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APHORISMS,

&c.

VOL. I.



APHORISMS
OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY;
WITH
REMARKS,
BY MISS PORTER,
(AUTHOR OF THADDEUS OF WARSAW.)

Fidem non derogat error.

His honour stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts.

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I. 12

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DEDICATION
TO
HIS MAJESTY,
GUSTAVUS THE FOURTH,
King of Sweden.

SIRE!

TO set forth a just model of a King and Hero, these pictures of the noble heart of Sir Philip Sidney were collected. He shone throughout Europe as a statesman, a man of letters, and a hero, during his short but brilliant life; and had he accepted the crown of Po-

land, which was offered to him, the whole of his character testifies that he would have done equal honour to the sceptre as to the sword.

It is not conquest that proclaims the warrior to be a hero, but the goodness of his cause, and the use he makes of victory: it is not the unction of a king, but his virtues, that declare him to be the Lord's Anointed; it is not power, nor triumphs, nor extended empire, that entitle him to the name of Great; but the moderation, magnanimity, and justice of his reign. The sway of such a king, is not confined to one nation; he rules in the hearts of all good men, whether they be of his own proper realm, or the subjects of virtue abiding in any other country: and such a king,

every honest man must acknowledge in the King of Sweden!

At a moment when the proudest potentates of the world lie at the feet of the universal ravager; when the kingdoms of the earth are torn from their centre, and new monarchies burst forth, like burning mountains from the eruptions of Etna; at this crisis, when men only look to tremble, and their spirits are conquered, even by the breath of the enemy, how must all who detest tyranny and revere the just, venerate the King of Sweden! How must they exult in the heroism that carries him to the front of such a formidable foe! how must they confide in him who arms himself with the mightiness of a just cause, and a power, more prevailing

than a thousand legions, an Invincible Spirit !

To so true a king, to so true a hero, to the most worthy successor of the glorious monarchs of his name, and to the champion of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and Man, this sketch of the noble citadel he defends, is inscribed, by

His Majesty's

Most Respectful, Humble,

And Devoted Servant,

JANE PORTER.

PREFACE.

SIR Philip Sidney became conspicuous in society when in years he was little more than a boy. But the early maturity of his mind, the power of his genius, the extent of his knowledge, the virtues of his heart, the accomplishments of his manners, and the graces of his person, gave him the consequence of a man while he was yet a youth. He lived the admiration of the wise, and the wonder of the ignorant. A favourite at court, and popular with the people; all ranks regarded him with respect, and wherever he moved acclamations followed him. Though praised beyond all

other men, esteemed by the old, beloved by the young, and “the secret wish of many a female heart,” he bore all his honours meekly, and with the veil of modesty tempered his brightness. Tempered! but such a softening rendered it more beautiful to the eye, more lovely to the soul, and redoubled its power by the gentleness with which he used it. Such was this “Plume of war, with early laurels crowned!” for, long before he attained to the age in which manhood is commonly perfected in mind as well as body, he had finished the life of a hero.

Famous in arms and in policy, Sir Philip Sidney had yet leisure for the muses: and it is from his several works, written in hours of relaxation, (and how noble must he have been whose pastimes may be the studies of men!) that I have selected the aphorisms which compose these volumes. He thought not of be-

ing an author when he wrote; but just as the fancy struck him, poured forth his sentiments on any pieces of paper that fell in his way, and sent them in loose fragments to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke: for this amiable lady loved her brother so entirely, as to desire to have every copy, however minute, of his ever-graceful and truly "peerless" mind.— His thoughts, as they flowed from a source of as pure virtue as can belong to human nature, could not be different from their fountain: whether he spoke or wrote, whether carelessly or with premeditation, all that he sent forth must have expressed the nobleness of his character. He could not think a mean nor a wicked thing; much less utter one: and though he passed a heavy sentence on the negligence of his own compositions, none will find a fault with their morality. He, being intimate with such sentiments, could

hardly suppose them to be much better to others than often-told stories, which required more pains than he would take, to render them at all entertaining. Hence the perfection of his taste made him see great deficiencies, where few critics could discover a defect; and be dissatisfied with his language, while we are wrapt in admiration of the divine spirit that inculcates truth with so attractive a sweetness. As his heart was all virtue, so his soul was all poetry: poetical thoughts burst and bloom even over his gravest prose writings; and the ardour of his imagination carried his ideas of moral excellence to a height which might have been deemed chimerical, had not his life, as a son, a brother, a friend, a subject, and a commander, sufficiently exemplified, that there is no point of virtue beyond the reach of a persevering and heaven-directed mind. This man, who was the glory of his own age, and

is regarded by after-times as the pattern of all that is great and good, heroic and amiable, may shew to the young men of succeeding generations, that it is possible for the *fine gentleman*, to be united with the *scholar*, the *hero*, and the *Christian*!

What the Romans said of Titus, Englishmen might apply to Sir Philip Sidney; for whithersoever he went, he was "the love and delight of all men!" And the principles of this general charm, the ground-work of his eminent worth and engaging manners, may be found in the thoughts which enrich these volumes. Lightly as he accounted them, they are much better teachers of the mind, and fashioners of the behaviour; much better counsellors for a politician, and masters of courtesy, than all the *Graces* that ever spoke from the lips of Lord Chesterfield. Sir Philip Sidney's foundation is laid in truth, Lord

Chesterfield's in falsehood. Sincerity and courage make the soul of the one, hypocrisy and fear, the spirit of the other; the one stands erect in conscious dignity, the other cringes and bows with dastardly wiliness. A man of honour would sooner see his children die "in cold obscurity," poor and unknown; than consent that any one of them should live, even in the very lap of greatness, by the principles which Lord Chesterfield taught his son.

provident That such supposed wisdom is only a cheat, a most miserably mistaken calculation, and absurd estimation of things, Sir Philip Sidney not only affirms in his writings, but proves by the conduct of his life.

It being more satisfactory to see the picture of a noble personage, than to hear him described; so fine a model of the manly character, as well as a transcript of the precepts by which it was formed, ought to be presented to

the eye. To sketch this picture, to draw some portrait of virtues, which inspire the heart that contemplates them, is the design of the, perhaps, too presumptuous editor of these aphorisms. But, animated by Sir Philip's self, who says—that “ he who shoots at the sun, will strike *higher* than he who aims at a *bush!*” I dare to plume an eagle-wing, and soaring upward, either catch some virtue from his light, or lose myself for ever in his beams.

It is said that vice is contagious; why may not virtue be imparted in like manner, by the touch? I am strangely deceived, if it be possible for any one to shut these volumes without, at least once during the perusal of them, having felt his heart beat with answering emotions. How dear are the throbs of virtue! How to be cherished, and how lovely, those exultations of the soul, those struggles after something beyond the common practices of

the world, which seem to assert man's kindred with the Divinity! How can the possessor of such a glorious principle as the Immortal Spirit, how can he consent to let it sleep; to lie inactive, unfelt, in his breast? Where are the pursuits of vanity, the joys of sense, when compared with the sublime raptures, the holy ecstasies of the hero, the sage, the man of virtue, the true knight of Christ? Did man once taste the fruit of paradise, he never again would stoop to the garbage of earth.

Sir Philip Sidney is an example of how happy and how admirable virtue can render man. To enforce his precepts, zeal, not presumption, has incited me to offer a few remarks in the course of these pages. Though ineloquently, I have spoken honestly and warmly, on the subjects which were near to his heart, and dear to mine. And may I add? (for I cannot deny myself the support of such

a sanction;) that my efforts in the good cause, humble as they are, have been approved by a mind which has “kept too long company with Sir Philip Sidney’s thoughts, to want a thorough knowledge of the highest matters!” If *they best paint sorrows who have felt them most*, by the same rule, the heroic character is no unfit one to decide on sentiments professedly written to inculcate heroism of soul.— And he who has studied Sidney’s lesson of honour, to make it the text of his life; who shews in action, what his master teaches; who, bearing with him the gentleness of virtue with its authority, taxes neither human actions nor human abilities, above their powers; he, who with Christian humility admits that a man may fall, and afterwards demonstrate that his fall, *like the falls of Antæus renews his strength*; and who, in the same lenient spirit, pleads against defects in manner being

condemned as faults in principle: such a man of experience, “acquainted with excellence and not unknown to fame,” has found in this work a benevolent and not ungratifying reason for pardoning its many imperfections; in a word, by approving the motives which dictated *my* attempt to *write with Sir Philip Sidney*, he sanctions me in the hope, that other ingenuous readers will be indulgent to errors in the stile, for the sake of my sincerity; and that the sentence which a rigorous judgment might dictate, may be averted by the candour to which I appeal. At any rate, so gracious a suffrage leads me to trust, that no charge of arrogance will arise to intimidate me from yet further tracing the literary steps of my noble author, by preparing for the world a pure copy of his *Poems* and *Arcadia*; and that the illustrious assistants who have offered me their libraries and researches, to aid

the completion of my projected LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, will find in these pages no public reason to regret their engagement.

J. P

Long-Ditton, Surrey.

January, 1807.

1845

Dear Mother

I received your kind letter of the 10th and was glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present.

I have been thinking much lately of the future and how I shall spend my life. I feel that I must be useful to some one and that I must have a good character. I have not much money and I must be careful of what I do. I have not much news to write at present.

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APHORISMS,

&c

MAN.

1.

REMEMBER always, that man is a creature whose reason is often darkened with error.

2.

God Almighty, to shew us that he made all of nothing hath left a certain inclination in his creatures, whereby they tend naturally to nothing ; that is to say, to change and corruption ; unless they be upheld by his power, who having all in himself, abideth alone the unchangeable and free from all passions.

Remark.

Sir Philip Sidney's opinion of the nature of man, is founded on candour and humility. As man is a finite being, he is liable to error; therefore, it is the duty of all men, to bear with occasional instances of that frailty, which is common to them all. And as he is the creature of an infinite God, (infinite in wisdom and goodness, as in power,) he declares himself to be dependent on his providence, for an all-perfect line, by which he is to direct his steps. Religion is the guide of his life; and Charity his companion.

BIRTH.

1.

I AM no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me, if I know their virtues.

2.

What is birth to a man, if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors, to have left such an offspring?

3.

Titles are but marks, on the highest worth.

4.

Where worthiness is, no outward lowness should hinder the highest rising thereof. In mean caves oft a treasure abides. Height of thoughts should well countervail lowness of quality.

Remark.

When high birth stands in the place of high desert, in the estimation of mankind, indolence induces most men to be so well satisfied

with hereditary elevation, that resting all their consequence upon this ground, they neglect the means by which they might themselves uphold their rank, and stamp a right to it, with the seal of self-reflected eminence. There are too many who, bankrupts in character, draw largely on the abundant fame of the dead, to preponderate living infamy; and when the violence or baseness of their actions make it policy to keep them as much as possible in the back-ground, they hold forth, as a charter for new civil honours, the name of some heroic ancestor, whose virtues won that title, which is now perverted into a passport, with which vice may invade the natural property of virtue.— While these degenerate sons of nobility are degrading themselves beneath the lowest point of contempt, men of eminent worth rise from the humbler orders; and by the course of things, take that honourable station in society, which the profligate have deserted. A few years pass away, and they, in their turn, become the parents of a race, who, perhaps, inherit nothing of their father's fame, but its golden trumpet and the echo of its sound.

Nobility, without virtue, is a fine setting without a gem. But when they are united, it is then that we pay "that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which keeps alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom."

EDUCATION AND STUDY.

I.

As the fertilest ground must be manured ; so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him.

2.

This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning; under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high perfection as our degenerate souls (made worse

by their clay lodgings) can be capable of. This, according to the inclinations of man, bred many-formed impressions: for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy: others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers: some, an admirable delight, drew to music: and some, the certainty of demonstrations, to the mathematics: but all, one and other, having this scope, **TO KNOW**, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying of its own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind to himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a strait line, with a crooked heart;—then, lo! did **Proof**, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences; which, as they are all directed to the

highest aim of the mistress-knowledge, KNOWLEDGE OF A MAN'S SELF, in the ethic and politic consideration; with the end of *well-doing*, and not of *well-knowing* only: so the ending end of all earthly learning, being *virtuous action*, those skills that most serve to bring forth *that*, have a most just title to be princes over the rest.

3.

Until men find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge, will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge.

4.

It is manifest, that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge; and knowledge, best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.

5.

Alexander received more bravery of mind, by the pattern of Achilles, than by hearing the definition of fortitude.

6.

Each excellent thing, once well-learned, serves for a measure of all other knowledges.

The mind itself must (like other things) sometimes be unbent; or else, it will be either weakened or broken.

Remark.

The first proposition in this plan of education, declares the arrogance of that mind which fancies that, by its own unassisted means, it can become *wise unto perfection*. It might reasonably be supposed, that none other than the silliest persons could conceive so absurd an opinion; but we see men of the greatest talents fall into this mistake, and allege in support of it, the *omniscient* power of *genius*. A mind of extraordinary capacity and force, is seldom without a proportionate imagination; this faculty, set to work by vanity, forms a thousand wild chimeras; and, charmed with the effects of its own incantations, believes that the phantoms which people its fool's paradise, are the real substances of an all-wise creation. When we consider the presumption of this pride of intellect, and

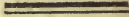
the offensiveness of such a domineering disposition, (for a strong mind, untempered by discipline, is the most dogmatical of all minds) it is surprising that self-love, if not justice, should allow the rest of mankind to pay more homage to talents than to virtue. Why is this? Surely, neither writing greatly nor talking greatly, is doing greatly! It may be said, that abilities are the germs of future greatness, and, as the embryo of such a plant, they ought to be valued. But then, let them be valued as the seed only, and not as the blossom.

The soul, or rather, the supreme sense of right, the dictator of all these abilities, is the sun which must expand them into use and beauty; for, when we speak of mere abilities, we name what may make a man a great general, a great lawyer, or any other professional excellence; but they alone cannot make him a great man. Abilities may be referred to the intellect, and they may indeed produce vulgar greatness; but in this there is nothing solid or valuable. True greatness must be achieved by the soul, who commands the energies of the mind, as generals do their soldiers.

Talents are the wings which enable man to cleave the depths of wisdom, and bring up thence the powers which astonish and illuminate the world: by them, he crosses the immeasurable flood of time, and converses with sages who are translated to eternity: by them, he soars to heaven, and, led by the *seraph*, *Contemplation*, kneels before the very throne of Deity: By them, he unites past, present, and to come: and by them, he becomes immortal. Allow them to lie still, and, though they were the plumes of an angel, the possessor would be (effectually) as inanimate as a clod of clay; and as ignorant as the peacock who, spreading his feathers to the sun, exults in a transitory splendour. But it is not enough, with the noble Sidney, that man should cultivate his mind; he must take care that the plantation is weeded of its tares. He sanctions no education, which does not terminate in virtue: to this temple all the avenues of the arts and sciences must tend: they point to the sun, round which they revolve, and from which alone they can, respectively, derive either light, warmth, or brilliancy.

Every other path of study is vain and erratic ; it wanders to right and left without any determined end ; and loses itself at length, in a wilderness of doubt, dissipation, and disappointment. Man must seek to find. The fruits of Parnassus will not bear to be neglected ; they must be reaped as well as sowed, else the harvest will perish where it grew. Neither must the teacher of youth overburthen the mind which he labours to instruct ; nor render his lessons odious, by a conduct that contradicts the loveliness of his precepts. He must display living as well as dead examples of the virtues which he wishes to inculcate ; for who can see the *fruits of knowledge* in the man who, presuming on his mental superiority, dares to be as severe and unamiable as he wills ? No tyranny is more iron than that of genius, unaccompanied with goodness : and it is a fortunate circumstance for the world, that, though it may dazzle men by its glare, unless it enlightens with its wisdom, it fails of attraction. Such demagogues may have pupils and parasites, but they never make scholars nor friends. Man must love what he

admires, before his heart yields voluntary obedience.



REASON AND WISDOM:

1.

GIVE tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.

2.

Reason cannot shew itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning on things above reason.

3.

Man's reason is so far off from being the measurer of religious faith, which far exceedeth nature, that it is not so much as the measurer of nature, and of the least creatures, which lie far beneath man.

4.

Thinking nurseth thinking.

5.

The glory and increase of wisdom stands in exercising it.

6.

Reason! How many eyes thou hast to see evils, and how dim, nay, blind, thou art in preventing them!

7.

To call back *what might have been*, to a man of wisdom and courage, carries but a shadow of discourse.

8.

There is no man that is wise, but hath, in whatsoever he doth, some purpose whereto he directs his doings; which, so long he follows, till he sees that either that purpose is not worth the pains, or that another doing carries with it a better purpose.

9.

Learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know that it is well to do well, and what is good and what is evil, although not in the words of art, which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit

(which is *the very hand-writing of God*) the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to *do* that which we *know*; or to be moved with *desire to know*,—*hoc opus, hic labor est.*

10.

Some busy themselves so much about their pleasures, that they can never find any leisure, not, to mount up unto God, but only so much as to enter into themselves. So thoughtless are they, that they be more strangers to their own nature, to their own souls, and to the things which concern them most nearly and peculiarly, than they be either to the desarts of Inde, or to the seas that are worst to be haunted and least known.

Remark.

By mixing much with the world, and directing our desires, our thoughts, and our actions, towards the attainment of those honours which embellish civilized society, we insensibly forget that there is any thing beyond them. Our senses are so employed in the contemplation of visible rewards, that we have no time to spare,

{not even a wish,) upon the invisible treasures which await man in eternity. What is present absorbs him wholly; and he is too apt to make an idol of that *human wisdom*, by which he acquires the transitory glory he sought. By the decisions of this oracle, he measures all things, divine as well as earthly; and from total ignorance of his own nature, of the limitations of mortal reason, and of the essential difference between it, and that of the Deity, (which is the Supreme Reason) he begins with doubting the possibility of every proposition which he cannot comprehend; and ends with denying that any thing can be true, which man does not completely understand. Such reasoners, (and there are too many of them,) are not aware of two truths:—That men are never so much at a loss what to say, as when the axiom, which they are called upon to prove, is more self-evident than all that can be alleged in its demonstration.—And, that things which are beyond reason, are not necessarily against reason. None are more prone to the worshipping of human reason, than they who are most insensible to her influence. “Truth (says the

excellent Wollaston) is the offspring of silence, unbroken meditations, and thoughts often revised and corrected." She is not to be found by the midnight reveller, the votary of appetite, passion, and prejudice; by such fumes, the lights of the mind are clouded or extinguished. Nor can the man who is busied in traffic, often take leisure for the search. And others, who by the display of a ready wit, have acquired the name of learned, rather darken the mental orb with images of sense and selfishness, than irradiate vision, by looking without themselves, for fair views of nature. In proportion as the philosopher purifies his heart, he clears his reasoning faculty: and as he throws from him the dross of mortality, he perceives the chains with which vice and sensuality held his more ethereal part; and looking upward, in the humility of true wisdom, to that Divine Reason, which is unchangeable, incomprehensible, infinite, and all-perfect, he exclaims, "Wherewithal shall a man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself after the word of the Most High! Righteous art thou, O Lord, and true is thy judg-

ment; incline my heart to thy testimonies, and I will walk at liberty; for I seek thy commandments!" Human reason and human wisdom have no other commission on earth, than to lead mankind, by knowledge, to virtue, and by virtue, to God.

VIRTUE.

1.

THE treasures of inward gifts are bestowed, by the Heavens, on men, to be beneficial and not idle.

2.

Wisdom and virtue are the only destinies appointed to man to follow; whence we ought to seek all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot fail; and which, besides their inward comfort, do lead so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperity must ensue, or, if the wickedness of the world should oppress

us, it can never be said, that evil happeneth to him who falls accompanied with virtue.

3.

A man's self gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his heart.

How excellently composed is that mind, which shews a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy, and eloquence, as sweet in the uttering, as slow to come to the uttering, and a behaviour so noble, as gives beauty to pomp, and majesty to adversity!

5.

Forasmuch as to understand and to be mighty are great qualities, the higher that they be, they are so much the less to be esteemed, if goodness also abound not in the possessor.

6.

In the ordinary intercourse of society, we do not so much look for men who exceed in the virtues which get admiration, such as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; we rather seek men who are

notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

7.

We become willing servants to the good, by the bonds their virtues lay upon us.

8.

Remember, that if we be men, the reasonable part of our soul is to have absolute commandment! Against which, if any sensual weakness arise, we are to yield all our sound forces, to the overthrowing of so unnatural a rebellion; wherein, how can we want courage, since we are to deal against so feeble an adversary, that in itself is nothing but weakness? Nay, we are to resolve, that if reason direct it, we must do it: and if we must do it, we will do it; for to say *I cannot*, is childish, and *I will not*, is womanish.

9.

In the truly great, virtue governs with the sceptre of knowledge.

10.

A mind well trained and long exercised in virtue, doth not easily change any course it

once undertakes, but upon well-grounded and well-weighed causes ; for, being witness to itself of its own inward good, it finds nothing without it of so high a price, for which it should be altered. Even the very countenance and behaviour of such a man doth shew forth images of the same constancy ; by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yielding itself suitable to the virtuous resolution of the mind.

11.

A secret assurance of worthiness, though it be never so well cloathed in modesty, yet always lives in the worthiest minds.

12.

The virtuous man limits his thoughts within that he esteems good ; to which he is neither carried by the vain tickling of uncertain fame, nor from which he can be transported by enjoying any thing whereto the ignorant world gives the excellent name of good.

13.

A good man loves to do well, for virtue's self, and not for thanks.

14.

A virtuous man, without any respect whether his grief be less or more, is never to do that which he cannot assure himself is allowable before the EVER-LIVING RIGHTFULNESS; but rather is to think honours or shames, which stand in other men's true or false judgments, as pains or not pains, (which never yet approach our souls) to be nothing in regard of an unspotted conscience.

Remark.

The only impregnable citadel of virtue, is religion; for there is no bulwark of mere morality, which some temptation may not overtop, or undermine, and destroy.

15.

Longer I would not wish to draw breath, than I may keep myself unspotted of any heinous crime.

16.

When a man's heart is the gage of his

debt; when a man's own thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise; lastly, when a man is the jailor over himself, there is little doubt of breaking credit, and less of escape.

17.

In the clear mind of virtue, treason can find no hiding-place.

Remark.

The maxim of politicians, *That all means are admissible, which further their plans*, is rejected by virtue. One of the greatest heroes that England ever produced, discoursing one day on the successes of a famous northern king, who, (notwithstanding his many noble qualities) sometimes acted upon Machiavelian principles, made this observation—"If a proposed good cannot be accomplished but by the commission of an evil, it must be relinquished; for no end, however excellent, can sanctify immoral means. Besides, as the desired aim of an action is not always its necessary

consequence, it is bad calculation to incur positive evil, for the sake of uncertain good. In short, a man of honour should esteem nothing an acquisition, that demands the sacrifice of integrity."

18.

As in geometry, the oblique must be known, as well as the right; and in arithmetic, the odd as well as the even; so in actions of life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue.

19.

A man is bound no farther to himself, than to *do wisely*; which is virtue.

20.

The general goodness which is nourished in noble hearts, makes every one think that strength of virtue to be in another, whereof they find assured foundation in themselves.

21.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart, is credulity.

22

Think not that cruelty, or ungratefulness,

can flow from a good mind. From the fountain of virtue, nothing but virtue could ever spring.

Remark.

Confidence in this maxim (for where affection points, virtue is pre-supposed), produces the credulity complained of in the one that immediately precedes it. But too much reliance on apparent worth, can never bring to the confiding person such stings as must pierce the upbraiding conscience of the unjustly suspicious. It would be less hurt to the heart of a man of honour, to close on the dagger of him whose faith he had accepted, than to have treated as a traitor, a creature, who on proof had never swerved from fidelity. Suspicion is the shield of dishonour. Rochefoucault says, "our own distrust justifies the deceit of others;" and Fenelon has something of the same kind—"He who is suspicious of deceit deserves to be deceived." When Dion, who deposed Dionysius, was told that Callippus, his bosom friend, conspired against him, he

refused to question him, saying, "It is better for him to die than to live, who must be wary not only of his enemies, but of his friends."

23.

A true-grounded virtue must be like itself in all points.

24.

The hero's soul may be separated from his body, but never alienated from the remembrance of virtue.

25.

Often extraordinary excellence, not being rightly conceived, does rather offend than please.

26.

An extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding.

27.

Having nothing but just desires, we need not mistrust their justifying.

28.

Virtue seeks to satisfy others.

Remark.

It is indeed a lamentable truth, that misapprehended excellence is often an object of dislike. People do not always understand the motives of sublime conduct, and when they are astonished they are very apt to think they ought to be alarmed. The truth is, none are fit judges of greatness but those who are capable of it. Those virtues rarely excite an instant popularity, which outwardly bear the odious marks of a fierce and unnatural temper; for men will not admire a motive which they can neither perceive nor feel: men judge by themselves, and abhor in others what they would detest in themselves.

The upright in heart owe it to themselves, and to virtue in general, not to withdraw from scrutiny. A divine precept says, *Let not thy good be evil spoken of!* According to this rule (whose direction is very extensive), they ought to meet investigation; and prove to the world the falsity of the bad reports which ignorance or malice may have raised to their

prejudice. Otway says well to this effect, if for the *brave* we substitute the *good*—"The *good*, indeed, do never shun the light!"

29.

The fairer a diamond is, the more pity it is that it should receive a blemish.

30.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

31.

Misfortunes may abound, but how can he want comfort that hath the true and living comfort of unblemished virtue?

32.

Neptune hath not more force to appease the rebellious wind, than the admiration of an extraordinary virtue hath to temper a disordered multitude.

Remark.

“ Every man, unless his constitution be defective, inherits the principles of every passion; but no man is the prey of all his passions.”— Some one or other, by sap or storm, usually obtains the mastery, and rules the rest at pleasure. There is a certain vigour of the soul, an active power essential to its existence, which must have action; and if it be not attracted to virtue, it will gravitate to vice. To give this desirable direction, is the study of education; and to keep in it, is the business of human life. Different men, are endowed with different degrees of fervour; the Promethean flame glows with greater heat or brightness in some constitutions than in others;— hence the course of the passions becomes temperate, or violent, according to the original impetus; and kindling by vehement and unchecked motion, they set fire to every thing in their way, until the whole soul is absorbed in the blaze. Man, when he was created, was formed for various situations. By diversity

of character, the economy of society is carried on with proportion, beauty, and interest ; and the evils that chequer the scene, are like discords in music, which add to the effect of the general harmony. It is not requisite, that every man should be renowned ; but it is indispensable, that all should be virtuous : therefore, if we would wish to fulfil the end of our being ; if we would render that being as noble and as happy as this terrestrial state will admit—we must be sovereigns of ourselves ! We must throw a yoke over our selfish passions ; and even curb our social propensities, those innocent betrayers of peace, and often of rectitude ! For, it is well observed by an amiable Northern philosopher, that “ the social dispositions (being in their own nature gay and exhilarating), extend their influence to other passions which are not in opposition to them, and accelerate *their* motions, while they augment their own vivacity. They animate, and even inflame the inferior appetites ; and where reason and other serious principles are not invested with supreme authority, they expose us to the anarchy of unlawful desires. There are

many instances of men being betrayed into habits of profligacy, by the influence of their social passions." A smouldering barrier divides the bigot from idolatry; as fragile is the line which separates strong liking from inordinate longing. When men, above all things, seek the indulgence of particular wishes, and those wishes have little affinity with promoting the happiness of others, but tend immediately to self-gratification, all attention to the rule of right gradually disappears, and individual enjoyment supersedes every law, human and divine. Then, indeed, are these men in bondage; their paramount affection loses its form of innocence, and Dalilah-like, having cheated them with smiles, and shorn them of strength, leads them whither it wills, from the love of society to court dissipation; from the love of persons to a spirit of faction; from the love of fame to the intrigues of ambition. In short, unless men's inclinations and passions are regulated by virtue, (who points to the end, and enjoins temperance to keep us in the path), they will shoot from their sphere. They are the allegorical horses

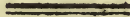
in the car of Phœbus, which, when guided by their master's skill, went their equable, luminous and all-vivifying round; but when the daring hand of Phaëton seizes the reins, the impetuous animals break from his unpractised grasp, dash in wild liberty from side to side, and setting the whole universe on fire, precipitate the rash youth into the burning elements. There never was a victim to his passions, who could not, if he chose to speak honestly, give a true exposition of this fable.

The social affections have a different tendency, and can no more produce profligacy, than virtue can produce vice. A passion for society may lead to *the tankard's foaming and social noise*, and other evil consequences; but affection is still and circumscribed; it cannot be distributed among many; the endearing ties can never be very extensive. As a river divided into many channels, flows weak and shallow; so affection, when dissipated among many objects, becomes feeble and ineffectual. Hence it may be inferred, that affection (which is the common excuse of those who run into social excesses), never carried a man to the

table of revellers or the rendezvous of profligates. The affections cannot abide with rudeness and phrenzy ; they are warm and gentle, social but pure. It is my firm belief that the genuine impulse of the social affections never yet produced intoxication ; they no more lead to wine, than learning to atheism ; they require no stimulus ; they *burn in a fire of their own !* But men like to dignify their vices, and to utter any paradox rather than acknowledge their own worthlessness. They conceive that the lesson of temperance is difficult to learn and harsh in its practice, and therefore are content to borrow the names of the amiable virtues, rather than make any sacrifice or any essay to possess them in reality. They are not aware that the path of virtue is not only the field of honour, but the way of peace. Its conquests may be hardly won, but when once gained, they produce a lasting tranquillity, an elevation of soul, a mighty power of action, which none but the *ruler of himself* can possess. No regrets follow these bloodless victories, for every one of them add to his territory, and make him more a king. When

Alexander had subdued the world, and wept that none were left to dispute his arms, his tears were an involuntary tribute to a monarchy that he knew not—*Man's empire over himself*. When we yield to passion, we surrender both the temptation and its price; our virtue and our passion leave us together; in the very moment in which we gratify intemperate desire, it dies; for a passion satisfied is a passion destroyed. “When any inordinate appetite is sated, it requires no more; nay, we turn loathing from its repetition; the zest is gone, and nothing remains, but the consciousness of sacrificed innocence, and the conviction that we are slaves.”—Such is the fate of the ambitious man, as well as of the voluptuary. The usurper, who makes his way to a throne through blood, and the Sybarite, who murders his manhood on the altar of pleasure, are equally the prey of remorse: the gorged demon within, turns his scorpions upon the breast that fed him; and unless he is amused with fresh oblations, his guilty captive becomes the victim. By new outrages, new devastations, new usurpations, the tyrant

appeases the clamour: the sensualist drowns his senses in the cup of excess, and dreams of a bliss he is for ever precluded from enjoying.—Both are miserable.



GLORY.

1.

THE journey of high honour lies not in smooth ways.

Remark.

This truth is exemplified, in the choice of Hercules, who turned from the couch of pleasure to climb the precipice of virtue; in the election of Achilles, who chose death and renown rather than life and oblivion; and in the resolution of Curtius, who leaped into the burning gulph to save his country.

2.

High honour is not only gotten and born by pain and danger, but must be nursed by the like, else it vanisheth as soon as it appears to the world.

Remark.

A French philosopher hath said, that “admiration is a kind of fanaticism, which expects miracles;” and there never was a hero that could not subscribe to the verity of this observation. Popular admiration is a microscope, which so magnifies its object, that he who cannot contravene the order of nature, and master impossibilities, can hardly hope to accomplish its extravagant expectations. The favourite of the people is one who is expected to govern Fortune, as absolutely as that insolent directress of human affairs rules over others. Let him shew all the courage and good conduct in the world, yet if against fearful odds, he prove not invariably victorious,—he fails! let him effect more than ever man, under like circumstances, achieved; yet, if he

do not *every thing*, he does *nothing*. If he controul not fate like a god, he is degraded from the dignity of a hero, despoiled of every well-earned laurel, and stripped of every attribute of praise. He is reviled by the multitude of illiberal censurers, who can form no adequate idea of the difficulties of his situation, or of the limited scope of mortal agency. Each arrogant idiot fancies he could have conquered where Hannibal was subdued; and thus the disasters of great men *become palms to adorn fools!*

3.

Honour flieth up to heaven, when borne on the wings of courage and justice.

4.

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.

5.

Great is not great to the greater.

Remark.

The crown of ambition is a poor prize to him who aspires to the empire of glory. "To be ambitious of true honour, (says the divine Sherlock,) of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court."

6.

It is a great happiness to be praised of them that are most praise-worthy.

Remark.

There is also a praise without words, which produces the same effect, *general attention*. Is it not delightful to find ourselves the axis on which the souls of a whole company turn? the centre wherein all the points which compose the circle we move in, meet? Finding

ourselves tenderly regarded by others, we insensibly tender ourselves more dearly. We see our own images reflected in the admiration of the worthy; and what they deem deserving of esteem, modesty itself cannot refuse to respect. When super-eminent talents have a fair field to act on, they never fail of exciting the plaudits of those, whose judgment ought to be the standard of fame; for there is a secret principle which unites kindred geniuses, as well as kindred souls; whereas contraries mingle with great reluctance.

7.

When men have honoured the course of their creation, and they fall into evil time, place, and fortune, it is lawful for them to speak gloriously.

Remark.

If ever it be lawful for a great man to speak in lofty terms of the merit of his own actions, it surely is when the unjust reproaches of envy or malignity have made an honourable

mention of his own praise-worthy doings indispensably requisite to his just defence. An exalted character may, with becoming grace, remember his own virtue, when an ungrateful country has forgotten it. Plutarch affirms that self-praise is neither disgraceful nor blameable, when it is introduced by way of apology, to remove calumny or accusation; and he enforces the remark by many admirable examples, some of which I will repeat. Pericles, when a popular clamour was raised against him, broke out as follows: "But ye are angry with me, a man inferior to none, whether it be in the knowing or interpreting of necessary things; a man, who am a lover of my country, and above the meanness of bribes!" This was not arrogance nor vanity, but the dictates of a brave spirit, which nothing could subdue, and of a soul greatly conscious of its own nobility. When the Theban princes accused Pelopidas and Epaminondas for disobedience of orders, in retaining the government of Bœotia, contrary to law, and, moreover, making an incursion into Laconia and re-peopling Messena; Pelopidas humbling

himself, and making many submissive apologies and earnest entreaties, very hardly obtained forgiveness. But Epaminondas, loftily glorying in the very actions for which he was arraigned, declared, that he would willingly suffer death, if it might be written on his monument, that,—“ He had wasted Laconia, the territory of an enemy, peopled Messena two hundred and thirty years after it had been sacked, united the Arcadians, and restored liberty to Greece,—AGAINST HIS COUNTRY’S WILL !” The judges admired him, and wondering at the cheerful greatness of his courage, rose, and refused to receive the votes. When Scipio, to the infamy of his countrymen, was accused at Rome, “ This day (said he to the assembled multitude) this day is the anniversary of that on which I conquered Hannibal and reduced Carthage! I, for my part, am going to the capitol with my garland on my head, to sacrifice to the Gods, and return them thanks for the victory; and those who chuse may stay here and pass sentence upon me.” Whereupon the assembly followed him with shouts and acclamations, leaving his accusers

to declaim alone, to their mortification, discomfiture and disgrace. Magnanimity like this, with a supernatural frown, seizes upon the souls of men, and compels homage and admiration. Phocion, when one of his companions in death bewailed his misfortune, thus addressed him, "What! is it not a pleasure for thee to die with Phocion?" Here was a *brave flash of a dying light!* How godlike must have been the nature of that virtue which, in the darkest hour of adversity, could shed so divine an effulgence around the soul of Phocion! I shall conclude these specimens of what may justly be called heroic egotism, with a sentence from Plutarch, which is an admirable amplification of Sidney's remark; "As those who, *in walking*, affect a stiffness of body and a stretched-out neck, are accounted effeminate and foppish, but are commended if, *in fighting*, they keep themselves erect and steady, so the man, grappling with ill-fortune, if he raise himself like a strong champion to resist her, and, by a bravery of speech, transforms himself from abject and miserable to bold and noble, he is not to be censured

as obstinate and audacious, but honoured as invincible and great.”

As nothing is more delicate than the ground upon which a man treads, when he comes to allege his own merit, (such egotism being generally considered an infringement of the rules of decorum and the laws of modesty,) it will be well, by pointing out the principles of what is praise-worthy, and what may appear so and is not, to shew mankind what actions will bear this self-acclaim. It is a weapon belonging to the lover of true glory, which the ambitious dare not use. There are no two things more mistaken than the love of glory, and its vile counterfeit, ambition.—How do authors, statesmen, and conquerors, boast of notoriety, and call it fame! To be universally known, universally talked of, and sometimes universally feared, are tokens, in their opinion, of universal honour. But these persons form a wrong estimate of genius: virtue not being its essential property, it is only valuable as it super-adds that to the other ends of its existence. The direction which Voltaire gave to his talents, has spread their

celebrity and his infamy together : Machiavel's baseness and his policy are inseparable in the memory : and the apostacy, cruelty, and treachery of Napoleon Bonaparte, will for ever disgrace the genius by which he subjugated France and awes the world. Dr. Johnson has said, that *the chief glory of a country arises from its authors*. But then, that is only as they are oracles of wisdom : unless they teach virtue, they are more worthy of a halter than of the laurel. As for the civic wreath, we see statesmen, who, to maintain a province, will take pains to ruin the morals of a nation. And though common sense ought not to require being told, that every triumphant warrior is not a hero ; yet this gross mistake hath so often been made, that justice demands its confutation. The natures of ambition and glory are essentially different. Ambition is like a whirlpool, which absorbs every thing into itself. Glory is like the sun, which pours its life-giving rays over all the globe.— Ambition has no end but its own gratification : to attain which, it would sacrifice friends, relations, and country ; all affinities, all rights,

are trampled on in ascending its ladder of hope. The tyrant cares not what mankind think of him, provided they dare not but speak well of him, and must obey him: he is king Midas, whose absolute sceptre turns his subjects into statues. On the reverse, the candidate for true glory seeks, above all things, to *deserve* glory. His wish is, to *win* the race; the *badge* of victory is a secondary consideration. Devoted to the public good, he would rather, by some unwitnessed, unwhispered action, administer to its welfare; than hear himself the applauded idol of millions, whom the pageantry of martial spoils, or the finesse of state intrigue, had deluded to such enthusiasm: Give me the heart! (he says) and the lips may be mute! But should fortune desert him, and his countrymen view his actions through a perverse medium, he is no Coriolanus, to take up arms against their ingratitude: the treachery of men can never urge him to betray himself: and the ungrateful obloquy or violence of those whom he hath defended, can never tempt him to abjure his duty to the laws which guard their safety:

many may rebel, a few may be faithful, and “*for ten righteous the city shall be saved.*” He can bear with any thing but his own rebuke; and as he will rather die than incur it, there is nothing on earth that can intimidate his virtue. Whatever he thinks, whatever he does, is directed to the promotion of the general weal. Were he to write it would be to inspire men with just and heroic sentiments.—Should he be stationed in the senate, he maintains his post, as the sentinel of the people’s liberties, and of the lawful prerogatives of the crown: neither can be transgressed with impunity to public happiness. When he draws the sword, it is not for chaplets, trophies and stars, but to repel the enemies of his country; to conquer for its peace, or to die in its defence: the God of Battles, the great Jehovah is the judge of his motives, the only spectator whose approbation he seeks; and when the applause of the world succeeds, it seems as the radiance of the sun, which (produced by internal brightness) illuminates surrounding objects, while itself is unconscious of the glory. His animating principle is the love of

virtue, and the labour of his life the expansion of her reign: to love her and to love his country (which she commands him to love,) is one; for love is measured by obedience.— By her laws, he has marshalled all his talents; and his consequent conduct cannot be shaken, because he stands, not upon opinion, but principle. His voice is the voice of virtue, and its echo is glory. Sublime, adorable ray from the Divine Nature! Thou animating emanation from the throne of God, that turns man into an angel! that immortalizes him on earth; that catches him from the common paths of men; and wraps him in such a mantle of light, that we forget he is a brother, and are almost inclined to worship his transcendent greatness. Ah! when mortal glory is thus beautiful, thus commanding, thus entrancing, what must that effulgence be, of which this is only a spark—a glittering dew-drop in a boundless ocean!

MAGNANIMITY.

1.

REMEMBER, that in all miseries, lamenting becomes fools, and action, wise folk.

2.

Confidence in one's self, is the chief nurse of magnanimity. Which confidence, notwithstanding, doth not leave the care of necessary furnitures for it; and, therefore, of all the Grecians, Homer doth ever make Achilles the best armed.

Remark.

Had Sir Philip Sidney remembered this just sentiment, on the fatal morning in which he received his death, he might, perhaps, have spared England the sudden loss of its chief glory. When the stand was to be made before Zulphen, he entered the field, as was his custom, completely armed; but meeting the marshall of the camp in slighter armour, the

emulation of his heart to do all that man dare do, made him disdain the inequality of his hazard to that of his officer, and he threw off his cuirass: by which act, as his friend Lord Brook says, "it seemed by the secret influence of destiny; that he disarmed the very part where God had resolved to strike him." A musket ball from the trenches broke the bone of his thigh; and of that wound he died. To present our body to the chance of war, and to expose it to all its shafts, are as different actions as bravery and rashness. Life is too precious to be thrown away: and he who values it not, (which may be inferred of the man who lays it open to unnecessary danger,) has no merit in hazarding what is regarded by him as worthless. But he who estimates life, with all its duties, and sources of bliss; and who then makes himself a shield for his country, demands the admiration and the gratitude of mankind. He will not shrink from the fight; but prudence tells him, that it is not valour to unbrace his naked breast to the enemy. That Sir Philip Sidney fell into this error, is one instance, out of many, that even our virtues

will betray us to excess, if they be not controlled by wisdom. Impulse is apt to lead astray. The virtues are principles, not passions. When (instead of remaining, like the machine of Archimedes, on firm ground, whence they may guide the world,) they take wing; and so obey, or struggle with contending elements, their resistless property, with their purity, is lost; and forfeiting even a claim to their name, they become the sport of fortune.

3.

As the arrival of enemies makes a town to fortify itself, so that ever after it remains stronger; and hence a man may say, that enemies were no small cause to the town's strength; so, to a mind once fixed in a well-pleasing determination, who hopes by annoyance to overthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all its best grounds; and so, perchance, of a chanceable purpose, make an unchangeable resolution.

4.

Let us prove that our minds are no slaves

to fortune; and in adversity, triumph over adversity.

Remark.

Adversity is the field in which true greatness displays itself to most advantage. When misfortunes pour down upon a man, to sustain them, is like contending with and beating up against the rolling tide of the ocean: the resolute swimmer is sometimes overwhelmed; but he rises again, and mounts on the wave that covered him, to strike with a yet firmer arm against the flood. Faint spirits sink under calamity, repine, and die; brave ones erect themselves, breast every adversity as it approaches, and though "the iron enters their souls," throw their enemy to the ground. How admirable is the sight of invincible fortitude struggling with misfortune! How low and contemptible seem all the appendages of factitious greatness, when opposed to the son of affliction standing unsheltered in the storm, his noble heart bare to the arrows of unnumbered foes, and his eye fixed with steady and

patient observation on the heavens! “Beat on! ye cannot shake my soul!” No; the soul, in a brave bosom, grows under miseries, dilates, and becomes almost divine: by strong self-collection it obtains the mastery over itself; and by such sway, the world and its assailants lose half their might. Nothing can have power over the man who is inflexible in the resolution to *bear*;—and “to *bear* is to conquer our fate.” Who can view so magnanimous a sufferer, without acknowledging his pre-eminence over all who enjoy their lives in uninterrupted prosperity. What thanks need be given to such men, that they are cheerful, grateful, and active in the proper use of their means? Is not their way strewn with roses, and do not their exertions find luxurious rest on the lap of abundance? These men may wear a wreath, but it is the fading one of an easy triumph; the crown that binds the brows of the victor in adversity, though it be twined with thorns, will yet bloom for ever. So far the honour due to magnanimity: but not only the glory which beams from an invincible fortitude, but the benefits produced to the mind,

which arise from such proof of its powers, ought to animate us to contend with adversity; and to greatly scorn those indolent and fruitless repinings, which blemish our characters without mitigating our calamities.—“Prosperity (says Bacon,) does best discover vice; but adversity does best discover virtue.” “True virtue (adds the same divine author,) is like precious odours,—sweeter the more incensed and crushed !”

5.

Fortify courage with the true rampart of patience.

Remark.

How nobly did Madame Roland practice this maxim! Thus she speaks of herself: “The resignation of a patient temper; the quiet of a good conscience; the elevation of spirit, which sets misfortune at defiance; the laborious habits, which make hours pass rapidly away; the delicate taste of a sound mind, finding in the consciousness of exist-

ence, and of its own value, pleasures which the vulgar never know: *these were my riches.*"

6.

The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they were wont; for it is the temper of highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward, when it is most burthened.

7.

A noble heart, like the sun, sheweth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Remark.

It is the custom to measure men's minds by their fortunes; to affix the greater honours on the higher prosperity: but the nobility of the soul knows no adventitious distinctions; (though *it rendereth unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,*) it reigneth even in a prison, when the wearer of many a diadem would grovel in chains.

8.

I call the immortal Truth to witness, that no fear of torment can appal me, who knows that it is but a different manner of appareling death; and have long learned to set bodily pain but in the second form of my being.— And as for shame; how can I be ashamed of that, for which my well-meaning conscience will answer for me to God?

9.

The truly great man is as apt to forgive as his power is able to revenge.

Remark.

It is difficult to sacrifice pride, as a peace-offering on the altar of forbearance; but unless virtue do this, she fails in the sublimest part of her duty; she abrogates her own covenant of forgiveness with heaven.

10.

It is a notable example of virtue, where the conqueror seeks for friendship of the conquered.

Remark.

Thales of Miletus, one of the seven sages of Greece, was asked, "What is there that can console us in misfortune?" He replied, "The sight of an enemy more wretched than ourselves." How opposite a sentiment from the above precept! And these are the men who are set up by modern philosophers, as teachers of a morality, as pure, beneficial, and lovely, as that of the merciful Jesus!

11.

The perfect hero passeth through the multitude, as a man that neither disdains a people, nor yet is any thing tickled with their flattery.

Remark.

The result of magnanimity, when made the object of public notice, is generally glory: but as its principle is, to *pass through the multitude, as a man that neither disdains*

them, nor is tickled by their flattery; it would not be less magnanimous, were it to suffer, to bear, and to surmount, in the secrecy of a dungeon. Real greatness wants not the sanction of man, to make it what it is: the Almighty sees His servant, and needs no witness to validate his worth.

12.

It is greater greatness, to give a kingdom than to get a kingdom.

Remark.

By this much in the scale of greatness, doth Washington outweigh most other popular dictators. They, whom history records, generally confirmed their power, by seizing the throne; while he, bent on the establishment of public freedom, resigned his seat the moment his guidance was no longer necessary.

CONTEMPT OF RICHES.

No man is moved with part that neglect
the whole.

Remark.

The best comment on this aphorism, is the story of the Roman Fabricius. Whether does he, who shews himself beyond the influence of gold; or he who thinks that “the highest virtue has its price;” manifest the magnanimity of a prince? Every honest mind can reply to this question, and every generous one will subscribe to it, although they cannot but confess gold to be a good in life. The means of acquiring is the point in debate: the sordid shrink from no baseness by which they may grub up gold; the generous must win it like men of honour, or are resolved to strive to be contented without it. Those who plume themselves on wealth, and those who despise it, are equally faulty. Riches are, in them-

selves good; and the tide of kindness never warmed the heart of him who covets them not. Is there a man so lost to every beneficent feeling, so dead to the sympathies of nature, as to be insensible to the pure joy resulting from the blessed consciousness of being extensively beneficial to his fellow-creatures? Let such a man, with an unqualifying contempt, condemn riches. How happy is that fortune which every day enables us to do good to thousands! Are riches to be inveighed against, because there are men who abuse them? By this rule we should inveigh against genius, against learning, against religion.— Let men, then, leave off peevish, petulant exclamations against wealth, and consider riches in their true light; namely, a treasury of blessings, when possessed by the worthy; and an abused good in the hands of the ostentatious and unfeeling.

FREEDOM.

SHALL virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to vice. Better is it to consent to die: what death is so evil, as unworthy servitude?

Remark.

There is a private vassalage, as well as a public slavery: and the spirit that was formed for bondage, will find a yoke for itself, under any circumstance, and in any country. Pride, indolence, and the love of pleasure, are the sources of this baseness. For the sake of gratifications for which such men disdain to labour, and which they will not want, they sell their birth-right: sell it for a mere mess of pottage, when compared with the invaluable privileges of industry and independence. Many boast of mental independence, who are for ever thrusting their persons into the levees of the great; and if they do not receive that, no.

tice, protection, and reward, which their situation or talents seem to merit, they deem themselves insulted and robbed of a natural right. But how do these men mistake the relative duties of society ! The man who, with health of body and vigour of mind, untrammelled with any afore-gone circumstances, (and who lives in a free country,) that complains of being *unprotected*, places himself on the lowest step of the ladder of fortune. What *protection* ought a manly character to seek, but that of his own abilities and labour ? To be really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions ; never to solicit a favour, that it is possible to do without ; and never to allow another's acquisitions to trespass upon our content. This is true independence ; the other that assumes its name, is pride, which demands every thing with the voice of a tyrant ; and who rails like a shrew, when its inordinate and arrogant desires are left unsatisfied. Such men do not ask for a man's good offices, but for his purse, his house, his homage. If the rich, who are stewards alike for suffering worth and fettered genius, if they

were to uphold the extravagant idleness of every coxcomb, who presents himself with a pamphlet, or a string of bad rhymes, in his hand, they might soon exhaust the treasury, which a beneficent Providence confided to their care. Laziness, conceit, and presumption, would banquet on the widow's and the orphan's portion; and those sons of real genius, who do not desire to lean wholly upon any outward support, but only to be assisted to mount, where they are emulous to climb; these, like the glorious Chatterton, are left to perish in solitary desolation; while the impudent and the cringing, are taken to the boards and bosoms of the great. These are the wretches who can bear to be the hangers-on of a rich man's table; who can smile at his dullness, and applaud his follies. Feeble talents and strong propensities to luxury, make such men the suitors and the slaves of power. The possessor of great talents may require that patronage should *open* the path of his fame; but, conscious of their dignity, it is his pride, his privilege, and his reward, to gain the summit alone.

COURAGE.

1.

IN victory, the hero seeks the glory, not the prey.

2.

The truly valiant dare every thing, but doing any other body an injury.

Remark.

Hence, there is no man so brave as the true Christian: and we no where see men so gracefully valiant, so courteously resolute, and altogether so enthusiastically heroic, as the ancient knight who received the stroke of chivalry at the foot of the cross. The injunctions which were given to him at the time of his profession, and the oath that he took will best exemplify this remark. Favine, in his *Theatre of Honour*, gives a very particular account of the institution. When the person who invests the knight, receives him, amongst

other ceremonies, he presents him with a sword, and says, "Take this sword into your hand. By the clear and bright blade, it instructeth you to shine in faith; the point denoteth hope; and the crossed hilt, charity.— You are to use and serve yourself therewith, first, for your own defence; next, for the Christian religion; and lastly, for poor widows and orphans: for you need not fear to expose your life to perils and dangers, upon so good and solid subjects: because the famous order of knighthood received its prime institution to recompense virtue, to preserve public society in union and concord, to maintain the church and justice, to defend the desolate from oppression, and for exercising the works of mercy to all people indifferently. When you return that sword clean into the scabbard, even so, have especial care not to soil and pollute it by drawing it forth unjustly, to offend or strike any one therewith. The first perfection which ought to be in a knight, is to be honest; for upon honesty dependeth four principal virtues; namely, prudence, whereby you shall know all things, and preserving them

in memory which are past, you will the better provide for the present, and those that are to come. The second is justice, which is the princess of all the other virtues ; it is she who conserveth all things in the equal balance of reason and equity. The third is fortitude, which will make you wholly animated with courage and valiancy against all your enemies. And the fourth is temperance, which will moderate all your actions. You must be cloathed with all these four virtues, and have them with you always, if you desire to win the renown of a brave knight." The oaths are then severally put, at the girding of the sword, and at the giving of the spurs. The oaths are merely an echo of the injunctions. "I gird you with this sword, and place it on your side, in the name of God Almighty, of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of the glorious Saint George, the patron of knights ; in honour of whom I give you the order of knighthood ; to the end, that as by patience and faith, he was victorious against his enemies ; even so, you may imitate him in all actions, that he may obtain for you the grace of well-doing. You see these spurs

are gilded; whereby you are to understand, that as the horse is fearful of them, because he is pricked with them for his better direction on the way; in like manner be you fearful of going forth of your rank, and breaking the rules of your vow, by committing any dishonest action, or unfitting a knight: and they are also (thus gilded,) fastened to your feet, to the end that you should preserve honour before gold, or all the riches of the world. Rouse up your spirits, and dream no longer on earthly affairs; but be watchful in the faith of Jesus: and dispose yourself so, as if you were even at the last affront, and the very latest injury you were to receive in marching under the cross of our Lord." The candidate accepts all these conditions, with an oath to obey them; and so "he puts on him the whole panoply of Christ*."

* However we may admire some of the ancient institutions of chivalry, yet (if men knew their best interests,) we need not greatly deplore their disuse.—Every man who acknowledges Christ, is bound by obligations equally strong as the most solemn oaths;

3.

In a brave bosom, honour cannot be rocked asleep by affection.

and is excited to consistent action by a far nobler motive, even to please Him, after whose name he is called, and by whose example he is enjoined to model himself. He is taught to endure hardships as a good soldier; to achieve honour, with honesty; to be temperate in all things; to wear within him a heart of mercy, kindness, humbleness, meekness, long-suffering, forbearance of others; and above all, to put on charity, which is the bond of perfection. He is not to be overcome of evil, but he is to overcome evil with good. He is to put off unreasonable anger and wrath, and all malice, and blasphemy, and evil communications. In fine, he is called to approve himself as the soldier of God, and to be armed with righteousness on the right hand and on the left. Thus is he to fight the *good fight*, to encounter the world and the *foes of his own bosom*; and during the whole of his warfare, he is animated by the most glorious of objects, the example of the Son of God, the author and reward of his faith: and, encouraged by this gracious declaration,—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!” The oath of chivalry was a kind of charge to this battle; was a reminder, a stimulator

4.

The brave man teacheth his son, at one instant, to promise himself the best, and to despise the worst.

Remark.

When a soldier gives himself to his country, he does it without reservation. He holds no secret clause in his heart, of retracting, if he meet with neglect and ingratitude, instead of triumphs and trophies. If we trafficked our time and blood for titles or wealth, we should basely sell, what we now give. A soldier has nothing to do, either with pride or vanity : the

to man, when through negligence he might have sunk into vice, and by the indolence of unassisted nature have forgotten that he had power to rise again. No man ought to despise any aids as superfluous, which may lead him from sin, or give him warning of its approach. The oath of chivalry had an effect similar to the marriage vow : though neither increases love towards duty, yet the marks of the contract, like the fairy's enchanted ring, reminds us to fulfil it.

highest title that can adorn a man, is that of a hero; and that is his own: and the only use of riches, is to be above want; to befriend the wretched; and to appear of consequence in the eyes we love. All these are powers which belong to the soldier, with his name. The brave commands nothing, if he cannot conquer artificial desires: his arm and his influence protect the weak, and give comfort to the miserable: and, when a man is so apparelled in virtue, which is the only true greatness, he needs not plumes nor embroidery, to appear charming in the eyes of lovely woman.

5.

Courage ought to be guided by skill, and skill armed by courage. Neither should hardiness darken wit, nor wit cool hardiness. Be valiant as men despising death, but confident as unwonted to be overcome.

6.

The first mark of valour is defence.

7.

Whosoever in great things will think to

prevent all objections, must be still and do nothing.

Remark.

Great includes the idea of *danger*; and wherever there is danger, an over-cautious or dastardly nature will start objections. *Great* actions are not to be *consulted*, but *done*. The soul of enterprize is confidence; and an extraordinary confidence endues us with a natural force, ensouls us with courage, and impels us forwards to the highest pitch of mortal daring. So *wonderful a prepossession* is the surest pledge of heroic achievements. An omen so suspicious commands us to substitute action for counsel, and boldness for deliberation. The refined wisdom and unseasonable caution of Hannibal quenched his own glory, and laid Carthage in ashes. If, immediately after the battle of Cannæ, he had marched to Rome, that panic-struck city would inevitably have been destroyed, and Carthage made mistress of the world. But here his genius deserted him; and he, who had hitherto shewn

himself endued with the spirit and experience of a complete captain, who had surmounted real difficulties, and intrepidly confronted real dangers; now that victory had smoothed his way, and fortune bade him advance, paused in his mid-career; fancied perils which no longer existed, and armies which had no being but in his own imagination; doubted, when he should have been confident; deliberated, where he should have been enterprising; and, finally, rejecting "the glorious golden opportunity," by a fatal, wretched affectation of prudence, lamentably contrived his own future defeat and the fall of Carthage! Thus, by a similar sort of wisdom, Pompey's oversight at Dyrrachium (where, had he but been bold, and despised "objections," the great Julius must have been irremediably undone,) drew after it, the aggrandisement of Cæsar, and his own destruction.

8.

The greatest captains do never use long orations, when it comes to the point of execution.

A brave captain is as a root, out of which (as into branches,) the courage of his soldiers doth spring.

Remark.

One of the ancients used to say, that *an army of stags, led by a lion, was more formidable than an army of lions, led by a stag.* Without going so far, we may safely affirm that, in the crisis of a battle, confidence in a general goes a great way towards obtaining the victory. What were the Epirots without Pyrrhus? And the Carthaginians without Xantippus and Hannibal? What were the Thebans without Epaminondas; or the Macedonians without Philip and Alexander?

A just cause and a zealous defender, makes an imperious resolution cut off the tediousness of cautious discussions.

In combat, prepare your arms to fight, but

not your heart to malice ; since true valour needs no other whetstone than desire of honour.

12.

Courage, without discipline, is nearer beastliness than manhood.

13.

Victory, with advantage, is rather robbed than purchased.

14.

Courage used to use victories as an inheritance, can brook no resistance.

15.

Over-much confidence, is an over-forward scholar of unconquered courage.

16.

War ought never to be accepted, until it is offered by the hand of necessity.

17.

A true knight is fuller of gay bravery in the midst than in the beginning of danger.

18.

The soldier's thoughts can arm themselves better against any thing than shame.

The brave shew rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. He hath set the keeping or leaving of the body as a thing without himself; and so hath thereof, a free and untroubled consideration.

Remark.

To see a brave spirit contending with great calamities, and breasting them with an unconquered resolution, is to see him in a car of triumph. It is to behold the man, divested of the garments which adorn, or the veil that conceals him; it is to see him as he is: and to admire, venerate, and emulate a victory, which kings often essay in vain; a victory which awes oppression, commands respect, and wins the very soul of sensibility,—who, like Desdemona,

“——Sits such things to hear;

“And loves him, for the dangers he has past.”

With some natures such wooing “is witchcraft!”

20.

I do not see, but that true fortitude, looking into all human things with a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things, nor astonishment of unpleasant, doth not yet deprive itself of discerning the difference of evil: but *that* rather is the only virtue, which in an assured tranquillity, shuns the greater, by the valiant entering into the less. Thus, for his country's safety, he will spend his life: for the saving of a limb, he will not niggardly spare his goods: for the saving of all his body, he will not spare the cutting of a limb; where, indeed, the weak-hearted man will rather die than see the face of a surgeon; not having a heart actively to perform a matter of pain, he is forced, passively, to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to suffer falleth easiliest on broken minds. Since valour is a virtue, and human virtue is ever limited, we must not run so infinitely, as to think the valiant man is

willingly to suffer any thing that he can honourably avoid, since the very suffering of some things is a certain proof of want of courage.

21.

An honest courage will rather strive against than yield to injury.

Remark.

Forbearance, and dastardly endurance, are as different in principle and final effects, as manly courage and brutal ferocity. Forbearance disdains to play the whipper-in of insolence, chastising it at every fault: some offenders are too mean to move his indignation; and others are so great, that he hopes to teach them moderation, by his own example. Aristides wrote his name on the shell, which his fellow-citizen asked him to mark for his banishment; a poorer spirit would have refused, and answered him with reproaches. Dastardly endurance fawns on the hand that strikes it; and out of a base fear, without distinctly comprehending its cause, lies down to be trodden

on, as it may please the humour of its insult-er. Such wretches deserve bonds, stripes, and branding: they abjure the divine prerogative of man, who was made *a Lord in the creation; a free upright creature, formed in the image of God!* They bury themselves in the dust; and whether men call them kings, princes, or private citizens, they merit no higher fate than that of the worm, whose brethren their grovelling spirits declare them to be. The annals of the nineteenth century will shew many examples of such baseness.

22.

Men, disused to arms by a long peace, in cases of sudden peril, are generally more determined to do, than skilful how to do. They have lusty bodies, and braver armours; with such courage as rather grows of despising their enemies, whom they know not, than of any confidence for any thing which they themselves know.

23.

In times of public tumult, it is sometimes the best measure so to confront the insur-

gents, as to go beyond their expectation; with danger to avoid danger.

Remark.

It was by such presence of mind, such a risk of all to gain all, that the young Richard the Second quelled the insurrection under Wat Tyler. When the enraged multitude were preparing to avenge the death of that rebel, he suddenly rode forward alone, in the face of their arrows, and exclaimed, "What is this, my lieges? Would you kill your king? Give yourselves no concern about the loss of that traitor; *I am your captain; follow me!*" saying this, he gently turned his horse, and putting himself at their head, the rebels, amazed and confounded by such intrepidity, quietly obeyed, and followed him to Islington, where they were peaceably dismissed.

A GENERAL.

But that wherein the brave knight sharpened his wits to the piercingest point, was touching his men, (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and master-spring, as it were, which maketh all the rest to stir; and that, therefore, in the art of man stood the quintessence and ruling skill of governments, either peaceable or military;) he chose in number as many as would, without pestering, serve his purpose: all of able bodies, and some few of able minds to direct; not seeking many commanders, but contenting himself that the multitude should have obeying wits; every one knowing whom he should command, and whom he should obey; the place where, and the matter wherein; distributing each office as near as could be, to the disposition of the person that should exercise it: knowing no love, danger, nor discipline, can suddenly alter a habit in nature. Therefore would he not em-

ploy the still man to a shifting practice, nor the kind-hearted man to be a punisher, nor the liberal man to be a dispenser of victuals; but would exercise their virtues in sorts where they might be profitable; employing his chief care to know them all particularly and thoroughly; regarding also the constitution of their bodies; some being able better to abide watching; some, hunger; some, labour; making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing it beyond its power. Time, to every thing, by just proportion he allotted; and as well in that as in every thing else, no small error winked at, least greater should be animated. Even of vices he made his profit; making the coward to have care of the watch; which he knew his own fear would make him very wakefully perform. And even before the enemy's face came near to breed any terror, did he exercise his men daily in all their charges; as if danger had presently presented his most hideous presence: himself rather instructing by example than precept; being neither more sparing in travail, nor spending in diet, than the meanest soldier; his hand and

body disdaining no light matters, nor shrinking from the heavy.

Remark.

If *Alexander* received more bravery of mind by the pattern of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of courage, the modern commander cannot dress himself by a finer mirror, than that which reflects the image of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. Though the murder of Patkul blots the brightness of his moral character, yet, as a general who dared all dangers, who shared all hardships, who was the first in attack, and the last in retreat, none could exceed him. He was invincible in suffering: fasting, watching, fatigue, and wounds could not subdue him. His soul commanded as a king, while his body served, endured, and conquered as a soldier.

AMBITION.

1.

AMBITION thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.

2.

An ambitious man will go far out of the direct way, even into crooked paths, to win to a point of height which he desires.

3.

Ambition thinks it well, by humbleness, to creep, where, by pride, he cannot march.

4.

Ambition, like love, can abide no lingering; and ever urgeth on his own successes, hating nothing but what may stop them.

5.

In times of anarchy, ambition maketh use of the people, as ministers to its private views, and doth but use them to put on their own yokes.

6.

Timautus is a man of extreme ambition;

is one that has placed his uttermost good in greatness ; thinking small difference by what means he comes by it : of a commendable wit, if he made it not a servant to unbridled desires : cunning to creep into men's favours, which he prizes only as they are serviceable unto him. He has been brought up in some soldiery, which he knows how to set out with more than deserved ostentation. Servile (though envious) to his betters ; and no less tyrannically minded to them he has advantage of ; counted revengeful ; but indeed measuring both revenge and reward, as the party may either help or hurt him. Rather shameless than bold ; and yet more bold in practice than in personal adventures. In sum, a man that could be as evil as he lists ; and lists as much as any advancement may thereby be gotten : and as for virtue, he counteth it but a school-name ; disbelieving the existence of that beauty, whose image he hath so defaced in his own soul. O ! snaky ambition, which can wind thyself to so many figures, to slide whither thou desirest to come ! O, corrupted reason of mankind, that can yield to deform thyself with

so pernicious desires ! And O, hopeless be those minds, whom so unnatural desires do not, with their own ugliness, sufficiently terrify !

Remark.

There is nothing so base as ambition, except the creature who willingly submits to be its tool : and even there we may trace the workings of a spirit similar with that which actuates its employer. He that is ambitious of a crown, engages a traitor in his service, who is ambitious of the favour of the great ; and thus the vile principle of living to any thing but virtue, spreads from the prince to the peasant ; increasing in desires, conspiracies, and crimes, *ad infinitum* ;

“ ————like a circle in the water,

“ Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

“ Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.”

PRIDE AND VIOLENCE.

1.

VALOUR is abased by too much loftiness.

Remark.

Because the man who is proud of what he has done, shews that he has done more than he expected to do; and therefore he has arrived at the height of his genius, perhaps gone beyond it; for it often happens that fortune overshoots the aim of the archer; and he plumes himself on a success, which being without the compass of his wit, he vainly supposes can never be exceeded. On the reverse, men of the highest talent (when they speak frankly on the subject,) have ever declared, that in projection they imagine more than they can perform; the execution falls short of the design; and they almost always are dissatisfied with what is the burthen of praise to all around them.— The reason of this is evident: the design is

imprinted on the soul by the hand of God; and the execution, which brings it before the world, is the faint copy of man. Wherever there is most genius, most virtue, most desert, there is always most modesty. The perfect model which is in the hero's mind, throws his own attempts to equal it at such a distance, that he is surprised at nothing in his own actions, but their insufficiency to reach his standard, and the wondering admiration which they excite in other men.

2.

Like the air-invested heron, great persons should conduct themselves; and the higher they be, the less they should shew.

3.

The proud deem it not so great spite to be surmounted by strangers, as by their own allies.

Remark.

This observation is ratified by divine authority. "But Jesus said unto them, A pro-

phet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.”

4.

The fall is greater from the first rank to the second, than from the second to the undermost.

Remark:

Because there is no comparison between absolute command and any degree of obedience.

5.

Over-many good fortunes are apt to breed a proud recklessness in the possessor.

Remark.

Hence, he who has conquered by fortune rather than by prudence, has often presumption to blame for a subsequent defeat.

6.

How soon courage falls into the ditch,
which hath not the eye of wisdom.

7.

How many head-achs a passionate life
bringeth to! He whom passion rules, is bent
to meet his death.

8.

Contentions for trifles can get but a trifling
victory.

Remark.

The trophy must be as contemptible as the
cause of combat, and yet it may be bathed in
blood; for a contentious spirit "hath disqui-
eted many, and driven them from nation to
nation; strong cities hath it pulled down; and
overthrown the houses of great men. The
stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh,
but the stroke of the tongue breaketh the
bones; whosoever hearkeneth unto it shall
never find rest, and never dwell quietly." So
saith the son of Sirach.

9.

Kindness is an unused guest to an arrogant mind.

10.

The will of the violent man is his god, and his hand is his law.

Remark.

Many may obey such a man, but none can love him: he is like Cain, who, by strength of passion, drives himself from the society of man; a creature whom beasts behold and tremble, and whom all men seek to avoid.

11.

Great persons are wont to make the wrong they have done, to be a cause to do more wrong.

Remark:

The generality of men pass from anger to injury; but certainly there are a few who first injure and then become angry. This is an

odious impudence. Not having the ingenuousness to acknowledge their error, they determine to obliterate one injury by a greater; and thus confound and overwhelm what they have not the justice nor the courage to repair. He who has the self-denial to confess a fault, and the firmness to redress it, is more a moral hero than the self-devoted Regulus: universal fame is the sure attendant on the one, and almost general blame is the probable consequence of the other. There are few who know how to estimate the noble candour that prefers truth before public opinion.

12.

Cruelty in war buyeth conquest at the dearest price.

Remark.

For every drop of blood, whether of his own men or of his enemy, that a general sheds needlessly, he is answerable to his conscience and to man. Uncivilized and barbarous people deem all acquirement of territory, or any

other advantage, to be without honour, that is without a previous destruction of the rival party: but the true hero thinks that no laurels are so estimable as those which are grafted on the olive.

DUELLING.

SINCE bodily strength is but a servant to the mind, it were very barbarous and preposterous that force should be made judge over reason.

Remark.

Duelling is a custom derived from the ancient *trial of combat*; which rested on the same superstition that established and upheld the *trial by ordeal*. As neither of these institutions afforded any certain test of the innocence or guilt of the accused, the first is to be condemned, and the last abhorred by all

good men. But the trial by combat, unjust and absurd as it undoubtedly was, must be confessed to have been the perfection of equity and reason, when compared with the present system of duelling. The former was at least a test of personal valour, and was therefore conclusive in all cases of alleged cowardice.— But the latter is no proof even of courage.— There is great uncertainty in the pistol: many men, whom the dread of infamy and its inconveniences has enabled to stand the shots of their adversaries, without once attempting to retreat, would have shrunk from the stroke of a broad-sword, or the thrust of a single rapier. The dunghill-cock fights stoutly till he feels the spur. I maintain that the degree of hardihood displayed in duels of the present day, merits not the name of *courage*; that it is not the invincible courage of the ancient knight, which no despair of victory could depress, fatigue weaken, nor agony extinguish; that it is not the dauntless courage of the soldier, which animates its owner, fearlessly to rush amidst the bayonets and sabres of the enemy; nor yet the divine courage of the

martyr, which baffled every art of torture that malice could invent, or barbarity inflict, and enabled the heroic sufferer to smile at the terrific apparelling of death:—No, it is none of these! Our duellists have no fatigue to undergo, no pain to triumph over, to ensure general commendation; they have only to evince a total absence of all feeling and reflection. But were I to admit the present un-knightly mode of duelling to be conclusive in cases of impeached valour, still should I find it impossible to refrain from ridiculing the principle, by which a proof of courage is improved into a demonstration of honour and honesty. A man is taxed with improbity; and in vindication of his character he appeals to the pistol; he is accused of being a knave, and he repels the charge by shewing that he is not a coward. By this it should seem that courage and want of integrity are incompatible: but does experience warrant such an opinion? Are all highwaymen and house-breakers cowards? Or are the fearless pirates of Barbary honest men? Certainly not! If then, probity be not necessarily connected

with bravery; if observation assures us that nothing is more common than the union of intrepidity with depravity; how comes it that society does not indignantly reject the impostor who, branded with a violation of principle, seeks to colour his reputation, and silence his accuser, by a challenge to arms? Where courage is not in question, these equally impudent and fraudulent appeals should be regarded as signals of guilt, and cried down like bad money. A man should not be suffered to resent an imputation which he has not blushed to deserve.

Interested as society undoubtedly is in putting a period to the pernicious practice of duelling, it seems surprising that no measures should have yet been resorted to for its suppression; nor can this patient toleration of a most alarming evil be attributed to aught, but the prevalency of knavery in those circles, by the example and authority of which, this monstrous imposition can alone receive its death-blow. Knaves are peculiarly concerned in defending the cause of duelling: they find in it a powerful ally, an admirable weapon of

intimidation : it constitutes the shield which guards them from impeachment, protects their contraband commerce, and ensures them from being *called*, what every one knows them to be. I have known a man boast of the wounds he had received in different duels, who afterwards, in a case of alleged treason; (though his principles remained the same,) betrayed many of his kindred and friends, to obtain his own pardon. When inevitable death did stare him in the face, the duellist and the rebel sacrificed his honour, his cause, and the blood of hundreds, to *save his life!*

It has been said that the abolition of duelling would multiply affronts, and leave the weak at the mercy of the strong; but is it not on the contrary manifest, that if the danger which attends an insult were removed, a man of spirit would blush to offer one? Were every shadow of peril at an end, all bravery of words, all personal violence, would cease; for courage lodged in a breast, however turbulent and revengeful, would disdain a dangerless assault; and the cunning braggadocio, who affects the reputation of valour, would have wit enough to perceive that big looks

and weighty threats would pass no longer for bravery. But, convinced as I am of the salutary effects which would attend the discontinuance of the detestable practice of duelling, and assured of the facility with which it might be exploded, I am sensible that in the present state of manners no hope of its abolition can be reasonably entertained. Still, however, must every man's conscience tell him, that sanguinary meetings can at best prove no more than personal courage, or the reverse; that the result of a duel, be it what it may, cannot alter facts, or refute arguments; and that if a man embark in a duel, with any other view than that of vindicating his character, he is unworthy to be called a Christian. "An honest man," says the immortal Junius, "appeals to the understanding, or modestly confides in the internal evidence of his conscience: the impostor employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and propagates his character by the sword*."

* The Messiah of the gospel manifests the one; the Prophet of the Coran the other. In the first case,

Almost every man acknowledges the absurdity of requiring, as a means of satisfaction for an injury received, that the aggressor shall have an opportunity of taking his life also.— While reason condemns the practice of duels, fear of the infamy with which the world stigmatises the character of cowardice, constrains men to risk their safety in some unequal combat with a ruffian, (bearing the name of gentleman,) who dares to defend the insults, which prejudice makes it shame to contemn: or to challenge their best friend for some hasty word spoken in ebriety, which the same vindictive tribunal will not allow to be pardoned. Thus, to be reputed brave, brave men become actual cowards; for were they to speak sincerely, they would say, that it was dread of the world's contempt, which led them

Truth convinces, persuades, and confirms; in the last, Falsehood deludes, or threatens and compels.— Truth calmly spreads its beams like the sun; Imposture launches its bolts like the lightning, and destroys what it would seem to illumine.

to engage in a scene of useless blood; hazard-
ing their life to avoid the whisper of a tea-table,
or the laugh of a drunken revel. Are the fre-
quenters of such scenes fit judges of conduct?

It is certain, that none but the thoroughly
valiant can refuse a challenge, or with-
hold the sending of one, under particular circum-
stances. A coward may sneak from a duel;
but the brave confronts his adversary, and yet
keeps his sword in its scabbard. He that has
virtue may dare any thing: there is *a divinity*
that doth hedge it in, which no baseness can
undermine, nor violence uproot. An instance
of this manly forbearance may be given, which
happened on the Continent in the campaign
of 1794, at a convivial assembly of officers be-
longing to the combined army. Amongst the
rest were two intimate friends, (both officers
in our Foot-Guards,) who, in the course of
conversation, fell into an argument. It was
debated very calmly by one, but the other (who
was inflamed by wine,) urged it with great heat;
and at last, in a burst of contradiction, struck
his opponent. On receiving the blow, the
young officer instantly arose; and with a

dauntless composure addressing his impetuous friend: "I am well aware," said he, "that had you been yourself, you would have perished sooner than have been guilty of this outrage: and I am sensible that to a heart like your's, the feelings of to-morrow will be the heaviest of all earthly punishments;—I therefore forgive you. But," continued he, turning with manly firmness to the company, "I should like to see the man, who shall hereafter affirm or insinuate that I have borne a blow—I should like to see him!" The manner of this young hero awed his companions. And the admiration which such conduct commanded, followed him into the field, where he fought and died for his country.

A MAN OF FALSE HONOUR.

HE was of parts worthy of praise, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by injustice. For, by a strange composition of

mind, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himself, which by the farthest-set construction, might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man that, in his own actions, could worse distinguish between valour and violence. So proud, as he could not abstain from a Thraso-like boasting; and yet (so unlucky a lodging had valour gotten,) he would never boast more than he could accomplish; falsely accounting an inflexible anger a courageous constancy; and esteeming fear and astonishment righter causes of admiration than love and honour.



COWARDICE.

1.

WHO, for each fickle fear shrinks from virtue, shall embrace no worthy thing.

2.

Fear, standing at the gate of the ear, puts back all persuasions.

3.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself!

4.

Fearfulness, contrary to all other vices, maketh a man think the better of another, the worse of himself.

5.

Fear is the underminer of all determinations; and necessity, the victorious rebel of all laws.

6.

The present fear is ever, to a coward, the most terrible.

7.

There is nothing more desirous of novelties, than a man that fears his present fortune.

8.

Cruel is the haste of a prevailing coward.

9.

Hate, in a coward's heart, can set itself no other limits than death.

10.

Amongst those who want heart to prevent shame, there are some who want not wit to feel shame; but not so much repining at it, for the abhorring of shame, as for the commodities which to them that are shamed, ensue.

11.

As well the soldier dieth who standeth still, as he that gives the bravest onset.

12.

Fear is far more painful to cowardice, than death to true courage.

Remark.

If Cowardice were not so completely a coward, as to be unable to look steadily upon the effects of courage, he would find that there is no refuge so sure as dauntless valour. While the poltroon, by starts and flight, invites insult, outrage, and pursuit, the brave man, by facing the adversary, checks his force; and either rids himself of the enemy, or dies with the manly consciousness of having defended

his life to the last: the coward loses his like a fool, with his motionless arms spread to the air, and his cries deprecating the death which snaps so worthless an existence. Feebleness of spirit so thoroughly paralises a man, that it renders him incapable of the commonest duties of civil society. It induces him, not only to cringe under injuries offered to himself, but to hear his best friend calumniated, without uttering a word of vindication. It draws him after the strongest party, in every commotion of opinions or circumstances; and whether his conscience tell him that the path is right or wrong, his apprehensions hold him in it: for the coward is totally at the mercy of the prevailing power; and, like a weather-cock, is blown about at the caprice of every wind.—Notwithstanding this despicable picture, there are persons who speak tenderly of these *sons of the little soul*, and say, “That though they are not as brave as their neighbours, they are sometimes as good sort of people as those who will run their heads into a cannon’s mouth!” It cannot be denied that they are inoffensive enough, while gliding down the untroubled

current of life; but should their personal safety, or even their personal comfort, and too often their mere personal indulgences, be put in competition with the honour of their country, or the reputation of their friend, they would leave both to their fates, and sit in silent selfish security, while either was perishing. There can be no virtue in the coward: his soul is little better than a surface of sand, on which no principles can find a steady foundation. He is for ever in a panic; and like a man in the dark surrounded by banditti, is ready to stab friend as well as foe; his dagger is concealed in the night, and his fears whisper to him, that his own safety is of more moment than a thousand dear connections. As Hamlet says, *the devil is very potent with such spirits*: when they are in power, jealousy makes them tyrants; and when they are oppressed, what their patience will not bear they remove by treachery. If their poignard cannot reach the life, it wounds the character; and he who has not spirit to defend a friend, does not want cunning to defame a foe.

COURTESY.

1.

APPROVED valour is made precious by natural courtesy.

Remark.

Virtue, without the graces, is like a rich diamond unpolished; it hardly looks better than a common pebble; but when the hand of the master rubs off the roughness, and forms the sides into a thousand brilliant surfaces, it is then that we acknowledge its worth, admire its beauty, and long to wear it in our bosoms.

2.

The pleasantest hospitality waiteth not for curious costliness, when it can give cleanly sufficiency. More cometh of pride and greater friendliness to your own ostentation, than to the comfort of the guest.

3.

It is more cumber than courtesy, to strive with a man who is leave-taking.

4.

A mild countenance doth encourage the looker-on to hope for a gentle answer.

5.

It is no good manners to be squeamish of our cunning.

Remark.

Whatever be our learning, we ought to communicate it freely. Imparting knowledge, is only lighting other men's candle at our lamp; without depriving ourselves of any flame.— Some people are backward in dispensing the fruits of their minds, from a churlish disposition, that hates communion of any thing; and others refuse the exhibition of their accomplishments, from a poor affectation and love of entreaty; but they are not aware that a liberal manner adorns a favour with charms, for the want of which no excellence in itself can compensate. When reluctance to oblige

arises from diffidence of power, the blush that accompanies denial, pleads so sweetly for pardon, that we hardly regret the privation of amusement, in the admiration of a modesty which gives Shakespeare's proof of *excellence*; The putting *a strange face on its own perfection!*

6.

It is better with willingness to purchase thanks, than with a discontented doing, to have the pain and not the reward.

7.

A churlish courtesy rarely comes but either for gain or falsehood.

8.

There is great difference between rudeness and plainness.

Remark.

Harsh tempers are fond of cloaking ill-natured censures, under the names of plainness and sincerity. They put themselves in the place of a man's conscience, and, without

mercy, accuse him to his face, of every error which falls within their cognizance; but, should they see a virtue, there they drop the character; and for fear of creating vanity, (considerate creatures!) pass over the discovery in silence. Such troublers of mankind ought to be hunted out of society, as a brood of porcupines, who have a quill for every object, and who are never so happy as when they find that it draws blood.

9.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost.— He who endeavours to please, must appear pleased: and he who would not provoke rudeness, must not practice it.

Remark.

As the obeisance of ceremony gradually decreases by the approximation of degrees in rank, what is taken from homage may be

compensated for by suavity, the graceful politeness of the soul; and when love, that sweet leveller, equalises man with man in the bonds of friendship, each look, from either party, is honour, each smile, distinction.—To persons in subordinate stations, condescension must bow, and not stoop: the dignity of human nature resents the pride that affects humility, and the hypocrisy that would impose on its understanding. There is nothing so clear-sighted and sensible, as a *noble mind* in a *low estate*.

REVELLING.

GIVE yourself to be merry, but not boisterous. Let your mirth be ever void of scurrility and biting words, which many deem wit; for a wound, given by a word, is often harder to be cured, than that which is given by the sword. Use moderate diet; so that after

your meat you may find your intellects fresher, and not duller; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom indulge in wine; and yet sometimes do, (but always temperately,) lest, being forced to drink on some sudden occasion, you should become inflamed: all that comes of more than this, is bad.

Remark.

Drunkenness is one of the most degrading, and, at the same time, is the most mischievous, of the sensual vices. In point of deformity, it is on a par with gluttony, which seeks enjoyment in gorging a vile appetite, and doing its utmost to extinguish that ethereal part, which alone gives man pre-eminence over brutes.

Drunkenness can have no positive pleasure; at best, its feelings are all dormant; if active, they must produce pain. How can any one of the senses find gratification, when the eyesight is rendered indistinct, the hearing confused, the very motion feeble and undetermined.

ed, and every power of man paralised and lost in weakness and stupidity? The bliss of the drunkard is a visible picture of the expectation of the dying atheist, who hopes no more than to lie down in the grave with the "beasts that perish." It is not requisite to describe the actual pains of the poor besotted wretch, when his swoln carcase awakes to sensibility. When the cup of any sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs. Anacreon himself declares, that "*the flowers swim at the top of the bowl!*"

COMPASSION.

1.

MEN are loving creatures, when injuries put them not from their natural course.

2.

Nature gives not to us her degenerate children, any more general precept than,—That

one help the other; that one feel a true compassion of the other's needs or mishaps.

Remark.

The selfish and sordid pursuits of most modern young people, tend to alienate their minds, not only from general compassion, but from imparting any happiness to the domestic circle. That tender pity, which regarded our suffering fellow-creatures as brethren, and that more particular fraternal love, which delightfully bound families together, have gone out of fashion, with many other of our best affections. A fondness for such low gratifications as the tavern, the stable, the kennel, and profligate society, smothers those finer feelings of the heart, which derive their pleasures from the enjoyment of cultivated minds and tender confidence. Young men, now-a-days, seem ashamed of nothing so much as of a character for sensibility. I do not mean that morbid irritability of nerve, which trembles like a leaf, at every sigh that agitates the air: a youth ought to hold such weakness in as much dis-

dain, as a soldier would the comrade he should see running from his post. True feeling melts with compassion at the sight of misery; gives relief instead of tears; and instead of flying from objects which excite pity, pursues every track that may lead to the wretchedness it can alleviate. The proper manly character is that, which engrafts the domestic and social affections on the general humanity of nature. Man is never more noble than when honouring his parents, protecting his sisters, cherishing his offspring, and administering to the necessities of his fellow-creatures. There are talents of the heart, as well as of the mind; and woe to him who allows them to rust in inactivity!

3.

Doing good is not inclosed within any terms of people.

Remark.

National antipathy is the basest, because the most illiberal and illiterate of all prejudices.

4.

Compassion cannot stay in the virtuous, without seeking remedy.

5.

Favour and pity draweth all things to the highest point.

6.

It is a lively spark of nobleness, to descend in most favour, to one when he is lowest in affliction.

Remark.

Such pity the loftiest natures may accept, without any derogation of their dignity. It springs from that beneficence of heart, that commiseration for the lot of humanity, and that regard for the particular feelings of the individual, which form themselves at once into a tender and respectful interest for the object in distress: this pity endears the giver, while it seems to ennoble the receiver. In imitation of the divine Jesus, it loves to sit on the ground and bathe the feet of its companions, who have sunk down, overcome by

toil, weariness, and sorrow. How different is this description,—the ready hand, tearful eye, and soothing voice, from the ostentatious appearance which is called pity! A suppliant approaches, and is received with a haughty demeanour, a chilling promise of assistance, and a ceremonious bow at parting. (*O, the proud man's contumely!*) An acquaintance requires sympathy, (the name of *friendship* must not be prostituted between such characters;) and the fashionable comforter “pities him, from his soul—poor fellow, it is a sad thing; but the sight of misfortune makes one miserable. And when he finds his nerves stronger, he will look in upon him again.”—Cold, heartless wretches! Incapable of compassionating the afflictions of others; how desolate is your situation, when the hand of adversity marks you, in your turn, for calamity! How like the stricken deer, whom the rest of the herd flies, for fear that disaster should be infectious! Then, do you find the solitude of a kindless spirit: of a soul which cannot recollect the shedding of one honest tear of pity,

to apply as a balm to your own now bleeding and neglected wounds!

VANITY AND FLATTERY.

1.

ALAS! We are all in such a mould cast, that with the too much love we bear ourselves, being first our own flatterers, we are easily hooked with others' flattery; we are easily persuaded of others' love.

2.

Every present occasion will catch the senses of the vain man; and with that bridle and saddle you may ride him.

3.

The most servile flattery is lodged most easily in the grossest capacity.

Remark.

How *gross* then must be the *capacities* of most men ! for how few, how very few, are disgusted with its heaviest dose ! High, low ; rich, poor ; the grave, the gay ; the affable, the morose ; all confess its absolute, but pleasing, dominion. One or two very delicate tastes may think that like poison, it requires of all things the finest infusion, being of all things the most nauseous to swallow : but the mob, “ the great vulgar and the small,” who relish even that nasty weed, tobacco, for the sake of its intoxicating quality, greedily drink up flattery, from the same desire of forgetting their real selves. The flatterer easily insinuates himself into the closet, while honest merit stands shivering in the hall or anti-chamber.

4.

He that receives flattery, becomes a slave to that, which he who sued to be his servant, offered to give him.

5.

It is the conceit of young men to think then they speak wiseliest, when they cannot understand themselves.

Remark.

It were an invidious task, to collect examples of this remark, from the numerous metaphysical, sentimental, and marvellous novels, travels, and poems, with which the younger sons of Parnassus have lately obliged the world.

6.

Blasphemous words betrayeth the vain-foolishness of the speaker.

7.

Weak is the effect of fair discourses, not waited on by agreeable actions.

8.

Self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous, wherein ourselves be parties.

Remark.

To avoid this betrayer of our respectability and of ourselves, we must study to improve the lesson which Pythagoras took and taught, from the temple of Apollo at Delphos; that maxim which the wise Pontanus caused to be engraven on his tomb,—KNOW THYSELF.—The same injunction is enforced in different words by the sacred David: “Commune with thine own heart.” He, who takes his character from what dependants say of him, (for all who use flattery *depend* on its success for some advantage;) is as ignorant of his real self, as of the Emperor of China; whom he never saw; and by acting upon so false an estimate, is continually led into measures, which expose him to ridicule and contempt. There is as much difference between praise and flattery, as betwixt truth and error: the one is the sincere approval of virtue, and is only acceptable as it ratifies the previous approbation of our own hearts; it repeats but what they have already whispered. But flattery goes forth on

a voyage of discoveries, and brings home such surprising returns, that, intoxicated with her tales, we despise our old possessions, and resting our whole confidence on these new bottoms, sink all at once in a worse than South-Sea ruin. They who admit flattery, are seldom praised: the ingenuous mind, that would gladly pay such tribute to any merit they may display, retires from a place where its gold cannot be distinguished from base metal; and refrains from breathing sentiments which the sycophancy of others would render suspicious. The amiable Louis the Sixteenth (a sufferer, whom the heart would almost canonize!) observes upon this subject,—“ We must define flattery and praise: they are distinct. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny: Tiberius became obstinate in vice from the flattery of the senators.”

FIDELITY.

I.

It comes of a very evil ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulness.— O, no! he cannot be good that knows not why he is good; but stands so far good as his fortune may keep him unessayed: but coming once to that, his rude simplicity is either easily changed, or easily deceived; and so grows that to be the excuse of his fault, which seemed to have been the foundation of his faith.

Remark.

The firmness of any virtue (which alone confirms it to be a *virtue*; for boasting of a virtue, that has never been assailed, is an assumption without a proof;) depends more on the understanding than is generally supposed. The sanction of Dr. Johnson may well support the observation, and he says, “that it ought always to be steadily inculcated, that *virtue is*

the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts, which begin in mistake and end in ignominy."

2.

All honest hearts feel that trust goes beyond advancement,

3.

A man of true honour is well known to think himself greater in being subject to his word given, than in being lord of a principality.

Remark.

Such fidelity is the platform of all the virtues.

4.

Joyful is woe for a noble cause, and welcome all its miseries.

5.

A noble cause doth ease much a grievous case.

TRUTH.

1.

HE that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat, which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun.

2.

Surely all truth cannot be sufficiently proved by reason; considering that many things exceed reason and nature. But yet cannot any untruth prevail, by reason, (in rational minds,) against truth; nor any truth be vanquished by the judgment of reason. For untruth is contrary to nature; nature helpeth reason; reason is servant to truth; and one truth is not contrary to another, that is to say, to itself: for truth cannot but be truth, and reason, reason.

3.

Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

4.

I desire a man to bring his wit, rather than his will, to investigation: for fore-deemings and fore-settled opinions, do bring in bondage the reason of them that have the best wits; whereas, it belongeth not to the will to over-rule the wit, but to the wit to guide the will.

5.

If men applied their wit as advisedly to judge between truth and falsehood, godliness and worldliness, as every man in his trade doth to judge between profit and loss; they should forthwith, by principles bred within themselves, and by conclusions following upon the same, discern the true religion from the false; and the *way which God hath ordained* to welfare, from the deceitful ways and cross and crooked *inventions of men*.

Remark.

The idea that a religious life obstructs the temporal advancement of men, and deprives them of many pleasures, is the greatest ene-

my of piety which we find in the human breast. A narrow view of man's nature, destination and end, gives rise to this misconception. When Jesus told the young man who boasted of his virtue, to sell off his goods and give to the poor, and he should have treasure in heaven, "the young man was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions!" He understood not the riches of love; which never considers itself so wealthy, as when it has expended all, in obedience to the commands it honours—in the service of what it adores. The voice of truth speaking from a hundred lips, utters only one language. Observe how the learned Dr. Barrow expresses himself on a subject which ought to be the study of man; for it is the aim, the means, and the completion of his happiness.

"Of all things in the world, there is nothing more generally beneficial than light — By it we converse with the world, and have all things set before us; by it we truly and easily discern things in their right magnitude, shape and colour; by it we guide our steps

safely in prosecution of what is good, and shunning what is noxious; by it our spirits are comfortably warmed and cheered, our life, consequently our health, our vigour and activity, are preserved. The like benefits doth religion, which is the light of the soul, yield to it. He is extremely mistaken, and in all his projects will be lamentably disappointed, who looketh for true profit. (or for wisdom) without piety. How can he be rich, who is destitute of the most needful accommodations of life (the accommodations of a resigned spirit). How can he be happy, who constantly feedeth on the coarsest and most sordid fare—the dust of pelf, the dung of sensuality? who hath no faithful nor constant friends (the versatile beings of this earth cannot be called such), who is master of nothing but dirt, chaff, or smoke? Whereas real riches do consist, not in what one enjoyeth at present, but in a presumed ability to enjoy afterward what we may come to need or desire; or in well-grounded hopes that we shall never fall into want or distress. How can that man be rich, who hath not any confidence in God

(the giver of all good things) ! who hath not any interest in him, any reason to expect his blessing ? yea, who (by such base ingratitude) hath much ground to fear the displeasure of Him who disposeth of all the world. There is scarce in nature any thing so wild, so untractable, so unintelligible, as a man who hath no bridle of conscience to guide or check him. He is like a ship, without anchor to stay him, or rudder to steer him, or compass to direct him ; so that he is tossed with any wind, and driven with any wave, none knoweth whither—whether bodily temper doth sway him, or passion doth hurry him, or interest doth pull him, or example leadeth him, or company inveigleth and haleth him, or humour transporteth him ; whether any such variable and unaccountable causes determine him, or divers of them together distract him ; whence he so rambleth and hovereth, that he can seldom himself tell what in any case he should do, nor can another guess it ; so that you cannot at any time know where to find him, or how to deal with him : you cannot with reason ever rely upon him, so *unstable is*

he in all his ways. He is in effect a mere child, all-humour and giddiness; somewhat worse than a beast, which, following the instinct of its nature, is constant and regular, and thence tractable; or at least so untractable, that no man will be deceived in meddling with him. Nothing, therefore, can be more unmanly than such a person; nothing can be more irksome than to have to do with him. But a pious man, being steadily governed by conscience, and a regard to certain principles, doth both understand himself, and is intelligible to others: he presently descrieth what in any case he is to do, and can render an account of his acting: you may know him clearly, and assuredly tell what he will do, and may therefore fully confide in him.—What, therefore, law and government are to the public, to preserve the world in order, peace, and safety, that is piety (the result of a full knowledge of truth) to each man's private state. It freeth his own life from disorder and distraction; and it prompteth him so to behave to others as to gain their respect and affection. In short, the study and practice of

religion, is the employment most proper to us as reasonable men : for what more proper entertainments can our mind have, than to be purifying and beautifying itself ; to be keeping itself, and its subordinate faculties, in order ; to be attending upon the management of thoughts, of passions, of words, of actions depending on its governance ? All other employments soon become wearisome ; this, the farther we proceed in it, the more satisfactory it grows. There is perpetual matter of victory over bad inclinations pestering within, and strong temptations assailing us without ; which to combat hath much delight ; to master breedeth inexpressible content. The sense also of God's love ; the influence of his grace and comfort, communicated in the performances of devotion and of all duty ; the satisfaction of a good conscience ; the sure hope of salvation ; and the fore-tastes of future bliss ; do all season and sweeten the life of the true Christian."

PRUDENCE.

1.

PROVISION is the foundation of hospitality; and thrift, the fuel of magnificence.

Remark.

Carelessness and extravagance are the signs of an improvident and vulgar mind; of a creature that lives but for himself, and who thinks only of the day that is passing over his head; of a waster of his substance for the poor ends of mortifying others, and of gilding his own insignificance with the adventitious decorations of fortune. Wealth, is to be used as the instrument only, of action; not as the representative of civil honours and moral excellence.

2.

The servants, in a well-managed mansion, are not so many in number as cleanly in apparel, and serviceable in behaviour; testify-

ing, even in their countenance, that their master takes as well care to be served, as of them that do serve.

3.

Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.

4.

When presents are nobly brought, to avoid both unkindness and importunity, they ought to be liberally received.

5.

Discreet stays make speedy journeys : precipitation may prove the downfall of fortune.

Remark.

Prudence is the wise use of the power which we have of chusing; and of using the properest means to obtain the end, which we have elected as the best. This virtue guides men to the loftiest heights of human greatness; and descends with them to the minor duties of life. She spreads the frugal board, brings the simple raiment, and displaces the couch of down for an humbler pallet. Her disciple

smiles at mere personal privations; for, by parting with luxuries, he gains the double means of supporting his friends, when their resources fail them; and of succouring the distresses even of strangers, whom accident may cast in his way. Such a man abhors the boasted, and often-quoted sentiment of ostentatious benevolence; “Justice is a poor hobbling beldame; and I cannot get her to keep pace with generosity, for the life of me!”—Under this sanction, these *generous spirits*, more *delighting to give presents than to pay debts*, reduce their honest creditors to the same penury, from which they are so eager to rescue other objects. But the fact is, no man can claim thanks for paying what he owes: it is a sort of necessary act, independent of his will; if he do not, by unjustly withholding what is due, tacitly deny the obligation. On the reverse, donations are free of any antecedent obligatory action; and the consequent gratitude of the receiver promulgating the liberality of the bestower, gives him a celebrity which, to some minds, is sweeter than a good-conscience. But experience shews, that this

golden fruit is like the book in the Apocalypse; its grateful taste goes no further than the mouth; in digestion it is bitter; it corrodes the vitals, and empoisons the springs of life. The career of the imprudent is seldom bounded, until he is stopped by ruin. He dissipates to-day the provision for to-morrow: debts are accumulated; and every creditor is as a link to a chain, which in time will fetter the whole man. In vain he struggles to numb his feelings; to hood-wink memory; and to impose upon the world by false and specious glosses: his ostentatious largesses, whether in splendid treats or glittering acts of munificence, are drained, and where is his resource? Look at Timon of Athens, and he will answer you. Not with the lovers of pleasure, who have revelled at his board: they hate any fellowship with complaint, and turn from him at the first word. Will those whom his charity dried of their tears, smile upon him? Yea, and laugh at him too; for the hands of his lawful masters are upon him! His creditors shackle him with bonds of his own forging; and commit him to the custody

of that justice, whose rights he despised. No one sincerely thanks an extravagant man, for the use of his purse: the benefitted person knows, that pretended beneficence is the traffic of vanity; and temporary flattery supplies the place of gratitude. The prodigal speaks, moves, loves, hates, gives and receives, and all by vanity: vanity and himself are one: all is sacrificed to that brazen calf; and strange to tell, so absurd is the devotion, that the self-deified fool perishes at last, in the very fire which he vainly kindled to his honour! This is the fate of the spendthrift: and though it be *his punishment*, yet it is not necessary to believe that every man who falls into the same extremities, has incurred them by similar crimes. There are misfortunes which reverse the wisest plans, and render the most honourable intentions abortive: and there are wretches, who having a *little brief authority* over such men, enjoy nothing so much as oppressing characters which they cannot equal; and of making them suffer whom they cannot degrade. This happens in particular cases; but it does not, for that reason, invalidate the as-

sertion, that prudence is the surest foundation of that independence which is the best guard of integrity. The true manly character, belongs to him who rejects every luxury that would bribe from him any part of his proper self, *the free-agency of his mind!* that, he ought to hold subservient to no will but the will of God. The will of God, and the dictates of right reason, unite in the same truth. The Almighty stamped his own image on our souls at their creation; and though it is perverted and obscured by the rebellious propensities of our present natures, yet we still have a pattern of the All-good, a luminous guide to virtue! When we chuse to look up, the *pillar of light* is always before us, to lead us to the *promised land*; and if we do not manacle our senses, our understandings, and our liberties, by bartering this noble estate in reversion, for the poor trifles of a transitory life, we may live here not only peaceably, respectfully, and happily, but probably more magnificently than our *imprudent* competitors. Nothing has such effect in causing a man to be revered, as a general conviction, that he reverences

himself: he that places his temporal consequence on his merit, and not on his situation, fixes it on a ground which all the world cannot remove. Prudence is this man's steward; Independence, his herald; and Beneficence, led by Justice, his almoner.

EVIL.

1.

CONTINUANCE of evil, doth of itself increase evil.

Remark.

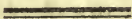
The animal economy is worn, by too severe a tension to support itself under repeated attacks of misfortune; and therefore, persons of weakened nerves often appear to be more affected with the continuance of a calamity, than by the violence of its first shock.

2.

There is nothing evil but what is within us; the rest is either natural or accidental.

Remark.

Our griefs, as well as our joys, owe their strongest colours to our imaginations. There is nothing so grievous to be borne, that pondering upon will not make heavier; and there is no pleasure so vivid, that the animation of fancy cannot enliven.



PAIN.

It is the nature of pain, (the present being intolerable,) to desire change, and put to adventure the ensuing.

Remark.

For the suffering of pain is like the endurance of other evils; the spirits are often exhausted, while the heart is firm: but tortured nature requires some relief; and change of measures, by dissipating irritability, gives a momentary respite to pangs, which, by tearing the frame, deprive its finer parts of their resisting power.

ADVERSITY AND GRIEF.

1.

O, WRETCHED mankind! In whom wit, which should be the governor of his welfare, becomes the traitor to his blessedness! Beasts, like children to nature, inherit her blessings quietly: we, like bastards, are laid abroad even

as foundlings, to be trained up by grief and sorrow.

Remark.

And that such scholars are best taught, we have only to turn our eyes on the lives of Alfred the Great, Gustavus Vasa, Demetrius of Muscovy, and many others, to be convinced that there is no mode of instruction to equal the discipline of adversity.

2.

The violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal; being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding. Would you comfort the afflicted, give way unto him for the first days of his woe; never troubling him with either asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholy; but rather fitting to his dolour, dolorous discourses of your own and other folk's misfortunes: which speeches, though they have not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half-asleep,

he will take hold of much of the matters spoken unto him ; so, as a man may say, ere sorrow is aware, you make his thoughts bear away something else besides griefs.

Remark.

Mr. Cowper, the author of the *Task*, (a poet who seems to have inherited the harp of David,) has beautifully versified this sentiment in a sweet little poem, called *the Rose*.

3.

Adverse fortunes are to prove whether the goodly tree of virtue lives in all soils.

4.

Can human chances be counted an overthrow to him who stands upon virtue?

5.

As in a picture, which receives greater life by the darkness of shadows, than by glittering colours, so the shape of loveliness is perceived more perfect in woe than in joyfulness.

Remark.

Perhaps this impression is made on the mind, more by the influence of pity, (which is an endearing sentiment,) than by any addition of positive beauty, which sorrow gives to an already charming object. The tender emotions of sympathy may easily be mistaken for those of her softer brother; they glide into each other;—"Pity melts the mind to love!"

6.

The widowed heart enjoys such a liberty as the banished man hath; who may, if he list, wander over the world; but is for ever restrained from his most delightful home!

Remark.

Cicero's grief for the death of his daughter Tullia, and Lord Lyttleton's lamentations over his deceased wife, most pathetically prove the truth of the observation, that "great minds

are most sensible of such losses ; and the sentiments of humanity and affection are usually most tender, where in every respect there is the greatest strength of reason." But, it is not necessary, that what is strong should be turbulent ; or, that what is lasting should be ever present to the eye. That grief is the most durable, which flows inward, and buries its streams with its fountain, in the depths of the heart.

7.

Burn not your house to make it clean ; but, like a wise father, who turns even the fault of his children to any good that may come of it, make the adversities of life the accomplisher of its virtues : for that is the fruit of wisdom, and the end of judgment.

Remark.

This is an argument against suicide ; and that precursor of self-violence, impatience under misfortune, which hurries the afflicted into desperate execution of rash resolves ; and

though it stops at death, often, by its precipitation, makes a permanent calamity of what might only have been a temporary disappointment.

8.

Woe makes the shortest time seem long.

9.

The spirits dried up with anguish, leave the performance of their ministry, where-upon our life dependeth.

10.

The heart, stuffed up with woefulness, is glad greedily to suck the thinnest air of comfort.

Remark.

To brood over sorrows, is to increase them. When, we have distresses on our minds, the more we are kept in motion the better: when these bodies of ours do not bestir themselves, our cares no longer fluctuate on the surface, but sink to the very bottom of the heart.— Company forces us from the contemplation of

our miseries: the abstractedness which they occasion, being inconsistent with politeness, we must either leave society, or fly from the remembrance of things, which distract the attention and absorb the spirits. This essay, often repeated, gradually wears away regret; and restores the soul to tranquillity and cheerfulness.

11.

Care stirring the brains, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest; but those griefs, wherein one is détermined there is no preventing, do breed a dull heaviness, which easily clothes itself in sleep.

12.

Past greatness increaseth the compassion to see a change.

13.

The noble nature is such, that though his grief be so great, as to live is a grief unto him; and that even his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the laws of hospitality give still such a sway to his proceeding, that he will no way

suffer the stranger lodged under his roof, to receive (as it were,) any infection of his anguish.

14.

As in labour, the more one doth exercise, the more one is enabled to do, strength growing upon work ; so, with the use of suffering, men's minds get the habit of suffering; and all fears and terrors are to them but as a summons to battle, whereof they know beforehand they shall come off victorious.

HOPE.

1.

Who builds not upon hope, shall fear no earthquake of despair.

Remark.

The reasonableness of a project ought to be its foundation ; and hope, the ladder only,

which conducts the architect to the heights of the building.

2.

There is no pain so great, as when eager hopes receive a stay.

3.

Let us labour to find before we lament the loss.

4.

While there is hope left, let not the weakness of sorrow make the strength of resolution languish.

Remark.

He who is easily put from hoping, wants one mark of courage: for the energy which courage gives to the pursuit of our wishes, makes that appear practicable to the brave, which seems impossible to the timid. The fearful attempt once, twice, are discomfitted, and despair: the courageous remove difficulties, surmount obstacles, contend with disappointments, and making the ruin of one essay

only the platform on which they plant a new hope, press on through life, with the same determined toil for conquest. Should they gain their end, (which is the natural consequence of an undiverted chase,) they are happy: but should accident (which the most consummate prudence cannot always controul,) at last wrest it from them, this comfort is left—the consciousness that they did not lose their aim by imbecility. The conduct of a British Officer, (who commanded the Nigthingale frigate of 30 guns, in the reign of Queen Anne,) strongly points out the mighty power of this valorous hope. The anecdote may not be uninteresting.

It was on the fifth of September, 1708, when, as the convoy of thirty-six sail of merchant-vessels from the Texel, this honest seaman was met, nearly at the mouth of the Thames, by Commodore Langeron; who was at the head of six galleys, on his way to burn Harwich. The Frenchman thought the ships a desirable prize; and, making all possible haste to ensure his good fortune, gave orders to have them invested by four of the galleys,

while his galley, with that of the Chevalier Mauvilliers, should attack and master the frigate which protected them. The English Captain having discovered the intentions of the enemy, directed the merchants to crowd sail for the Thames: and hoping to employ the galleys during this movement, he bore down upon them as if he intended to begin the battle. An officer, who was on board Langeron's vessel, thus describes the scene.

“ We were soon within cannon-shot; and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun. Our commodore smiled at this; for he mistook English resolution for cowardice: ‘ What! (cried he,) is the frigate weary of bearing the British flag? and does she come to strike without a blow?’ The triumph was premature—The vessels drew nearer, and were within musquet-shot.—The galley continued to pour in her broadside and small arms, while the frigate preserved the most dreadful stillness: she seemed resolved to reserve all her terrors for close engagement;—but in a moment, as if suddenly struck with

a panic, she tacked about and fled. Nothing was heard but boasting among our officers :— ‘ We could at one blast sink an English man of war ; and if the coward does not strike in two minutes, down he goes to the bottom !’ All this time the frigate was in silence preparing the tragedy that was to ensue. Her flight was only a feint, and done with a view to entice us to board her in the stern. Our commodore, in such an apparently favourable conjuncture, ordered the galley to board, and bade the helm’s-man bury her beak in the frigate. The seamen and marines, prepared with their cutlasses and battle-axes, to execute these commands ; but the frigate, who saw our design, so dexterously avoided our beak, as to wheel round and place herself directly along-side of us. Now it was that the English captain’s courage was manifested. As he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us fast to his vessel. All in the galley were now as much exposed as on a raft ; and the British artillery, charged with grape-shot, opened at once upon our heads. The masts were filled

with sailors, who threw hand-grenades among us, like hail: not a gun was fired that did not make dreadful havoc; and our crew, terrified at so unexpected a carnage, no longer thinking of attacking, were even unable to make a defence. The officers stood motionless and pale, incapable of executing orders, which they had hardly presence of mind enough to understand: and those men who were neither killed nor wounded, lay flat on the deck to escape the bullets. The enemy perceiving our fright, to add to our dismay, boarded us with a party of desperate fellows, who, sword in hand, hewed down all that opposed them. Our commodore, seeing the fate of the ship hang on an instant, ordered a general assault from our whole crew. This made them retreat to their vessel: but not to relax the infernal fire which they continued to pour amongst us. The other galleys, descrying our distress, quitted their intended prey, and hastening towards us, surrounded the frigate, and raked her deck from all quarters. Her men were no longer able to keep their station: this gave us courage, and we prepared to board

her. Twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were sent on this service. They met with no opposition at first; but hardly were they assembled on the deck, before they once again received an *English salute*. The officers of the frigate, who were intrenched within the forecastle, fired upon the boarders incessantly; and the rest of the crew doing similar execution through the gratings, at last cleared the ship. Langeron scorned to be foiled, and ordered another detachment to the attack; it made the attempt, but met with the same success. Provoked with such repeated failures, our commodore determined that our hatchets should lay open her decks, and make the crew prisoners of war. After much difficulty and bloodshed, these orders were executed, and the seamen obliged to surrender.—The officers, who were yet in the forecastle, stood it out for some time longer; but superiority of numbers compelled them also to lay down their arms. Thus were all the ship's company prisoners, except the captain. He had taken refuge in the cabin; where, from a small window in the door, he fired upon us

unremittingly, and declared, when called upon to surrender, that he would spill the last drop of his blood before he would see the inside of a French prison. The English officers (who had by this time been conducted on board our galley; and who afterwards acknowledged that their testimony was part of their orders;) described their captain, as ‘ a man quite *fool-hardy*; as one determined to *blow the frigate into the air*, rather than strike:’ and painted his resolution in such colours, as made even their conquerors tremble. The way to the powder-room led through the cabin; therefore, as he had the execution of his threat fully in his power, we expected every moment to see the ship blown up, our prize and our prisoner both escape our hands, and we, from being grappled to the vessel, suffer almost the same fate in the explosion. In this extremity, it was thought best to summon the captain in gentle terms; and to promise him the most respectful treatment, if he would surrender.— He only answered by firing as fast as possible. At length, the last remedy was to be tried;— To select a few resolute men, and to take him

dead or alive. For this purpose, a serjeant and twelve grenadiers were sent, with bayonets fixed, to break open the cabin door; and, if he would not give up his arms, to run him through the body. The captain was prepared for every species of assault; and before the serjeant, who was at the head of the detachment, could execute his commission, the besieged shot him dead; and threatening the grenadiers with the same fate if they persisted, he had the satisfaction to see them take to flight. Their terror was so complete, that they refused to renew the engagement, though led on by several of our officers: and the officers themselves recoiled at the entrance of the passage, and alleged as their excuse, that as they could advance but one at a time into the room, the English captain (whom they called the *Devil*,) would kill them all, one after the other. The commodore, ashamed of this pusillanimity, was forced again to have recourse to persuasion. A deputation was sent to the closed door; and the captain ceasing to fire, condescended to hear their message. He returned a short answer. 'I shall

now submit to my destiny : but as brave men should surrender only to the brave, bring your commander to me, for he alone amongst you has steadily stood his ground ; and to him only will I resign my sword.' The commodore was as surprised as delighted with the unexpected success of this embassy. Every thing being arranged, the door of the cabin was opened, and its dauntless defender appeared to us—in the person of a little, hump-backed, pale-faced man, altogether as deformed in body as he was perfect in mind. The Chevalier Langeron complimented him on his bravery ; and added, that ' his present captivity was but the fortune of war ; and that he should have no reason to regret being a prisoner.' ' I feel no regret, (replied the little captain,) my charge was the fleet of merchantmen ; and my duty called me to defend them, though at the expence of my vessel. I prolonged the engagement, until I saw from my cabin window, that they were all safe within the mouth of the Thames ; and to have held out longer would have been obstinacy, not courage. In what light my services may be

represented to my countrymen, I know not, neither do I care: I might, perhaps, have had more honour of them, by saving her Majesty's ship by flight; but this consolation remains, that though I have lost it, and my own liberty together, I have served England faithfully; and while I enrich the public, and rescue her wealth from the gripe of her enemies, I cannot consider myself unhappy. Your kind treatment of me may meet a return: my countrymen will pay my debt of gratitude; for the Power which now yields me to your hands, may one day put you into theirs.' The noble boldness with which he expressed himself, charmed the commodore: he returned his sword to him with these words: 'Take, Sir, a weapon which no man better deserves to wear! Forget that you are my prisoner; but ever remember that we are friends.'"

HOPE was the ensign under which this gallant commander fought; like the ESPERANCE on the banners of Hotspur, it guided him to victory and fame. He *proved* the efficacy of Sidney's favourite maxim,—that "while there is *hope* left, we ought not to let the fearful-

ness of any adverse circumstance weaken the strength of our resolution." The same reasonable and steady confidence in *hope*, may cheer and conduct us happily, in the pursuits of a private station, as well as in the more noticed career of martial exploits. A well-ordered mind is always consistent.

ANXIETY.

1.

How painful a thing it is, to a divided mind, to make a well-joined answer!

Remark.

And yet how rigorously does self-love demand, even fixed attention, from that class of our friends who, evidently torn by distractions, ought to awaken a kinder expectation! Where is the justice, the humanity, of this

exaction? What does it prove? But that we value the devotedness of friendship, rather as an oblation to vanity, than as a free interchange of hearts; an endearing contract of sympathy, mutual forbearance, and respect!

2.

Hope itself is a pain, while it is over-matched by fear.

3.

It is a hell of dolours, when the mind still in doubt, for want of resolution can make no resistance.

Remark:

The uncertainty of suspense is the cause of its ever-increasing pangs: Its fears being enlarged by imagination, augment dread over dread, until every calamity seems pending; and the terrified wretch, self-betrayed, meets misery in advance, by giving himself up to phantoms of his own raising. In all cases it shews a very ill-judging kindness, to leave any one in anxiety, when it is in our power to de-

side on the object of it, whether good or bad. If good, it is the cruellest of all robberies to withhold one moment of happiness which is the right of another : and if bad, suspense being at an end, the ranging spirits collect, and form that faculty of bearing a determined and visible evil, which uncertainty and indistinctness totally dissipate. Who is there that would not rather be led out to the axe, than live for days and weeks, with the expectation of death or torture ?



DESPONDENCE.

1.

LOVE is careful ; and misfortune is subject to doubtfulness.

2.

Nothing is achieved, before it be thoroughly attempted.

3.

Lying still doth never go forward.

4.

Who only sees the ill, is worse than blind.

5.

No man doth speak aright, who speaks in fear.

6.

Solitary complaints do no good to him whose help stands without himself.

7.

How weakly they do, that rather find fault with what cannot be amended, than seek to amend wherein they have been faulty!

Remark.

These thoughts on Despondency are not less admonitory to men who delight in obscuring the prospects of others, than to that despairing disposition, which inclines some persons to regard their own views through similar clouds. Such friends may verily be called *Job's comforters*: they are the mildews of life; the blights which wither the spring

of Hope, and encumber sorrow with weeds of deeper mourning. Instead of consoling the afflicted, they irritate his grief by dwelling on the circumstances of its cause: instead of encouraging the unfortunate to new enterprizes, they lead him to lamentable meditation on old disappointments; and to waste that time in regret, which might have been used to repair loss or earn acquisition. These lachrymal counsellors, with one foot in the *cave of despair*, and the other invading the peace of their friends, are the paralizers of action, the pests of society, and the subtlest homicides in the world; they poison with a tear; and convey a dagger to the heart, while they press you to their bosoms. Life is a warfare; and he who easily desponds, deserts a double duty; he betrays the noblest property of man, which is dauntless resolution; and he rejects the providence of that All-gracious Being, who guides and rules the universe.

PATIENCE.

WITHOUT mounting by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things; and the breaking of the ladder still casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy.

Remark.

But, in being patient, a man must not be supine: he should not stand when he ought to move: his progress forward must be persevering; and at length he will see the steep hills of his long journey, far behind him.

CONTENT.

1.

HAPPY are the people who want little, because they desire not much.

Remark.

As truth is but one, she must speak the same language wherever she resides ; neither time nor situation can alter her decrees : what was truth before the flood, is truth now ; and what she utters by the lips of a peasant, will be echoed, by absolute necessity, in the lectures of the sage. That happiness (which is the emanation of content,) springs in the mind, has been a maxim with all reflecting men. And what Sir Philip Sidney says upon the subject, is nearly repeated by the pious and amiable Louis XVI. " To be happy is to make our own fortune ; and that fortune consists in good dispositions, good principles, and good actions." As happiness depends upon the

gratification of our desires, to make their attainment probable, it is necessary that they should be reasonable ; and to make their enjoyment lasting, that they should be virtuous : The happiness of Titus arose from the indulgence of a beneficent temper ; Epaminondas reaped pleasure from the love of his country ; a passion for fame was the source of Cæsar's felicity ; and the satisfaction of grovelling appetites gave delight to Vitellius.

2.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

Remark.

Poverty, though a spoiler, cannot dismantle a brave man of his courage : that armour is his repellent through all sieges. And as Cupid put on the helmet of Mars in sport, so Valour, "when need is," seriously extends a shield over shuddering and defenceless Love. But poverty, without the guidance of courage, gives no other ground of security, than an ex-

emption from all those comforts which tempt men to covetousness and invasion: and though love must be a pleasant companion to one who has no other good in life, yet, methinks, the little god cannot long like the lodgings where hard fare, sordidness, and base timidity, are the inmates of his bed.

3.

The highest point outward things can bring unto, is the contentment of the mind; with which, no estate can be poor; without which, all estates will be miserable.

4.

Who frowns at other's feasts, had better bide away.

5.

A joyful mind receives every thing to a joyful consideration: a careful mind makes each thing taste like the bitter juice of care.

Remark.

A humour that lays great weight on small matters, and makes much trouble out of little, is the very alchymist of misery, who, by a

mischievous subtlety, transmutes gold into base metal; and transforms the fairest paradise into a barren wilderness. A cheerful temper spreads like the dawn, and all vapours disperse before it. Even the tear dries on the cheek, and the sigh sinks away half-breathed, when the eye of benignity beams upon the unhappy. Sweetness softens the obduracy of melancholy; and cheerfulness charms it into an innocent forgetfulness of care.

6.

Blame not the heavens! As their course never alters, so is there nothing done by the unreachable Ruler of them, but hath an everlasting reason for it.

Remark.

Let man study the providence of God, not only in the Holy Scriptures, (which are the expositors of the mystery of human life,) but in the history of the world at large, and if he bring an unprejudiced and learning mind to the search, he will see sufficient proofs of that

All-directing Power, which is the everlasting guardian of the universe. Whether it be his own lot to fall, or to rise, he will be equally assured, that he is in hands which cannot err. Whilst he maintains his duty towards his Creator; and confides implicitly in a faith, which must be true, or creation itself is one tremendous falsehood,—despair, nor repining, cannot reach him. He alone is the philosopher, the hero, who thus towers above all earthly calamity. He asks but for virtue: with that he is master of all: he is the truly great, the intensely happy. It is not in the power of any thing mortal to shake his magnanimity; he depends on the Eternal: and he it is, that could see the globe melt from beneath his feet, without changing colour.

DISCONTENT.

WE should deal ungratefully with nature, if we should be forgetful of her gifts, and diligent auditors of the chances we like not.

Remark.

In estimating our conduct, and our stations in life, we take our measure by two opposite standards: we compare our opinions and actions, with those of men who are evidently below us; and our fortune, with that of men who are as much above us: by this way of computing, we allow our vices to increase upon us, until we become scandalously wicked; and engender a discontent, which finally makes us miserable.

HAPPINESS.

EXTREME joy is not without a certain delightful pain : by extending the heart beyond its limits ; and by so forcibly a holding of all the senses to any object, it confounds their mutual working (but not without a charming kind of ravishment,) from the free use of their functions.

Remark.

Hence it comes, that we cannot make any use of the first moments, nay hours, of happiness. Joy has seized upon all the faculties of the soul, and we are prisoner to our eyes and ears. We grasp the hand of a long-absent and dear friend ; we gaze on him ; we hardly articulate ; we weep ; we smile ; we embrace him again and again ; and, confounded with delight, abandon ourselves to silence and meditation. Rare moment, and precious ! Sweet earnest of those perpetual transports, which

the soul is formed to enjoy in eternity, unalloyed with that amazement which darkens and alarms,—Thy joys suit not with the impaired constitution of man! like the brightness that shone out upon the face of Moses, they are too intolerable for mortal sense; it can only bear them through a veil.



OPINION AND EXPECTATION.

1.

IT many times falls out, that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.

Remark.

It is no uncommon thing to see people associating intimately with the illiterate, unreflecting and base part of mankind: they know them to be what they are; and yet, when in the turn of

events they shew their sordid natures to the bottom, their offended companions affect to be astonished, outraged, and ill-used ; when, if they took time for thought, they would remember, that when men keep company with thieves, they ought not to be surprised at finding their pockets picked.

2.

An over-shooting expectation is the most cruel adversary of honourable doing.

Remark.

And, *an over-shooting expectation* is the sure executioner of all the self-denying virtues.—When expectation of any kind outstrips the capability of action ; when it seizes the prize at the outmost goal, before the race has started, the indignant candidate recoils from the stretch which he is told he must attain ; and shrinks back, even from attempting a shorter circuit. Let expectation move by degrees, if it would not wither the hopes it wishes to see bloom. Man will not bear to be made a pro-

perty of, by any of his fellows: whether as a hero, a patriot, or a friend, he *gives*, but not when it is *demande*d; in the moment that any sacrifice is *exacted* from the affections, they rebel: they withhold what they were just going to bestow; and become, if not hostile, neutral and indifferent. Overweening expectation is as apparent in cases of private association, as in public contracts; and it generally arises from an unreasonable sensibility, very distinguishable from philanthropic feeling. Undirected by reflection, sensibility leads men to an extravagant expression, both of social and unsocial feelings; to an hyperbolic idea of their own merits; and to an exorbitant expectation of that devotion from others, which no man will consent to pay.—The possessor of such sensibility, regarding it as an ornament, often gives it indulgence, without seeking to alleviate the anguish of the object which put it in motion. By this habit, the attention of the sympathiser is insensibly directed wholly to himself; and instead of healing the wounds of the poor traveller, he passes over on the other side, that he may dry his

tears, and disengage himself from a painful spectacle. When once sensibility has taken this tendency, it changes its nature, into mere self-conceit; and instead of pouring itself out, with Christian benevolence, upon the wretched, sits like a pampered monk in his solitary cell, calling aloud for the alms of all mankind.

3.

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatsoever is done, or said, will be measured by a wrong rule: like them who have the jaundice, to whom every thing appeareth yellow.

Remark.

A tenacious adherence to "foretaken opinions," is noticed by foreigners, as the peculiar fault of Englishmen; and consequently they have the character of deeming every thing crooked that does not square with their own standard. How true this charge is, we may judge by examining the fact. Whatever be

the first impressions of the generality of our countrymen, whether with relation to politics, religion, or party cabals, they are seldom eradicated. A sort of pride, that disdains to turn its eyes to look for the possibility of a change in the view it has once decided to be good or bad, holds us too often as stubbornly in error, as at other times we may be stedfast in right. The old-fashioned spirit of Whig and Toryism is still alive, though like the Devil, whose name was Legion, it is now separated through various channels and forms. We have sectaries and preachers, many of whom wear such "jaundiced" spectacles, that every man who is not of their particular congregations, appears to them dressed in Mammon's own "yellow," and ready to enter the bottomless pit. All are "fools or knaves" who think not with these modern Corinthians, these "dividers of the church of Christ," these boasters of the names of "Apollon, or of Cephas!" They can perceive nothing which their different masters do not display; and the violence of their zeal extinguishes that light of reason, which shews on how many

points its rays may fall. The same belief of one's own infallibility in judgment, chains us to the feet of our favourite leaders, whether in general opinions, or in the senate; and when the interest or the obstinacy of party commands, he who to-day has dragged public robbery to justice, to-morrow, will assist it, (if it wear a partisan's shape,) to skulk away from deserved condemnation. When man once surrenders his mind to any other guide than truth; when he consents to see through other men's eyes, and to hear through other men's ears, neither his reasoning nor his virtue is worth a rush. Such men never speak on the right side of the question, but by good luck; hence their votes on either side, with men of strict probity, go for nothing, but as they swell the numbers.

To shake off this proneness of the mind to put itself under the yoke of some dogmatist at home, whether of the academy or of the forum; and to get rid of the prejudices which partial men, constantly associating together, impart to each other; the practice of travelling was resorted to: but still the evil remains.

The rooted disposition thrives in any soil: and we see, by the manners of most Englishmen when they are abroad, how they are wedded to this uncandid habit; how they move like men blind-folded, through the most interesting scenes. We need only instance one of their ways, and then judge how far it will effect the desired end of eradicating those nursery prejudices which disgrace the man. I mean the absurd custom which Englishmen strictly adhere to, of collecting themselves into clubs wherever they may chance to meet. Surely, such travellers, though they make the circuit of the world, will be as ignorant of its inhabitants, as the accidental passengers in a stage coach are of the owners and histories of the different mansions which skirt the road. At this rate, though men go from home, they get nothing by the removal, but the inconveniences of a journey, its consequent expenses, and the useless conviction of having traversed many miles, seen many cities, nations, and people, about whom they know as little, as astronomers do of the internal state of the moon.

To make travelling produce its designed effects on the mind; to unfetter us from prejudice and unreasonable partialities; to make us liberal in our opinions of foreign nations, and be, indeed, citizens of the world, universal philanthropists, and loyal sons to our own country, we must converse with mankind at large; study their states; esteem their virtues, and provide against their vices. By these means, while we compassionate errors which arise from bad governments, we avoid the effects on ourselves; and learn to venerate and guard the constitution that unites private security with public honour. From these views of the subject, it will readily be granted, that military and naval veterans, who have had frequent opportunities of seeing distant countries while they fought for their own, must, in general, be the most liberal characters. By their situations, they are forced to mix with strangers and enemies, as well as friends; and the result is, that they see men as they are.— All human passions, good and bad, being brought before their eyes; all people, more or less, exhibiting the same quantity of vicious

or virtuous propensities ; they regard the spectacle with candour, modesty, and self-examination ; and, when the white flag is hoisted, are ready to embrace their reconciled enemy, and to sit down with him to partake the holy sacrament of peace and amity.

4.

Among the best men are diversities of opinions ; which are no more, in true reason, to breed hatred, than one that loves black, should be angry with him that is clothed in white ; for thoughts are the very apparel of the mind.

5.

We see many men among us, who hold themselves contented with the knowing of untruth, without seeking after the truth ; and with mocking of superstitions, without seeking the pure and true religion.

Remark.

The reason of this lies with the malignity of these men. So far are they from the image of God ; so opposite are they from the dis-

position of Him, who raised a beautiful world out of a hideous chaos; who created man, and made him happy; who looked around on a universe moving in harmony, and said, "ALL IS GOOD!" So wide are these malignants from any similitude with their benign Maker, that they exult in *destruction!* To contradict human testimony, to disprove human reasoning, to deny divine revelation, to destroy the system of nature, and, if it were possible, to dethrone the Deity, is their study, their labour, and their Satanic enjoyment.

6.

A fool's opinion is no dishonour.

Remark.

Because there is no judgment annexed to it. A silly person seldom can give any sufficient reason for his dislike; and therefore we despise his misprision. But when sentiments of disapprobation are expressed by the worthy, we are startled as if by a stroke from heaven, and look about how we may amend our fault.

Gentle rebuke, when our conduct lapses towards error, is the kindest office good men can do for us: and next to that, is the honest applause by which they encourage the virtuous man to proceed cheerfully through his hard trials. The love of praise is a divine gift, and was implanted in the human breast, to support the toils of duty. It is the help-mate of man, the soft bosom on which he reclines, after the fatigues of a laborious day. There is nothing substantial in it; nothing that can actually shorten his work, or lighten his burthen; but like tender woman, (whose weakness prevents her sharing the toils of her husband,) its presence beguiles the hour of labour, sweetens the bitterness of life, and spreads the couch of affection beneath the wearied body. Direct a passion for praise towards worthy aims, and you give wings to virtue: but when that desire tends towards the vanities of life, its path is trifling, and its end contempt. It depends on education, (that *holder of the keys*, which the Almighty hath put into our hands,) to open the gates which lead to virtue or to vice, to happiness or misery.

7.

Who will ever give counsel, if the counsel be judged by the event? And if it be not found wise, shall therefore be thought wicked!

Remark.

Who will lead armies to the field, if the head of the general is to answer for defeat? Or who will yield private comforts to public duty, if opinion estimate the virtue of the actor by the effects he produces, and not by the motives of his actions? There are few persons who have the courage, either in friendship or philanthropy, to dedicate, first, their minds to the objects of their zeal; then, their feelings; and lastly, their reputations. And all for what? For the purchase of ingratitude! So capriciously do men weigh the deeds of their benefactors, that it is incumbent on every man who really wishes well to his fellow-creatures, to labour for their prosperity, without ever casting a thought towards their thanks. If he do not hold himself independent of their breath, he submits to a current which is as

variable as the winds: when he is successful, it blows him along with fair and balmy gales; but when fortune frowns, it gathers in tempests around his head, and wrecks him on the first rock against which it has the force to drive him. The highest virtue is to persevere in good, when that good is evil-spoken of: for, we can no where look on the page of the world, as it passes under our own eye; or on the annals of its past history; without seeing, that he who builds on popular opinion, (which almost always judges by the result,) rests on a foundation that is for ever shifting; a sand-bank, that now leans on the southern, and now on the northern shore. The murder of Cæsar by Brutus, (the man whom he had cherished and called his *son*!) was extolled by his cotemporaries; and is recorded with admiration, unto this day: while a purer spirit of patriotism, in Timoleon, was condemned by his countrymen; and is now, except by scholars, almost forgotten. The conquest which this great man attempted over natural affection; and the caprice of the people for whom he accomplished it; are instances of

human virtæ and human vice, worthy of a moment's recollection and attention.

Timophanes, the brother of Timoleon, possessed dazzling talents; and an ambition that aspired to the supreme authority. A desperate courage, attended by good fortune, procured him the confidence of the Corinthians; who, in return for the victories which he gained at the head of their armies, gave him the command of the troops which guarded the city.—Timophanes corrupted these men by the spoil which he promised them; bribed the populace, with largesses; and having, by licentious principles, seduced a number of the young nobility to support his measures, immediately seized the throne. In the same hour the most respectable citizens were dragged to the scaffold; their estates confiscated; and their houses sacked by the mob. Till now, Timoleon patiently, though carefully, had watched over the safety of the state; but indignant, not merely at the usurpation of Timophanes, but at the cruel means which he used to maintain his power, he forced himself into his presence; and having obtained a private audience,

described, with the eloquence of virtue, the horrible nature of the crimes which he had committed; the destructive consequences, both to Corinth and to himself, of those which were to follow; and concluded, with conjuring him by all that he held sacred in earth and in heaven, to abdicate his illegal power; and by such resignation, make some atonement to the gods for the excesses of his mad ambition! Timophanes derided his counsel. Timoleon was not to be foiled by one repulse: he assailed him again and again, with repeated visits, and a variety of arguments; but all in vain. Timophanes remained in the throne; the streets of Corinth ran with blood; and the insatiate populace fattened in the slaughter. Timoleon's last effort was to be tried. He repaired to the tyrant's apartments with two friends, to whom he had given his instructions. His patriotic arguments were repeated: the rage of Timophanes would hardly allow him to proceed: Timoleon beseeched him by every thing that was honourable in man, and tender as a brother, to hear him to the end. He was interrupted by a threatened blow from Timo-

phanes, and a menace of instant death if he did not cease. "Then (exclaimed Timoleon, looking at him with mingled horror and pity,) thou art determined to die sovereign of Corinth?" "I am: (replied the tyrant,) and let him perish, who disputes my authority!" Timoleon covered his head with his robe—but before he could turn away, his two friends had plunged their daggers in the heart of Timophanes. The assassination was soon known: some few, (the old patriots who yet remained,) admired the heroic zeal of Timoleon, who had sacrificed fraternal love to the safety of his country; but as the major part of the citizens preferred licence before liberty, plunder before labour, and luxury before virtue, they loudly accused Timoleon of the most unnatural treason, and demanded that he should be brought to trial. He cared not for his life, and submitted: but the little justice that still existed, acquitted him of deserving punishment; while the rancorous multitude (deprived of their privilege to pillage,) pursued him from the city, loading him with curses and insults. Heart-struck with so general a detesta-

tion, his reason was almost dislodged; and doubting his own innocence, he wandered about in solitary places, abandoned to grief; and bitterly lamenting the error of his virtue, or the unexampled stupidity and ingratitude of the Corinthians.

When excessive humility attends the performer of extraordinary and magnanimous actions, that amiable quality degenerating into weakness, puts it into the power of cabal, noise, and accusation, to make the man who has sacrificed his own affections to particular demands of virtue, suspect his judgment, start from himself as from a spectre, and hopelessly regret conduct which ought to cover him with glory. Those moralists who say that the path of virtue is smooth; and seek to allure the young to enter it, by a description of its pleasures only; betray their cause, by preferring its claims with deceit. Though the consciousness of *acting right*, like a guardian angel, accompanies us through every peril, yet the road is rough and rocky; there are gulphs to swim; mountains to climb; and precipices, from which, at the command of

Integrity, we must fling ourselves headlong. Such is the journey: but when we gain the summit, it is then that the triumphant spirit looks down on the dangers it has passed; and mingling with the laurelled sons of immortality, enjoys an Elysium, whose pleasures are as pure as they are sublime, and as rapturous as they are eternal.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

FRIENDSHIP is so rare, as it is doubted, whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word.

Remark.

It is rare, because its essentials are invaluable and hard to be found: and as its worth is so great, we have counterfeits which cheat us under a false stamp; and when we think that

we have exchanged our heart for real friendship, we find nothing but mens' delusions and our own bankruptcy. "In what light (asked a Grecian philosopher of his friend,) do you view friendship?" "As the most delightful and the most dangerous of the gifts of heaven: (answered he,) its enjoyments are extatic; its disappointments, agony."

2.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father of virtue: for many strongly knit minds are rather good friends than good men; so, as though they do not like the evil their friend does, yet they like him who does the evil; and though no counsellors of the offence, they yet protect the offender.

Remark.

This bias in friendship is pregnant with evil; for, when once the eye that we most fear, is so prejudiced in our favour, as not to perceive distinctly the colour of our actions, we are apt to take advantage of such blindness

and to suffer the brightness of our character to fade, since the change can be no longer discerned by the person whose approbation stands highest in our esteem. But the friendship which is thus influenced, wants one indispensable qualification for discharging the duties of that inviolable intimacy; a detestation of every thing that is degrading! True, legitimate friendship, that is perfect in all its parts, is the most quick-sighted of all the affections. Her eye is a microscope, that discovers every defect; but the discovery does not excite any unkind, or upbraiding emotions; nor does she wish to conceal from the object of her observations, the knowledge of errors, that may be amended: she regards the imperfections before her, with the same tenderness and delicacy that she would dispense to her own; and being only anxious for the well-doing and happiness of her friend, she shews him his default, that it may be rectified, before malignancy descends, and proclaims it to the world.

3.

Take heed how you place your good-will upon any other ground than proof of virtue. Neither length of acquaintance, mutual secretcies, nor height of benefits, can bind a vicious heart : no man being good to others, that is not good in himself.

Remark.

On what grounds can we expect integrity, either in private or political transactions, from the person who errs in the first of human duties, care of himself, of his character, of his conscience, of his all that is *the man* ? What is a frame of flesh and blood ? What are stations and titles ? What, fine declamation and profession ? But chaff, dust,—mere wind and words. Man is built up of honour ; and when that fails him, he has no more claim on the august name, than the painted mummy could pretend to, which defrauds the earth of its borrowed clay.

4.

There is no sweeter taste of friendship, than the coupling of souls in mutuality, either of condoling or comforting; where the oppressed mind finds itself not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one who is feelingly sorry for its misery. And the joyful, spends not his joy either alone, or there where it may be envied; but may freely send it to such a well-grounded object, whence he shall be sure to receive a sweet reflection of the same joy; and as in a clear mirror of sincere good-will, see a lively picture of his own gladness.

Remark.

How beautifully has Dr. Young expressed this thought!

Celestial Happiness! Whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend,
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine!

5.

Between friends all must be laid open; nothing being superfluous nor tedious.

Remark.

It is in vain to talk of friendship, that friendship which alone deserves the name, if the whole heart be not unveiled. That indiscriminating confidence, which lavishes itself upon every smiling promiser, is as worthless as it is undistinguishing: but to withhold even your dearest secrets from the friend to whom you have sworn eternal faith, and who has given you his heart in pledge of his honour, is to rob him of his right; to defraud him of his best privilege,—to mingle grief with grief, and joy with joy, in the mutual interchange of friendship.

6.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven benefits.

Remark.

Those friendships are generally the most tender and firm, which were formed in early youth. The first kindnesses we receive we seldom forget: they are remembered with endearing comments of the soul; and on every revisal, they grow in estimation, and take deeper root in the heart.

7.

Prefer your friend's profit before your own desire.

Remark.

And what is more, and a harder duty, *prefer his profit before his own desire*. Rather lose your friend's love, than allow him in the gratification of any wish, which you can prevent, and which you know would give him present enjoyment, at the expense of future

pain. These duties are the thorns of friendship.

8.

There is nothing so great, that I fear to do for my friend; nor nothing so small, that I will disdain to do for him.

Remark.

In fact, as we may exercise all our powers, for the sake of a friend, without any charge of selfishness or sordidness; all our actions, however dangerous or laborious, which have his service for their object, are rendered by that sentiment, delightful and ennobling. Where no lurking self-interest whispers to the heart, "Thou art ambitious, or vain-glorious, or toiling to make a captive! This is for *thyself alone!*" to meet peril at every turning; to repel envy, hatred, and malice; to struggle with foes in every direction; and "all for *thy friend!*" when the conscience declares this, such a warfare is more glorious than that of Cæsar against the Gauls: for there are no bar-

barians harder to conquer and to civilize, than the adversaries of virtue, and the oppressors of misfortune. Happy is that favoured mortal who is thus privileged to serve and to sustain a suffering friend! To have contemplated the noble character of the gallant Sidney, to have rejoiced in his fame, to have followed him in banishment, to have shared in his studies, to have accompanied him in his deeds of benevolence, to have fought by him in the field, to have received him in your arms when he fell, to have watched his couch day and night while he lay in anguish, to have taken into your very heart his last sigh—his last look of gratitude to man! And to have had written on your monument,—“Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney!” These are the toils, these are the delights of friendship; and such a grave would be a place of more honour than the proudest throne in Christendom.

9.

The man that is faithful, thinks it more liberty to be his friend's prisoner, than to be any other's general.

Remark.

That tenacity of friendship which, to common observation, appears to be only spaniel-like endurance, is an admirable proof of the noblest nature : it bears with the mischances of fortune, the variableness of humour, the perversity of human infirmity, rather than hastily divorce itself from him, to whom it has, on mature knowledge, given entire confidence.— Mutability proves two bad things; a weak intellect, and an insensible heart. It builds on crazy foundations; and the superstructure falls, with the shaking of the first stone. *That which is to be loved long, is to be loved with reason rather than passion* : for reason is wary in choice; restrained in expectation; and by temperance in enjoyments, ensures their duration and its own constancy.

10.

While we have power to do a service to one we love, we are not wholly miserable.

Remark.

And while those "we love" find happiness in us, as well as accept "services" at our hands, we must "not be wholly miserable." Is there not a positive happiness in the consciousness of producing happiness? There is something divine in the prerogative, that elevates the soul, and gives it an earnest of beatitude. Absolute misery cannot abide with virtue in affliction; and when friendship is our solace, grief itself is the root of joy.

11.

What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend, is not mine!

12.

Death is a less evil than betraying a trusting friend.

Remark.

The blow which was aimed at the heart of Pythias on the scaffold, would have occasioned him less pain than the thought, that he had

been abandoned to his fate by the desertion of Damon. We fear not corporeal death, but the extinction of that mental life which breathes upon us from the breast of a beloved friend. The perfidy of a friend tortures the soul; his death merely bereaves it of happiness: but

“ Most wretched he who latest feels the blow !
 “ Whose eyes have wept o’er every friend laid low ;
 “ Dragg’d lingering on, from partial death to death,
 “ Till dying—all he can resign is breath !”

13.

To a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious, and reprehension is loathsome; but there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend.

14.

Be friendly without factiousness.

Remark.

“ Would you comprehend all hell in one word (says Lord Orrery,) call it party, or a

spirit of faction." A graver author shall continue the comment on this necessary maxim. "It behoves us not to engage ourselves so deeply in any singular friendship; or in devotion to any one party of men, as to be entirely partial to their interests, and prejudiced in their behalf, without distinct consideration of the truth and equity of their pretences in the matters of difference: and above all things, not for the sake of a fortuitous agreement in disposition, opinion, interest or relation, to violate the duties of justice and humanity; to approve, favour, or applaud, that which is bad in some; to dislike, discountenance, or disparage, that which is good in others. For he that upon such terms is a friend to any one man, or party of men, as to be resolved (with an implicit faith, or blind obedience,) to maintain, whatever he or they shall affirm to be true; and whatever they shall do, to be good; doth, in a manner, undertake enmity against all men beside; and as it may happen, doth oblige himself to contradict plain truth, to deviate from the rules of virtue, and offend Almighty God himself. This unlimited parti-

ality we owe only to truth and goodness, and to God, the fountain of them. He that followed Tiberius Gracchus in his seditions, upon the score of friendship, and alleged in his excuse, that ‘if his friend had required it of him, he should as readily have put fire to the Capitol!’ was much more abominable for his disloyalty to his country, and horrible impiety against God, than commendable for his constant fidelity to his friend. And that soldier who is said to have told Cæsar (in his first expedition against Rome,) that in obedience to his commands he would not refuse to sheath his sword in the breast of his brother, or in the throat of his aged father, or in the heart of his mother, was, for his unnatural barbarity, rather to be abhorred, than to be esteemed for his loyal affection to his general. And in like manner, he that to please the humour of his friend, can be either injurious, or treacherous, or notably discourteous, to any man else, is very blameable, and renders himself odious to all others. Lælius, who incomparably well both understood and practised the rules of friendship, is, by Cicero, reported to have made

this the first and chief law thereof. *That we neither require of our friends the performance of base and wicked things; nor being requested of them, perform such ourselves.*" No virtue can be sustained at the expense of another virtue; and what we believe to be a virtue, even while it tempts us to do evil in its service, is nothing better than a desperate passion cloked under a privileged appearance: it is not affection, but dotage; it is not zeal, but fanaticism: not virtue, but vice!

15.

Friendship doth never bar the mind of its partner, from free satisfaction *in all good.*

16.

Where the desire is such as may be obtained, and the party well-deserving, it must be a great excuse, that may well colour a denial. But when the motion carries with it a direct impracticability, then must the only answer be comfort without help, and sorrow to both parties; to the one, not obtaining; to the other, not being able to grant.

17.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces might have cause to envy the gilding.

18.

The hard estate of a friend does more vex the brave heart, than its own mishap; for, so indeed it is ever found, where valour and friendship are perfectly coupled in one heart. The reason being, that the resolute man, having once digested in his own judgment the worst extremity of his own case, and having either quite expelled, or at least repelled, all passion which ordinarily follows an overthrown fortune; not knowing his friend's mind so well as his own, nor with what patience he brooks his case, (which is, as it were, the material cause of making a man happy or unhappy;) doubts whether his friend accounts not himself more miserable; and so indeed be more lamentable.

A PARTING ADDRESS OF FRIENDSHIP.

If I bare thee love, for mine own sake ; and that our friendship grew because I, for my part, might rejoice to enjoy such a friend ; I should now so thoroughly feel mine own loss, that I should call the heavens and earth to witness, how cruelly you rob me of my greatest comfort, (robbing me of yourself,) measuring the breach of friendship by mine own passion ! But because indeed I love thee for thyself ; and in my judgment judge of thy worthiness to be loved, I am content to build my pleasure upon thy comfort ; and then will I deem my hap in friendship great, when I shall see thee, whom I love, happy : let me be only sure that thou lovest me still ; the only price of true affection ! Go therefore on, with the guide of virtue and service of fortune.— Let thy love be loved ; thy desires, prosperous ; thy escape, safe ; and thy journey, easy. Let every thing yield its help to thy desert !

For my part, absence shall not take thee from mine eyes ; nor afflictions bar me from gladdening in thy good ; nor a possessed heart keep thee from the place it hath for ever allotted thee. My only friend ! I joy in thy presence, but I joy more in thy good. The friendship brings forth the fruits of enmity, which prefers its own tenderness before its friend's advantage. Farewel !

Remark.

Friendship is so rare, as it is doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word ! There have been, and are, so many pretenders to the title of friendship, that no man who has numbered the years which Sir Philip Sidney did, will be surprised at seeing the above sentence at the head of his thoughts on that noblest of affections. Amongst so numerous fellowships which assume the name, it is well to consider the essentials of the sentiment, before we grant privileges to what may be false pretensions. Young men meet with other young men, who are fond of the same amuse-

ments, who possess similar convivial qualities, and who, in consequence, are eager to frequent the like society: they soon come to an understanding; congeniality of tastes and wishes bind their newly-plighted hands; they live almost together; they share each other's pleasures; they correspond; they are sworn friends. But let calamity fall on either! The other flies from the contagion of misery: they have no longer any sympathies; and he leaves his former partner, to go in quest of some new companion, equally gay, who has yet his race to run. Then, there are contracts of interest, which are dissolved the moment that the misfortunes of the one encroaches on the avidity of the other. Besides these, (who all prostitute the name of friendship,) we have a host of friends, who will assist us with admonitions, advice, and promises, enough; but should we presume to draw upon their personable trouble, or their purse, we lose them entirely. There are many who will call themselves your friends, if you have any properties about you which may administer to their pleasure, or their vanity. Some people have no

consequence but what they catch by reflection. Fine accomplishments, wit, beauty and celebrity, will attract a crowd of such summer-friends: they will flutter in your path, glitter in your beams, and flash your own brightness in your eyes, until you could almost believe them to be insensible of any joy out of your presence. But when the scene changes; when adversity clouds your vivacity and obscures your fame; when you are in sorrow, sickness, and distress; who will enter the house of mourning? Not one of all this tribe. It is then, O friendship! *thy kingdom comes!* The *friend* appears: not with reproaches in the form of counsel: not to tell you, how you might have avoided misfortune; and to insult you with unavailing regrets: but he opens his arms, his heart;—his soul is your's! And the closer you cling to him, the more confidently you lean upon him,—the lighter is his own grief, the greater is the sweet tribute to his affection. Such a friend is the character which Sir Philip Sidney describes in the foregoing page; and such a one, the wisest of men eu-

logizes in these few simple words, "The price of a true friend is above rubies." The blessing can hardly be doubled to man: he is not to expect in the course of the longest life, more than *one* such gift; for it is as rare as it is estimable; it is a donation direct from heaven; a comforter in affliction; a brightener of joy; a cheering partner in the labour of virtue; a sweet companion to enter with into the gates of paradise. A sermon might be written from every text in this section. They are so pregnant with excellent instructions, purity of sentiment, and sublimity of love, that I curtail my own remarks, to exhort the young reader, to read them again and again; to *write them on the frontlets of his eyes*; and engrave them on his heart. Such was the friendship of which we have some few and beautiful examples. The Scriptures hold out to us the affection of David and Jonathan, which *passed the love of women*: Grecian history presents Harmodius and Arislogiten: in modern annals, we have that of the gallant Sidney himself with the brave Fulke Lord Brooke; and if we would see the figure of friend-

ship in its full beauty, as it lived in their hearts, let us turn to its picture, which he has so divinely delineated in the story of Pyrocles and Musidorus ! It may well be called the mirror of nobleness, the glass of friendship, and the mould of love.

SUSPICION.

I.

SEE whether a cage can please a bird ; or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying ! What doth jealousy, but stir up the mind to think what it is, from which it is restrained ? For they are treasures, or things of great delight, which men use to hide for the aptness they have to each man's fancy : and the thoughts once awakened to that, the harder sure it is, to keep the mind (which being the chief part, by this means is defiled,) from thinking and desiring.

Remark.

Most worthless persons have an internal warning of defects which they do not acknowledge to themselves, although a thousand misgivings hint it to them every day. Self-conceit having blunted their perceptions, they cannot see distinctly those images, which continually floating through their brains, would shew them what they are, had they modesty enough to profit by the lesson. The only idea that such a man (if he be married,) is sure he understands is, that he *doubts*; and the choice lies with himself, whether the object of that doubt shall be his own merit, or his wife's virtue. He has inward glimmerings, of grounds of dislike and probable avoidance; and with that rapidity of vicious calculation, *which runs swiftest in the weakest heads*, he presently closes the natural effect upon the cause; and not believing that principle can retain what there is temptation to relinquish, he sets spies over his wife; determining to withhold by force the body, which might be

too ready to follow the wanderings of the mind. By this conduct, he sounds an alarm to the muster of his own errors: the eager eyes of her whom his fears have insulted, seeking reasons for such severity, discovers, in the now giant-faults of her husband, the motives of his jealousy and her supposed dereliction; and what is more fatal still, often a plausible excuse for turning the phantoms of suspicion into hideous realities. Where there is any good disposition, confidence begets faithfulness; but distrust, if it do not produce treachery, never fails to destroy every inclination to evince fidelity. Most people disdain to clear themselves from the accusations of mere suspicion.

2.

Those that be good, will be satisfied as long as they see no evil.

3.

Open suspecting of others, comes of secretly condemning ourselves.

Remark.

This short observation comprises a frightful epitome of what a man incurs by forsaking a virtuous course of life. Wicked as he is, and obstinate in wickedness, he cannot hide the heinousness of his enormities from himself; nor help imagining that all who surround him possess as many evil inclinations as he himself, to do harm to others whenever interest points that way. In the bad, he sees nothing but treacherous rivals; and in the good, severe judges and inflexible avengers. How evidently is it written before men's eyes, nay, does not *Wisdom cry it in the streets*, that "the paths of virtue lead to honour and security; those of vice, to disgrace and punishment?" Why will not men be wise, and lay this lesson to their hearts? *Its effects will enter there* in spite of themselves; and when men act as if they believed it not, conscience is still witness on the side of truth: implacable in her testimony, "she still condemns the wretch and still renews the charge;" and though he

suffers in secret, the murderer of his own virtue (the parent of happiness,) is, like the agonized Orestes, a prey to the furies. Man may escape the world's censure, but he can never elude his own. He may vaunt otherwise; but, as Johnson said of Pope on a different occasion—"When he says so, he knows that he lies."

4.

A dull head thinks no better way to shew himself wise, than by suspecting every thing in his way.

Remark.

Any base heart can devise means of villainess; and affix the ugly shapings of its own fancy, to the actions of those around him: but it requires loftiness of mind, and the heaven-born spirit of virtue, to imagine greatness, where it is not; and to deck the sordid objects of nature, in the beautiful robes of loveliness and light.

5.

Suspicion breeds the mind of cruelty; and the effects of cruelty stir a new cause of suspicion.

6.

Suspicion is the very means to lose that, we most suspect to lose.

7.

He that is witness of his own unworthiness, is the apter to think himself contemned.



INTERFERENCE.

HE that is too busy in the foundations of a house, may pull the building about his ears.

PERSUASION.

1.

HE that persists to persuade us to what we dislike, is no otherwise than as a tedious prattler, who cumpers the hearing of a delightful music.

2.

We are best persuaded, when nobody is by, who has heard us say, that *we would not be persuaded.*

3.

In the particularities of every body's mind and fortune, there are particular advantages, by which they are to be held.

4.

Credit is the nearest step to persuasion.

5.

Words are vain, when resolution takes the place of persuasion.

Remark.

That the speaker's reputation for truth and good-will towards the object of his persuasion,

are his most powerful auxiliaries in argument, no one will deny: and yet, the most active *persuaders* are generally people who take no care to avoid error; or to enter heartily into the welfare of the person whom they advise. These self-called counsellors, commonly approach their client in so pompous an array of judgment, that he shrinks as much from the important sweep of their train, as from the severity of their sentence. Various are the methods by which these volunteer-teachers breathe forth their homilies, and launch their fulminations against transgressors. Some, in the shape of *anxious friends*, delight in exercising their rhetoric on subjects which are likely to prove exhaustless; and therefore, undertake to persuade you to relinquish the very things which they know you most value.

There is a second race, who display their superiority, by reproofing and admonishing others before company; and the larger the circle is, the better; their triumph is more complete, and their fame is in the way of spreading farther. But the most annoying of all public

reformers, is the *personal satirist*. Though he may be considered by some few, as a useful member of society; yet he is only ranked with the hangman, whom we tolerate, because he executes the judgment we abhor to do ourselves; and avoid, with a natural detestation of his office: The pen of the one, and the cord of the other, are inseparable in our minds. A satirist, to have any excuse for the inexorable zeal with which he uncovers the deformities of his fellow-creatures, ought to be exemplary in his own conduct; otherwise his hostility to the vicious is a vice in him; a desire to torture, not a love of amending: his lancet is poisoned, not embalmed; and he proves by his acrimony, that such men are often too busy with other people's faults, to find out and correct their own. But, if the censor were as virtuous as Cato himself, still experience shews that *personal satire* is in most cases both dangerous and useless; for he who is exposed to public infamy, suffers the punishment of his crime; and being branded with guilt, is, by such unmercifulness, deprived of all pro-

bability of recovering his place in society; hence, he hates the relentless hand that, in withdrawing the veil from his nakedness, leaves him no way to conceal infirmities which disgust the world; and despairing, by any after-amendment, to efface the cruel impression, he abandons himself to his fate. On the contrary, the *general satirist*, attacks the vice, and not the individual acting under its influence. He paints its enormity; and describes the infamy which detection incurs.—The secret culprit sees the portrait; and while he can yet retreat from being recognised as the original, steals from his crimes; and happy in the ignorance of mankind, is the more easily induced to become a good character, because they never knew that he was a bad one. Public shame often hardens the criminal in guilt; and drives him to defend what otherwise he would have been led to desert. In short, it is a paradoxical way to reform men, by making them hate their teacher. Persuasion will subdue vices, which virulence and open exposure cannot conquer. When you would teach men, win their hearts, and their

minds will soon learn obedience. Let the injunctions of the holy apostles, instruct human moralists how to lecture their fellow-creatures! “Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted: we, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. A servant of the Lord must not fight, but be gentle toward all; apt to teach; patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.” *Every man (saith the sage,) shall kiss the lips that breathe sweetness!* But all will be ready to avoid him whose mouth is embittered with reproach, or defiled with revilings.

CURIOSITY.

1.

INQUISITIVENESS is an uncomely guest.

Remark.

Prying into the private histories of our acquaintance, is not only *uncomely*, but very impertinent and insolent. It is never done towards those whom we sincerely regard; for affection supersedes idle curiosity, and makes us wait for the disclosures, which it would be indelicate to demand. Hence, all officious questions about personal affairs; all canvassing the lineage, education, and fortunes of our associates, arise from mere *inquisitiveness*: and though such impertinence is most often found amongst individuals of rank and riches, (who *make* leisure to be troublesome,) yet no privileges of situation ought to warrant ill-manners; or screen presuming curiosity, from the

mortifications of disappointment and contempt.

2.

The heavenly powers ought to be revered, and not searched into; and their mercies, by prayers, sought; not their hidden counsels, by curiosity.

Remark.

If pryers into futurity were to put a stop to their curiosity by reflections similar with those of Cæsar, they would avoid much ridicule, much useless uneasiness, and settle a very troublous spirit.

The following thoughts were written on the tablets of that great man the night before his death, when he had retired to his chamber, rather discomposed by the presages which his wife Calphurnia drew from her ominous dreams.

“ Be it so. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am willing it should be

then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling to meet it. It is in the Gods *when*, but in myself, *how* I shall die. If Calphurnia's dream be fumes of indigestion, and I take panic at her vapours, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they be from the Gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died;—Cæsar is prepared to die.”

CUSTOM.

THEY who would receive the benefit of a custom, must not be the first to break it; for then can they not complain, if they be not helped by that which they themselves hurt.

Remark.

The justice of this remark is demonstrated by the dissatisfaction which is shewn by men of *equalizing* doctrines, when persons from a lower class intrude upon their level. It is ridiculous to see these demagogues assume stations with the highest ranks, and when their disciples practise the same lesson, and dare to approach their masters, they are thrust back with indignation; even while the old burthen sounds in their ears—"The absurdity of respecting the customs of society!"

"That common rules were ne'er design'd
 "Directors of the noble mind!"

is their favourite aphorism; and from this text they descant upon the *innate worthiness* and *inherent rights of all men*, till the *privilege of eccentricity* is extended to *all* minds, ignoble as well as noble. They defend their cause on the principles of universal freedom,

and their own zeal to release mankind from prejudice. The general sameness of manners gives them the spleen: society is so evenly arranged, so closely fitted into each other, that there is no room for speculation; no opportunity for enterprize: law and custom hold the different orders in such trammels, that a man must have the force of Sampson, to burst the bonds which tie him and his talents down to the earth! Such is the substance of most orations in defence of mental republicanism:—Abundance of words—We must look for arguments elsewhere. This talisman of custom, this sameness, which they complain of, maintains the harmony of the civilized world; holds the dunces and knaves, (to borrow a term of painting,) in some degree of *keeping*; and the real genius, which starts out of the canvass by its own strength, stands off with greater effect and brilliancy, from the deep shadow that involves the mass. Thus, as Providence hath ordered it, the world presents a beautiful picture; in which every object wears its proportioned consequence. While

the plan of our orators, if adopted, would shew only a toyman's warehouse ; where every figure, good or bad, tumble over each other in endless confusion.

END OF VOL. I.

APHORISMS
OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY;

WITH
REMARKS,

BY MISS PORTER,
(AUTHOR OF THADDEUS OF WARSAW.)

Fidem non derogat error.

His honour stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts.

SHAKESPEARE.

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APHORISMS,

&c.

INGRATITUDE, BASENESS, AND ENVY.

1.

THE ungrateful are sparing of thanks, for fear that thankfulness may be an introduction to reward.

2.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

2

3.

The Base, measure all men's marches by their own pace.

4.

Whatsoever the base man finds evil in his own soul, he can with ease lay upon another.

Remark.

It is this inward consent to the commission of vices, that makes the tales of the slanderer be received with such ready belief. The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies; because they hardly comprehend what motives can be inducements to the alleged crimes.

5.

There is nothing sooner overthrows a weak head, than opinion of authority; like too strong a liquor for a frail glass.

6.

Some hearts grow the harder, the more they find their advantage.

3

7.

Cheerfulness in others, is ever a source of envy to the ill-natured.

8.

Base natures joy to see hard hap happen to them they deem happy.

Remark.

The envious, with regard to their co-temporaries, are like boys on a see-saw; in proportion as the one is elevated in the air, the other thinks himself sinking to the ground. When we see this vile passion in the breasts of people in whom there appears few good qualities, to preponderate the value of those which they covet and affect to contemn, we are not surprised, nor much moved to anger. We rather compassionate the poor creature, who sees his own defects so glaringly, as to make him shut his eyes against the perfections of another. But when we look to the more favoured of the human species, how greatly are we shocked to perceive that a man may possess eminent talents, and yet have a base na-

ture. When his opinion of himself transcends his merits, it is almost impossible that he should not meet with mortifications to offend his pride, and animate his resentment. If he be not generally applauded, he lays the blame on any thing rather than his own want of attraction : the caprice of the world ; the influence of party ; the hatred of rivals ; all conspire to keep him in the back-ground ! When he sees a rich man, who is respected, he says to himself—“ Had I been wealthy, how I could have bought esteem !” When he hears the virtuous renowned, he declares, that “ had he been planted at the same post, he would have achieved greater honours.” On whatever height he fixes his ambitious eye, there he sees the station for his actions ; and there he believes he would have signalized himself with unexampled glory. But what right has he (to whom an estate has been bestowed in the talents of the mind), to repine that the gifts of fortune were not added to his other endowments ? Upon what grounds does he rest the presumption, that had he been a richer, or a more powerful, he would have

been a better man? The Almighty divides his benefits: on some he pours his spirit, and on others he descends in showers of gold. It lies with man to appreciate the gifts: but how he despises the best! How murmuring and arrogant are his conclusions! Let him not disdain the truth—that he who thinks himself excusable in falling from duty in any one situation, would always find some reason for making the same apology in every other. Magnanimity is above circumstance; and any virtue which depends on that, is more of constitution than of principle.

JUSTICE.

1.

FEW swords, in a just defence, are able to resist many unjust assaulters.

2.

Think not lightly of never so weak an arm which strikes with the sword of justice.

Remark.

Right is now so little regarded, either in the field, the senate, or the closet, that these sentiments have past into mere embellishments of style; for it is one thing to harangue boldly, and another to act bravely. When men have once sold their consciences, they are ready to speak, to fight, or to remain still, as their owners choose to command them. Interest stimulates all their movements; and it is only with an eye to the rewards of promotion, places, or patronage, that they either

raise their arms or open their lips. How, then, can such men comprehend the strength that braces the sinews of him whose heart swells with the love of his country! how understand the eloquence of him whose soul expands with patriotism and overflows with zeal? He is the oracle of truth, and utters her dictates alone. Truth is a holy spirit, which repeats the animating promise of Divinity—"When ye shall be brought before governors, and kings, for my sake, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given ye in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but *my* spirit which speaketh in ye!" Truth doth not need art; she inspires her votaries with spontaneous oratory; with a force of language, that pours upon the hearer in a torrent of fire, and "makes his heart burn within him!" He acknowledges the light that bursts upon his soul; he dares not to prosecute the evil he meditated; for there is no darkness to excuse and shroud his error. Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes, who, supported by

truth alone, maintained the justice of his cause in a corrupted and fearful city, against Macedon, and all its gold, and all its generals : Such was the eternal confidence in justice with which Leonidas, at the head of a few hundreds, opposed the millions of Xerxes, and saved Greece : Such is the dauntless spirit with which the private man encounters and overcomes the world, in the defence of friendship or humanity ! And, when the cause we espouse, either in the field or the cabinet, is that of Right, men need not “ think lightly of our weak arms ; for we strike with the sword of justice : and few swords, in a just defence, are able to resist many unjust assaulters.”

3.

A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil-doer.

4.

A just punishment may be unjustly done.

Remark.

The first of these two latter observations relates to the most difficult precept of our duty ; a precept that is only to be practised by studying human nature, which teaches us, that inordinate desires (and how ready are the most innocent to break bounds !) are the fountain whence all errors flow. An accurate knowledge of the heart, and propensities of man, will shew us what little reason we have for *hating* the poor prodigal, who drinks his cup to the dregs. The fever is on our own lips ; and as we estimate virtue by the difficulties of its struggles, we should pity the weakness which complied with a craving that we found so hard to deny. Thus, a sincere acquaintance with ourselves, teaches us humility ; and from humility springs that benevolence, which compassionates the transgressors we condemn ; and prevents the punishments we inflict, from themselves partaking of crime, in being rather the wreakings of revenge, than the chastisements of virtue.

5.

The just, though they hate evil, yet give men a patient hearing; hoping that they will shew proofs that they are not evil.

Remark.

For, actions that seem wrong, may, upon close investigation, be shewn to be right: good motives are not always crowned with success; and misfortune is apt to incur blame. Cold characters are the least likely to fall under censure; not having stimulus to move out of the beaten track, they remain behind a screen all their lives, alike inaccessible to the praise of the just or the animadversions of the unjust. In them, dullness is caution; cowardice, discretion; and insensibility, virtue. It is the ardent character who throws himself, body and soul, in the way of circumstances which demand opposition, that is the object of acclamation or opprobrium. Men must be superior to the world, while they respect it, or be its slaves: and though virtue will never really offend, she must sometimes run the

risk of appearing to do so, if she would not sacrifice herself to opinion.

6.

Weigh not so much what men say, as what they prove ; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.

7.

Much more may a judge over-weigh himself in cruelty than in clemency.

8.

It is hard, but it is excellent, to find the right knowledge of when *correction* is necessary, and when *grace* doth most avail.

9.

No man, because he hath done well before, shall have his present evils spared ; but rather so much the more punished, as having shewed he knew how to be good, yet would, against his knowledge, be naught. Reward is proper to well-doing ; punishment to evil-doing ; which must not be confounded, no more than good and evil are to be mingled.

Remark.

He that allows an admiration of popular applause, accomplishments, or abilities, to lessen the account of the imprudences and faults of the possessor, admits that it is easier to beat a general at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army, than when he commands a few ill-chosen troops. Such *liberality*, or extravagance of candour, is a scandalous injustice to weak and unendowed minds ; and a high treason against the laws of virtue and of common sense.

10.

In equality of conjectures, we are not to take hold of the worse ; but rather to be glad we find any hope, that mankind is not grown monstrous : it being, undoubtedly, less evil a guilty man should escape, than a guiltless perish.

11.

The end of a judge, is to preserve, and not destroy mankind.

Remark.

Such ought to be the intention of all correctives, whether moral, judicial, or political ; for, to prevent disorders, by destroying the people ; and to maintain the peace by making war on the subject, is a very backward kind of policy. Reason teaches that “ To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, and to chastise the transgressor, are aims worthy of a statesman ; but it affords a legislator little self-applause, when he considers, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a desert ! ”

VICE.

1.

THERE is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely wicked ; but grows so, either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.

Remark.

Habits of goodness are a celestial appareling of the mind, which day by day transforms it to the nature of angels ; and raiseth it, like the prophet's mantle, even to the highest heavens. But evil habits are, on the contrary, of earthly mould ; though, unlike other terrestrial matters, they do not wear out, but thicken and grow stronger every hour. They cleave to the man, while

“ ——— Link'd by carnal sensuality
 “ To a degenerate and degraded state,

“ The soul grows clotted by contagion ;
 “ Imbodies and imbrates, till she quite lose
 “ The divine property of her first being.”

2.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.

Remark.

And by parity of reasoning, base companions, which are the counsellors of *base occupations*, in the course of time totally unfit us both for honourable employment and honourable company. The famous William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, in the last admonitions he addressed to his son, thus teaches him, that “ it is right for noble minds to keep ever with their likes.” “ I charge you, my son,” says he, “ to avoid the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, of men of pleasure, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them ; for they seek to betray your fame, and your very soul. Draw towards you, with all your strength and power, good and virtuous men ; such as be of honourable conversation,

and of truth; and by them you shall never be deceived, nor have cause of repentance." It was by such society as this noble father recommends, that the families of the Nevilles, the Percies, the Talbots, the Sidneys, &c. continued so long to be the boast of England. In those days the most odious marks of disgrace would have been affixed to the son of a peer, or even of a commoner, who had been seen herding with pugilists, stable-boys, public jockeys, and women against whom the doors of modesty are closed. But these are the favourite (and often approved) associates of too many of our British lords and commons: and, notwithstanding the rank, riches, or situation, that places them above the lowest classes of the populace, their vulgarity, brutality, and indecencies every hour proclaim, what are their vile occupations and loathsome companions. The conduct of these libertines, is more treasonable than a thousand incendiary writings. The higher their rank, the more imminent the danger: like a beacon on a hill, they are seen from afar: all their actions are scanned, and when the evil preponderate the good, the conse-

quence is to be dreaded. They teach the hard-working mechanic to despise the great ; whom, from one bad specimen, they believe to be all alike indolent and wicked. Contempt is followed by disobedience ; and disobedience, if persisted in, must be defended by rebellion.

3.

Long exercised virtue maketh a falling off to vice fuller of deformity.

Remark.

The poets tell that the temple of virtue is on a height : we cannot gain it but by climbing ; and as the path is slippery, if we attempt to stand still, we slide backwards. St. Paul says the same thing, when he writes to the Corinthians—“ Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

4.

Unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying ; but impossible desires are punished in the desire itself.

Remark.

The fruition of what is unlawful must be followed by remorse. The core sticks in the throat after the apple is eaten, and the sated appetite loaths the interdicted pleasure for which innocence was bartered. Desire of an impossible good dies with the pang that convinces of its impossibility. But an intemperate gratification of the most blameless passions mixes bitters with their sweets : a painful consciousness pursues all immoderation, and unhappiness is the consequence. We do not require the commission of positive crime, to stand self-accused and self-condemned. In some cases, we sooner obtain the world's forgiveness than our own. True virtue, when she errs, needs not the eyes of men to excite her blushes : she is confounded at her own presence, and covered with confusion of face.

5.

Sin is the mother, and shame the daughter of lewdness.

6.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep one's self from falling, than, being fallen, to give one's self any stay from falling infinitely.

Remark.

Guilt is a spiritual Rubicon. The tide of passion having once forced us from the shore, its waves impel us forward, and we emerge not, till we have incurred a penalty we cannot pay, and contracted a pollution we cannot wash out. It has been wisely said, "that well may thy guardian angel suffer thee to lose thy locks, when thou darest wilfully to lay thy head in the lap of temptation!" Was it not easier for the hero of Judea to avoid the touch of the fair Philistine, than to elude her power when held in her arms?

7.

Vice is but a nurse of agonies.

8.

In extremity, vice is forward to seek the sanctuary of virtue.

9.

In shame, there is no comfort but to be beyond all bounds of shame.

10.

To those persons who have vomitted out of their souls all remnants of goodness, there rests a certain pride in evil; and having else no shadow of glory left them, they glory to be constant in iniquity,

Remark.

The cruelties of the Roman emperors, in ancient history, and the enormities of the French revolutionists, in modern annals, yield abundant examples to authorise this remark.

FALSEHOOD, TREACHERY, AND SLANDER.

1.

It often falleth out but a foolish wittiness,
to speak more than one thinks.

Remark.

“*Dare to be what you are!*” is a good maxim; but it will only be put in practice by those who are what they ought to be.” Candour is the best teacher of Sincerity; and when she is under its guidance, a man cannot have a safer companion to walk through life with. By adhering to her dictates, he will avoid the embarrassments in which a liberal promiser entangles himself: and his authority can never be quoted, to sanction dishonest surmises; nor any other dangerous levities of the tongue.

2.

Gold can gild a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot.

3.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.

4.

How violently do rumours blow the sails of popular judgments! How few there be that can discern between truth and truth-likeness; between shews and substance!

5.

They who use falsehood to superiors teach falsehood to inferiors.

6.

We must not rashly condemn them whom we have oftentimes considerably approved, lest the change be in our judgments, and not in their merit.

Remark.

A golden precept directs us, that *A friend should not be hated for little faults.* And to be always thus candid, we are further taught

(both by consciousness and reason), that our judgments and actions, may be suggested by feeling; but they must derive force and stability from reflection. Unhappy are they who have not an established opinion concerning their friends; who have not ascertained by observation, any measure of their virtues and infirmities! There is no affectionate inmate in their bosoms (the vicegerent of indulgent tenderness), to repel malicious aspersions, or to plead in our behalf, if from inadvertency, or the influence of a wayward mood on either side, we vary from our wonted conduct, or act differently from their expectations. These hearts, which suck up friendship like water, and yield it again with the first touch, might as well expect to squeeze a sponge and find it hold its moisture, as to retain affections which they are for ever dashing from them. Love of every kind avoids the selfish man.

7.

Those who have true worth in themselves, can never envy it in others.

Remark.

Self-love leads men of narrow minds to measure all mankind by their own capacity. Either indolence or vice will induce their votaries to found an opinion of impossibility upon what appears improbable, and to doubt the existence of extraordinary instances of mental grandeur, because they have no sympathetic reverberations in their own breasts. This mistake may be corrected, by accustoming ourselves to a steady contemplation of the most sublime objects. When we see “ what a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! ” when we have fully considered the design and end of this *beauty of the world*, this *paragon of animals*—our ambition will be awakened ; our perceptions rendered more exquisite ; and real Greatness no longer appearing chimerical, will call us from common pursuits, to engage in a career,

whose toils are virtue, and their reward honour.

8.

Deceit cannot otherwise be maintained than by deceit.

9.

Men are almost always cruel in their neighbour's faults; and make other's overthrow the badge of their own ill-masked virtue.

10.

Build not dishonour on surmises.

Remark.

He that easily believes rumours, has the principle within him to augment rumours. It is strange to see the ravenous appetite, with which some devourers of character and happiness fix upon the sides of the innocent and unfortunate! They nibble away at first, with ambiguous hints, till their teeth having taken effect, and the wounds bleed, they pounce at once on their prey, and with bold assertions on bare probabilities, tear out the very vitals. "To build censures and reproaches upon

slender conjectures, or uncertain suspicions, is the common sport of ill-nature." I must be allowed to speak a little farther, by the same lips; to utter the sentiments of the wise and good Barrow, of whom Dr. Tillotson says, "He was of all men I ever knew the clearest from *offending in word*; coming as near as is possible for human frailty to do, to the perfect idea of St. James's *perfect man*."—"Occasions of evil-report can never be wanting to them who seek, or are ready to embrace them: no innocence, no wisdom, can anywise prevent them; and if they be admitted as grounds of defamation, no man's good name can be secure. It is not every possibility, every seeming, every faint shew, or glimmering appearance, which sufficeth to ground bad opinion, or reproachful discourse concerning our fellow-creature: the matter should be clear, notorious, and palpable, before we admit a disadvantageous conceit into our head, a distasteful resentment into our heart, a harsh word into our mouth, about him. Men may fancy themselves sagacious and shrewd, when they can dive into other's

breasts, and sound their intentions; when, through thick mists, or at remote distances, they can descry faults in them; when they collect ill of them by long trains, and subtle fetches of discourse. But they mistake the thing: truth is only seen in a clear light; justice requireth strict proof; charity thinketh no evil, and believeth all things for the best; wisdom is not forward to pronounce before full evidence—*He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame to him!* In fine, they who proceed thus, as it is usual that they speak falsely; as it is casual, that they ever speak truly; as they affect to speak ill, true or false;—so, worthily they are to be reckoned under the detestable name of slanderers.”

11.

Malice, in its false-witness, promotes its tale with so cunning a confusion; so mingles truths with falsehoods, surmises with certainties, causes of no moment with matters capital;—that the accused can absolutely

neither grant nor deny, plead innocence nor confess guilt.

12.

The wicked man, like the craven, crows upon the afflicted; not leaving out any evil that ever he hath felt in his own soul, to charge youth withal. But who can look for a sweet breath out of a bitter stomach, or honey from a spider!

13.

All well-doing stands so in the middle betwixt its contrary evils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade upon the most approved virtues. Who hath an evil tongue, can call severity, cruelty; and faithful diligence, diligent ambition; resolute courage, obstinate rashness;—and so on of all the virtues that enrich a man.

Remark.

Such riches are golden cords, by which the virtuous draw the hearts of good men towards them: but the bad turn them, like

sanctified and holy traitors, against their masters; and by the juggling of falsehood, transform their true shapes into snares, and fetters of iron. How many cases resemble that of the brave Sir John Perrott; whose unjust condemnation to death was lamented by Lord Burleigh with tears, and this ardent reflection on his enemies—Oh, hatred! the more unjust thou art, so much the more art thou sharp and cruel!

14.

Commonly they use their feet for defence, whose tongue is their weapon.

15.

If they must die who steal from us our goods, how much more they who steal from us that by which we gather our goods!

16.

Look not for truth in him who with his own mouth confesseth his falsehood.

Remark.

He that is perfidious in one case, will be so in another: he is temptation's slave, and has a price as common as a pedlar's pack. Admit this, and little faith will be reposed in the testimonies of any species of traitors, from the apostate who forsakes his religion for interest; to the wretch who bears evidence against the criminal, in whose guilt he hath shared. All deserters (amongst whom false friends wear the most abominable stamp; for their lives may be called, in the language of Shakespeare, "a measureless lie!") deserve the same fate—suspicion and contempt.

17.

False men will bear outward shews of a pure mind.

18.

He who doth wound the eternal justice of the gods, cares little for abusing their names.

If ever men may remember their own noble deeds, it is then when their just defence, and other's unjust unkindness, doth require it.

Remark.

Unkindness, indeed! Ungracious, cruel warfare against our brother! against the creature who, if he partake of our frailties, partakes of our sensibility too. My pen pauses upon a subject so monstrously pregnant with envy, malice, uncharitableness, and every species of mischief and misery to man: and, like the holy sage, I am almost tempted to exclaim—"O, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place, that I might leave my people, and go from them; for they are an assembly of treacherous men; and they bend their tongues like their bows for lies!" Of all the vices of human nature, there is not one for the commission of which we may not offer some excuse, some palliation, some plea for pardon, —excepting slander; and that admits of no ex-

tenuation ; it is guilt without temptation ; it “ is serving the devil for nought ;” a kind of volunteering in wickedness, which deserves a double punishment ;—for disobedience to the laws, and contempt of the court that enacted them. Its enormity seems to comprise all the sins of the decalogue. Slanderers must *covet* a man’s good name, before they take it from him : and no one will dare to deny, that slander is positively *bearing false witness against our neighbour*. What can be *stolen* that is more valuable than character ? and what theft can be more ruinous to the sufferer ? For, when it is once gone, no exertions of his own, nor retraction of his defamers, can restore what they have destroyed ; or even check the spreading of a tale which they have disseminated to all the winds of heaven. What *adultery* can be more destructive of domestic peace, than the violation and loss of that reputation which ought to be dearer to a man of honour, than even the wife of his bosom ? And what *murder* can be more unprovoked and barbarous, than that which robs an unoffending fellow-creature of every enjoyment

in life; and abandons him to a disgraced, desolate, and living death? Such is my view of the manifold guilt of the slanderer. But, bad as it is, vindictiveness is the worst mode of teaching him a better lesson. *The best manner of avenging ourselves, is by not resembling him who has injured us*; and it is hardly possible for one man to be more unlike another, than he that forbears to avenge himself of wrong, is to him who did the wrong. We have excellent authorities to speak in favour of that nobleness, which in instances of great injuries rises above the littleness of resentment. An illustrious Roman writes, that “if any man speak ill of you, if it proceed of foolish lightness, it is to be contemned; if of madness, to be pitied; if of despite, to be forgiven.” And our Bacon confirms the same, by saying, that “In revenge, a man is but even with his enemy: for it is a princely thing to pardon; and Solomon saith, *it is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression.*” Indeed, there is something so debasing in the character of a vilifier, so contagiously disgraceful in his very contact, that we cannot

help considering the man of genius and worth, who stoops to resent the calumnies of the envious, as we should a conqueror in his triumphal car, were he to stop the procession, that he might chastise some yelping curs at its wheels. Sensibility to such trifles, annihilates the hero. But although it is not allowable that slander should be punished immediately by those whom it attempts to degrade, yet we must wish that it should not entirely escape justice; and the fiat of the Almighty hath already denounced it—"Vengeance is mine! saith the Lord." It is no presumption against Providence, that he chooses to act by agents. Does not the mind of a general as much influence the movements of the soldier who, according to a before-arranged plan, at the extremity of a long line of posts makes a particular sally, as it does the general's own arm when it grasps his sword? So it is with the dispensations of God, whether they appear miraculous or merely natural; they have only one source, and that is the will of Omnipotent Benevolence. Hence, as a means of the awful vengeance declared above, the laws of

our country are, in most cases, open to the injured party ; for human laws (when they are just), being established on the rule of right (which men discovered and elucidated by the light of reason and of revelation), they cannot speak in opposition to the fountain of all justice, the All-perfect Mind. By them the slanderer is condemned ; and when they can seize the culprit, it were as great a crime against self-preservation and our neighbour's safety to let him pass, as to permit a tiger to range at large while his chains are in our keeping. Legal redress is very different from revenge : the one proceeds from a love of justice ; the other from personal hatred of the offender. Proper punishments being inflicted on a few notorious calumniators, others might learn caution at least ; and caution insensibly leading them away from the exercise of a vice, not only ruinous to its subject, but perilous to the practiser, we might hope to see innocence secure, and virtue without a risk of misinterpretation. Virtue and vice have as much resemblance, when they reach their extremest points, as light and fire : they

are often mistaken for each other; but the first is innoxious though it dazzles, and the second scorches while it seems to illumine. Virtue, on great occasions, treads on dangerous precipices; but she has a steady head, and stands where Vice would fall: Vice thinks not so; and by the voice of Slander, she sounds the alarm of her rival's destruction. I never yet heard man or woman much abused, that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike, to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature. We seldom willingly recur to a subject that does not give us pleasure; therefore, he who dwells on the transgressions of others, proves one thing certain (though directly opposite to what he intends), his own malice and evil-nature; and where they two are, we may fairly infer, without a charge of scandal, that injustice and falsehood are the natural twins of such a union.

“When a true genius appears in the world,” says Dr. Swift, “you may know him by this sign—the dunces are all in confederacy against

him." And as it is with genius, so it happens to every excellence, whether of person, mind, heart, or fortune : I intend, in this use of the last word, to exclude the meaning of riches ; the fortune that brings wealth only, bestows what may be dispensed to others ; hence, the selfish, (who are the most indefatigable calumniators), seldom unloose their tongues against the owner of coffers, which may overflow into their own pockets. Besides, where there is no merit to attract esteem, and its follower envy, the display of much gold, can only be regarded as the " gilding of a rotten stick," or the splendid setting of a sorry picture. But pre-eminence in mind, excites the respectful attention of mankind ; beauty awakens admiration ; the virtues of the heart win affection ; and the achievements of genius command homage. Worthlessness, or inferiority, cannot bear this brightness ; and sickening, like " the moon in her agonies," malignantly transfers its own blackness to the fairness which it desires to eclipse. Ignoble and criminal as such conduct is, yet so prone are most people to give ear to dis-

paraging suggestions, to the supposition of unworthy motives for the best actions, that no story is too extravagant to gain credit. When a man indulges in panegyric, when he praises the virtues, or talents, of any particular character, he is smiled at, and answered with, *It may be; but you are partial!* But who ever gives the licentious tongue of the slanderer such a check? Who says, *It may not be; for you are prejudiced?* How constantly does any attempt to invalidate malicious representations, meet this invidious response, "There never was smoke without fire!" True: but there is no law in nature, why an ill report may not be a lie. We all know that a lie needs no other grounds, than the invention of the liar; and to take for granted as truth, all that is alleged against the fame of others, is a species of credulity, that men would blush at on any other subject. This hastiness of belief, springs from the corruption of the passions, which are "hard to conceive any good thing," but bring forth monsters that make us shudder. Indeed, the ferocity with which ill-natured persons prey

upon their fellow-creatures, is to me more horrible than the rage of wild beasts, or of the Cadmean brethren, who rose to life, only to fall by each other's swords.

How many might say with David, *I have been young, and now I am old*, and never did I know any person worthy to be loved, who had not been the subject of some fable which tended to banish him society. It would be well, if the promulgators of these histories would recal themselves by a few recollections ! If they be true, what honour does it reflect on the relator, to be the public crier of a criminal's transgression ? Do we compare the vices of the condemned, with the virtues of the accuser ? No ; but we say to ourselves—Art thou a pure temple of holiness ? Art thou without spot or blemish ? Or, art thou a *whitened sepulchre* ? A hypocrite, that makes all this stir about others, that we may not examine thyself ! Yes ; *Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone !* Let him who hath never stumbled under the infirmitics of nature ; who hath never trembled before temp-

tation ; nor touched the *forbidden fruit* (which is often stolen into the hand) ; let *him* step forth, to punish them who fall ! If ye be Christians, read the beautiful lesson of mercy, which is taught by the immaculate Jesus. And if ye be the disciples of nature only, let that nature teach you, to speak with lenity of failings which are its own. We are all heirs of one constitution : affections, passions, appetites, are as surely compounds of our being, as spirit, soul, and body. Some hold a better rule over them than others do ; but all are liable to err : and as no one is out of the reach of adversaries which we carry in our bosoms, so none can, with security, exult over the defeat of a fellow-creature, until he hath himself escaped out of the world, and left his danger with his body in the grave.

Should any detraction be known by its promoters to be a falsehood, then their guilt is too great to be discoursed on ; if their blood could wash out the stains with which they have blotted a fair character, it would be only justice that the common executioner

should shed it on the spot: But, alas! calumny, like the lightning, scars where it strikes! It comes from hell; and leaves a burning wound, which no earthly surgery can heal!



POPULAR OPINION.

1.

THE judgment of the world stands upon matter of fortune.

Remark.

The vulgar judge by the event; noble minds by the intention.

2.

Who knows a people, that knows not sudden opinion makes them hope? Which hope,

if it be not answered, they fall into hate; choosing and refusing, erecting and overthrowing, according as the presentness of any fancy carries them. Even their hasty drawing to one leader, makes him think they will as hastily be withdrawn from him; for it is but one ground of inconstancy, soon to take and soon to leave.

Remark.

Vladimir, the first Christian prince of Russia, gave an example in his treatment of treason, useful both to kings and subjects. In his war with Yaropolk, prince of Kief, he contrived to bribe Blude, the confidential minister of his enemy, to betray Kief and its sovereign into his hands. It was done; and the traitor prepared to derive yet higher rewards from his treachery. For three days, Vladimir placed him in the seats of distinction, loaded him with titles of dignity, and on the fourth, called him before the whole court, and thus addressed him—"I have ful-

filled my promise: thy honours exceed thy wishes: Three days I have treated thee as my friend: To-day, as judge, I condemn the traitor and the assassin of his prince!" Having uttered these words, Blude was led out to immediate execution.

3.

Factions are no longer to be trusted than the factious may be persuaded it is for their good.

Remark.

While interests appear irreconcilable, opinions will be so to; but the instant the mob are led to scent their own advantage, they care not whether the public derive weal or woe from their uproar.

4.

A popular licence, is indeed the many-headed tyrant.

5.

The people's will, having so many circles

of imagination, can hardly be inclosed in one point.

6.

O! weak trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancy only doth by accident guide to well-doing! Who can set confidence there, where company takes away shame; and each may lay the fault upon his fellow?

7.

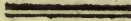
The populace are naturally taken with exterior shews, far more than with inward consideration of material points.

Remark.

We should be at a loss to account for this foolish result of the congregated opinions of a concourse of people (from most of whom, individually, we might expect some well-grounded judgment), if it were the majority which always carried the verdict on these occasions. But so far from it (as judgment is the consequence of investigation), while they deliberate, the cork-brained minority, ready

for any man's battledoor, fly with the wind; they consider nothing, but take the evidence of what they see and hear; the past is obliterated by the present; in vain memory would recal old benefits; new promises, in fine speeches, are more attractive; and any demagogue who can prate of virtue, patriotism, and wealth to come, may put to silence the sober appeal of moderation and desert, and carry away the shouting multitude to pull down or build up, just as their leader bids them. Ignorance is always clamorous: Aware of her want of arguments, she resolves that those of her adversary shall not be heard; and the moment she makes her election, whether wrong or right, her shouts and uproar stun the crowd; her will is proclaimed by a tumult; and often the quieter sort are misled into thinking it the voice of the people. Such are the beginnings of most popular riots; but at what point they will stop, no wisdom can foresee. The mob is a sort of bear; while your ring is through its nose, it will even dance under your cudgel; but should the

ting slip, and you lose your hold, the brute will turn and rend you.



PROGRESS OF REBELLION.

1.

THERE is little hope of equity where rebellion reigns:

2.

When a mutinous people begin to talk of their griefs, never bees make such a confused humming. The town-dwellers demand putting down of imposts: the country fellows require laying out of commons. All cry to have new counsellors; but when they should think of any new, they like them they have, as well as any other they can remember; but especially, they would have the treasury so looked to as that it should never need to take any more subsidies. At length, they fall to direct contraries: for the artisans, they

will have corn and wine set at a lower price, and bound to be kept so; the ploughmen, vinedressers, and the farmers, won't have that. The countrymen demand that every man may be free in the chief towns; that cannot the burgesses like. The peasants will have all gentlemen destroyed; the citizens (especially such as cooks, tailors, and others, who live most by gentlemen), would but have them reformed. And of each side are like divisions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confusion is greater than that of particular men's likings and dislikings; one dispraising such a one, whom another praises, and demanding such a one to be punished, whom another would have exalted. The finer sort of burgesses, as merchants, 'prentices, and cloth-workers, because of their riches, disdain the of baser occupations; and they, because of their number, as much despising them:—All of them scorning the countrymen's ignorance; and the countrymen suspecting as much their cunning.

3.

In that state of uproar, public affairs were mingled with private grudges; neither was any man thought of wit that did not pretend some cause of mislike. Railing was counted the fruit of freedom; and saying nothing had its uttermost in ignorance. At length, the king's sacred person fell to be their table-talk; a proud word swelling in their stomachs, and disdainful reproaches against so great a greatness having put on the shew of greatness in their little minds, till at last the very unbridled use of words having increased fire in their minds (which, God wot! thought their knowledge notable, because they had at all no knowledge to condemn their own want of knowledge), they ascended (Oh, never to be forgotten presumption!) to a direct dislike of his living amongst them; whereupon, it were tedious to remember their far-fetched constructions; but the sum was, he disdained them! and where the pomps of his state, if their arms maintained him not? Who would call him a prince, if he had not a people? When certain of them of wretched estates,

and worse minds, (whose fortunes change could not impair), said, that the government ought to be looked into; how great treasures had been spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsel; that the commons, forsooth, were too plain-headed to say their opinion—but yet their blood and sweat must maintain all? “Let us,” cried they, “do that which all the rest think! Let it be said, that we only are not astonished with vanities, which have their force but in our force! Lastly, to have said and heard so much, is as dangerous as to have attempted; and to attempt, we have the glorious name of liberty with us!” These words (being spoken) like a furious storm presently carried away their well-inclined brains. What some of the honestest sort could do to oppose them, was no more than if with a puff of breath one should go about to make sail against a mighty wind, or with one hand stay the ruin of a ponderous wall. So general grew this madness among them, there needed no drum where each man cried; each spoke to other that spake as fast to him; and the disagreeing

sound of so many voices was the chief token of their unmeet agreement. But as furious rage hath, besides its wickedness, that folly, that the more it seeks to hurt, the less it considers how to be able to hurt; they never weighed how to arm themselves, but took up every thing for a weapon that fury offered to their hands. Thus armed, thus governed, forcing the unwilling and heartening the willing, adding violence to violence, and increasing rage with running, they came headlong toward the palace! No man resolved in his own heart what was the uttermost he would do when he came thither; but as mischief is of such nature that it cannot stand, but by strengthening one evil with another, and so multiply in itself till it come to the highest, and then fall with its own weight; so to their minds, once passed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickedness opened itself; so that they who first pretended to preserve their king, then to reform him, now thought that there was no safety for them but in murdering him.

Remark.

This sketch might be read as an epitome of the French rebellion, till it martyrizd the king ; and an observation made by Stanislaus Leczinsky, an ancestor of the virtuous Louis, and which he transcribed with his own hand, might be regarded as a prophecy of his fate.

“ That a wise king, who knows his duty, loves and practises it ; who by his goodness and humanity calls forth that homage which his dignity alone could not exact ; that a king, the friend of men, and the man of his subjects, should not taste, or be capable of tasting, pure and solid happiness, may appear surprising, and yet it is true. He sees none around him but false and interested persons, whom his virtues displease, even at the very moment when they affect most to applaud them. He meets only with hearts servile in their wants, insolent and haughty when in favour, ungrateful when they have no longer any thing to expect ; men, in short, who al-

ways fluctuating between passion and interest, and always clashing, never unite but for the purpose of perverting his sentiments, weakening his power, and who, under the appearance of submission, gain his confidence, which they betray. Notwithstanding his talents, his good intention, and even his probity, the wicked suppose him to be vicious, the good faulty, the culpable harsh, and the innocent too indulgent."

Louis, so far from acting by this experience of his illustrious forefather, made an opposite sentiment the guide of his life—"A king," he used to say, "who reigns by justice, has the whole earth for his temple, and all good men for his ministers!" He lived up to this principle; and yet so stupid were his people, so ungrateful and so mad, that they led him from the throne which he blessed, to perish on a scaffold! Well might he say, in the last letter he addressed to Mons. de Malesherbes, "The ingrates who have dethroned me will not stop in the midst of their career: they would have too much cause to blush, if they were continually to support the sight of their

victim. I shall undergo the fate of Charles I. and my blood must flow, to punish me for never having shed any !”

POLICY AND GOVERNMENT.

1.

BLESSED are those well-choosing people, who (finding that the shining glory so much affected by nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life), by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them ! So as they, not stirred with false praise to trouble other's quiet, think it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say—*They had done so.*

2.

The well bringing up of people, doth serve as a most sure bond of continuance in well-doing.

Remark.

True piety, a generous independence of mind, and a taste for simple pleasures, are the dispositions which form a virtuous and happy people. The patriotic poet of Scotland knew well what were the best foundations for public worth. After describing a rustic family exhorting each other to lead honest and useful lives, and to *worship God in sanctity and truth*, he declares that

“From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad !”

And how nobly does he proceed ! It is the spirit of Tyrtæus, animating to courage and virtue—

“ O Scotia, my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet con-
tent !

“ And, O ! may Heav'n their *simple* lives prevent
 From *luxury's* contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A *virtuous* populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
 isle !”

3.

Laws are to have their scope upon any one found in the land where they are enacted, since strangers have scope to know the customs of a country before they put themselves in it ; and when they once are entered, they must know that what by many was made, must not for one be broken.

Remark.

If it be an undeniable position, that “ a competent knowledge of the laws of the so-

ciety in which we live is necessary, even to the stranger who may occasionally come amongst us," how much more must it be the proper accomplishment of every native member of the community; and being so, an Englishman, above all others, ought to study the constitution of his country, as there is hardly a reputable person in these realms but must share in executing the laws, as well as in obeying them. Blackstone's advice on this subject, being given in a law-book, it is scarcely probable that they who most need such arguments, would ever look there to find what they have no disposition to seek; hence, though he speaks largely, it is so wisely, that I cannot withhold from subjoining his good counsel.

“A knowledge of the laws of our country, is an highly useful, and I had almost said essential, part of liberal and polite education. All gentlemen of fortune are, in consequence of their property, liable to be called upon to establish the rights, to estimate the injuries, to weigh the accusations, and sometimes to dispose of the lives of their fellow-subjects, by

serving upon juries. In this situation, they have frequently a right to decide, and that upon their oaths, questions of nice importance, in the solution of which some legal skill is requisite ; especially where the law and the fact (as it often happens), are intimately blended together. And the general incapacity, even of our best juries, to do this with any tolerable propriety, has greatly debased their authority ; and has unavoidably thrown more power into the hands of the judges, to direct, control, and even reverse their verdicts, than perhaps the constitution intended. But it is not as a juror only, that the English gentleman is called upon to determine questions of right, and distribute justice to his fellow-subjects ; it is principally with this order of men that the commission of the peace is filled : and here a very ample field is opened for a gentleman to exert his talents, by maintaining good order in his neighbourhood ; by punishing the dissolute and idle ; by protecting the peaceable and industrious ; and above all, by healing petty disputes, and preventing vexatious prosecutions. But, in order to at-

tain these desirable ends, it is necessary that the magistrate should understand his business, and have not only the will, but the power also (under which must be included the knowledge) of administering legal and effectual justice. Else, when he has mistaken his authority, through passion, through ignorance, or absurdity, he will be the object of contempt from his inferiors, and of censure from those to whom he is accountable for his conduct. Yet farther, most gentlemen of considerable property, at some period or other in their lives, are ambitious of representing their country in parliament; and those who are ambitious of receiving so high a trust, would also do well to remember its nature and importance. They are not thus honourably distinguished from the rest of their fellow-subjects, merely that they may privilege their persons, their estates, or their domestics; that they may list under party banners; may grant or withhold supplies; may vote with or against a popular or unpopular administration; but upon considerations far more interesting and important. They are the guar-

dians of the English constitution ; the makers, repealers, and interpreters of the English laws ; delegated to watch, to check, and to avert every dangerous innovation ; to propose, to adopt, and to cherish, any solid and well-weighted improvement ; bound by every tie of nature, of honour, and of religion, to transmit that constitution and those laws to their posterity, amended if possible, at least without any derogation. And how unbecoming must it appear in a member of the legislature, to vote for a new law, who is utterly ignorant of the old ! What kind of interpretation can he be enabled to give, who is a stranger to the text upon which he comments ! Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical ; a long course of reading and study must form the divine, and the physician, and the practical professor of the laws ; but every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator. Cicero was of a different opinion—‘ It is necessary,’ says he, ‘ for a senator to be thoroughly acquainted with the constitution ; and this is a knowledge of the most extensive nature ; a

matter of science, of diligence, of reflection without which no senator can possibly be fit for his office.' ”

4.

Laws are not made like lime-twigs or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them ; but rather like sea-marks, to guide from shipwreck the ignorant passenger.

Remark.

When we reprobate the laws as deficient, because they have not compass to seize every offender, and provide against every possible crime ; and when some horrible culprit escapes, because they have not devised a judgment against him, we ought not to find fault with our laws, but with the over-growing wickedness of the times. The affair is shortly this : our ancestors were too innocent to imagine the possibility of some crimes, which their posterity find easy to commit.

5.

Promises bind faith more than threatenings. But, indeed, a prince of judgment ought not to consider what his enemies promise or threaten; but what the promisers and threateners in reason will do, and in power can do; and the nearest conjecture thereunto, is what is best for their own benefit to do.

6.

For a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may, with a word, overthrow, hath, in my conceit, great incongruity.

7.

Be none of those who think that all is done for which they have once given directions; but follow every-where your commandment with your presence, which witnesses of every man's slackness or diligence; chastising the one and encouraging the other; suffering not the fruit of any profitable counsel (for want of timely taking,) to be lost.

8.

Be not of the mind to make suitors magistrates: the unwilling worthy man is fitter to

rule than the undeserving desirer. The cunningest pilot does most dread the rocks.

9.

Great is the change, when a minister falls out with the prince that gave him power; for, in place of a multitude of followers, silence grows to be at his gate, and absence in his presence: the guess of his mind could prevail more before, than now many of his earnest requests.

10.

In matters of wisdom, the wise ought to be believed for the whole nation.

11.

One man's sufficiency is more available than ten thousand multitude; so evil-balanced are the extremities of popular minds; and so much natural imperiousness (or power) there rests in a well-formed spirit.

12.

Citadels of strange soldiers are the nests of tyranny, and the murderers of liberty.

13.

The saddest mishap that can befall a king-

dom is, when it is governed by the worst kind of oligarchy; that is, when men are ruled indeed by a few, and are yet not taught to know what those few be whom they should obey.— For they, having the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, use the authority, as men do their farms, of which they see within a year they shall go out; making the king's sword strike whom they hate, the king's purse reward whom they love, and, which is worst of all, making the royal countenance serve to undermine the royal sovereignty: for, in this case subjects can taste no sweeter fruits of having a king, than grievous taxation to serve vain purposes; laws made rather to find faults than to prevent faults: the court of the prince, rather deemed as a privileged place of unbridled licentiousness, than as the abiding place of him who, as a father, should give fatherly example unto his people. Hence, grow a very desolation of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition never satisfied) grow factious among themselves: and the underlings are glad indeed to be underlings to them they hate the least, to preserve them

from such as they hate the most. Men of virtue are suppressed, lest their shining should discover the other's filthiness. And at length virtue itself is almost forgotten, when it has no hopeful ends whereunto to be directed.— Old men, long nusted in corruption, scorn them that would seek reformation. Young men, very fault-finding, but very faulty, are as given to new-fangleness, both of manners, apparel, and each thing else; by the custom of self-guilty evil, glad to change, though oft for the worse. Merchandise is abused; and towns decay, for want of just and natural liberty. Offices, even of judging souls, are sold; public defences neglected; and, in sum, wit is abused, rather to feign reason—why it should be amiss, than how it should be amended.

Remark.

While each individual considers his own interest as totally distinct from that of the general welfare, depredations on the public trust will continue to be made. The bright supremacy of honour—that fine spirit which

animated our ancestors to prefer their country's good before all other earthly advantages — is now no more ; and the natural effect ensues : For honour is to the body-politic, what the soul is to man ; we cannot describe exactly what it is, but it contains the principle of life ; and when it departs, the frame to which it gave power and virtue, falls, corrupts, and dissolves to nothing.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

1.

WHETHER your time call you to live or die, do both like a prince.

2.

Some froward princes, whose doings have been smoothed with good success, think nothing so absurd which they cannot make honourable.

3.

How easy a thing is it for a prince, deeply to sink into the souls of his subjects a more lively monument than Mausolus's tomb!

4.

Being a prince and father of a people, you ought, with the eye of wisdom, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of justice, to set down all private conceits, in comparison with what for the public is profitable.

5.

Betwixt prince and subject, there is as necessary a relation as between father and son.

6.

As the sun disdains not to give light to the smallest worm, so a virtuous prince protects the life of his meanest subject.

7.

A king who deserves the name, will never stir up old titles (how apparent so ever), whereby the public peace (with the loss of many guilty souls) should be broken; but contenting himself to guide that ship wherein the heavens have placed him, he will shew no

less magnanimity in dangerless despising, than others, in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdoms. And as he is most wise to see what is best, he is most just in performing what he sees; and temperate in abstaining from things which are any way contrary.— Such a prince, especially measureth his greatness by his goodness; and if for any thing he love greatness, it is because therein he may exercise his goodness.

8.

When a good king is newly come to a throne, wherein his predecessors held the reins too loose for the headstrong spirit of violent natures, he must straightway take upon himself the regimen to cure the dire wounds of the state; and by reason of the long course of abuse, be forced to 'stablish his will by even some extreme severity. But so soon as some few (but indeed notable) examples have thundered a duty into the subjects' hearts, he soon shews no baseness of suspicion; nor the basest baseness of envy, can any whit rule such a ruler! Then shineth forth indeed all love among the people, when

an awful fear, engendered by justice, does make that love most lovely. His first and principal care being to appear unto his subjects such as he would have them to be, and they be such as he appears; he makes his life the example of his laws, and his laws, as it were, his axioms arising out of his deeds. Thus is made a blessed people: for how can they choose but love him, whom they find so truly loves them? He, in reason, disdain- ing that they who have charge of beasts, should love their charge and care for them, and that he, who is to govern the most excellent creature, man, should not love so noble a charge! and therefore, where most princes (seduced by flattery to build upon false grounds of government) make themselves another thing from the people, and so count it gain what they get from them; and (as it were two counter-balances, that their estate goes highest when the people's goes lowest), by a fallacy of argument, thinking themselves most kings, when the subject is most basely subjected. The good king, contrariwise, virtuously and wisely acknowledging that he, with

his people, make all but one politic body, whereof himself is the head, even so he cares for them as he would for his own limbs; never restraining their liberty, without it stretches to licentiousness; nor pulling from them goods which they find are not employed to be the purchase of a greater good: but in all his affections he shews a delight in their welfare; and by persuasion brings that to pass which tyrants seek to compel:—while by force he takes nothing, by the love of his subjects he may take all.

9.

An evil mind in authority, doth not only follow the sway of the desires already within it, but frames to itself new desires not before thought of.

10.

How desperate is the state of the tyrant! wickedly sad, ever musing of horrible matters; suspecting, or rather condemning all men of evil, because his mind has no eye to espy goodness. He is an object as much of scorn as of detestation; fearful, and never secure; while the fear he has figured in his

mind has any possibility of event, he betakes himself to a toad-like retiredness and closeness; nature teaching the odiousness of poison, and the danger of odiousness. Thinking himself contemned, and knowing no countenance against contempt but terror, he lets nothing pass which may bear the colour of a fault, without sharp punishment; and when he wants faults to chastise, excellency grows a fault; and it is sufficient to make one guilty, that he hath power to be guilty: for having quite lost the way of nobleness, he strives to climb to the height of terrible-ness.

11.

AN USURPER.

The high-reaching usurper made not long delay of discovering what manner of man he was; but streight, like one carried up to so high a place that he loseth the discerning of the ground over which he is, so was his mind lifted so far beyond the level of his own dis-

course, that remembering only that himself was in the high seat of a king, he could not perceive that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorn follies and repine at injuries. But imagining no so true property of sovereignty, as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoever pleased his fancy, he quickly made his kingdom a tennis-court, where his subjects should be the balls; not in truth cruelly, but licentiously abusing them; presuming so far upon himself, that what he did was liked of every body; nay, that his disgraces were favours; and all because he was a king. For being in nature not able to conceive the bounds of great matters, (and suddenly borne into an unknown ocean of absolute power,) he was swayed withal, he knew not how, as every wind of passion puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better than that poisonous sugar of flattery which some used out of innate baseness of their hearts, straight like dogs fawned upon the greatest. Others, secretly hating him, and disdaining his great rising (so undeservedly,) bent their exalting him only to secure his over-

throw : like the bird that carries his shell-fish high, to break it the easier with its fall. But his mind (being an apt matter to receive what from their amplifying speeches they would lay upon it), danced so pretty a measure to their false music, that he thought himself the wisest and worthiest, and best beloved, that ever gave honour to royal title.

Remark.

The virtue of a prince is the glory of his people, and his vices their dishonour. Men are prone to imitation; hence, the example of a sovereign often controls his laws; for, should it be evil, though they be good, the nation will pursue his practice, and neglect his precepts. Men will not be taught virtue by a vicious teacher. Some old writer hath observed, that "it is easier for subjects to oppose a prince by applause than by armies." When a brilliant genius attracts the observation of a people to compare his talents, prowess, affability, and munificence, with inferior qualities in the sovereign, the observation the

subject excites, is more injurious to the king, than the arms of a thousand rebels. It dissolves his empire over the public mind; and the royal ordinances are only endured, while those of the popular idol are executed with alacrity. By such methods, Bolingbroke dethroned Richard II. and Richmond, Richard III. By such methods, many a hollow pretender hath usurped the regal authority, and turned the golden sceptre into an iron rod. These mighty spirits who, by subtlety and force vault into seats beyond their level, are generally, when mounted to the height of power, tyrants: and being tyrants, are the veriest slaves on earth; their fears are their fetters; for the memory of how they rose, ever whispers how they may fall: and foreseeing a traitor in every brave and generous man, virtue appears to them as a kind of hostile hypocrisy, ever ready to rebel. The first ministers of a usurper are Jealousy and Despotism; and under such rulers there is no safety for any, but the insignificant and vile.

WOMAN.

1.

ONE look (in a clear judgment) from a fair and virtuous woman, is more acceptable than all the kindnesses so prodigally bestowed by a wanton beauty.

2.

It is against womanhood, to be forward in their own wishes.

3.

There is a certain delicacy, which in yielding, conquers; and with a pitiful look, makes one find cause to crave help one's self.

4.

Silence ought to be, without sullenness; modesty, without affectation; and bashfulness, without ignorance.

5.

Some women are in that degree of well-doing, to which the not knowing of evil ser-

with for a ground of virtue; and they hold their inward powers in better form, with an unspotted simplicity, than many do, who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is, than willingly take to themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the trial of worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it; so these innocents, when they come to a point wherein their judgments are to be practised by knowing faultiness by its first tokens, doth not know whether the pending circumstance be a thing to be avoided, or embraced; and so they are apt to fall easily into the snare.

6.

The sex of womankind, is most particularly bound to consider with regardful eyes, men's judgments on its deeds.

Remark.

A clear reputation must be desirable to every honourable mind. Lucretia died to

maintain her's : but there the sense of reputation was stronger than the sense of honour ! A truly noble heart would have preferred the death that Tarquin threatened ; unsullied purity, with a slandered name ; before contamination, with the power of accusation and revenge. Positive rectitude, ought to be the first consideration ; a fair character, the second : but first and second, they should ever be. Virtue demands that, where possible, they should be substance and shadow ; and where it is not, we should die, rather than relinquish either ; unless the last, as in the case of Lucretia, must be preserved by the sacrifice of the first. For virtue is despotic ; life, reputation, every earthly good, must be surrendered at her voice. The law may seem hard, but it is the guardian of what it commands ; and is the only sure defence of happiness.

7.

To the disgrace of men it is seen, that there are women both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened.

Remark.

Such a woman was Madame d'Ancre, who was burnt at the Greve as a sorceress: and such men were her judges; for had their minds been able to comprehend her's, they would have admired what they condemned. When this illustrious woman was questioned concerning the kind of magic she used to influence the will of Mary de Medicis, she answered—"I used that power only, which great souls always have over weak minds."—The base minds of the men she spoke to, could not, or would not, understand this; and they hastened her death.

8.

It is strange to see the unmanlike cruelty of mankind, who, not content with their tyrannous ambition to have brought woman's virtuous patience under them, like childish masters think their masterhood nothing, without doing injury to her who (if we will argue by reason) is framed by nature with the

same parts of the mind for the exercise of virtue, that we are.

Remark.

There is always a want in the tyrannical mind. A perfect judgment would shew, that there is no real submission where the will is absent. You may have subjection, but rebellion lurks under an enforced yoke. The submission of the heart grants full power; and when father, brother, guardian, or husband, wish to rule absolutely, they should begin by winning the affections, and the field is their own. Compulsion hardly restores right; love yields all things.

9.

Lovely sweetness is the noblest power of woman; and is far fitter to prevail by parley than by battle.

10.

There needs not strength to be added to inviolate chastity: the excellency of the mind makes the body impregnable.

11.

She who complieth in all things with the desires of love, sheweth an example in herself, that she esteems the holy band of chastity to be but an imaginative rule, and not the truest observance of nature. It is the most noble commandment that mankind can have over themselves; as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling assureth.

12.

It is the right nature of beauty to work unwitting effects of wonder. The beauty of human persons, is beyond all other beauty; and to them only is given the judgment to discern beauty; and among reasonable wights, it seems that the female sect hath the pre-eminence: so that, in that pre-eminence, nature countervails all other liberalities wherein she may be thought to have dealt more favourably towards mankind. How do men crown themselves with glory, for having, either by force brought others to yield to their mind, or with long study and premeditated orations, persuaded what they would have persuaded! And see, a fair woman shall not

only command without authority, but persuade without speaking. She shall not need procure attention ; for men's eyes will chain their ears unto it. Men venture lives to conquer: she conquers lives without venturing. She is served and obeyed; which is the most notable, not because she loves to command it, but because they become laws to themselves to obey her; and not for her dignity's sake, but for her own sake. She need not dispute whether to govern by fear or by love; since without her thinking thereof, their love will bring forth fear, and their fear fortify their love. And she need not seek offensive, or defensive force, since her lips alone may stand for ten thousand shields; and ten thousand inevitable shot go forth from her eyes. Beauty, beauty is the sceptre of female greatness; chastity, its crown: which gifts, on whomsoever the heavens do bestow them, without question, she who receives, is bound to use them to the noble purposes for which they are created: not only to win and preserve, but to dispense: since that indeed is right happiness,

which is not only in itself happy, but can derive the happiness of another.

Remark.

By deriving the happiness of another, we do not deprive the happy person of any part of his enjoyment; and when that enjoyment was effected by ourselves, such participation increases his delight. Happiness is a sun-beam, which may pass through a thousand bosoms, without losing a particle of its original ray: nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected till it is shared.

13.

Beauty can give an edge to the bluntest sword.

Remark.

The power of beauty has always been considered as a riddle. It is difficult to explain

why a set of features, arranged in one particular way, should command the soul, as if by enchantment. What affinity is there between the fine proportions of a human figure, and the equable dispositions of the mind, that the sight of the one should produce equal complacency in the soul, as the conviction of the other? In fact, the mind loves perfection; and one property of perfection is *order*, and order comprises all our ideas of fitness and proportion; and proper quantity, with an adapted shape, being essential to fitness and proportion, there cannot be beauty of form without order. This sympathy, with every image of that order, which is laid down as a map in every sound mind, is the secret of that mysterious delight which we all feel when viewing the beauties of inanimate nature: the green plain, the umbrageous wood, and the smooth lake, all please the eye, and diffuse serenity over our thoughts; the mind consents to the calm of nature, where every thing wears the appearance of an undisturbed obedience to the Will that, in creating the world, declared that "All was good!"

Turn observation towards the perfection of that creation, man and woman! In him, the grandeur of strength and the majesty of mien, exhibit a beauty which swells the soul of the beholder with exultation. Though we see at a distance the war-horse yoked to his car,—“his neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of his nostrils is terrible: he paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword; the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield: he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouts of victory!” We admire at his greatness, we rejoice in his glory, though his conquest is not ours: so, we contemplate with a joyful confidence the manly structure, which seems fitted to bold and heroic enterprise, although we stand out of the way of deriving advantage from its might. To the mind, it is sufficient that the qualities she esteems are before her: she does not require to put them to the proof,

to know them to be what they are. The beauty of woman having another design, is of another fabric: her's is meant to compose and not to arouse; her soft and pliant form, gentle movements, and celestially-beaming countenance, all look and whisper *peace!* Her mild eyes speak no other language; her smooth brow, and sweetly-breathing lips, tell of an inward quiet, a "heavenly habitant" within, that persuades the beholder to long to mingle in its blessedness.

So far beauty of form affects the mind, but then it must be understood, that it is not the mere shell that we admire; we are attracted by the idea that this shell is only a beautiful case adjusted to the shape and value of a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering: and that this is true, I will close with the sanction of Mr. Locke.—“There are, (says he,) beauties of the mind, colouring those of the body, which take and prevail at first sight; and whenever I have met with them, I have readily surren-

dered myself; and have never yet been deceived in my expectation.”

14.

Nature is no step-mother to the female sex, how much soever some men (sharp only in evil-speaking,) have sought to disgrace them.

Remark.

Nature is an honest parent to her offspring: she has dealt out her gifts fairly and with good judgment between them, but to each has dispensed a different endowment; and to estimate the equality and propriety of the distribution, we must not compare parts with parts, but the one whole with the other whole: for what nature withholds from one part she gives to another. Her laws constitute different orders of excellency, as well as different degrees in merit and subordination; she shews that this is her system, by all her works; and unless superiority of power existed, the universe would yet have been a gulph of confusion;

this beautiful machine of the world, an immoveable chaotic mass throughout eternity.

Order necessarily supposes an arranger; an arranger, power; and power, subordination; we see it proved on every side of us: command is written in everlasting characters on the firmament, where the polar-star conducts the vessels of the deep, by its resistless control over the motion of the magnet. So, the heavens, "the earth, and all that are contained therein," obey an irresistible decree. Sovereignty is the prerogative of the Creator, submission, the duty of the created. Why then should the advocates of woman be offended, that she is held by an ordinance which binds the world? Why should they seek to disorder nature and unsex her loveliest work? Why bring forward claims to invest women with masculine properties; to place them at the helm of state and of war; to put the sword, or the tablet of laborious calculations into their hands; to encumber them with toils which their bodies are not able to sustain; and affiance them to duties, against which their minds revolt? Wild enthusiasm may create a fanci-

ful equality for woman ; (for there never was a chimera too absurd to find a promulgator,) but the impartial eye of reason sees a radical difference in the constitution of the sexes, which for ever precludes the practicability of their filling the same stations in life.

Nature, in her mode of providing for the continuation of the human race, evinces her intention to confine women to domestic occupations. How destructive would it prove to the unborn generation, if they, who expected to be mothers, were to wear out their strength and endanger their lives, by the watchings of the camp, the senate, or the closet ! How ill would it become the maternal bosom, to unbrace the warrior's steel, to give sustenance to the infant hanging to so hard a pillow ; or to cradle its tender form amid volumes of jurisprudence, politics, or abstruse philosophy ! Let men, whom nature hath not only endowed with adequate vigour, but left free to use it to effect, let them bear up the political sphere, and pursue scientific researches, even to the utmost stretch of human intellect : but the knowledge of virtue is woman's study. It is

comprised in few maxims; and if she seek it with sincerity, it alone will raise her soul to a pitch of sublimity not to be out-soared by man.

The commonest observation may demonstrate that man and woman, from the first, had distinct commissions; yet such difference argues no inferiority in the essential spirit, which is the intellectual soul; that divine thing originating immediately from God, must in all beings be of the same perfect essence; but as it observes and acts through the medium of the senses, (by which it is enveloped,) it must, in a certain degree, be affected by their modifications. The soul we may liken to a musician, the body, to his instrument: accordingly as the keys are arranged and the notes set, the music will be strong, soft, good, bad, or indifferent. Man is constructed for bold and lofty harmonies; woman, composed for the gentle melodies of the heart. She was made to be beloved, not dreaded; to sooth, not disturb; to bind up wounds, not inflict them. She is the help-mate of man, the handmaid of God: enviable distinction! (if

envy dare intrude on such holy precincts?) Gracious dispensation from the Most High, to be the partner of him who, made “a little lower than the angels, is crowned with glory and power!” To be heaven’s selected agent throughout all ages, to comfort the wretched, to soften the pangs of disease, to heal a broken heart, and to lull the troubled soul of man into a peace that makes him dream of paradise! Who would barter this sacred privilege, this office of cup-bearer to the beneficent Jehovah, this power of shedding *the balm of Gilead* upon all that grieve, for the proudest prerogatives of command? True it is, that he who would be the master of all, must be the servant of all! Rational empire lies in ability to influence and effect the happiness of others; and this empire is not denied to woman; it is her inheritance, and she holds it by this charter,—“Whosoever will be great among ye, let them be your ministers; and whosoever will be chiefs among you, let them be your servants.”

If the throne of benevolence be at the feet of the unhappy, affection owns no power that

is not devoted to the object of her vows. Love is never convinced that he reigns, till he finds that he may serve ; and woman, from her constitution, is more inclined than man is, to this generous disposition. The sensitive perceptions of men are not so delicate, delightful, and innocent, as those of women ; hence they are not so cherished, nor so stationary. “ Man is stung with passion, woman is touched by it. In the one instance, torment makes the sufferer eager to rid himself of pain, either by satisfying desire, or extinguishing it ;” and in the other, the softness of the perception excites only a new feeling, which, by awakening a thousand tender and pleasing sensibilities, is welcomed rather than repelled : hence, from the peculiar delicacy with which the sensitive soul of woman receives all its impressions, they are retained and made subjects of frequent review ; the delighted spirit descends into this cabinet of beautiful pictures, and while listening to the sweet romances which imagination tells of each, forgets to re-ascend and follow reason over the hard grounds of disagreeable probabilities and consequences.

It has been said that “the purest flames burn the longest and the brightest!” By analogy, the love of woman is not only more lasting than that of man, but more devoted. She regards its object, not with the weakness of passion, but with the strength of pure affection; with admiration, veneration, and a kind of holy zeal. For what is it that the saintly Origen says? “He who carefully imitates God, is God’s best statue!” And was not man made in the image of God? And is not his spirit an emanation from the source of all perfection? How then can woman fail to worship the awful copy of the Most High? How refrain from loving the shadow of what she adores?

When man honours his Maker, by not disparaging his work, or deserting the standard of moral greatness which the *son of Mary* planted in Palestine, then he stands in his royal station, lord of the world; and consequently the superior of woman. For, it is in life as in a race, the most vigorous and active, being naturally fitted to outstrip the rest, wins the honour of the day: and man has this advantage

over the weaker sex. But why weaker? We know not; only heaven hath willed it so. But how weaker? may receive a less categorical, and, to some enquirers, a more satisfactory answer.

Woman's weakness (and therefore danger) lies in her imagined security: it arises from the faintness of her first perceptions, which allows hostile objects to steal upon her. But to explain this: the eye sees that man's body is formed of tougher materials than that of woman; his nerves and the finer ligaments which unite the organs of sense to the soul, are also of a stronger, more irritable and combustible nature: (that this is true, we may look to experience;) hence the moment that any appetite or passion touches them, like a spark to a train of gunpowder, the whole is in conflagration; the citadel must be surrendered, or the fire quenched. Base spirits submit to the first; great ones, by glorious exertion, do the last. In either case, the decision hath positive effects. The passion admitted or destroyed, is distinct from any other. Love, ambition, revenge, may all exist in the breast

of a man, and burn at the same time with strong, onward, and unmingling flames : the rapidity and force of his conceptions give this impetus to the passions, which keeps them separate and powerful. With such a turbulent army in his bosom, (for the passions are either the soldiers or the rebels of virtue,) it depends upon man's imperial part, his mind, whether they shall rule, or reason maintain the supremacy. When the last is the victor, how graciously do the insurgents follow in her train ! And how worthily does man use his boasted free-agency, in chusing good instead of evil !

Woman, on the contrary, in consequence of the fineness of her animal construction, and the corresponding delicacy of her sensibilities, is affected almost imperceptibly. Admiration of amiability gently moving her spirits, excites a pleasing warmth about her heart, and by degrees the glow diffusing itself through her frame, and around her soul, seems (though she is unconscious how,) to wrap her in a globe of light. That globe is her world : through its atmosphere she views every object ; the medium of her love tinges all creation ; and as

it is fair or foul, she is happy or miserable, virtuous or (alas! for the perhaps,) the reverse!

The passions usually attack woman in this way: but in describing their progress, I select that of love for an example, it being the one that in general hath most influence on the sex. By advancing unperceived, noiseless, and almost unfelt, it saps the very foundation of resistance; it overflows the heart, and softens its severities: and a softened heart being not many degrees from a weakened one, any impression made on it to the prejudice of the beloved object, is like a stamp on the sea-sand; the tide of tenderness passes over it, and all is washed away.

Woman may struggle, and female philosophers declaim of her independence and equality with man, her heart will still be faithful to the law which pronounced, "Woman! Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee!" Hence, as this law is enforced even by her wishes, woman must provide against its probable ill consequences, by tempering it with adherence to an anterior ordi-

nance:—"Love God and his commandments above all things!" Those commands oblige her to admire nothing before virtue; and admiring only that, she cannot love its opposite: consequently, by directing all her exertions towards the soul's excellence in herself; and all her wishes towards seeing it exemplified in another; her attention will never be fascinated by any thing different from virtue; and when she does meet with it, judgment consents to the recognition of sympathy, and her heart bows to the influence of what was and is the aim of her soul.

Such is the model of female excellence which Sir Philip Sidney has set forth in his beautiful character of the princess of Arcadia. He thus describes her, when suffering the tortures of an unhappy love, and afflictions from her enemies.

"Pamela did walk up and down, full of deep, though patient, thoughts: for her look and countenance were settled; her pace soft and almost still of one measure, without any passionate gesture, or violent motion; till at length (as it were,) awaking, and strengthen-

ing herself,—Well, said she, yet this is best ; and of this I am sure, that howsoever they wrong me, they cannot master God. No darkness blinds His eyes ; no gaol bars Him out. To whom then else should I fly, but to Him, for succour ? And therewith kneeling down, even where she stood, she thus said.—
 O All-seeing Light, and Eternal Life of all things ! To whom, nothing is either so great, that it may resist ; nor so small, that it is contemned ! Look upon my misery, with thine eye of mercy ; and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee, shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me ; and let my faults, by thy hand, be corrected ; and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God ! if in thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement, for my inexcusable folly ; if this low bondage, be fittest for my over-high desires ; if the pride of my not enough-humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto thy will ; and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only, thus much,

let me crave of thee! (Let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee; since even that proceeds from thee!) Let me crave, even by the noblest title which, in my greatest affliction, I may give myself,—that I am thy creature—and by thy Goodness! (which is Thyself!) That thou wilt suffer some beam of thy majesty, so to shine into my mind, that it may still depend confidently upon thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue. Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to destruction. Let my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge. Let them (if so it seem good unto thee!) vex me with more and more punishment; but, O Lord! let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!”

LOVE.

1.

WHAT men commonly call love, is the basest and yet the most fruitful of all passions. Fear breedeth contrivance, anger is the cradle of courage, joy openeth and ennobleth the heart, sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth inward to look to the correcting of itself; and so all of them generally have power towards some good, by the direction of reason. But this bastard-love, (for indeed the name of love is most unworthily applied to so hateful a humour,) as it is engendered between intemperate Desire and Idleness; as the matter it works upon is nothing but a certain base weakness, which some gentle fools call *a gentle heart*; as its enjoined companions be unquiet longings, fond comforts, faint discontents, hopeless jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yieldings; so is the highest end it aspires unto, a little pleasure, with much pain before and great repentance after. But that end, how

endlessly it runs to infinite evils, were fit enough for the matter to speak of, but not for ears in whom there is a true disposition to virtue. It utterly subverts the course of nature, in making reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think, here-upon it first stole the name of love: for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing beloved; uniting, and, as it were, incorporating it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of love imitate the celestial; for as the love of heaven maketh one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly; and this licentious love of woman doth so enfeeble man, that if he yield to it, it will so womanize him, as to make him an object of disdain to her for whom he sold all.

Remark.

There are two things which every man must prefer before his mistress:—his God and

his honour ! She who admits of any dereliction from either, sanctions what will probably betray herself ; for he never can be true to another, who is unfaithful to his own best interests. The woman who could love such baseness, would not value its opposite ; and by so guilty a licence disparaging not only the modesty of her sex, but the integrity of human nature, she deserves the consequences of her crime. “ Love (says the good Atterbury,) is the fountain of pleasure ; the passion which gives every thing we do or enjoy its relish and agreeableness.” And such love is the effect of virtue : it lives while the cause exists ; but should that cease, it would expire.— There is no principle in any other love.

2.

Nothing can so heartily love as virtue.

Remark.

Because virtue shuts out all selfish considerations.

2

3.

The two bands of Good-will are Loveliness and Lovingness.

4.

Matters are so turned in the lover, that where at first, liking the manners of the lady beloved did breed good-will, now good-will becomes the chief cause of liking her manners; so that within a while his mistress is not prized because of her demeanour but the demeanour is prized because it is her's. Then follows the most natural effect of conforming himself to that which she does like, the not only wishing himself to be such another in virtues, but to ground an imitation upon a so much-esteemed authority: so that the next degree is to mark all her doings, speeches, and fashions, and to make them into himself, as a pattern worthy proceeding on.

Remark.

Love is the only power which, by reciprocal sympathy, seems to blend and to change two separate natures into one. The lover's soul is

united with that of the beloved: but which
 ever most strongly attracts, that absorbs the
 other, and makes it a part of itself; hence the
 consequence of perfect love is perfect peace;
 and where the prevailing influence is good,
 perfect virtue. This ascendancy of the be-
 loved object is so imperious that (as it may
 sometimes tend to evil,) a woman should be
 careful not to model her soul to suit the frail-
 ties of her companion, but to bear with them.
 Though his character may be a trial, it ought
 not to be an impediment to her virtue. The
 first awakener of legitimate love is an idea of
 excellence; whether the sentiment originate
 from real or fanciful superiority, it can be nou-
 rished by no inferior food: being of celestial
 birth, so must be its aliment. And, therefore,
 we must either find the object of our love truly
 good, or make him so. We may pardon what
 we do not approve, prune what we cannot era-
 dicate, and shew an example of that conduct
 which we cannot inculcate by precept.

5.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to

make every thing seem greater, which is seen through it.

Remark.

And hatred, not less ready to give derogatory impressions through its opposite medium, has this advantage, that her monsters are believed to be “born of women;” while the objects of love’s panegyric are hardly doubted to be mere “children of the elements!” The world is lamentably sceptical to good reports, and ridiculously credulous to bad.

6.

.. The force of love to those folk who feel it, is many ways very strong; but no ways stronger than that it doth so enchain the lover’s judgment upon her who holds the reins of his mind, that whatsoever she doth is ever in his eyes best! And that best being, by the continual motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing again becometh best. So, that nature in each kind suffering but one superlative, the lover only

admits no positive. If she sit still that is best, for so is the conspiracy of her several graces held together to make one perfect figure of beauty; if she walk, no doubt that is best; for besides she maketh the more places happy by her steps, the very stirring adds a pleasing life to her native perfections; if she be silent, that without comparison is best, since by that means the untroubled eye most freely may devour the sweetness of its object: but if she speak, he will take it on his death that is best; the quintessence of each word being distilled down into his affected soul!

7.

Liking is not always the child of beauty; but whatsoever is liked, to the liker is beautiful.

8.

No decking sets forth any thing so much as affection.

9.

How tender to every motion doth love make the lover's heart! How he measures all his joys by his lady's contentment, and doth,

with a respectful eye, hang all his behaviour upon her eyes!

10.

Force cannot be the school of love.

11.

True love would not, for his life, constrain his lady's presence; but he would rather die than consent to her absence.

12.

Did ever man's eye look through love, upon the majesty of virtue shining through beauty, and not become a captive? And is it the style of a captive to write *My will and pleasure?*

13.

Cupid makes it his sport to pull the warrior's plumes.

14.

I can never deem that to be love which, in haughty hearts, proceeds of a desire only to please.

Remark.

It is the coquetry of vanity in love with itself; and the more it pleases, the greater are the sacrifices made to its selfishness. Some men and women appear earnest to promote the pleasure of others, while their real intention is directly contrary; they are beautiful, polite, and interesting, for no other purpose than to charm and to betray: they are the syrens who woo with sweet melodies, and when the vessel strikes, laugh at the crew. Knowing no satisfaction in yielding delight, the conviction of exciting pain gives them no uneasiness; nay, they exult in the midst of sighs and groans; for hearts are their spoil, and the temple of vanity is full of them.

15.

With some natures, too much yielding breedeth cruelty; and granting desire, causeth the desire to be neglected.

Remark.

Sordid minds cannot comprehend the magnanimity of forbearance, nor the generosity of a free indulgence. This, they denominate weakness; that, baseness of spirit. Presuming on the patience which suffers without resentment, they think that it cannot, because it will not, revenge; and injury is heaped on injury, till the bourn is passed which meekness herself should defend. Thus, the daughter and wife are sometimes forced, by the cruelty of them who ought to have been their protectors, to rebel: if it may be called rebellion, which is grounded on the first principles of humanity;—Self-preservation and the love of goodness! Who can revere the wretch whose aim is the destruction of peace and life, or esteem him who lives only to outrage the most sacred duties of man? The ingratitude which neglects and contemns the granted good it has sought, is a-kin to the tyrannical spirit mentioned above. Both are ambitious of power, to wring the possessions of others into their

own hands; and hate to receive as a gift, what they might seize as plunder. What is yielded, is debased in their eyes: not having sufficient generosity in themselves to give any thing of value,—a consented benefit loses all worth in their estimation. They know not the delicacy, taste, and nobleness, which feels, that the soul of the bestower mingling with the gift, imbues it with a richness “more precious than rubies!” That only is worthy of reception, which is freely offered; and he who can take enforced profit, or accept constrained services, is more sordid, base, and contemptible than the pick-lock who steals into his neighbour’s coffers.

16.

Love is the band of love.

Remark.

It is a common remark, that “Love cannot exist without hope!” ’Tis probable that it will not, for every reason is against it; and when it is in a woman’s breast, the modesty as well as dignity of her sex, will lead her to ex-

tinguish, what fails to arouse sympathy, or has lost the power once possessed, to keep it awake. There are circumstances under which the "band of love" being destroyed, love flies; but kindness will still remain. A virtuous heart can never be totally indifferent to the happiness of a creature it has once regarded with peculiar tenderness. It is only the vile passion, the detestable counterfeit of love, that, when disappointed, turns into hatred.

17.

When with pity towards a fair and virtuous object, the heart is once made tender, according to the aptness of the humour, it receives quickly a cruel impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible; because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they only know it, who inwardly feel it:—it is called Love!

18:

Nothing doth more naturally follow its cause, than care to preserve and benefit, doth pursue unfeigned affection.

19.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.

20.

True love is willing to make extremest danger a testimony that it esteems no danger as danger, in regard to giving satisfaction to its beloved.

21.

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains.

Remark.

But rather, like the rain-bow, will shine brightest in the darkest cloud.

22.

Suffering for the object beloved, is wont to endear affection.

23.

Love maketh obedience stand up against all other passions.

Love, in fear, forgetteth the fear of nature.

Remark.

For, there is no source of fear so dreadful, as a threat of evil befalling the object of love. That object being the animating principle of all our joys, an injury done to it strikes at the root of our own happiness : we live in those we love, and their pains produce our death.— When this affection, jealous of every pang that pierces the endeared heart, has not only been born of Virtue, but fostered by Pity, (which hovers with increasing interest over unmerited sufferings,) it becomes so intimately entwined with every feeling, wish, action, principle, and source of life and thought in the lover's breast, that no separation, but that of death, can sever the union. There is a sublimity in true love, which leaves the sordid gratifications of sense in the dust: it seems to seek the soul, alone, of its object; to bear it in its arms and bosom, through all the ills of mortality; to cherish it with the hallowed

sympathies of mutual thought, mutual tenderness, and mutual aspirations after immortal virtue. Love springs from heaven, and to heaven it returns: the sacredness of its origin infuses a holy peace and rapture through the bosom; sweet even are the cares of this seraphic passion. It is a communion of spirits so ineffable, so blissful, so full of beatified meditations, that no earthly tongue can declare its thoughts, can describe its joys. Even sorrow herself, when she loves and weeps, finds that her tears are balm. One of the most tender and unfortunate of lovers, thus pictures, with no fictitious pen, the effects of this magic passion.

“ The death of nature led me to a still more interesting subject, that came home to my bosom,—the death of her I loved. A village bell was tolling; I listened, and thought of the moment when I heard the interrupted breath, and felt the agonizing fear, that the same sound would never more reach my ears, and that the intelligence glanced from my eyes, would never more be felt. The spoiler had seized his prey; the sun was fled, what

was this world to me? I wandered to another, where death and darkness could not enter; I pursued the sun beyond the mountains, and the soul escaped from this vale of tears. My reflections were tinged with melancholy, but they were sublime. I smiled on the king of terrors; the tie which bound me to my friends he could not break; the same mysterious knot united me to the source of all goodness and happiness. I had seen the Divinity reflected in a face I loved; I had read immortal characters displayed on a human countenance, and forgot myself whilst I gazed. I could not think of immortality, without recollecting the ecstasy I felt, when my heart first whispered to me, that I was beloved; and again did I feel the tie of mutual affection; fervently I prayed to the Father of mercies, and rejoiced that He could see every turn of a heart, whose movements I could not perfectly understand. My passion seemed a pledge of immortality; I did not wish to hide it from the all-searching eye of heaven. Where, indeed, could I go from His presence? And, whilst it was dear to me, though Darkness might

reign during the night of life, Joy would come when I awoke to life everlasting."

25.

Love is the refiner of invention.

26.

Love, one time layeth burthens; another time, giveth wings.

27.

There are no thralls like them who have inward bondage.

28.

'True love were very unlovely, if it were half so deadly as lovers term it.

29.

Love is a passion far more easily reprehended than refrained.

30.

Love fears the accident of an instant.

31.

The nature of desire is no easier to receive belief, than it is hard to ground belief; for, as desire is glad to embrace the first shew of comfort, so is desire desirous of perfect assurance.

Remark.

Love is the accomplisher of delicacy; and it is well known, that "he who too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet!" The doubts of love are never to be wholly overcome: they grow with its various anxieties, timidities, and tendernesses; and are the very fruits of the reverence in which the admired object is beheld.

32.

As well he that steals might allege the love of money; he that murders, the love of revenge; he that rebels, the love of greatness; as the adulterer, the love of woman: since they do in all their speeches affirm they love that, which an ill-governed passion maketh them to follow. But love may have no such privilege: that sweet and heavenly uniting of the minds, which properly is called love, can never slide into an action that is not virtuous.

33.

Where folly is not the cause of vehement love, reproach will never be the effect.

34.

She that trusteth a libertine, may as well think to grasp water, or to bind the wind.

Remark.

An old writer observes, that a licentious man cannot love. Indiscriminate devotion to the sex, is a sort of polytheism, inconsistent with the pure worship demanded by love. In short, there is as much difference between the gross passions of the libertine, and the fine tendernesses of the lover, as betwixt the irrationality of the idolater, and the reasonableness of the Christian, who adores the one Deity *in spirit and in truth*.

35.

It is folly to believe that he can faithfully love, who does not love faithfulness.

Remark.

The virtues, like the Muses, are always seen in groupes. A good principle was never found solitary in any breast. Actions that assume the name of benevolence without arising from its principle, do not deserve the name of virtue; they are mere impulses, and at the caprice of accident to prompt or to withhold. Kind dispositions are confirmed to be virtues, by reflecting on their nature and design; (for unless justice be made judge over sensibility, it will as likely lead to injure some, as to benefit others,) and by frequent use, generous sympathies become so habitual, that the exercise of them is as natural as standing or walking; and with as little apparent exertion of the mind. When the soul understands the value of goodness, and the worthlessness of vice, it must forsake reason before it consents to depart from the foundation of goodness, which is obedience to the eternal laws of justice! This obedience is the fountain of moral argument; and diffused through various

streams, is the principle of all the virtues. It is an unimpeachable and constant will to render to every one his due ; and, according to the covenant of humanity, to promote the welfare of our fellow-creatures to the utmost of our power. What a noble progeny proceed from so goodly a parent ! Courage, which blames or defends with impartiality ; patience, that sustains the calamities of life without shrinking ; and perseverance, which bears through all ills, to the very point of honour ! True honour is subservient neither to fortune nor to force ; it is an immaculate sense of right, that disdains to bend before any circumstance ; it is the guardian of constitutional valour ; and the best counsellor of those vehement affections which, breaking bounds, would betray their possessor to misery, instead of leading him to happiness. This essential virtue, teaches man that moderation is the ground of magnanimity ; and how beautifully do lessons of humility, observance, forbearance, clemency, affability, amity, temperance, and chastity, arise from so fair a foundation ! We may easily discern the disciple of honour

by his fruits; and when we see him obedient to God and faithful to man, can we doubt his truth to woman? No; *virtue is consistent!* And though her sons may swerve, they do not break from her laws. He who is loyal to honour, will not be a traitor to love: but when *unfaithfulness* stands for the reward of *fidelity*, she must be a fool that gives it.

36.

Love, to a yielding heart, is a king; but to a resisting, is a tyrant.

37.

Love does not always reflect itself; though I cannot tell how, but in noble minds, by a certain duty, it claims an answering.

38.

True love, well-considered, hath an infective power.

39.

In love, I desire that my desire may be weighed in the balance of honour, and let virtue hold the beam.

40.

Perfections meeting in divers persons, can-

not choose but find one another, and delight in that they find; for likeness of manners is likely in reason, to draw liking with affection.

41.

If we love virtue, in whom should we love it, but in a virtuous creature? Without it be meant that we should love the *word*-virtue, where we see it written in a book!

42.

What doth better become wisdom, than to discern what is worthy the loving? What more agreeable to goodness, than to love it so discerned? And what to greatness of heart, than to be constant in that it once loved.

43.

She is not worthy to be loved, that hath not some feeling of her own worthiness.

44.

When the perfections are made up of virtues, as well as of beauties, in the party beloved; as the feeling of them cannot come into any un noble heart, shall that heart, (though it be in the bosom of one of low degree,) which doth not only feel them, but hath all the workings of its life placed in them, shall

that heart, I say, lifted up to such a height, be counted base? Such love bringeth the lover to the consideration of his mistress's virtues; and that consideration maketh him the more virtuous, and so the more worthy. And in all things it becometh a true lover to have his heart more set upon her good, than on his own; and to bear a tenderer respect to her honour, than to his own satisfaction.

45.

How sweet is the prayer of the virgin heart to its love! Thy virtues won me. With virtue preserve me! Dost thou love me? Keep me then still worthy to be loved!

46.

It is the happy lover's duty, in whom his mistress has rested her estate, her life, and her honour, to double his former care; and make her see his virtue no less in preserving, than in obtaining. His faith ought to be a faith as much in freedom as in bondage. He ought to govern his love towards her, still as to retain her worthy of his love. Let not his joys, which ought ever to last, be stained in his own conscience. Let no shadow of repent-

ance steal into the sweet consideration of their mutual happiness.

Remark.

Of what that subtle thing is, which gives life to the whole body of love, we are as ignorant as man is of the substance of the soul which animates his being. We see many whom we respect, admire, and esteem; but one only that we love. There is a strange mystery in this sentiment; a sort of fatal influence that infects the heart before it is aware, and by a means it cannot discover. The platform or the altar of love, may be analyzed and explained: it is constructed of virtue, beauty, and affection. Such is the pyre, such is the offering: but the ethereal spark must come from heaven, that lights the sacrifice. True love cannot exist without the graces of mind as well as of person: it is still Cupid and Psyche: love is unblest until it mingles with the soul; and the soul wanders from pleasure to pleasure, unsusceptible of joy, till she meets it in the bosom of love.

MARRIAGE.

1.

HAVE you ever seen pure rose-water kept in a chrystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while the beautiful urn imprisons it! Break the glass, and let the water take its own course; doth it not embrace dust, and loose all its former sweetness and fairness? Truly so are we, if we have not the stay rather than the restraint of marriage.

2.

Who doth desire that his wife should be chaste, first be he true; for truth doth deserve truth.

3.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

The messenger found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia; he, reading in a book the stories of

Hercules; she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty questions, not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple! He, joying in her; she, joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him. Both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever brought satiety. He, ruling because she would obey; or rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling.

Remark.

Woman may be content, may be gay, without love; but she cannot be happy. Created for the gentle offices of affection, her nature is predisposed to tenderness; and the usual plan of female education tending directly to points that lead to love, she is accustomed to seek her pleasure in acts of graceful ministra-

tion, and to find her best satisfactions in the acknowledged good she dispenses. What is the testimony of the celebrated daughter of Necker on this subject? "In the career of female fame, there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or a happy mother." Woman's heart is too delicate and timid, to desire any species of fame for its own sake: to her it is Jupiter in his thunders, too potent for her senses. If celebrity be ever pleasing, it is when she hopes it may be the herald of her worth, to him she loves; sweet then is the voice of praise, and dear the homage of the multitude. But should no ear hear it, no eye see it, that is of consequence to her, the world's adulation is worse than insipid; it mocks her with the shadow of an estimation that she cannot obtain.

Woman was formed to admire, man to be admirable. His, are the glories of the sun at noon-day; her's, the softened splendour of the midnight moon. Unless man and woman have these relative ideas of each other's natures and reciprocal duties, marriage is no

longer a bond of amity. Congenial principles and a discreet adaption of tastes, affections, and humours, to each other's constitution, must be the ground-work of the contract, if happiness is to be the result. Both sexes should keep their proper places. Man is to maintain his station as the guide, protector, and cherisher of his wife; and woman is to hold in her duty of observing, obeying, and comforting her husband.

There is no word in language that has occasioned more heart-burnings in female bosoms, than the matrimonial vow of *obedience*. But why should woman hesitate to promise that which the dispositions of her soul, and the tenderness of her affection prompts? Could her free-will do otherwise than yield submission to a reason superior to her own? Could she refrain from acceding all her wishes to the desires of the owner of that reason, when she loves him? Surely no woman will answer this by saying, "I love a man whose reason is inferior to my own, and therefore it would be shameful to vow to obey him!" The shame is her's for so loving; "not loving first,

but loving *wrong* is blame!" Hence the fault lies in her choice, and not with the framers of the marriage ceremony; who made no reservations for absurd or sordid matches.

According to the degree towards perfection in the sexual characters of individuals, they are formed to excite reciprocal affection. It has been explained that man's excellence arises from mental sublimity; woman's, in the beauty of her mind. How lovely is the union of these opposite yet blending sources of admiration! The lofty mountain of St. Gothard, standing over the luxuriant vale of Reusse, and sheltering it from the storms, exhibits not a more magnificent and charming scene. When marriage is contracted on these principles, the graceful, endearing, and lasting happiness of Argalus and Parthenia is produced. But when the man is contemptible, or the woman vain, feuds, "never-ending, still beginning," are the consequence. Some philosopher hath said that "men who are inferior to their fellow men, are always most anxious to establish their superiority over women." And by parity of observation, (for

ignorance is the first cause of presumption,) we may remark, that silly, thoughtless women make the loudest protest against deference to husbands.

If the highest proof of sense be moderation, though a fine mind must know its own value, it will yet maintain it with gentleness. Who, that is a Christian, will deny that "the husband is the head of the wife." And such a head ruling by wisdom, must command the heart (it being a rational one,) that loves it. But when men of superior endowments match themselves with women who cannot discriminate what their merit is, from that of an inferior, they ought not to be surprised when they find a tormentor instead of a comforter. Paradise was a desert to Adam till Eve shared its delights, for "man, the hermit, sigh'd, till woman smiled!" But how can genius enjoy its privileges, if the partner he hath chosen neither understand his talents, nor comprehend his virtues? It is the living chained to the dead. His paradise is no paradise to a creature who, has no taste for the charms of nature, no enjoyment in the heavenly quali-

ties which declare him, “the lord pre-eminence of all below!” But this description does not suit with all men: we do not see this stamp of empire on the soul of every man! Far from it, if we must call that a soul, a spark of the divine essence, which propels base appetites, blows up the vilest passions, and actuates cowardice to the most savage crimes? There are knaves and villains who, by some unlucky star, some evil chance, or cruel deception, get themselves united to women of mind and feeling. Politeness they leave at the church-door; and for the common laws of humanity and decency, they keep no terms with them. Contumely, oppression, neglect, outrage, comprise their matrimonial discipline. They consider wives as slaves: and horrible are the tales which many a fair creature might relate to an admiring circle, if a delicate conscience would allow her to “unfold the secrets of her prison-house!” Irrational commands, ungrateful taunts, brutal insults, mortifying contempts, and flagrant acts of profligacy, lead the way, till outrage upon outrage succeeds, and, O, shame to man! to nature! he strikes her!

Tender, confiding woman is wounded by the hand that ought to have been her defence ; is held up to obloquy, by the arm that ought to have been her protection ! Such are the men who drive their wives, (wretched in so sad a refuge!) into the seducer's toils: such are the men who exult in guilt, and put the price of innocence with their own dishonour, into their purses. Till the bridal pair consider mind and heart of greater consequence to mutual concord, than their respective fortune and fashion, calamitous cases of matrimonial disunion will continue to stain our annals ; and transmit to posterity most disgraceful doubts of their own legitimacy, and the honour of their ancestors.

SOLITUDE.

1.

THEY are never alone, who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Remark.

The illustrious Scipio, whose “noble thoughts,” like *a thousand livery’d angels lacquey’d him*, used to say, “I never am less alone than when alone.”

2.

Solitary life is prone to affections.

3.

Avoidings of company do but make the passions more violent when they meet with fit subjects.

Remark.

Few objects being present to distract attention, all tends to the point that may happen to excite interest. Nothing interrupts reflection; and reflection, by repeating the image, deepens it in the heart, till to erase it is impossible. The story of Petrarch, shews the maddening effects of solitude upon lovers.

4.

Vehement love of solitariness is but a glorious title to idleness. In action, a man does not only benefit himself, but he benefits others. God would not have delivered the soul into a body which had arms and legs, the instruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind should employ them; and that the mind should best know its own good or evil, by practice: which knowledge is the only way to increase the one, and correct the other.

Remark.

When solitude is sought out as a place for the mind to dream in, and not to arouse itself and form plans for future action, it is nothing better than a tomb loaded with lying epitaphs :

“ Here rests the Great—False marble ! Where ?
 “ Nothing but sordid dust lies here.”

Alike are the pretensions of the whimsical inhabitant of solitary places : the man is buried alive ; useless to his fellow-creatures ; and fit only to “ vegetate and rot,” the burthened earth groans to cover him.

Zimmerman has spread a specious lustre over this subject, and, by the magic of his painting, hath turned many a silly head into the affectation of solitude. His enthusiasm may be contagious : but all are not like him *fitted to walk the plain with Innocence and Contemplation joined !* All are not learned who put on the doctor’s gown : many assume abstraction, but few meditate ; for it is an

easy matter to look grave, and a task of labour to become wise: the reputation of a thing is in general more valued than the reality.— Though Zimmerman declared his love of solitude, he did not mean an ostentatious display of his own fitness to fill it: his mind was a little commonwealth in itself, always at work for the public weal, and solitude was his study; or rather, retirement; for that is the proper name of the seclusion he eulogises. His retreat was animated by the graces of conjugal and filial love, and all the social endearments of friendship: these blessings are not the guests of solitude; she dwells, like the hermit of the desert, *alone*.

5.

Eagles we see fly alone; and they are but sheep which always herd together.

Remark:

But it is to *fly* that eagles leave their mates; not to immure themselves in the crannies of rocks, or bury themselves under ground,

amongst the ruins of a charnel-house. Newton shut out the world, that he might range through the universe: Locke closed his door on the crowd of busy bodies, that he might open his soul to the bright Intelligences who visited him from above: and Milton traversed the midnight woods of Ludlow, to mark

“——the spiritual creatures that walk the earth,
“ Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Such men, when they withdraw from society, go on heavenly errands. Genius would want one of the essentials towards its perfection, if it were ignorant of its destination: it knows its own worth and its own uses: it is a minister of the king of kings; and to fulfil its duty, that duty must be diligently studied. The great benefactors of mankind, (they who teach men to be wise, virtuous, and happy;) when they have viewed the diseased multitude, usually retire to consider the cases and the remedies: the wound is in the soul, and the secret of cure must be sought in the physician's own bosom. He goes into the depths of solitude,

“to commune with his own heart;” to judge man by man; to tremble at what he is, to marvel at what he might be;—how prone to vice, how adapted to virtue; how foolish in pride, how wise in humility! The sage is alone: temptation is distant; and the world and its snares are at its feet; for a time he forgets the earth, and, like the prophet of old, his soul is in heaven.—“And behold! **THE LORD PASSED BY!** And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire **A STILL SMALL VOICE!** And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle.” Conscience is not heard amid the tempests of the world; the aspirations of the soul are overwhelmed in the press of business, in the noise of pleasure, and the uproar of ambition; it is only in solitude that we can hear distinctly the *still small voice* from heaven, that whispers a pleading warning to erring man. How

sweet, yet how awful is its sound! It is the soft cooing of the dove at the ark-window: the lonely patriarch of a drowned world, starts from his couch, and listens with a still joy to the herald of heaven,—the messenger of *peace on earth, and good-will towards man!*

LIFE.

How pitiable is that vanity which possesseth many, to make a perpetual mansion of this poor baiting-place of man's life!

Remark.

The baser part of man must obscure and almost extinguish the nobler, before he can be content to set up his rest here and resign his heavenly country. This abjectness may be shewn in men who devote themselves to the accumulation of wealth, to the pursuit of

idle pleasures, or to the constant excitement and gratification of the senses: all these creatures (and others like unto them,) are mere earth-worms, and would be happy to lick the dust to eternity. Neglecting thought, they can have no imagination; that smiling prophetess whose "*promised* events cast their shadows before!" They see no heaven in the sky; they acknowledge no providence in good fortune; they feel no earnest of immortality in the deathless affections of the soul! Weak is the pleasure of the world-encrusted wretch, when compared with the buoyant emotions of him who spurns its dross. He knows whose hand placed him in the world: and as we esteem presents for the sake of the friend that gives them, rather than on account of their own value; and as they acquire new beauty in our eyes, by reminding us of the good-will of the donor; so a considerate man finds more loveliness in the world than the inconsiderate does; because all that is in it he looks on as bestowed by his best friend, Almighty God! He admires creation, but he does not love the gift better than the giver. What man is

there among us, who would prefer the scarf wrought by his lady's hands, the bracelets which she wore, the letters which she wrote, or perhaps her very picture, which he has so often pressed to his heart, before her own presence? Who would be such a fool as to hesitate about throwing all these comforters of banishment into the wide sea, when she held out her arms to receive him on the opposite shore? If this seems so reasonable in earthly love, how unreasonable is any contradiction of the principle when applied to heavenly! But it is not so with him who estimates life properly : he exults in accomplishing the task assigned him here; and though his head be covered with honours, and his heart filled with the sweetest affections, he is ready to depart : but, he consents not to leave what has so long mingled with his soul. His soul grasps them yet closer; and in its bosom they are borne to the footstool of the Most High, to the infinite fields of ether, to the eternal home of paradise. When such a man meditates on the brevity of life, on the near approach of death, the grave is the last object that passes

before him: the garment of his spirit, may occupy its dark confines; but the spirit itself, his proper self, ascends to the cheerful regions of light ineffable. A few observations from Atterbury, will elucidate this subject.—

“ We see what difference there is between man and man; such as there is hardly greater between man and beast: and this proceeds chiefly from the different sphere of thought which they act in, and the different objects they converse with. The mind is essentially the same in the peasant and the prince; the forces of it naturally equal in untaught man and the philosopher; only one of these is busied in mean affairs, and within narrower bounds; the other exercises himself in things of weight and moment; and this it is that puts the wide difference between them. Noble subjects are to the mind what the sunbeams are to a bud or flower; they open and unfold the leaves of it, put it upon exerting and spreading itself every way, and call forth all those powers that lie hid and locked up in it. Hence meditation on the Divine Nature, being the sublimest point of thought, enlarg-

eth the powers and capacities of our souls, by setting our faculties on the full stretch; and by turning them from little and low things, upon their greatest and noblest object, they are improved to all the degrees of perfection of which they are capable."

TIME.

1.

TIME is the parent of many mutations.

2.

In extremities, the winning of time is the purchase of life.

Remark.

And no man being certain of the prolongation of his life for one hour, each passing moment ought to be regarded as the probable limit of our time; and then how wisely would

we husband that estate which we now so foolishly waste ! Many of our days steal away in ignorance and idleness ; yet the philosopher reminds us that *these same days are imputed to our account* ; and we give them for nought ; we incur a penalty and have taken no game ! They are gone, the neglected days of our strength, and have not only swallowed up the season of our duties, but the persons and things unenjoyed, which we have lost ! Prodigals that we are and disobedient ! Hours fly, and the reaper puts in his sickle before we have sown the seed. What excuse is it, that we have been eating and drinking, sleeping and visiting ? Are these occupations of sufficient consequence to stand in the place of services to mankind, assistance to our neighbour, ministration to our friends, care of our relatives, and watchful obedience to God ? Theophrastus says that “ expense of time is the most precious expense that can be.” How then can such a valuable thing be better disposed of than in the acquisition of sound wisdom, true virtue, and a peaceful conscience ?

YOUTH AND INEXPERIENCE.

1.

YOUTH will never live to age, without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits: and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.

2.

Youth ever thinks that good, whose goodness or evil he sees not.

3.

All is but lip-wisdom which wants experience.

Remark.

The effects of confidence in the pleasurable property of novelties, are rashness, inconstancy, and regret. Regret induces reflection; and reflection produces those prudent determinations to which we give the name of experience.

This remembrance should plead with age for the errors of youth, and remind it, that “it is not every irregularity in our movement, that is a total deviation from our course.”

AGE.

1.

NEVER may he be old that doth not reverence that age, whose heaviness, if it weigh down the frail and fleshly balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spiritual part: and well might it be alleged, that the talkativeness of the aged, springeth from a willingness to make their wisdom profit others.

2.

Old age, in the very disposition of it, is talkative. Whether it be, that nature loves to exercise that part most, which is least decayed, and that is the tongue; or that knowledge being the only thing whereof old men

can brag, cannot be made known but by utterance; or that man, by all means seeking to eternize himself, (so much the more as he is near his end,) doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by speeches and writings recommended to the memory of hearers and readers.

Remark.

But that old age is not always confined to the "tongue's utterance," in the setting forth the fruits of its experience, we can prove from history: and to that end I will repeat a few examples from the eloquent page of the author of Ximenes.

"Age retains a vigour and vivacity, capable of good and great action, when it is not unstrung by indolence and excess, or torne by unseasonable passions. When the coward shrinks from a manly ambition, and from glorious toils, he shelters himself under plausible unreflected apologies. The history of man demonstrates that I am not giving way to a romantic flight, but that I am establishing a

plain and momentous truth. Illustrious examples, in arts and arms, prove what great achievements may be performed in old age; *that*, too frequently, desponding period. The wisdom of Timoleon always determined the conduct of the Syracusians, on great emergencies, long after he had retired from civil and military employments: in his younger years, he had acquired and established the liberty of their state with the force of his arms: in his old age, he protected that liberty with the vigour of his mind. The military strength and spirit of Camillus, when he was on the verge of his eightieth year, repeatedly fought and routed the Volsci; and saved his ungrateful country. Agesilaus, when he was yet older, was victorious in Egypt. The god-like Socrates, at the age of seventy, gave his tribute of a perfect eloquence to the immortality of the soul, when the hemlock was corroding his vitals; and died at the summit of mortal glory. Our divine Milton wrote the first of poems in the decline of life; and Dryden, in his seventieth year, wrote the famous ode in which he excelled himself; and which eclipses

all compositions, of that species, of Greece and Rome, and England. The illustrious author of the Night Thoughts; one of the *men who are so strong that they come to fourscore years*; at that age, wrote his *Conjectures on original Composition*, with all the spirit and fire of youth. I shall close this account of aged glory, with reviving the memory of the celebrated Cornaro, a noble Venetian, who amply redeemed the irregularities of youth, by a long and uninterrupted course of extreme temperance; and who, in his hundredth year, chaunted his *Te Deum* with an elevation of voice, and with a fervour which he could not repress; with an involuntary and enraptured enthusiasm*.”

* To this catalogue of illustrious veterans, who, like the aloe, seem to grow in brightness as their years number with the century; future times will add the name of him who recorded them. Percival Stockdale, who wrote the animated and patriotic tragedy of *Ximenes*, in *the meridian of his days*; at their *sunset*, when he too approached his *seventieth* year, completed *Lectures on our great British Poets*, which will ren-

How can I better sum up this venerable subject, than by closing it with the per-oration to the Discourse on the Duties and Advantages of Old Age, whence I borrowed my examples?

“The progress of the life of man has, in different respects, often been compared, and not unaptly, with the course of the sun through the firmament. Let me endeavour to adapt this object of comparison to my present purpose. Let me view this beautiful and majestic luminary, in his best character; in one of his purest and most benignant days. He rises alert, jocund, and resplendent; he promises the charms and the glories of his march. As he advances in his ethereal progress, as he ‘runs his longitude through heaven’s high road;’ his flame grows more vigorous and ef-

der his name dear to the memories of posterity, as long as true poesy, generous criticism, and an eloquence, which like Longinus, “shews the true sublime he draws,” are understood and properly appreciated in this land.

fulgent; he strikes and dazzles the world: the light clouds, of fantastic shape and colour, evaporate by his ardour; or keep their form and station, to shew their insignificance. In his descent he retains his beauty and his grandeur; but his beauty is then more amiable; and his grandeur is more easy of access and communication. He draws around his horizon, around the evening of his sublime march, his bright companions, and worthy of their lord; clad in rich and magnificent attire; but, like himself, of a mild and sedate gaiety. He benignly salutes the delighted landscape; and as he gradually descends; as he sinks into the bed of ocean; the feeling, the elegant, the pious part of mankind; the constant adorers of the God of nature, eye, with a fine devotion, his expiring rays; and send after him a sigh, rather of love and admiration than of sorrow and regret. Go, and do thou likewise, in the evening of Christian morality; mellow, soften, and yet dignify the human picture; give it the tints, and the keeping of Claude Lorraine.

“Thou mayest easily (especially if heaven

is indulgent to thy honest prayer,) thou mayest easily *recover thy strength before thou goest hence*: but remember *one* great difference between the fate of the sun, and of thee. He always sets to rise again;—if he sets in gloom to-day, he may set in glory to-morrow; he may atone for his obscured honours. But when *thou goest hence, thou shalt be no more seen!* When thy *vital* sun is set, thou canst not change the character of thy departed life; its unseasonable gusts and its melancholy vapours;—a calmer, a serener evening is not to succeed; it is precluded by an everlasting night. Oh! then, how careful should we be to fill the last scene of life with active and honourable conduct! to descend to the grave with ease and dignity; to take an affectionate and engaging leave of the world; instructed and adorned by the best educators of youth, and accomplishers of age; by the moral and religious graces.”

SUICIDE.

KILLING one's self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding of a fear of a farther evil either of torment or of shame; for if it were not a hopeless respecting of the harm, courage would make one not respect what might be done unto one: and hope being of all other the most contrary to fear, self-killing being an utter banishment of hope, it seems to receive its ground in fear. Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height, that holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness, even in the midst of miseries. God has appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which, without treason to that majesty, are never to be delivered over till they are demanded.

DEATH.

I.

DEATH being a fearful thing, and life full of hopes, it is want of well-squared judgment to leave any honourable means unessayed of saving one's life.

Remark.

With this sentence the glory of the braggart falls to the ground. How many petty heroes do we hear boasting that they never knew what it was to shrink at the face of battle! If they speak truth, they bear witness against themselves; and have no more merit in meeting danger, than the blind have in not coveting the beauty which they cannot see; *they* want the sense that would have led them into temptation: and the man who rushes on death, because he is insensible to its horrors, is as much a mere implement of war as the cannon or the culverin; *he* wants the

sense "which might lead to self-preservation. "He alone is brave, who, influenced by just motives, and guided by sound reason, knows the danger, fears, yet valiantly hastens to encounter it!" So taught the wise instructor of the hero of Macedon; and so thought the renowned prince de Conde, when he was little more than a boy and stood in his first campaign:—"You fear—you are pale—you tremble!" said his commander to him,—“My body trembles (replied the prince, grasping his sword,) at the actions my soul meditates!" The valour of this noble youth (whose answer ought to have more power over young hearts than *the sound of a trumpet*,) was the effect of *meditation*: it was no headlong impulse of the blood which commands its subject to deeds of courage or of cowardice, as accident inclines it to ebb or flow. Nothing can conquer the spirit, when it has made up the account between life and death: the body that contains it may be reduced by sickness, or cut to pieces by the sword, and still the man is whole, the hero is invincible; his life may be ravished from him, but his will is inviolate.

2.

No expectation of death is so painful, as where the resolution is hindered by the intermixing of hopes.

3.

In pangs of forced death, the stronger heart feels the greater torments, because it doth resist the oppressor.

Remark.

These observations relate to cases of death by unjust execution. In the first, we see how misery is heightened by the suspense in which the condemned are often held; expectation of escape disperses the spirits to all the avenues of hope, and when disappointment comes, and they are suddenly called to bear the mind through its last trial, the distraction of the poor sufferer is truly pitiable: he who might otherwise have shewn a pattern of fortitude, meets his fate like a coward. The evil that we know to be inevitable, is met by the collected soul with firmness and composure; but

the smallest intimations of reprieve, would have probably disconcerted Seneca himself.

The second observation notices a crime, the commission of which is happily confined to tyrants; and woe to them who have such power to become miserable! Not all the pageants that were played before the eyes of Elizabeth, could remove from her sight the bleeding head of Mary Stuart! And not all the clangour of Napoleon's mighty triumphs, can hush the voice that is heard in the wood of Vincennes,—the blood of Bourbon crying on his murderer! There is a story amongst the legends we tell children, that is not a mean picture of a tyrant and his doom. The moral is couched in allegory.

“ There was once a huge and misshapen rock which was endowed, by infernal sorcery, with the power of impetuous motion.— It rolled through a flourishing kingdom; it crushed down all opponents; it laid the land desolate; and was followed by a stream of blood. It arrived unwittingly at an awful precipice; it had no power of returning; for the bloody stream that pursued it was so

strong, that it could not roll back: it was pushed from the precipice; was dashed into fragments; and the roar of its downfall arose unto heaven!"

4.

It is no less vain to wish death, than it is cowardly to fear it.

Remark.

But how is this so natural a fear, to be rationally subdued? Divine wisdom hath taught us, and to this effect it speaks. As "it is certain that all men must die," the first use that we ought to make of our reason when we arrive at years of maturity, is to prepare for death; that when he comes we may not be taken unawares, and, like deserters, loitering at a distance from our post. Two advantages spring from an early consideration of death, which contribute more to our peace of mind than all other of our studies. It delivers us from the fears of death, and consequently from most other fears: and it gives us arguments

to comfort us through the calamities of life ; for surely the shortness of our lives is a sufficient answer to the reasonings against Providence, which some men deduce from the prosperity of the wicked and the afflictions of the good ! All the time that either can pass in pleasure or distress, is scarcely a moment when compared with the infinite duration of eternity. Short as life is, though it comprizes not the goal of triumph, it is the field wherein we are to run for the prize ; and we win by the swiftness of our motion, rather than the length of time allowed for the race. We must not estimate our lives, as men and Christians, by days, or months, or years ; that is the measure of our being ; (a tree might claim veneration on the same plea ;) but to be, and to live, are two things, and of a distinct consideration and account. To live, when we speak of a man, signifies to act like a reasonable creature ; to exercise his understanding and will, his mind and heart, upon objects that harmonize with the dignity and perfection of human nature ; to be employed in such actions as are proper to his nature, and dis-

tinguish man from other animals. A life of reason, religion, and virtue, is properly the life of a man, because it is peculiar to him, and marks the essential difference between him and all other creatures : and therefore, he who improves his *essential part* the most, his understanding and his heart ; who has his passions and his appetites under the best government ; and who makes himself most useful to mankind ; though he do not continue longer in the world, yet he lives more than other men ; that is, he exerts more frequent and more perfect acts of rational life. He lives in the constant commission of his duty, and needs not to fear the call of his Almighty " Captain," when it summons him to his account: whether he be in the chamber or in the field, he is still at his station ; and ready to maintain the ground or to relinquish it, as his Commander gives the word : he has " fought the fight," and the palm of victory awaits him in heaven !

ATHEIST.

1.

NEGLECTFULNESS of honest research is the very well-spring of atheists ; who (to speak rightly of them) offend not through reasoning, but for want of reasoning ; not by abusing of reason, but by drowning of reason, or rather, by bemiring it in the filthy and beastly pleasures of the world. Others, match their pleasures with malice ; and to make short way to the attainment of goods or honours, do over-reach and betray other men ; selling their friends, their kinsfolk, yea and their own souls ; and not sticking to do any evil that may serve their turn, never alleging or pretending honesty, or conscience, but to their own profit. Of such kind of stuff are the Epicures made, who, because they feel their minds guilty of so many crimes, do think themselves to have escaped the justice

and providence of God, by denying it: And of these we say, that their reason is carried away and over-mastered by the course of the world, whereunto it is wholly tied, so as they can have none other course or discourse than this.

2.

A REPLY TO AN ATHEIST.

Peace, peace! Unworthy to breathe, that dost not acknowledge the Breath-giver! Most unworthy to have a tongue, which speakest against Him through whom thou speakest! You say—"Yesterday was as to-day." O, fool! and most miserably foolish, since wit makes you foolish! What doth that argue, but that there is a constancy in the everlasting Governor? Would you have an inconstant God? since we count a man foolish that is inconstant. He is not seen, you say—(Hast thou ever seen thine own soul? and yet thou dost not doubt that it exists!)—and yet you might see enough of the Creator in his works;

if you were not like such who for sport-sake willingly hoodwink themselves, to receive blows the easier. . You say, because we know not the causes of things, therefore fear was the mother of superstition : nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, *that* hath engendered a true and lively devotion. (Our fear of God is not an abject and dastardly fear, but a devout awe of his greatness ; a soul-impressed admiration of his holiness, a solemn conviction of his justice, a trembling acknowledgment of his power, and a filial ardour to be received to the mercy of his goodness ! Such a fear cannot be born in an ignoble breast ; for it is made up of generous qualities : its weakness is strength, its humility honourable ; for when it yields, it is to virtue ; and when it trembles, it is only before God. He who rightly fears God, may stand unshaken before all men : nothing can intimidate him ; for he stands in the power of virtue, and he is armed with the power of omnipotence). Do we not see goodly cause for this lively faith in all around ? For this lovely world of which we are, and in which

we live, hath not its being by chance: on which opinion of chance, it is beyond marvel by what chance any brain could stumble. For if it be eternal, as you would seem to conceive it, eternity and chance are things unsufferable together; for that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened when it might not have happened; or else it did not happen: and so, if chanceable, not eternal; and if eternal, not of chance. And as absurd it is to think that if it had a beginning, its beginning was derived from chance; for chance could never make all things of nothing: and if there were substances before, which by chance should meet to make up this world, thereon follows another bottomless pit of absurdities; for then those substances must needs have been from ever, and so eternal; and that eternal causes should bring forth chanceable effects, is as sensible as that the sun should be the author of darkness. Again, if it were chanceable, then was it not necessary; whereby you take away all consequents. But we see in all things, in some respect or other, necessity of

consequence: therefore, in reason we must know that causes were necessary. Besides, chance is variable, or else it is not to be called chance; but we see this world is steady and permanent. If nothing but chance had glued these pieces of this all, the heavy parts would have gone infinitely downwards; the light infinitely upward; and so never have met to have made up this goodly body. Perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect constancy, if these be the children of chance, let wisdom be counted the root of wickedness! But if you will say—It is so by nature;—that is as much as if you had said—It is so, because it is so. But if you mean, of many natures conspiring together (as in a popular government) to establish this fair estate; as if the elementish and ethereal parts should in their town-house set down the bounds of each other's office, then consider what follows—that there must needs have been a wisdom which made them concur; for their natures being absolutely contrary in nature, rather would have sought each other's ruin, than have served as well consorted parts, to each other's harmony.

For, that contrary things should meet to make up a perfection, without force and wisdom above their powers, is absolutely impossible ; unless you will fly to that hissed-out opinion of chance, again. But you may perhaps affirm, that one universal nature (which hath been for ever) is the knitting together of these many parts, to such an excellent unity. If you mean a nature of wisdom, goodness, and providence, which knows what it doth, then say you that which I seek of you : but if you mean a nature as we speak of the fire, which goeth upward it knows not why ; and of the nature of the sea, which in ebbing and flowing, seems to observe so just a dance and yet understands no music ; it is still but the same absurdity, superscribed with another title. For this word One, being attributed to that which is All, is but *one* mingling of *many*, and many *ones* ; as in a less matter, when we say *one kingdom*, which contains many cities ; or *one city*, which contains many persons ; wherein the under ones (if there be not a superior power and wisdom) cannot by nature, regard to any preservation but of them-

selves : no more, we see, *they* do ; since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drowns the earth : so far are they from a conspired unity ; but that a right heavenly nature, indeed, as it were un-naturing them, doth so bridle them. Again, it is as absurd in nature, that from a unity, many contraries should proceed, still kept in an unity, as that from the number of contraries an unity should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity and plurality of judgment from among them, then do but conceive how a thing, whereto you give the highest and most excellent kind of being (which is eternity), can be of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being ; which is, so to be, as not to enjoy its being. I will not here call all your senses to witness, which can hear nor see nothing which yields not most evident evidence of the unspeakableness of that wisdom ; each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preservation ;—so proper effects of judgment, as speaking and laughing are of mankind. But what mad fury can ever so inveigle any conceit, as to see our mortal and corruptible

selves to have a reason, and that this universality (whereof we are but the least pieces), should be utterly devoid thereof? as if one should say, that one's foot might be wise, and one's self foolish. This heard I once alleged against such a godless mind as your's, who being driven to acknowledge this beastly absurdity that our bodies should be better than the whole universe, if it had the knowledge whereof they were void; he sought (not being able to answer directly) to shift it off in this sort—that if that reason were true, then must it follow also, that the universe must have in it a spirit, that could write and read too, and be learned; since that was in us commendable. Wretched fool! Not considering that books be but supplies of defects, and so are praised, because they help our want; and therefore cannot be incident to the Eternal Intelligence, which needs no recording of opinions to confirm his knowledge; no more than the sun wants wax, to be the fuel of his glorious lightfulness. This world, therefore, cannot otherwise consist, but by a mind of Wisdom, which governs it; which,

whether you will allow to be the Creator thereof (as undoubtedly He is), or the soul and Governor thereof—most certain it is, that whether he govern all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures or his government. And if his power be above all things, then, consequently, it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it. For, beyond which there is nothing, must needs be boundless and infinite. If his power be infinite, then likewise must his knowledge be infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power, which he should not know how to use; the unsensibleness whereof, I think even you can conceive:—and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies (which you with such scorn did jest at), be unknown to him. For if there were, then *there* were his knowledge bounded, and not infinite. If his knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs his goodness and justice march in the same rank: for infiniteness of power and knowledge, without like measure of goodness, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruin; and not orna-

ment and preservation. Since, then, there is a God, and an all-knowing God, so as he seeth into the darkest of all natural secrets, which is the heart of man; and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts; nay, sees the thoughts before they be thought;—since he is just, to exercise his might; and mighty to perform his justice; assure thyself (that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind, as thou canst not keep thy sickness to thyself, but must most wickedly infect others), assure thyself, I say (for what I say, depends of everlasting and unremovable cause), that the time will come, when thou shalt know that power, by feeling it; when thou shalt see his wisdom, in the manifesting thy shamefulness; and shall only perceive Him to have been a Creator, in thy destruction!

Remark.

Lord Bacon observes, that “a little philosophy inclineth men’s minds to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men’s minds to Religion.”

FAITH.

THE mark that faith looketh at, is the Author of Nature and Principle of all principles. The rules, therefore, and the principles of nature which God hath made, cannot be contrary unto himself; and he is also the very reason and truth itself: all other reason then, and all other truth, dependeth upon him, and relieth upon him: neither is there, nor can there be any reason or truth but what is in him. So far off is it, that the thing which is true and reasonable in nature, is, or can be false in Divinity, which (to speak properly,) is not against nature, but against corruption of nature, and in very deed above nature.

Remark.

Boundless power, made lovely by an essential union with perfect wisdom, justice, and mercy, makes up our idea of God, and demands the fervent adoration of all creatures.

The ineffable benignity of His image, as the beneficent Jesus, hath impressed it on our hearts, like the loadstone that draweth iron and steel to itself, and communicates to them the power they obey, doth draw our affections towards the Divine Original, and imparts to us some touch of the same virtue; which, by consequence, renders us happy magnets to them who follow in the same direction. Perfect faith is perfect piety, perfect piety is perfect virtue, and perfect virtue is the perfection of man. This spirit of God, this influence of Divine Love, this reflection from the Most High, is a warm and resplendent luminary which, like the sun, gives light and brightness to innumerable stars, without subtracting one ray from its original glory. Such is the faith that leads to heaven; observance of God and attention to man: and so the apostles teach—"Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light! Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. And if there be any other commandment, it

is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.”



GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

I.

HE that seeth but only the portraiture of a man, falleth by and by to think of the painter; and the first speech he uttereth is to ask, Who made it? Now, if a dead work do make us to conceive a living worker, much more reason is it, that a living work as man is, should make us to bethink us of a quickening work-master; yea, even of such a one as may be (at least,) as far above man, as man is above the portraiture of his own making:—and the same is God.

2.

God is goodness itself; and whatsoever is good is of him.

3.

If thou call him Destiny, thou shalt not deceive thyself; for all things depend upon him, and from him come the causes of all causes. (Conceive this proposition as it ought to be, and thou shalt comprehend many truths.) If thou call him Providence, thou sayest well; for by his direction, doth the world hold on its course without swerving, and uttereth forth his actions. If thou call him Nature, thou doest not amiss; for he is of whom all things are bred, and by whose spirit we live: in very deed, He is the whole which thou seest; and he is in all the parts thereof, bearing up both the whole world and all that is therein.

Remark.

A certain philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" The Christian replied, "Before I answer you, first tell me where he is not?"

4.

Chance is only to trouble them that stand upon chance.

5.

The universal and only Wisdom, Almighty God, which examineth the depth of hearts, hath not His judgment fixed upon the event of our actions, but the motive.

Remark.

A hundred parallel declarations to the same effect, may be found in the Scriptures: how lovely are such assurances from Him who sees the heart, and who judges human frailty with pity and with mercy. "What man is he that desireth life, and would fain see good days? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the right-

eous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

6.

It is not for us to appoint the mighty Majesty of God, what time he will help us. The uttermost instant is scope enough for him to revoke every thing to our desire.

7.

The almighty Wisdom, ever more delighting to shew the world, that by unlikeliest means, greatest matters may come to conclusion; causeth human reason, (which often disdaineth to acknowledge its author,) to be the more humbled, and more willingly give place to Divine Providence.

8.

The heavens do not send good haps in handfuls; but let us pick out our good by little, and with care, from out much bad, *that still our little world may know its king!*

Remark.

It has been said before, that what men term the course of nature, is the incessant administration of Providence; and that faith in Providence, or belief in the superintendence of God, cannot be disputed by any mind which looks right onward, into the usual succession of things. If the constant laws which govern the material world, and the occult influence which disposes the actions of men, be called Destiny, Fate, or Necessity, that idea presupposes an almighty Lawgiver who laid the great plan, and set men in it to fulfil their parts to the end of time. Is a clock that the maker forms to go without stopping for a twelve-month, less the work of his design and hands, than one which he made to be wound up every day? General Providence may rule the world, and particular Providence the individuals of mankind. To reconcile these alleged inconsistencies, we have only to suppose that in the plan of each man's life there are certain stations (like mountains in a country,) which he

must reach ; certain temptations, certain trials, certain felicities, certain miseries ; but it depends on himself whether he will follow the *pillar of light* that moves before him ; whether he will go on the plain road of virtue to these eminences, or “ clamber over fences of duty, break through hedges of right, and trespass on hallowed enclosures,” as the readiest way to his journey’s end ! In short, whether his aim be to approach good, or to avoid evil, it depends on himself to fall carelessly and headlong down some precipice, or, by calling on his heavenly Father, to “ bear him up that he dash not his foot against a stone !” to alight, even as “ a bird among the moss.”

Thus the perverse deviations of wicked men, though they ruin their perpetrators, cannot disturb the destined course of events which they must meet ; whether we take the obvious road, the intricate path, or some subterraneous passage, yet, in spite of our determinations to the contrary, we come out just where Providence designed we should. We are apt to murmur at the adversities which afflict virtuous men, and to conclude from

them that, a particular Providence cannot superintend the circumstances of a man's life: but does not experience, as well as the preacher teach, that "God thoroughly knows our constitutions? What is noxious to our health, and what may remedy our distempers? And therefore accordingly disposeth to us instead of honey sometimes wholesome wormwood. We are ourselves greatly ignorant of what is conducive to our real good; and were the choice of our condition wholly permitted us, should make very foolish, very disadvantageous elections: that which is now our idol, might quickly become our burden; for we know not how soon we may be sick *of* what we are now sick *for*." Bishop Beveridge curiously, but truly, says—"A cockle-fish may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell, as vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God!"

RELIGION.

I.

DEVOTION to God is, indeed, the best bond which the wisest could have found out to hold man's wit in well-doing.

Remark.

Religion does not consist in fair professions and ostentatious pretences, but in real practice; "It is not every one that *saith* unto me *Lord! Lord!* that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the *will* of my *Father* which is in heaven!" So pronounces the Divine Founder of Religion.—Neither doth religion consist in a pertinacious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness and dislike of the reverse; not in vain flourishes of outward performances, but in an inward good constitution of mind, exerting itself in works of true piety and love; not in unreflecting, or political sub-

jection of our judgments to the peremptory dictates of men, but in a candid affection for truth, in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good and necessary to be believed; not in harsh censuring and virulently inveighing against others, and, like Peter, drawing the sword on the sinner, instead of imitating Jesus, and washing away his crimes with tears, but in carefully amending our own ways, and gently exhorting others to follow us; not in peevish crossness and obstinate repugnancy to laws and customs, but in a placable and satisfied submission to the express ordinances of God, and lawful decrees of man. This is the spirit and body of religion: the ceremonies of the church are merely trappings, though to be respected as necessary to the order and *beauty of holiness.*

Because philosophical discourses stand in the general consideration of things, they leave to every man a scope of his own interpretation; whereas the law of revelation applying

itself as well to particulars, folds us within its bounds, which once broken, man's nature infinitely rangeth.

3.

Seeing that in revelation it is God that speaketh, it becometh man to hold his peace; and seeing that he vouchsafeth to teach us, it becometh us to learn and believe.

Remark.

Philosophy having decked herself in the doctrine and morality of revelation, denies the existence of the power she has robbed:—The light of the Gospel shines throughout the world, like the sun in the firmament: the infidel feeds on the fruits of its influence and is comforted by its rays, while he shuts his eyes and will not open them, crying,—“There is no light; for I cannot see it!” Indeed, to accept the revelation of the Scriptures, is no greater a stretch of credulity, than to believe that Julius Cæsar lived and wrote the Commentaries which go by his name: and to believe that doctrines are true which we do not

fully comprehend, is only to give God credit for being wiser than ourselves; and not to treat our Creator worse than we should do one of his creatures: an Archimedes or a Newton for instance! If either of them should declare some philosophical discovery, the truth of which we were not skilful enough to prove, (for, we should bear in our minds, that *mysteries* in religion, are only mysteries to *finite* understandings; the *infinite mind* knowing every thing, hath no mysteries;) we would blush to say to the philosopher,—“ I do not believe you.” We take his assertion on the faith of his genius and honour: And shall we be more suspicious of the Maker of this man? Shall we doubt the wisdom, and the power, and the word of the source of all might, truth, and reason, and of our own beings and souls? O, proud man! to raise thy head against thy Creator! to dare to argue with him who formed thee out of the dust, and breathed into thy body the very soul which thou movest against him! What phrensy is this that thou sayest? “ *My* mind is the measure of omniscience; *my* will, the

measure of omnipotence; and God cannot do any thing that I am unable to conceive!" Where wert thou, worm! ten thousand years ago? Who called thee into being? Was it thine own will? Who sustained thee in infancy? Who shot forth thy tender members into expansion and strength? Who gave thee thy reason? Who preserved thee in life? Was it thyself? Could'st thou "by taking thought add one cubit to thy stature?" Or could'st thou, by all the arts of man, add one moment more to the last gasp of thy departing soul? If thou art not then lord of thyself, how canst thou pretend to be equal with Him who made thee, and who is the Lord of life and death? Peace! and be grateful that thy blasphemy has been against the King of Heaven, for with Him thou wilt find mercy; "He is gracious and long-suffering, and of great goodness!" But hadst thou "wagged thy tongue" but half so much against any earthly potentate, a cruel death would have put it to silence for ever.

4.

The world is as a shadow of God's brightness; and man is his image and likeness: and if it appear, even by the philosophers themselves, that the world was made for man, how greatly then are we bound unto the Creator thereof? How great is the dignity of this creature? And what else is his sheet-anchor, and his welfare, but to adhere wholly unto God? Soothly, he for whom the world was made, must needs be made for more than the world. He for whom so durable and substantial a thing was made, must needs be made for another, than this frail and wretched life; that is, to wit, for the everlasting life, with him that is the Everlasting. And that is the foundation of all religion. *For religion (to speak properly,) is nothing else but the school wherein we learn man's duty towards God, and the way to be linked most straitly unto him.* Again, in the world, we see a steady and fast-settled order; and every creature to do service in his sort: only man withdraweth his duty, shrinking from God, and wandering away in himself. He that is most indebted is

lothest to pay, and least able to pay. He for whom the highest things are made, is become a bond-slave to the basest and vilest things; and the records of all ages are as indictments against all mankind, proving him to be unthankful to God, a murtherer of his neighbours, a violator of nature, and an enemy to himself. Shall not he then, who instead of doing his duty is not ashamed to offend God, stand in dread of the death which waiteth upon him for his offence? Yes; for what is God, but justice? What is justice, but a judgment of duty? And before that judgment who dareth appear? What remedy then is there both for God's glory, and for man's welfare; but that the debt be discharged by release, and the justice satisfied with free favour? The duty, therefore, of true religion, is to convict us by the law, and to justify us by grace*; to make us feel our disease, and there

* Grace signifies *Gift*; the *free pardon* given by God, and his *assistance* given to our weakness. A heathen king (Marcus Aurelius,) teaches the proud Christian

withal, to offer us remedy. But who shall purchase us this grace, so necessary for man's welfare? Either the world (as we think,) or else man. Nay, what is there in man, (I say in the best man,) which burneth not before God's justice, and which setteth it not on fire? And what shall become of the world then, if man, for whom it was created, be unable to stand? Soothly, it is the well-beloved Son of God, that must stand for all: the righteous for the unrighteous; the mighty for the unmighty; the rich for the poor; the darling and the well-beloved for them that are in the displeasure and curse of God his father; and the same (say I,) is our Lord Jesus Christ.—“The fool (saith the Psalmist,) hath said in his heart, There is no God.” And a heathen man hath passed yet further, saying; “He that

not to contemn *assistance*: “Be not ashamed (saith he,) of *taking help*. Thy business is to do thy duty, like a soldier in a siege, who being lame and unable to climb to the battlements by himself, may arrive at the utmost pinnacle by the *assistance* of superior strength.”

denieth the one God, and his providence in all things, is not only witless, but also senseless." And his so saying is, because the world, which offereth itself continually unto us, replenisheth our wits with the knowledge of God: even in this respect, that with one view of the eye, we see this universal mass furnished with so many, and so diverse things liked one to another, and tending all to one mark. Truly, I dare say, and by God's grace, I dare undertake to prove, that whosoever will lay before him, wholly in one table, (so as he may see them together, with one view,) the promises and prophecies concerning Christ, the coming of our Lord Jesus, and the proceeding of his gospel, he shall not be able to deny, even by the very rules of philosophy, but that he was sent of God; yea, and that he was of God himself. Howbeit, in this lieth our fault, that (whether it be through ignorance, or through negligencé,) we consider not the incomparable work of creation, and the recreation, but by piece-meal, without laying the one of them to the other: like as if a man would judge of the whole space of time, by

the night; or by some one season of the year, by some one of the elements: or of an oration, by some syllables thereof: whereas, notwithstanding God's wisdom in creating things cannot be considered, but in the union of the parts with the whole; and of themselves among themselves; nor his goodness in recreating or renewing them; and in regenerating mankind, for whom he made the world; but by the heedful conferring of all times, from the first birth of man, unto the second birth, and repairing of him again; which it hath pleased God to ordain and make for him. As for the world, it is sufficiently conversant before our eyes; and, would to God, it were less graven upon our hearts! and therefore let us leave the world, and busy ourselves in the universal table of man's salvation and reparation. When man had, by his sin, drawn God's wrath and the decay of the world upon his own head; God's everlasting wisdom, even the same whereby God had created him, stepped in and procured his favour; so, as it was promised unto the first man, that Christ should come, and break the serpent's head,

and make atonement between God and man. That was the foundation-stone of the wonderful building of the church, and the seed whereof men were to be regenerated. This promise was delivered over, from hand to hand, and conveyed from father to son; solemnly declared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; committed as a pawn by Moses to the people of Israel; celebrated by David in his songs; and renewed, from time to time, by many excellent prophets, which pointed out the time, place, and manner of his coming; and set down, plainly and expressly, his stock, his parents, and his birth, many hundred years, yea, and some thousand years afore-hand: which are such things as no man can know, nor any creature teach or conceive. What were they else, therefore, but heralds, that shewed the coming of the king of the world, into the world? And certes, by another spirit than the spirit of the world: after a long succession of these heralds, came the Saviour, in the self-same manner which they had foretold and pointed out. Whatsoever they had said of him agreed unto him; and which,

more is, could agree to none but him. Who then can doubt that the promise is performed, and say, that he is not the bringer of the promised grace to the world? And seeing that the prophets could not tell any tidings of him, but from God, from whence can he be sent, but from God? I know well that this one thing is a stumbling-block unto us, namely, that after the sounding of so many clarions and trumpets, we see a man, in outward shew, base; and to the sight of our fleshly eyes, contemptible, come into the world: whereas, notwithstanding, if we opened the eyes of our mind, we should, contrariwise, espy in that wretchedness, the very Godhead; and in that human weakness, the self-same infinite Almighty which made both the world and man. He was born, say you: but of a virgin. He was weak; but yet, with his only voice, he healed all infirmities. He died: but yet he raised the dead; and rose himself from the dead too. If thou believe that, thou believest that he was both sent and sustained of God. Or if thou wilt doubt thereof, tell me then, how he did the things after his death, which are witnessed

by thine own histories? As soon as he was born, say I, he, by and by, changed the outward shape of the world, making it to spring new again, all after another sort: when he was once crucified, he turned the reproach of his cross into glory, and the curse thereof into a blessing. He was crowned with thorns; and now kings and emperors do cast down their crowns and diadems at his feet: what a death was that which did such things as all the living could not do! By ignorance he subdued learning; by folly, wisdom; by weakness, power; by misery, victory; by reproach, triumphs; by that which seemed not to be, the things which seemed verily and chiefly to be. Twelve fishermen, in effect, did in short space, subdue the whole world unto him; by suffering, and by teaching to suffer; yea, and by dying, and by teaching to die. And the great Christian kingdoms, which we now gaze at, and which we exalt so much, are but small remnants of their exploits, and little pieces of their conquests. If his birth offend thee, look upon the heralds that went afore him, and upon the trumpeters that told the tidings of

him, both in the beginning, and in the chief state of the world: from whom could they come, but from him that made the world? And wherefore these messengers in all ages, but for the welfare of the world? If his cross offend thee, see how emperors and their empire, the idols whom they worshipped, and the devils whom they served, lie altogether overthrown and broken in pieces, fast bound, and stricken dumb, at the feet of this crucified man: and how? But by a power, passing the power of man, passing the power of kings, passing the power of angels; yea, passing the power of all creatures together. If the little shew of the apostles move thee; consider how the silly nets of those fishermen, drew the pride of the world; namely, the wise men, the philosophers, and the orators, by ignorance (as thou termest it,) to believe; and by folly, to die for believing! And for believing of what? Even of things contrary to the law of the world, and to the wit of man; namely, that this Jesus Christ crucified, is the Son of God; and that it is a blissful thing to endure all misfortune for his sake.

Behold also how one of them draws me into his net; the lesser Asia; another, Italy; the third, Egypt; and some others of them extend unto the Scythians, the Ethiopians, and the Indians, and to other places, whither the power of the most renowned empires did never attain; and which have hardly come to our knowledge within these hundred years; and yet have we, even there, found very great conquests of theirs, and like tokens of their victories, as here among ourselves. Nay, which more is, see how these conquerors, enriched with so many triumphs, do die for a man, and are crucified for a crucified man: and their disciples also by heaps as well as they! And what moved them thereto? But that they be sure that their power cometh from him, and that they be nothing further forth than they are in him, and for him.— That is to say, that he liveth, and maketh them to live, (yea, even for ever,) which die in him and for him. Surely, upon the considering of this table, we become as men ravished, distraught, and besides ourselves; and have nothing to say, but that he which cre-

ated man and the world of nothing, was alone able to make and regenerate man and the world again of nothing, even in despite of man and the world! This invisible God, which hath made himself visible, by creating the visible world, hath shewed himself almighty and all-good, in clothing his express image with the infirmity of a contemptible man; the Redeemer, very God and very man, the Son of God! and is come in the flesh, even Jesus Christ our Lord.

Remark.

When persons seek to investigate the foundations of any particular opinion, whether of a religion or any thing else, they should come to the task with an unprejudiced and impartial mind: otherwise, the arguments they meet, being blunted or perverted by some preconceived and favourite notion, they will be as improper judges of the reasonableness and force of what has been advanced, as a man is of the natural colours of a landscape, who views it through green spectacles. The cause

of the prejudices against which Sir Philip Sidney raises his pen, is so unreasonable, so extravagant, that if we did not hear them every day, we could scarcely credit that rational creatures could be so absurd and so wicked: for, is it not grievous to observe the sort of antipathy which many men cherish towards every name which belongs to religion, and particularly to that of the gospel; despising the sacred volume, neglecting its contents, and ignorant of all those noble elucidations and corroborations of its verity which may be found by reading! They do not go deep enough into the history of mankind to see how heathen authors bear testimony to the truth of the prophets and evangelists; how Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Xenophon, Polybius, Tacitus, and others, throw light on the pages of Isaiah, Daniel, St. Matthew, and St. John*. Nay, do not consider the miracle existing before their eyes—the manifesta-

* The honey of these numerous hives is concentrated in the pages of Shuckford, Prideaux, and Dr. Thomas Newton.

tion of the fulfilment of one prophecy, which has held itself to the sight of men, these eighteen hundred years! While the Ninevites and Babylonians, and even the more modern Macedonians and Romans, are no more, the Jews yet live a separate people amongst all nations! And this separate people, the arch-enemies of Christianity, are the very people who, (bearing witness against themselves), hold the archives of the prophecies of the Messiah which are so closely fulfilled in Jesus Christ: But they, with the sceptic of the latter days, still exclaim, "What good thing can come out of Galilee?" Partiality to former usages, and pre-conceived expectations of a temporal conqueror, had blinded them; and they turned from the light to darkness, "they rejected the manna of heaven, because it was not like the flesh-pots of Egypt." Prejudice against the amiable and lowly virtues, which can alone bring man as a *little child* to be taught at the feet of Christ, makes our proud talkers disdain to owe their wisdom or salvation to any but themselves. They disdain to receive their right hand from

him who made their left ! Did not God give them that reason of which they are so proud ? And may he not add to that, a teacher and a saviour, to conduct them to himself ? How convincing is the appeal of Peter—“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? *Thou* hast the words of eternal life.” And is not the great end of religion, a blessed life after this ? Is it not earning by the labour of a day the felicity of years ? Is it not obeying God in time, that we may reign with him through eternity ? How well does the glory of our protestant church, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, pursue the subject ! He is man’s best friend ! and what his zeal has scattered through several discourses, for the sake of readers who may too much neglect such studies, I will offer in the few following pages.

He observes, that in this answer to the inquiry of Jesus to the Twelve, “ Will ye also go away ? ” Peter expresses the miserable condition they should be in if they did forsake *him*, having *no other* in whom they could trust :—“ *Lord, to whom shall we go ?* ” He also refers to the great end of religion, being *future happiness* ; and consequently the best

religion is that which will most surely direct us to *eternal life* and *eternal felicity*. Upon this ground, St. Peter prefers the gospel of Christ—“*Thou hast the words of eternal life.*” He next relies upon the authority and divine commission of Christ, upon which their faith and confidence were built—*We believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.* To believe, because we have sufficient reason to determine our belief, is a rational faith; and so we may suppose the apostles saying—*We believe, because we have, from the things we have heard and seen of you, determined with ourselves, that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.*

Religion, the only means by which men can arrive at true happiness, by which they can attain to the last perfection and dignity of their nature, does not in the present circumstances of the world, depend on human reasoning or inventions: for, was this the case, we need not go far for religion; or seek further than our own breasts for the means of reconciling ourselves to God. Upon such a

supposition, St. Peter argued very weakly, in saying, *To whom shall we go?*

In this state of the case, the necessity of religion in general is supposed; and the only question is, from what fountain we must derive it. The dispute can only lie between natural and revealed religion. If nature be able to direct us, it will be hard to justify the wisdom of God in giving us a revelation; since the revelation can only serve the same purpose which nature alone could well supply. Since the light of the gospel has shone throughout the world, the light of nature has been much improving; we see many things clearly, many things which reason readily embraces, to which the world *before* was generally a stranger. The gospel has given us true notions of God, and of ourselves; right conceptions of his holiness and purity, and of the nature of divine worship. It has taught us a religion, in the practice of which our present ease and comfort, and our hopes of future happiness and glory, consist. It has rooted out idolatry and superstition; and by instructing us in the *nature of God*, and dis-

covering to us his *unity*, his *omnipresence*, and *infinite knowledge*, has furnished us even with principles of reason, by which we reject and condemn the rites and ceremonies of heathenism and idolatry; and discover wherein the beauty and holiness of divine worship must be deduced from the nature of God: for it is impossible for men to pay a reasonable service to God, till they have just and reasonable notions of him. But now, it seems, *this is all become pure NATURAL religion*; and it is to our *own reason* and *understanding* that we are *indebted* for the *notion* of *God* and of *divine worship*; and whatever else in religion is *agreeable* to our reason, is reckoned to *proceed* entirely *from it*: and, had the unbelievers of this age heard St. Peter's complaint, "Lord! to whom shall we go?" they would have bidden him go to *himself*, and consult his *own reason*; and *there* he should find *all that was worth finding in religion*.

If nature can instruct us sufficiently in religion, we have indeed no reason to go anywhere else:—so far we are agreed. But whe-

ther nature can or not, is, in truth, a question capable of demonstration. For the way to know *what* nature *can do*, is to take nature *by itself*, and try its strength *alone*. There *was a time* when men had little else but nature to “*go to* ;” and *that* is the *proper* time to look into, to see *what mere and unassisted nature can do in religion*.

Men wanted not reason before the coming of Christ, nor opportunity, nor inclination to improve it. Arts and sciences had long obtained their just perfection ; the number of the stars had been counted, and their motions observed and adjusted ; the philosophy, oratory, and poetry of those ages, are still the delight of this. Religion was not the least part of their inquiry ; they searched all the recesses of reason and nature ; and had it been in the power of reason and nature to furnish men with just conceptions and principles of religion, *here, in the golden periods of literature, we should have found them* : but on the reverse, we find nothing but idolatry and the grossest superstition ; the creatures of the earth advanced into deities ; and men degene-

rating, and making themselves lower than the beasts of the field. The rites of this religion were a dishonour to their votaries, and to their gods; the most sacred part of their devotion was the most impure; and its only merit was the secrecy which veiled its filthiness from the eyes of the world.

This being the case wherever men *have* been left to the direction of mere reason and nature, what security have the great patrons of natural religion *now*, that were *they* left to reason and nature only, they should *not* run into *similar errors and absurdities*? Have they more reason than their progenitors and the sages of antiquity?

Can *we* shew greater instances of civil and political wisdom, than are to be found in the governments of Greece and Rome? Are not the civil laws of Rome still held in admiration? And have they not a place allowed them still in almost all legislatures? Since then in nothing else than religion we are grown wiser than the heathens, what probability is there, that we *should have grown wiser in that*, if we had been left, as they were, to mere rea-

son and nature? Why should we think that reason would *now* do that for *us*, which it has *never* yet been able to do in *any time*, or *place whatever*, to our *predecessors*?

This fact is so very plain and undeniable, that I cannot but think that would men consider it fairly, they would be convinced how much they are indebted to the revelation of the gospel, even for that natural religion of which they so fondly boast: for how comes it to pass, that there is so much reason, such natural religion, in every country where the gospel is professed, and so little of both every where else? For instance, look at the religious opinions of the Chinese; and those tracts of India which are taught by the Bra- mins.

But is there then, (it may be said,) no such thing as natural religion? Does not St. Paul lay the heathen world under condemnation, for *not* attending to the dictates of it? "Because, (says he,) *that which may be known of God, is manifest IN THEM; for God hath shewed it to them. For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen,*

being understood by the things that are made, even his *Eternal Power and Godhead*; so, that they are *without excuse*: because that, when they knew GOD, they glorified him not as GOD; neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations; and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools; and changed the glory of the *Incorruptible God*, into an image made like corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

Can you say what it was that thus debased the reason and understanding of mankind? What evil was it that had diffused itself through the whole race, and so possessed their senses, that "seeing they did not perceive, and hearing they did not understand?" Or do you think that *you alone* are exempt from this common, this universal blindness; and that the same reason and nature that hitherto have misguided all the world into error and idolatry, would lead you, out of the common road, into truth and pure religion? Is it not the utmost presumption to think thus; and to ima-

gine that we alone are able to surmount the difficulties which all the world before us has sunk under? And yet, thus every man must think, who sets up *natural* religion in opposition to *revelation*.

You may boast of Socrates and Plato, and some few others in the heathen world, and tell us of their great attainments upon the strength of mere reason. Be it so: but must millions in every age of the world be left in ignorance, because five or six extraordinary men may happen to extricate themselves? Would it be reasonable to suffer a whole nation to perish without help in a plague, because some few were not tainted with the distemper?

I question not but the wise Creator formed man for his service; and that He gave him whatever was requisite, either to the knowledge or performance of his duty: and that there are still in nature the seeds and principles of religion, however buried under the rubbish of ignorance or superstition, I as little doubt. But what was it, I beseech you, that oppressed this light of reason and nature for

so many ages? And what is it that has now set it free? Whatever the distemper was, nature plainly wanted assistance, being unable to disengage herself from the bonds and fetters in which she was held: we may disagree, perhaps, in finding a name for this evil, this general corruption of nature; but the thing itself is evident; the impotence of nature stands confessed; the blindness, the ignorance of the heathen world, are too plain a proof of it. This general corruption and weakness of nature, made it necessary that religion should be restored by some other means; and that men should have other helps to resort to, besides their own strength and reason. If natural religion be indeed now arrived to that state of perfection so much boasted of, it gives a strong testimony to the gospel, by whose lights it has seen where to fill up its ancient deficiencies; and thus it evidently proves revelation to be an adequate remedy and support against the evil and corruption of nature: for where the gospel prevails, nature is restored; and reason delivered from bondage (by this visitation of almighty wisdom

to our struggling minds,) sees and approves what is holy, just, and pure.

Can this truth be evaded or denied? Then what a return do we make for the blessing we have received! How despitefully do we treat the gospel of Christ, to which we owe that clear light, even of reason and nature, which we now enjoy, when we endeavour to set up reason and nature in opposition to it! Ought the withered hand which Christ hath restored and made whole, to be lifted up against him? Or should the dumb man's tongue, just loosened from the bonds of silence, blaspheme the power that sets it free? Yet, thus foolishly do we sin, when we make natural religion the engine to batter down the gospel: for revelation only could, and only has restored the religion of nature: and therefore there is a kind of a parricide in the attempt, and an infidelity, heightened by the aggravating circumstances of unnatural baseness and disingenuity.

Nor will the success of the attempt be much greater than the wisdom and the piety of it: for when once nature leaves her faithful

guide, the gospel of Christ, it will be as unable long to support itself against error and superstition, as it was to deliver itself from them; and it will, by degrees, fall back into its original blindness and corruption. Had you a view of the disputes that arise, even upon the principles of natural religion, it would shew you what the end will be; for the wanderings of human reason are infinite.

Under the gospel dispensation, we have the immutable WORD of GOD for the support of our faith and hope. *We know in whom we have believed*; in Him, who can neither deceive nor be deceived; and, poor as our services are, we have HIS WORD FOR IT, that our “*Labour of love SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.*” But to them who rely on nature alone, it is not evident to them, nor can it be, whether any future reward, shall attend their religious service. *Well*, therefore did St. Peter say to Christ, “*Thou hast the words of eternal life;*” for no other religion can give any *security of life and happiness* to its votaries. Why then should we go from Christ, or to

whom else shall we apply for succour, since he only has the WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE?

It is true that religion is founded in the principles of reason and nature; and, without supposing this foundation, it would be as rational an act to preach to horses as to men.— A man, who has the right use of reason, cannot consider his condition and circumstances in this world; or reflect upon his notions of good and evil; and the sense he feels in himself that he is an accountable creature for the good or evil he does, without asking himself how he came into this world; and for what purpose; and to whom it is that he is, or possibly may be, accountable. When, by tracing his own being to the original, he finds that there is ONE SUPREME ALL-WISE CAUSE of all things: when by experience he sees, that this world neither is, nor can be, the place for taking a just and adequate account of the actions of men; the presumption that there is another state after this, in which men shall live, grows strong and almost irresistible: when he considers further the fears and hopes

of nature, with respect to futurity; the fear of death common to all; the desire of continuing in being, which never forsakes us: and reflects for what use and purpose these strong impressions were given us by the AUTHOR OF NATURE; he cannot help concluding, that man was made, not merely to act a short part upon the stage of the world, but that there is another and more lasting state, to which he bears relation. And hence it must necessarily follow, that his religion must be formed on a view of SECURING A FUTURE HAPPINESS.

If *eternal life* and *future happiness* are what we aim at, that will be the best religion which will most *certainly* lead us to eternal life and future happiness.

Let us then, by this rule, examine the pretensions of revelation; and, as we go along, compare it with the present state of natural religion.

Eternal life and happiness are *out of our power to give ourselves*; or to obtain by any strength and force, or any policy of wisdom. Since we have not the power of life and death,

even over our natural bodies, without a higher permission; and since there is One who has, who governeth all things in heaven and in earth, who is over all, Lord God Almighty; it necessarily follows, that either we must have no share in the glories of futurity; or else that we must obtain them from God, as His gift: and consequently, if eternal life be the aim of religion, and likewise the gift of God, religion can be nothing else but the means proper to be made use of by us, to *obtain of God this most excellent and perfect gift of eternal life.*

Natural religion pretends to no more than this: it claims not eternal life as the *right of nature*, but as the *right of obedience*; and of *obedience to God*, the Lord of nature. And the dispute between natural and revealed religion is not, whether God *is to be applied to for eternal happiness*; but only, whether *nature or revelation can best teach us how to make this application.*

If we consider God as the ruler of this world, as well as of the next, religion indeed will be as necessary a means of obtaining the

blessings of this life, as of that which is to come. But this will make no alteration in the nature of religion: for if the blessings of this life are the gift of God, they must be obtained by pleasing God; and the same services must entitle us to the blessings of this life and of the next.

Since it is the perfection of religion to instruct us how to please God: and since to please God and to act according to the will of God are but one and the same thing; it necessarily follows, that that must be the most perfect religion, which does most perfectly instruct us in the knowledge of the will of God. Allow nature then to have all advantages that ever the greatest patrons of natural religion laid claim to on her behalf; allow reason to be as clear, as uncorrupted, as unprejudiced, as even our fondest wishes would make it; yet still, it can never be supposed that nature and reason, in all their glory, can be able to know the *will of God*, so well as *he himself knows it*. And, therefore, should God ever *make a declaration of his will*, that declaration must, according to the nature and

necessity of the thing, be a *more perfect rule for religion*, than reason and nature can possibly furnish us with. Hence it appears, how extremely vain it is to compare natural religion and revelation together, in order to inquire which is preferable; for 'tis neither more nor less than inquiring, whether *we know God's will better than he himself knows it*. Upon this state of the case then, a revelation must be entirely rejected as a forgery; or entirely submitted to, as an immediate mandate from God: and the only debate between natural religion and revelation must be, whether *we really have a revelation or no*; and not, *whether revelation or nature be, in the nature of things, the best and surest foundation of religion*: which dispute but ill becomes our condition; and is a vain attempt to exalt our limited reason above the wisdom of omniscience, and to dethrone our Maker.

Since then revelation, considered as such, must needs be the surest guide in religion, every reasonable man is bound to consider the pretensions of revelation, when offered to him; for no man can justify himself in relying

merely on natural religion, till he has satisfied himself that there are no better directions.

But the inquiry into the evidence for any particular revelation, is excluded by those who argue against all revelation a priori, as being inconsistent with the wisdom of God. What they say amounts to this; That God, having given us reason, has bound us to obey the dictates of reason; and tied himself down to judge us by that rule, and that only: (we have already seen the effects which this boasted reason wrought in the religion of the heathens, for many ages:) and on this ground they affirm that the rule of reason being sufficient, all revelation must be useless and impertinent; and consequently can never derive itself from God.

To argue from the perfection of human reason, that we are discharged from receiving any new laws from God, is inconsistent with as clear a principle of reason as any whatever, and which necessarily arises from the relation between God and man; which is, that the creature is bound to obey the Creator, in

which way soever his will is made known to him.

As to the perfection of human reason, it cannot be, nor, I suppose, will it be attempted to be maintained, that human reason is absolutely perfect; and therefore the meaning must be, that reason is relatively perfect, considered as the rule of obedience. But this is true, only upon supposition that reason is the only rule of our obedience; for if there be any other rule besides, mere reason cannot be the perfect rule of our obedience: and therefore this argument is really begging the thing in question; for it supposes there is no rule but reason; which is the thing not to be supposed, but to be proved. To say that revelation is unnecessary, because reason is a perfect rule; and at the same time to affirm (which infidels do,) that those who have but an imperfect use of reason, have no need of revelation, is a manifest contradiction. Leave the reason of every man to form its own individual schemes of religion, and while the philosopher is meditating on the unity of the sub-

lime Essence of all Things, we shall see the husbandman on his knees to the sun and moon; and the seaman deprecating the wrath of the deities which rule the winds and the waves. In such a case, polytheism would not be long of returning to the earth.

Unbelievers tread one beaten path: they consider in general, that revelation is subject to many uncertainties; it may be a *cheat at first*, or it may be *corrupted afterwards*; but in natural religion there can be no cheat, because in that every man judges for himself; and is bound to nothing but what is agreeable to the dictates of reason, and his own mind: and upon these general views, they reject all revelation whatever, and adhere to natural religion as the safer guide. But attend to the consequence of this reasoning, which is this; that because there may be a false revelation, therefore there cannot be a true one! For, unless this consequence be just, they are inexcusable in rejecting all revelations, because of the uncertainties which may attend them.

But now to apply what has been said to the Christian revelation: it has such pretences,

at least, as may make it worthy of a particular consideration. It pretends to *come from heaven*; to have been *confirmed by undeniable miracles and prophecies*; to have been *ratified by the blood of Christ and his apostles who died in asserting its truth!* Its *doctrines are pure and holy*; its *precepts, just and righteous*; its *worship is a reasonable service*, refined from the errors of idolatry and superstition; and spiritual, like the God who is the object of it: it *offers the aid and assistance of heaven*, to the weakness of nature; which makes the religion of the gospel to be as practicable as it is reasonable: it *promises infinite rewards to obedience*, and *threatens lasting punishment to obstinate offenders*; which makes it of the utmost consequence to us, soberly and seriously to consider it; since every one who *rashly* rejects it, *stakes his own soul* against its truth.

Because miracles may be pretended, shall not the miracles of Christ be considered, which were not so much as questioned by the adversaries of the gospel in the first ages? Because there may be impostors, shall Christ

be rejected, whose life was innocence, and free from any suspicion of private design; and who died to seal the truths he had delivered? Because there have been cheats introduced by worldly men, endeavouring to make a gain of godliness; shall the gospel be suspected, that in every page declares against the world, against the pleasures, the riches, the glories of it; that labours no one thing more, than to draw off the affections from things below, and raise them to the enjoyment of heavenly and spiritual delights?

The gospel does not make so mean a figure in the world, as to justify a total neglect of investigating its evidences: it is entertained by men of all degree: the light shines forth in the world, whether you will receive it or no; if you receive it not, the consequence is upon your own soul, and you must answer it.—Were men sincere in their professions of religion, or even in their desires of immortality, the controversies in religion would take a different turn; for it is impossible that an unfeignedly good man should not, for the sake of his erring fellow-creatures, wish for a re-

velation of God's will, to guide them by authority from vice to virtue, from misery to happiness. Were the gospel but a title to an estate, there is not an infidel of them all, who would sit down contented with his own general reasonings against it: it would then be thought worth looking into; its proofs would be considered, and a just weight allowed them: and yet the GOSPEL is our *title*, our *only title*, to a much nobler inheritance than this world knows; it is the patent by which we claim *life* and *immortality*, and all the *joys* and *blessings* of the *heavenly Eden*.

There are but two ways by which we can possibly arrive at the knowledge of God's will; one is natural religion, and the other, revelation. Between these two, considered purely as principles of religious knowledge, it is no hard matter to judge, which is the safest for us to rely on; it being a matter that will bear no dispute, whether our own reason or God himself can best instruct us in the knowledge of his will: upon which single point, the whole controversy between nature and revelation turns, as long as they are considered

only as principles of religion, without drawing into the question the merits of any particular scheme or system of natural religion: the consequence of which is plainly this; that as nature is a better guide than any pretended revelation, so every true revelation, as far as it goes, is a better guide than nature. For, if the revelation be false, there wants no arguments to make it yield to nature; and, if it be true, no arguments can be sufficient.

The gospel is a dispensation of Providence in regard to mankind, which the reason of man cannot fathom; and which the angels themselves are content to reverence at an humble distance. These methods of salvation are matter of great complaint with unbelievers: they think it highly *unreasonable*, that God should propose such things as objects of *faith*; and from the *unreasonableness* of the imposition, they argue, (which, presupposed, they conclude not amiss,) that these terms of salvation were not of God's contrivance, but are owing to the guile and deceit of cunning impostors, who took pleasure in abusing man. Though this objection is levelled against the

Christian revelation particularly; yet it must conclude equally against revelation in general, considered as a *principle* of religion, if it make any *addition* to the things to be done or believed, beyond what reason teaches. The question then will be, whether it can be reasonable for God to propose any articles of faith, or any conditions of salvation, the *reason* and *propriety* of which does not *appear* to *man*? And this is a question of great importance, it being *confessedly the case of the gospel*.

In the sense of the gospel, whatever is the effect of God's *secret* counsels, in order to the redemption of the world, is a *mystery*. That men ought to obey God in truth and holiness, that they may obtain his blessing: that sinners ought to be punished: are not, nor ever were, mysteries; because these things were sufficiently published to the world, when men were endued with reason. But all the methods of religion beyond these were, and still are mysterious. The intention of God to redeem the world from sin, by sending his own Son in the likeness of man, is a mystery un-

known to former ages; 'tis a mystery still, inasmuch as *we* cannot *penetrate* into the *depths* of this divine economy; or *account*, by the *principles* of *human reason*, for every step or article of it. But let it be remembered, that not human reason, but the will of God, is the rule and measure of religious obedience; and, if so, the terms of religious obedience must be tried by their agreeableness to the will of God, and not measured by the narrow compass of man's reason. If reason can discover, either by internal or external signs, that the conditions of salvation proposed to us, are the will of God, the work of reason is over; and we are obliged to use the means prescribed by God, as we hope to obtain immortal life, which is the gift of God.

A mystery is no positive or real thing in nature; nor is it any thing that is inherent or belonging to the subjects of which it is predicated. When we say, this thing or that thing is a mystery, according to the form of our speech, we seem to affirm something of this or that thing; but, in truth, the proposition

is not affirmative with respect to the thing, but négative with respect to ourselves: for, when we say, this thing is a mystery; of the thing we say nothing, but of ourselves we say, that we do not comprehend this thing.—With respect to our understanding, there is no more difference between truth that is, and truth that is not mysterious, than, with respect to our strength, there is between a weight which we can lift, and a weight which we cannot lift: for, as defect of strength in us makes some weights to be unmoveable, so likewise, defect of understanding, makes some truths to be mysterious. All the sciences are different mysteries to the scholar, until he is taught to comprehend them. So the Almighty is our wise master, who will make the mysteries of the gospel plain to us in the world to come.

The complaint then against mysteries in religion, amounts to no more than this—that God has done something for us, or appointed something for us to do, in order to save us, the reason of which we do not understand:

and he requires us to believe and to comply with these things ; and to trust him, that we shall receive the benefit of them. For this is ALL the FAITH or *positive* OBEDIENCE that *is required of us.*

But to return to the question, whether it can be ever necessary for God to reveal mysteries, or appoint positive duties, in order to perfect the salvation of mankind ; or, in other words, to use such means for the salvation of the world, the agreeableness of which to the end intended, the reason of man cannot discover ? This is certain, that whenever it is out of our power by natural means to save ourselves, if we are to be saved at all, it must be by supernatural means. And how hard soever it may be to conceive this perishing state to be the case of mankind in general ; yet of particular men, it will not be denied, but that they may sin so far, and render themselves so obnoxious to the justice of God, that it shall not be in the power of mere reason and nature, to find an infallible method of atoning to the justice of the offended Deity,

and consequently redeeming the sinner from destruction. And in this case, which is evident to the reason of every man, there is a plain necessity for the supernatural means of salvation before alluded to: the *SINNER must perish*, or be *redeemed by such means as reason and nature* are strangers to; since, in the *means* that *reason and nature* can prescribe, there is confessedly **NO HELP FOR HIM**.

I wish every man who argues against the Christian religion would take this one serious thought into consideration—that he must *one day* (if he believe that God will judge the world) argue the case once more at the judgment seat of God; and let him try his reasons accordingly. Do you reject the gospel because *you will admit nothing that pretends to be revelation?* Consider well! Is it a reason that you will *justify* to the *face of God?* Will you tell *Him*, that you have *resolved* to receive no *positive commands* from him, nor to *admit* any of *his declarations* for *law?* If it will not be a good reason *then*, it is not a good reason *now*; and the stoutest

heart will tremble to give such an impious reason to the Almighty, which would be a plain defiance to his wisdom and authority.

FINIS.

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