fidelibus. As all dreams, so far as I can recollect my own, or find out by enquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very curious enquiry of what
forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed who have been born blind; do they ever dream? and if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen? I merely suggest these hints for the use of those who have leisure and opportunity for such investigations.

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CCXIII.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense, in languages that are living; to acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one, is the labour of a life.

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CCXIV.

In writing, we should be careful to introduce no arguments that are controvertible; arguments are like soldiers, it is better to have a few who, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, are capable of defending a post, than a number like those myriads of Persians that accompanied Xerxes, and that served only to swell the triumph, and augment the fame of the victor. There is another reason why we should be careful to have a "corps elite," of good arguments, rather than to increase their number by an addition of any that are weak, which is this; our adversary will not fail to reply to those that are weak, and by overcoming them, will take the credit, and often gain it too, of having conquered those that are strong; for as in fortifications, extended works are seldom without some points that are weak, so in controversy, multiplied arguments are seldom without some positions that are indefensible. In conversation also, no less than in writing, a rule somewhat similar to that insisted on above, might be recommended, if we would wish wholly to avoid the caustic sarcasm uttered by Bentley to one whose tongue like
the race horse went the faster the less weight it carried, namely, that he showed his learning to the ignorant, but his ignorance to the learned. In fact, if men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understand, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven, would happen very frequently on earth, "silence for the space of half an hour." Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in insidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject; and once when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short, with this observation. I always attend to you, Doctor Halley, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honour to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects that you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because this is a subject which you have not seriously examined, and do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it, because you despise it.

CCXV.

TO cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst. An ancient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection; I have lost my money, and with it my cares; for when I was rich I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.

CCXVI.

A THOROUGH paced knave will rarely quarrel with one whom he can cheat; his revenge is plunder; therefore he is
usually the most forgiving of beings, upon the principle that if he come to an open rupture, he must defend himself, and this does not suit a man whose vocation it is to keep his hands in the pockets of another

CCXVII.

LADIES of Fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

CCXVIII.

GREAT wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundation of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter, as a citadel may be carried by musquets, after a road has been battered out for them by cannon.

CCXIX.

THERE is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

CCXX.

THERE are many moral Actæons, who are as miserably devoured by objects of their own chusing, as was the fabulous one, by his own hounds.

CCXXI.

HE that threatens us, not having the power to harm
us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens, having the power, is not much to be feared. A man in a paroxysm of passion, may exclaim, I would stab you if I had a sword, and perhaps he would be as good as his word; but he that has a sword, will either use it without threatening, or threaten without using it.

CCXXII.

WOMEN of superior acquirements, and of sterling qualifications, if they can so far forget themselves, as to envy pretty fools the little attentions they receive from prating coxcombs, act as absurdly as if they were to begrudge the fly her paramour, or the moth her may. Madame de Stael however, has often been heard to say that she would gladly have exchanged all the brightest qualities of the mind, for that which niggard nature had denied her, the perishable but attractive beauties of the body. A sentiment, after all, more discreditablie perhaps to our sex, than to herself.

CCXXIII.

A man who succeeds to his father's reputation, must be greater than him, to be considered as great; but he that succeeds to his father's riches will have to encounter no such deduction. The popular opinion adds to our means, but diminishes our merits; and it is not an unsafe rule to believe less than you hear with respect to a man's fortune, and more than you hear with respect to his fame.

CCXXIV.

COULD any nostrum be discovered that would considerably lengthen the life of man, this specious good would be a real evil to the best interests of humanity, first, by diminishing the value of the reversions of virtue, by postponing the period of their realization, and secondly, by giving
longevity to the developement, and permanence to the prosperity of vice.

CCXXV.

EXTEMPORANEOUS and oral harangues will always have this advantage over those that are read from a manuscript; every burst of eloquence or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been before hand, will appear to the audience to be the effect of the sudden inspiration of talent. Whereas similar efforts, when written, although they might not cost the writer half the time in his closet, will never be appreciated as any thing more than the slow efforts of long study, and laborious application; "olebunt oleum, esti non oleant," and this circumstance it is that gives such peculiar success to a pointed reply, since the hearers are certain that in this case all study is out of the question, that the eloquence arises ex re nata, and that the brilliancy has been elicited from the collision of another mind, as rapidly as the spark from the steel.

CCXXVI.

THERE can be no christianity, where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those, who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

CCXXVII.

THOSE who take their opinion of women, from the reports of a rake, will be no nearer the truth, than those who take their opinions of men, from the lips of a prostitute.
IN FEW WORDS.

CCXXVIII.

HE that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers; it is in plain English this, falsehood supported by my talents, is stronger than truth supported by yours.

CCXXIX.

THE horrible catastrophes that sometimes happen to the vicious, are as salutary to others by their warning, as the most brilliant rewards of the virtuous are, by their example. And on the contrary the successes of the bad, and the sufferings of the good, might make us tremble for the interests of virtue, were not these very things the strongest proofs of an hereafter.

CCXXX.

THE upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man, more than the eye of God.

CCXXXI.

THE secret of some men’s attractions might be safely told to all the world, for under any other management but that of the possessor, they would cease to attract. Those who attempted to imitate them, would find that they had got the fiddle, but not the fiddle-stick, the puppet-show but not punch.

CCXXXII.

HOW happens it that all men envy us our wealth, but that no man envies us our health. The reason perhaps is this; it is very seldom that we can lose our wealth, without some one being the better for it, by gaining that which
we have lost; but no one is jealous of us, on account of our health, because if we were to lose that, this would be a loss that betters no one.

CCXXXIII.

SOME men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat, and monotonous; like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes, but unlike those instruments, they are not new barrelled so easily.

CCXXXIV.

HE that has enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labour to renew; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

CCXXXV.

WOULD morality suffer more from a philosopher, who like Arcesilaus decried it by his words, but supported it by his deeds, or from him who, like Aristippus, gave sobriety his praise, but sensuality his practice. Some preceptors perceiving this dilemma, have run upon both the horns of it, in endeavouring to escape them, and have taught us what we ought to do by their precept, and what we ought not to do by their example.

CCXXXVI.

WHEN we are in the company of sensible men we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things, their good opinion, and our own improvement,
and disclose one thing which had better have been concealed, our self-sufficiency; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

CCXXXVII.

PRIDE either finds a desert, or makes one; submission cannot tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity, and it requires very costly food—Its keeper’s happiness.

CCXXXVIII.

LOVE is an alchymist that can transmute poison into food—and a spaniel, that prefers even punishment from one hand, to caresses from another. But it is in love, as in war, we are often more indebted for our success to the weakness of the defence, than to the energy of the attack; for mere idleness has ruined more women than passion, vanity more than idleness, and credulity more than either.

CCXXXIX.

CALUMNY crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

CCXL.

IT is pleasant enough for a bye stander who happens to be in the secret, to note the double deception, and the reciprocal hypocrisy that is constantly going on between the young and the old, in this wicked and transitory world. The young are constantly paying every kind of attention to the old, without feeling the slightest esteem, and the old are as constantly levying the discount of their post obits from the

* See the fabulous history of Abaris.
young, without intending the smallest remuneration. I re-
member a rich old gentleman at college, who constantly calcu-
lated the state of his health, by the rise and fall of these
mercenary attentions. Some little time before he died, his
physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much
better; it would not do, he had just discovered, he said, six
fatal symptoms in his own case,—three presents, and three
visits in one day from his dear friend Mr. H.

CCXLI.

EVILS in the journey of life, are like the hills which
alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at
a distance, but when we approach them we find that they
are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

CCXLII.

IF a man could make gold, he would incur a double
danger, first, from his own avarice, and secondly from the
avarice of other men. The first would make him a slave, or
the second a prisoner; for princes and potentates would
think a goldmaker a very convenient member of their ex-
chequer, and as there would be very little chance of his dis-
missal, they would take care that he should not enjoy a
sinecure place.

CCXLIII.

IN the preface to the first volume of Lacon, I have
observed that there are but two modes to obtain celebrity in
authorship, discovery, or conquest. Discovery, by saying
what none others have said, with this proviso, that it be true as
well as new; and conquest, by saying what others have said,
but with more point, brevity and brightness. To demand
that any writer, be his powers or calibre what they may,
should avail himself of no materials whatever, except those
that arise out of his own resources and invention, is as unjust
and extravagant as it would be to insist that a Michael
Angelo or a Canova, should have no credit for a statue, be-
cause they did not create* the block of marble from which it
was produced.

CCXLIV.

"Quae dulce est digito monstravi et dicier hic est."

PERICLES overrated the paltry distinction, if he were
so pleased as we are told he was, by being pointed out to a
stranger in the streets of Athens; for the very same thing
happens every day in London, to Cribb the champion. Yet
London is a far superior city to Athens, and Cribb a far in-
ferior man to Pericles.

CCXLV.

THERE are some horses full of figure, that bend
the knee, plant the hoof, and throw in their haunches to
admiration, but with all these qualifications, they possess
little or no speed, cannot carry weight, and when put to the
proof, are hollow beat by steeds of far less showy acquire-
ments. By the gentlemen on the turf knowing in horse-
flesh, these animals are significantly termed *flatcatchers.* This
term should not be monopolised by quadrupeds, and there
is a large room in the vicinity of Westminster, where some
*bipeds* may be both heard and seen, who, as they possess all
the qualities stated above, ought not to be denied the de-
signation.

* Readers of taste and candour will perceive the drift of this article,
and apply it, if not according to my hopes, assuredly according to my
deserts. I am certain it is a very easy thing to find fault with a work
embracing so many topics as this which I have attempted, and I am
as certain that it would be a very useful thing to produce something
similar, but superior; I shall most freely forgive the one, to those who
shall accomplish the other.
SOME men commence life in a career of honesty, but meet with so many disappointments that they are obliged to disrobe themselves of their conscience, for fear it should grow as threadbare as their coat, "Declinant cursus, aurumque volubile tollunt." This is a degradation that will happen to most men, whose principles are rooted only on earth, unrefreshed by the dews of heaven. Such men begin well, but end ill; like a certain lawyer, who on being asked why he defended so many bad causes, replied that he did so, because he had lost so many good ones.

IT has often struck me that most of those arguments which are adduced as pregnant with consolation under our misfortunes, are not an alleviation, but an aggravation of our ills, and that they derive what little efficacy they possess, solely from our selfishness. Thus if our friends can prove to us that the calamity under which we labour, is what all are liable to, that none will in the end be exempted from it, and that many others are now actually suffering under it, these melancholy truisms, which are so constantly urged as matters of consolation, ought rather to a benevolent mind to be a matter of regret, unless indeed we have the feelings of a Herod, who ordered many noble Jews to be executed at his death, that he might make sure of some companions, in calamity. There would indeed be something in such reasoning, if it could be proved that an evil is diminished in weight, by being put on many shoulders; but life is a campaign where no man's knapsack is one jot the lighter, because his comrade bears one too. My fever is not diminished, because I suffer it in an hospital, nor my plague, because I linger in a lazaretto. Because thousands have died in the bloom of youth, I am not the less unwilling to undertake the same journey in the maturity of manhood. If indeed my friends
cide instances of those who have borne calamities similar to my own, with fortitude and resignation, this indeed is a proper topic on which to insist, and we have a right to rejoice, not because they had the same calamities, but because they have borne them well. But after all, I fear it must be admitted that our self-love is too apt to draw some consolation, even from so bitter a source as the calamities of others; and I am the more inclined to think so, when I consider the converse of this proposition, and reflect on what takes place within us, with respect to our pleasures. The sting of our pains is diminished, by the assurance that they are common to all; but from feelings equally egotistical, it unfortunately happens that the zest and relish of our pleasures, is heightened, by the contrary consideration, namely that they are confined to ourselves. This conviction it is, that tickles the palate of the epicure, that inflames the ardour of the lover, that lends ambition her ladder, and extracts the thorns from a crown.

CCXLVIII.

MANY books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason;—they made no such demand, upon those who wrote them. Those works therefore are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers, and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied.

CCXLIX.

THERE is only one circumstance in which the up-
right man will imitate the hypocrite; I mean in his attempts to conciliate the good opinion of his fellow men. But here the similarity must cease, for their respective motives are wider than the poles asunder; the former will attempt this to increase his power of doing good, the latter to augment his means of doing harm.

CCL.

WORDS are in this respect like water, that they often take their taste, flavour, and character, from the mouth out of which they proceed, as the water from the channels through which it flows. Thus were a spendthrift to discourse of generosity with a miser, a démagogue to declaim on public good to a patriot, or a bigot to define truth to a philosopher, ought we to wonder if the respective parties mutually misunderstood each other, since on these particular terms, each is his own lexicographer, and prefers his own etymologies to the industry of a Skinner, the real learning of a Junius, or the assumed authority of a Johnson.

CCLI.

PHILOSOPHY is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

CCLII.

THERE are many that despise half the world, but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.
IN FEW WORDS.

CCLIII.

THE Man of Pleasure should more properly be termed the Man of Pain; unlike Diogenes, he purchases repentance at the highest price, and sells the richest reversion, for the poorest reality.

CCLIV.

WHO for the most part are they, that would have all mankind look backwards instead of forwards, and regulate their conduct by things that have been done? those who are the most ignorant as to all things that are doing; Lord Bacon said, time is the greatest of innovators, he might also have said the greatest of improvers, and I like Madame de Staël’s observation on this subject, quite as well as Lord Bacon’s, it is this, “that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it;” and yet there are not a few grown children of the present day, that would blubber and pout at any attempt to deliver them from the petticoat government and apron-string security of their good great grandmother—Antiquity.

CCLV.

THERE is a hardihood of effrontery, which will, under many circumstances, supply the place of courage, as impudence has sometimes passed current for wit; Wilkes had much of the first, and Mirabeau of the second. He received challenge after challenge, but unlike Wilkes, he accepted none of them, and contented himself, with merely noting down the names of the parties in his pocket book; it is not fair, he would say, that a man of talent like myself should be exposed to blockheads like these. It would seem that he had argued himself into the same kind of self importance with Rousseau, who came to this very disinterested
conclusion, that it was incumbent upon him to take the utmost possible care of Jean Jacques for the good of society.

CCLVI.

WE devote the activity of our youth to revelry, and the decrepitude of our age to repentance, and we finish the farce by bequeathing our dead bodies to the chancel, which when living we interdicted from the church.

CCLVII.

CHARLES FOX said that restorations were the most bloody of all revolutions; and he might have added, that reformations are the best mode of preventing the necessity of either.

CCLVIII.

SOME men will admit of only two sorts of excellence, that which they can equal, and what they term a still higher, that which they can surpass, as to those efforts that beat them, they would deny the existence of such rather than acknowledge their own defeat. They are dazzled by the rays of genius, and provoked at their inability to arrive at it; therefore like those idolaters that live too far from the temple, they form and fashion out a little leaden image of their own, before which they fall down, and worship.

CCLIX.

AGE and Love associate not, if they are ever allied the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination, and an old man, like a spider, can never make love, without beating his own death watch.

* It may not be generally known that the male spider is supplied with a little bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and that ticking noise
IN FEW WORDS.

CCLX.

THE interests of society often render it expedient not to utter the whole truth, the interests of science never; for in this field we have much more to fear from the deficiency of truth, than from its abundance. Some writers, and even on subjects the most abstruse, write so as to be understood by others, firstly, because they understand themselves, and secondly, because they withhold nothing from the reader, but give him all that they themselves possess. For I have before observed, that clear ideas are much more likely to produce clear expressions, than clear expressions are to call out clear ideas, but to minds of the highest order, these two things are reciprocally to each other, both cause and effect, producing an efficiency in mind, somewhat similar to momentum in machinery, where the weight imparts continuation to the velocity, and the velocity imparts power to the weight. In Science, therefore, the whole truth must be told. The boldest political writer of the last century was once asked by a friend of his, a brother author in the bargain, how it happened that whatever came from his pen, excited so great a sensation, and was instantly read by every one, whereas, added his friend, when I write any thing, no such effects are discernible. Sir, said the former in reply, if I were to take a shoe, and cut it longitudinally, into two equal parts, and then show one of the parts so cut, to a savage, and ask him what it was intended for, he would twist it and turn it about in all directions, and presently hand it back again to me, saying he was quite puzzled, and could not say for what it was meant; but if I were to show the same savage the whole shoe, instead of the half of one, he would instantly reply that it was meant for the foot. And this is the difference between you and me—you show people half the truth, and nobody knows what it is meant for; but I show them the whole of the truth, and then every body knows that it is meant for the head.

which has been termed the death which, is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and to allure his mistress.
CCLXI.

WHEN articles rise, the consumer is the first that suffers and when they fall, he is the last that gains.

CCLXII.

BED* is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

CCXLIII.

"Evertere domus toto optantibus ipsis,
"Diij faules.

NOTHING is more frequent than the verification of this line of the satirist, and our history is little more than an

* As a proof that indulgence in Bed has a two fold tendency to shorten life, I shall here observe that Sir John Sinclair in his remarks on longevity, discovered that it was compatible with every walk of life, with every profession, habit, or occupation, save and except the peculiar cases of those engaged in manufactories of articles of a deleterious and destructive nature; as for instance, the oxydising of some of the metals. Old men, it would seem, were to be found amongst those who had travelled, and those who had never been out of their own parish. Excess could produce her veterans, no less than temperance, since some had kept off the grim tyrant by libations of wine, as successfully as others by potations of water; and some by copious applications of brandy and of gin, seem to have kept off their summons to the Land of Spirits. In short, it appeared that many who agreed in scarcely any thing else, agreed in having attained longevity. But there were only two questions, in which they all agreed, and these two questions, when put, were always answered in the affirmative, by the oldest of those Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners to whom they were proposed. The questions were these: were you descended from parents of good stamina? and have you been in the habit of early rising? Early rising therefore not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure.
exemplification of the truth it contains. With toil and
trouble, and danger and difficulty, we pass our lives either in
pursuing evil, under the semblance of good, or of fleeing
good, under the semblance of evil; desiring that which we
ought to dread, and dreading that which we ought to desire,
embracing that which turns out a torment, and avoiding that
which would become a cure. The reason is to be found in
our own vanity, which dictates unto us, that we are wiser
than nature, or Nature's God; who nevertheless can humble
us in spite of all our pride, foil us in spite of all our wisdom,
but who can also in spite of all our presumption pardon,
and in spite of all our folly, save us. Pilgrimages were
performed, masses were muttered, and solemn supplications
made, to insure a male heir to the Second James; the
prayers of the righteous prevailed, and no true Catholic
doubted of the cause. But what was the consequence? this
heir, the object of the father's fondest hopes, and fervent
prayers, proved his ruin; for this event united the whole
kingdom in the firmness of despair, against the monarch;
The nation was prepared to tolerate a Catholic ascendency
for the life of James, but they now saw in the gift of an heir,
all hopes of a Protestant succession blasted, and withered
before their eyes; the people rallied, and the monarch fled.
If we were inclined to come nearer to our own times, for an
elucidation of the positions stated above, we might affirm
that a matrimonial connection with the proudest and the
oldest dynasty in Europe, was an event which Napoleon
might have been at first suspected to have indulged in,
rather as a gaudy creature of his imagination, than either
the legitimate object of his ambition, or the attainable idol
of his hope. It was realized; but our adventurer soon
found, like him who sighed for Juno, that in possessing him-
self of the Royal Dame, he had embraced a cloud, fraught
with darkness that eclipsed his glory, and thunders that de-
stroyed his throne. The creature and the champion of a
new order of things, when he deserted that cause, he was
nothing; suspected by his old associates, and despised by his new ones, he was wrong when he told an English nobleman at Elba, that he owed his downfall to one thing alone, "that of having given kings credit for gratitude;" a simpler cause might have been assigned, that of not having given Frenchmen credit for memory.

CCLXIV.

THAT state of ataraxy and of imperturbability affected by some of the antients, and particularly by those of the school of Zeno, is more likely to make men stocks and stones, than saints or seraphs, and to root them more deeply in earth, rather than to exalt them to heaven. For it is far more easy not to feel, than always to feel rightly, and not to act, than always to act well. For he that is determined to admire only that which is beautiful, imposes a much harder task upon himself, than he that being determined not to see that which is the contrary, effects it, by simply shutting his eyes.

CCLXV.

ARE the interests of Science best promoted by a monarch who like the fourteenth Louis rewards the efforts of science without enjoying them, or by one who like the second Charles, has taste to enjoy her efforts, but not liberality to reward them. It is well when both the taste to appreciate, and the inclination to encourage, are united in a Royal Head; they form the brightest jewels in the diadem, each giving and receiving lustre from each.

CCLXVI.

"VOX Populi Vox Dei." The voice of the People is the voice of God; this axiom has manifold exceptions, and "Populus vult decipi," is sometimes much nearer the truth;
and Horace was of the same opinion, when he extolled that inflexible integrity which was not to be influenced by the "Civium arder prava jubentium." The fury of the citizens insisting on that which was wrong. But this voice of the people has not only been violent where it was wrong, but weak and inefficient where it was right; for the million though they are sometimes as strong as Sampson, are also as blind. It happens that most of those great events which have been pregnant with consequences of the highest import to after times, have been carried, not with the voice of the people, but against it; they have been carried by active and enlightened minorities, having the means, in open contradicition to the will and the wishes of the majority. These political and moral whirlwinds, eventually productive of good, have proceeded in direct opposition to the breath of public opinion, as thunder-clouds against the wind. But to show the truth of the position stated above, that popular opinion has been both weak and inefficient, even when it was right, I might without danger of being contradicted, affirm that if heads could have been fairly counted, Socrates would not have been sacrificed in Athens, nor Charles in England, nor Louis in France; Rome would not have been deluged in blood by proscriptions at the instigation of a cruel triumvirate, who met to sacrifice friendship at the shrine of revenge; neither would Paris have been disgraced by judicial murders, conducted by such a wretch as Robespierre, who had nothing brave about him, but the boldness with which he believed in the want of that quality in others. These things are, if possible, more degrading to the people that permit them, than to the parties that perform them, and that era which was termed the reign of terror, has been more fitly designated as "the reign of cowardice."

CCLXVII.
IT has been asked whether we are in the dotage, or
the infancy of science; a question that involves its own answer; not in the infancy, because we have learnt much; not in the dotage, because we have much to learn. The fact is, we are in a highly progressive state of improvement; and it is astonishing, in how geometrical a ratio the march of knowledge proceeds. Each new discovery affords fresh light to guide us to the exploration of another, until all the dark corners of our ignorance be visited by the rays. Things apparently obscure, have ultimately illustrated even those that are obvious; thus the alchymist in his very failures has enlightened the chemist, and the visionary astrologer, though constantly false in his prophecies as to those little events going on upon the earth, has enabled the astronomer truly to predict those great events that are taking place in the heavens. Thus it is that one experiment diffuses its sparks for the examination of a second, each assisting each, and all the whole; discussion and investigation are gradually accomplishing that for the intellectual light, which refraction and reflection have ever done for the solar, and it is now neither hopeless nor extravagant to anticipate that glorious era, when truth herself shall have climbed the zenith of her meridian, and shall refresh the nations with her “Day Spring from on high.”

CCLXVIII.

NATIONS will more readily part with the essentials, than with the forms of liberty, and Napoleon might have died an emperor in reality, if he had been contented to have lived a consul in name. Had Cromwell displayed his hankerings for royalty somewhat sooner than he did, it is not improbable that he would have survived his power. Mr. Pitt gained a supremacy in this country, which none of his predecessors dared to hope, and which none of his successors will, I trust, attempt to attain. For twenty years, he was “de facto,” not “de jure,” a king. But he was wise in his generation, and took care to confine the swelling stream of his ambition, to channels that were constitutional; and with
respect to the impurity, the filth, and the corruption of those
canals, he trusted to the vast means he possessed of alarm-
ing the weak, blinding the acute, bribing the mercenary, and
intimidating the bold; confiding his own individual security,
to that selfishness inherent in our nature, which dictates to
the most efficient mind, to have too much respect for itself
to become a Cataline, and too little esteem for others to be-
come a Cato. There was a short period in the Roman
History, when that nation enjoyed as much liberty as is com-
patible with the infirmities of humanity. Their neighbours
the Athenians, had much of the form, but little of the sub-
stance of freedom; disputers about this rich inheritance,
rather than enjoyers of it, the Athenians treated liberty, as
Schismaticks religion, where the true benefits of both, have
been respectively lost to each, by their rancorous contentions
about them.

CCLXIX.

IT is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as
an ally to love. Love is a debt, which inclination always
pays, obligation never, and the moment it becomes luke-warm,
and evanescent, reminiscences on the score of gratitude, serve
only to smother the flame, by increasing the fuel.

CCLXX.

SUBTLETY will sometimes give safety, no less than
strength, and minuteness has sometimes escaped, where
magnitude would have been crushed. The little animal that
kills the Boa, is formidable chiefly from its insignificance,
which is incompressible by the folds of its antagonist.

CCLXXI.

IT would be better for society if the memory of the
giver were transferred to the receiver, and the oblivious for-
getfulness of the obliged were consigned to the breast of him that confers the obligation.

CCLXXII.

THE pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation. It is ridiculous enough to observe the hauteur with which the old nobility look down upon the new; the reason of this puzzled me a little, until I began to reflect that most titles are respectable, only because they are old; if new, they would be despised, because all those who now admire the grandeur of the stream, would see nothing but the impurity of the source. But a government that is pure and paternal, confers the highest value, even on the cheapest things, simply by the mode of bestowing them; while a government that is selfish and corrupt, renders the most precious things the most despicable, by a base and unworthy appropriation; the wearer of the mural wreath, or civic crown, would feel degraded by an association with some that glitter in the golden garter or the diamond star.

"Superet lastrari, si qua darentur
Sulphura cum lapis, et si forat humida laurus."

CCLXXIII.

THE covetous man reverses the principle on which Æsop chose his burthen, and oppresses himself with a heavier load of provision, the nearer he gets to the end of his journey.

CCLXXIV.

MAGNANIMITY is incompatible with a very profound respect for the opinions of others, on any occasion, and more particularly where they happen to stand between us and the truth. Had Jesus respected all the forms, usages, ceremonies, and tenets of his countrymen, there had been no
redemption; and had Luther been biassed by the opinions of his contemporaries, by the dogmas of synods, the creeds of councils, or the authority of titles, there had been no reformation.

CCLXXV.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you. There is a diabolical trio, existing in the natural man, implacable, inextinguishable, co-operative, and consentaneous, Pride, Envy, and Hate; Pride, that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess; Envy, that some should be admired, while we are overlooked; and Hate, because all that is bestowed on others, diminishes the sum that we think due to ourselves.

CCLXXVI.

It is far more easy to pull down, than to build up, and to destroy, than to preserve. Revolutions have on this account been falsely supposed to be fertile of great talent; as the dregs rise to the top, during a fermentation, and the lightest things are carried highest by the whirlwind. And the practice of this proposition bears out the theory; for demagogues have succeeded tolerably well in making ruins; but the moment they begin to build anew, from the materials that they have overthrown, they have often been uselessly employed with regard to others, and more often dangerously with regard to themselves.

"Fracta compage ruabant."

CCLXXVII.

Of present fame think little, and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead; the dead are gone,
either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they
do, they will despise them.

CCLXXVIII.

WE strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves,
as from others, and always with more success; for in decid-
ing upon our own case, we are both judge, jury, and exe-
cutioner; and where sophistry cannot overcome the first,
or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat
the sentence by bribing the third; a bribe that in this case is
never refused, because she always comes up to the price.

CCLXXXIX.

AS large garrisons are most open to multifarious
points of attack, and bloated bodies expose a large surface to
the shafts of disease, so also unwieldy and overgrown esta-
blishments only afford an enlarged area for plunder and
peculation. He whom many serve, will find that he must
also serve many, or be himself disserved, and the head of a
large establishment is too often only the head of a gang of
petty conspirators, who are eternally plotting against their
chief.

CCLXXX.

IT has been considered a matter of the greatest diffi-
culty to reconcile the foreknowledge of God, with the
free agency of man. I shall venture a few remarks on this
subject, which will be understood, I hope, by every one, and
may be assented to perhaps by some. The difficulty of
this question I humbly conceive to lie principally, if not
wholly, in our misappropriation of the term foreknowledge.
The truth is, that foreknowledge belongs unto man, not
unto God. Foreknowledge must of necessity, and from its
very nature belong solely to creatures of time, to finite and
created intellects, but not to that intellect that is infinite, and creates. It is most probable that there are many orders and degrees of finite and created intellectual beings, and to all of them foreknowledge in a higher or lower degree may belong; but we can trace it only in man; in man it may be found under various modifications, but mostly in a very infantine and imperfect state, having much more to do with probabilities than with certainties, whether it enable the peasant to foretell a storm, or the philosopher an eclipse. Foreknowledge therefore, as it exists in man, can extend it views no farther into time, as compared with eternity, than the snail his horns into space, as compared with infinity. But to attribute the faculty of foreknowledge to God, this I conceive is to degrade rather than to exalt him; that which is past, and that which is to come, are both to him one eternal now; he sees every thing, he foresees nothing, for futurity itself is present with him. Before or after, far or near, above or below, these are all intelligible terms, when applied to things created, and which exist in time, and in space, but these terms apply not to the omniscient, self-existent, eternal and omnipresent Creator. To admit the omnipresence of God in space, but to deny his omniscience in time, is to half dethrone him. All ideas therefore of succession as to time, and of distance as to space, relate not unto God, but unto man. God is at once, "first, last, midst, and without end," and time itself is but a drop in that ocean of eternity, which he alone, both fills and comprehends. All things therefore are present to Him, the motive no less than the moment, the action no less than the man; to a Being that is omnipresent in time, all future actions may be looked upon as done; they are seen therefore because they are done, not done because they are seen; and if this be true, it follows that foreknowledge, as applied to God, with its necessary deduction, foreordination as applied to man, with all its lame conclusions, and libertine consequences, falls, a baseless fabric, to the ground.
IGNORANCE lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and the deeper we penetrate, the nearer we arrive unto it. For what do we truly know? or what can we clearly affirm? of any one of those important things upon which all our reasonings must of necessity be built,—time and space, life and death, matter and mind. Of matter and of mind, one philosopher has no less absurdly, than irrefutably, proved the nonexistence of the first, and thousands have attempted to prove the annihilation of the last. Common sense however punishes all departures from her, by forcing those who rebel against her, into a desperate war with all facts and experience, and into a civil war, still more terrible, with each other, and with themselves; for we retain both our bodies, and our souls, in spite of the sceptics, and find,

"That parts destroyed diminish not the whole,
"Though Berkeley* take the body, Hume the soul."

But it is not to be wondered at, that those workmen should blunder who know so little of their tools, and if untenantable theories, should be the consequence of building by rules whose principles are erroneous, and with materials whose properties are not understood; for the tower of Babel is not the only monument of human pride, that has failed from human ignorance. Alas! what is man? whether he be deprived of that light which is from on high, or whether he discard it; a frail and trembling creature, standing on time, that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities, he sees nothing but impenetrable darkness on the one hand, and doubts distrust and conjecture still more perplexing on the other. Most gladly would he take an observation, as to whence he has come, or whither he is going, alas, he has not the means; his telescope is too dim, his compass too wavering, his plummet too short. Nor is that little spot, his present state, one whit more intelligible, since it may prove a quicksand that may sink in a mo-

* See Hypocrisy, a Satire with notes.
ment from his feet; it can afford him no certain reckoning, as to that immeasurable ocean that he may have traversed, or that still more formidable one that he must; an awful expedition, that is accelerated by every moment by which it is delayed; neither is the outfit less gloomy, or less forbidding than the voyage itself; the bark, is a coffin; the destination, darkness; and the helmsman, death.

CCLXXXII.

CHRISTIANITY has been emphatically termed the social religion, and society is the proper sphere of all its duties, as the ecliptic is of the sun. Society is a sphere that demands all our energies, and deserves all that it demands. He therefore that retires to cells and to caverns, to stripes and to famine, to court a more arduous conflict, and to win a richer crown, is doubly deceived; the conflict is less, the reward is nothing. He may indeed win a race, if he can be admitted to have done so, who had no competitors, because he chose to run alone; but he will be entitled to no prize, because he ran out of the course. "Who hath required this at your hands?" This single question ought to have made the ascetic pause, before he weaved his horse-hair, or platted his thong. Alas, how has the social and cheerful spirit of christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves at another; by the self-tormentors of the cell, or the all tormentors of the conclave. In this enlightened age, we despise perhaps the absurdities of the one, and the atrocities of the other; the day is gone by when saints could post to paradise by the smack of their own whip, as if virtue like beauty were only skin deep, and devotion, like a top, could not be kept up, but by flogging; as though the joys of heaven, like the comforts of an inn, required to be heightened by the privations of the journey, and the ruggedness of the road. But after we have laughed at these things, let us look a little seriously at ourselves. Are there no other words ending in ism, that are now creating as many self-
tormentors as Catholicism has lost? are there no Protestants who are their own Popes? and are there no dissenters from truth, as well as from error? are there none whom Calvin has placed upon a spiritual pinnacle far more giddy and aspiring than the marble pillar of St. Simeon? and are there none whom he torments with the scorpion-stings of a despair ten times more horrible than the whips of St. Dominic; who have perhaps escaped the melancholy of madness, only by exchanging it for the presumption of pride, denying that eternal mercy to others, of which they themselves also once despaired, as though that were a fountain that thirst could diminish, or number exhaust.

CCLXXXIII.

WARBURTON affirms that there never was a great conqueror, legislator, or founder of a religion, who had not a mixture of enthusiasm, and policy in his composition; enthusiasm to influence the public mind, and policy to direct it. As I mean to confine myself, in this article, to war, and warriors, I think it right to premise that policy is a much more common ingredient in such characters, than enthusiasm. I admit that in some particular idiosyncrasies, as for instance in that of Cromwell, or of Mahomet, this heterogeneous mixture may have been combined, but even then, these contradictory elements, like oil and vinegar, required a constant state of motion, and of action, to preserve their coalescence; in a state of inaction, and of repose, it was no longer an union, but the policy invariably got the ascendancy of the enthusiasm. William the Third, on the contrary, and Washington, united three great essentials, much more homogeneous than those insisted on by Warburton; courage, coolness, and conduct; but enthusiasm is the last thing I should impute to either of these men. If we look into White's institutes of Tamerlane, or more properly speaking, of Timour the Lame, we shall find that there never was a character who had less to do with enthusiasm, than this
Tartar hero, nor that despised it more. His whole progress was but one patient and persevering application of means to ends, causes to consequences, and effects to results. Without the slightest particle of any thing visionary or enthusiastic in himself, and with a certain quantum of contempt for these qualities in others, he commenced his career by being a lamen driver of camels, and terminated it, by reigning over twenty-six independent principalities. Therefore we must not take every thing for gospel, that comes from the pen of such a writer as Warburton, who on one occasion shuddered at the sceptical doctrines of antiquity, as subversive of the established gods of Athens!! But to return to war, and warriors. There are some ideas afloat on this subject, that I cannot help conceiving to be both ruinous and wrong. I shall not despair of producing my own convictions on this subject, with that portion of my readers, who think with me, that every war of mere ambition, aggression, or aggrandisement, is an evil both hateful and degrading, who think it a nuisance that ought to be abated, and who abominate every thing appertaining thereto, or connected therewith. Considered in the abstract, and unconnected with all views of the causes for which it may be undertaken, surely war is an evil that none but a misanthrope could conscientiously rejoice in, or consistently promote. But all men think not thus; there are minds, and powerful ones too, endowed with a right feeling, on every other subject, who seem to labour under some mental hallucination on this. In the first place, I am so unfortunate as not to be able to discover those marvellous efforts of talent, gigantic combinations of power, and exsounding fertility of resource, which some would persuade us are essential to great commanders, and confined to them alone.* But setting aside the truism, that fortune,

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* With the exception of Victor, Marmont, and Suchet, all the modern French generals have been men of no very splendid intellectual or adventitious endowments; the rudiments of all they know, they seem to have gained in the ranks, and to have gleaned all their talents, in the
though blind, has often led the most sharp sighted hero to that victory which he would have lost without her, what qualities are there in a conqueror, which have not been held in common by the captain of a smuggler's crew, or a chief of banditti; the powers of these latter have been exhibited on a narrower stage, rewarded by a less illustrious exaltation, and recorded in a more inglorious calendar. With some few excep-

field wherein they were exerted. In one respect these men were superior to their master, but it was on a point where courage was more prominent than talent; they said to their soldiers, "come on." Their master, sometimes contented himself with saying, "go on." Napoleon himself had great talent, and to deny him this would be a gross libel on mankind; it would be no less than an admission that all Europe had for fourteen years been outfought in the field, and outwitted in the cabinet, by a blockhead. But when we have allowed him talent, we have allowed him all that he deserves. I confess there is one thing that excites in me the greatest astonishment, which causes me to wonder with exceeding wonder, "μεγάλα σωματε καθώς κατοικοδομειν," and that is the circumstance that any lover of rational liberty, or constitutional freedom throughout the whole civilized world, should be found in the list of this man's admirers. To every thing connected with freedom he was the most systematic and deliberate foe that ever existed upon the face of the earth. No human being was ever entrusted with such ample means, and brilliant opportunities of establishing his own true glory and the solid happiness of others; and where can history point out one that so foully perverted them to his own disgrace, and the misery of his fellow men. He has been described by one who witnessed only the commencement of his career, as the "child and champion of Jacobinism," but if he were the child of Jacobinism, he was the champion of Despotism, and those who wished to rivet the chains of slavery, chose a paradoxical mode of forwarding the work, by opposing the workman. This therefore is the man whom I cannot find it in my heart, either to pity, or to praise. Are we to praise him for that suicidal selfishness that dictated his treachery to Spain, and his march to Moscow? are we to pity him because having ceased to be a field-officer, he could not begin to be a philosopher, but having books to read, ample matter to reflect upon, men to talk to, women to trifle with, horses to ride, and equipages to command, he died at last of ennui upon a rock, from a cause not the most likely to excite the sympathy of the patriot, nor the regret of the philanthropist? It was this,—that Europe would not supply him with any more throats to cut, or provinces to plunder.
tions he is the ablest general, that can practise the greatest deceit, and support it by the greatest violence; who can best develope the designs of others, and best conceal his own; who can best enact both parts of hypocrisy, by simulating to be what he is not, and dissembling that which he is; persuading his adversary that he is most strong when he is most weak, and most weak, when he is in fact most strong. He is not to be over scrupulous as to the justice of his cause, for might is his right, and artillery his argument; with the make-weight of courage thrown into the scale, there are few requisites for a Jonathan Wild, or a Turpin, that are not equally necessary for a Tippoo, or a Tamerlane. The difference is less in the things, than in the names. Thus the callous effrontery of the one, becomes the coolest presence of mind in the other, fraud is dignified by the title of skill, and robbery with that of requisition. To plot the death of an individual is a conspiracy, but to confederate to destroy a people, is a coalition; and pillage and murder seem to lose their horrors, in precise proportion to the magnitude of their scale, and the multitude of their victims. But a consummate captain must have courage, or at least be thought to have it, for courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and he is by common consent allowed to sport with the lives of others, who is supposed to have no value for his own. But the time is fast approaching with the many, and now is with the few, when mere military talent, abstractedly considered, and without any reference to the ends for which it be display'd, with hardly secure its possessor, a glory more long lived than a gazette, or a memorial more splendid than a sign-post. The fact is that posterity has and will appreciate the merit of great commanders, not by the skill with which they have handled their tools, but by the uses to which they have applied them. But suppose we were to grant that the art of cutting throats were a very difficult art, yet even then the merits of this art must be measured, not by its difficulty, but by its utility; and the value of the remedy must be adjusted by the propriety of the application; but in resorting to such a remedy as war, I
suspect it will be found that all the difficulties of such phlebotomy belong to the patient, but the facilities to the surgeon. Mere martial glory, independent of all considerations as to the necessity and the justice of our arms, is now fast descending, with many other worn out gloryies, to the tomb of all the Capulets, where attended by bankrupt agents, disgorged contractors, and starving commissaries, let us pray that with all due military honours, it may be speedily buried and embalmed; let hireling poets indite its dirge, and meddling monks say masses for its soul. All wars of interference arising from an officious intrusion into the concerns of other states, all wars of ambition carried on for the purposes of aggrandizement, and all wars of aggression undertaken for the purpose of forcing an assent to this or that set of religious opinions, all such wars are criminal in their very outset, and have hypocrisy for their common base. First there is the hypocrisy of encumbering our neighbour with an officiousness of help, that pretends his good, but means our own; then there is the hypocrisy of ambition, where some restless and grasping potentate, knowing that he is about to injure and insult, puts forth a Jesuitical preamble, purporting that he himself has been first insulted, and injured; but nations have the justest cause to feel a fear that is real, when such begin to express a fear that is feigned. Then comes the hypocrisy of those who would persuade us that to kill, burn, and destroy, for conscience sake, is an acceptable service, and that religion is to be supported by trampling under foot those primary principles of love, charity and forbearance, without which it were better to have none. Lastly comes a minor and subordinate hypocrisy, common to the three kinds I have stated above; I mean that of those who pretend most deeply to deplore the miseries of war, and who even weep over them, with the tears of the crocodile, but who will not put a stop to war, although they have the means, because they find their own private account in continuing it, from the emoluments it bestows, and from the patronage it confers. Like Fabius, they also profit by delay,
"cunctando restituere rem," but they do so with a very different motive, not to restore the shattered fortunes of their country, but their own. Neither must we forget, in this view of our subject, the raw and ignorant recruit, whom to delude and to kidnap, a whole system of fraud and hypocrisy is marshalled out and arrayed; The grim idol of war is tricked out and flounced in all the colours of the rainbow, the neighing steed awaits her nod, music attends her footsteps, and jollity caters at her board; but no sooner is the sickle exchanged for the sword, and the fell contract signed, than he finds that this Bellona whom he had wooed as a goddess in courtship, turns out to be a demon in possession, that terror is her constant purveyor, and that her alternate caterers are privation and waste; that her sojourn is with the slain, and her abode with the pestilence, that her fascinations are more fatal than those of the basilisk, that her brightest smile is danger, and that her warmest embrace is death. But we are told that civilization marches in the rear of conquest, and that barbarous nations have received this boon at least, from the refined and polished blades of their victors. But this argument in favour of war, may I trust, be neutralized, by the consideration that the strongest hands have not always been united to the brightest heads; for the rudest nations have in their turn retaliated on the most refined, and from a darkness more dense than that of Egypt, the thunderbolt of victory has been elicited, as the brightest lightning from the blackest cloud. Greece has twice surrendered her independence and her liberties to masters in every thing, but force far inferior to herself; the first treated her as a mistress, the second as a slave. And imperial Rome* herself, in her

* "No Freedom no, I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face
With heaviest sound a Giant Statue fell;
    Pushed by a wild and artless race
    From off its wide ambitious base:
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
    And every blended work of strength and grace,
high and palmy state when in the proudest possession of all the arts of each Minerva, was doomed in her turn to be the prey of a savage horde that despised both, and studied neither. But if the argument I am combating ever had any force, it could only have been when knowledge was in its infancy, and the world in its childhood. The general spread of civilization, by commerce, the sciences, and the arts, those legitimate daughters not of war but of peace, not of the vulture, but of the halcyon, these are the blessings that will make the hardiest advocate shrink from recommending warfare as a present instrument of civilization; particularly in an era that presents us with means far more grateful, elegant, and efficacious, an era when we have the safety-lamp of science to resort to, a lamp that gives us all the light, but none of the conflagration. In fact the demoralizing tendencies of war are so notorious, that to insist upon them would be to insult the understanding of my readers, and to purchase refinement at the expense of virtue, would be to purchase tinsel at the price of gold. The most peace-loving minister that ever governed the affairs of a nation, decidedly declared, that even the most successful war often left a people more poor, always more profligate than it found them. Where a nation rises with one consent to shake off the yoke of oppression either from within or from without, all fair concessions having been proposed in vain, here indeed we have a motive that both dignifies the effort, and consecrates the success; here indeed the most peaceable sect of the most peaceable religion might conscientiously combine. But alas how few wars have been justified by such a principle, and how few warriors by such a plea; and when they have, how unfortunate have they usually been in the choice of their leaders; in the motley mob of conquerors, and of captains how few Washingtons or Alfreeds shall we find. The children

With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a savage yell to thousand fragments broke.”

Collins’ Ode to Freedom.
of those days, when the world was young, rude as the times they lived in, and rash at once from ignorance and from inexperience, amused themselves with the toys and the trum- pets, the gewgaws and the glitter of war. But we who live in the maturity of things, who to the knowledge of the present, add a retrospection of the past, we who alone can fairly be termed the antients, or be said to live in the olden time, we, I trust, are no longer to be deluded or befooled by this brilliant but baleful meteor, composed of visionary good, but of substantial evil. We live in the manhood and in the fullness of time, and the triumphs of truth and of reason; triumphs bright as bloodless, these are the proper business and the boast of those, who having put away childish things, are becoming men. There are some that with oracular gravity will inform us, that as wars have ever been, they must on that account continue to be; but they might as well assert that the imbecillity and ignorance that marked the conduct of our forefathers, those antient moderns, who lived in the infancy of the world, and in the childhood of time, must and doth exist at present, because it existed then. With one solitary exception, all warfare is built upon hypocrisy, acting upon ignorance; ignorance it was that lent success to Mahomet's miracles, and to Cromwell's cant. For lack of knowledge a people is destroyed, and knowledge alone it is, that is worthy of holding the freest minds in the firmest thraldom. Unlike those of the warrior, the triumphs of knowledge derive all their lustre, not from the evil they have produced, but from the good; her successes and her conquests are the common property of the world, and succeeding ages will be the watchful guardians of the rich legacies she bequeaths. But the trophies and the titles of the conqueror are on the quick march to oblivion, and amid that desolation where they were planted, will decay. For what are the triumphs of war, * planned by ambition, exe-

* Speaking of the conqueror, the inspired writer observes that "before him the land is as the Garden of Eden, behind him as the desolate wilder-
cated by violence, and consummated by devastation, the
means are the sacrifice of the many, the end, the bloated
aggrandizement of the few. Knowledge has put a stop to
chivalry, as she one day will to war, and Cervantes has
laughed out of the field those self-constituted legislators that
carried the sword but not the scales of justice, and who
were mounted and mailed. I am no advocate for a return
of this state of things; but when that heroic and chivalric
spirit was abroad, when men volunteered on dangers for the
good of others, without emolument, and laid down the sword
when that for which they resorted to it was overcome, then
indeed a measure of respect and admiration awaited them,
and a feeling, honourable to both parties, was entertained.
But is it not both absurd and ridiculous to transfer this re-
spect and esteem to those who make a trade of warfare, and
who barter for blood? who are as indifferent as the sword
they draw, to the purposes for which it is drawn, who put on
the badge of a master, wear his livery, and receive his pay.
Where all is mercenary, nothing can be magnanimous; and
it is impossible to have the slightest respect for an animated
mass of machinery, that moves alike at the voice of a drum,
or a despot: a trumpet, or a tyrant: a sife, or a fool.

ne:" and that poet who drank deepest of the sacred stream, has the
following lines:

"They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overturn
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault; what do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors; who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward."

JOHN MILTON.
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