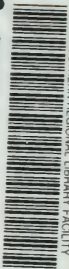


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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE  
MOST EMINENT  
PROSE WRITERS;

BOOK THE ELEVENTH:

MISCELLANEOUS.



*Cervantes and his Works.*  
*2nd ed.*

L O N D O N .

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING  
PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

PROSE WRITERS.

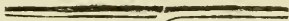


VOLUME VI.



BOOK XI. XII.

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE MOST

*EMINENT PROSE WRITERS.*

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BOOK XI.

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MISCELLANEOUS,

—◆—  
W O M A N.

**G**IVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart, so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks: ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end

of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance: humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eyes speaketh softness and love; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his



wife : happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace ; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study ; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom : she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth her obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly ; she pointeth, and the thing is done ; for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness added wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up ; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments : he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife ; happy the child that calleth her mother.

*Economy of Human Life.*

## A MISTRESS

A MISTRESS is the fairest treasure the avarice of love can covet, and the only white at which he shoots his arrows ; nor, while his aim is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste ; for Satan enters the idol and gives the oracle, when wantonness possesseth beauty, and wit maintains it lawful. She is as fair as Nature intended her, helped perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetness of education, not by the slight of art. She is young ; for a woman past the delicacy of her spring, may well move by virtue to respect, never by beauty to affection. She is innocent even from the knowledge of sin ; for vice is too strong to be wrestled with, and gives her frailty the foil. She is not proud, though the amorous youth interpret her modesty to that sense ; but in her virtue wears so much majesty, passion dares not rebel, nor, though masked under the pretence of love, capitulatè with her. She entertains not every parley offered, although the articles pretended to her advantage : advice and her own fears restrain her ; and woman never owes ruin to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of suitors ; a multitude of adorers Heaven can only challenge ; and it is impiety in her weakness to desire superitition from many. She is deaf to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage hour can break off without the least suspicion of scandal, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoids a too near conversation with man, and, like the Parthian, overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposite, and she had

rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of witty, with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinks her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause, but doats not on the vanity of it, nor licenseth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually: for she knows, silence in woman is the most persuading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with man, as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour, without yielding her hand to his gripe. She never understood the language of a kiss, but at salutation, nor dares the courtier use so much impudence as to offer the theft of it from her; because chastity hath writt it unlawful, and her behaviour proclaims it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not giggish; her conscience is clear from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love; but she likes the harmony in the composition; and the brave examples of virtue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vain in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance; since virtue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatness (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fools only are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be praised, and yet values death beneath infamy. And I will conclude, (though the next synod of ladies condemn this character as an heresy broached by a precision) that

only she, who hath as great a share in virtue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free poesy to speak her.

*Habington.*

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WIFE.

A WIFE is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charms of nature enchant us, so the law of grace by special privilege invites us. Without her, man, if piety not restrain him, is the creator of sin. She is so religious that every day crowns her a martyr, and her zeal neither rebellious nor uncivil. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if success crown not expectation, remain nevertheless uncondemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity; and a safe retiring place when adversity exiles him from the world. She is so chaste, she never understood the language passion speaks in, nor with a smile applauds it, although there appear wit in the metaphor. She is fair only to win on his affections, nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty, if there were danger that might persuade the passionate auditory to the least irregular thought. She is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evil a herald, she never boasts the story of her ancestors. She is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity license her to riot. She is liberal, and yet owes not ruin to vanity, but knows charity to be the soul

of goodness, and virtue without reward often prone to be her own destroyer. She is much at home, and when she visits it is for mutual commerce, not for intelligence. She can go to court, and return no passionate doater on bravery; and when she hath seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider Vanity hath spun. She is so general in her acquaintance, that she is familiar with all whom fame speaks virtuous; but thinks there can be no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither she-friend nor private servant. She so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes, that in the country she lives without a froward melancholy, in the town without a fantastic pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern policy of glorious surfeits: since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiosity. She is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her wit sails by no ohter compass than that of his direction. She looks upon him, as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but death and hell; and in him she believes Paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulity thinks no more frailty, than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, she so lives that she may die, and leave no cloud upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and buys pleasure at too dear a rate, if she only pays for it repentance.

*Habington.*

## A FRIEND.

A FRIEND is a man: for the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman cannot pass without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasioned suspicion; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamy. He is virtuous, for love begot in sin is a misshapen monster, and seldom outlives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the virtues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilful to blazon his paternal coat; so little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, fear could never be listened to, when she whispered danger; and yet fights not, unless religion confirms the quarrel lawful. He submits his actions to the government of virtue, not to the wild decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injury; and when he hath overthrown his opposer, not insult upon his weakness. He is an absolute governor, no destroyer of his passions, which he employs to the noble increase of virtue. He is wise, for who hopes to reap a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a fool. He hath by a liberal education been softened to civility; for that rugged honesty, some rude men profess, is an indigested chaos, which may contain the seeds of goodness, but it wants form and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he finds his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informs him; nor yet shall some few errors cancel the

bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary virtue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duel. He is neither effeminate nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himself, he cannot spare love enough to be justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gain, for who is any way mechanic, will sell his friend upon more profitable terms. He is bountiful, and thinks no treasure of fortune equal to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship, and perhaps afterward find himself overseen in the purchase. He is not exceptions, for jealousy proceeds from weakness, and his virtues quit him from suspicions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingeniously submits it to an abler judgment. He is open in expression of his thoughts, and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; and no sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soul, in death the most deplorable.

*Habington.*

## MARRIAGE COMPARED WITH SINGLE LIFE.

MARRIAGE is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety: and therefore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more varieties of it; it is an exercise of more graces.

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duties of parents and the charity of relations: here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him: but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and Heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity: but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower,



and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

*Bishop Taylor.*

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#### CAUTION REQUISITE IN MARRYING.

THEY that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and a woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags, in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the moun-

tains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stronger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness.

As the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, (like Eriphile, who preferred gold before a good) and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money of their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative.

As a very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; *cui sunt eruditi oculi et stulta mens*, as one said, 'whose eyes are witty and their souls sensual.' It is an ill band of affections, to the two hearts together by a little thread of red and white: and they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance, or the small pox, or child bearing, or care, or time, or any that can destroy a pretty flower.

*Bishop Taylor*

## THE CHARMS OF PARENTAL AND FILIAL DUTIES.

I AM the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed, that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection,

when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interest of the other, there arises that hap-

piest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. And to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, 'Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone;' Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned

that many an old man besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, 'There they go.'

*Steele.*

---

THE SAME SUBJECT.

AN interchange of the parental and filial duties, is friendly to the happiness, and to the virtue, of all concerned. It gives a peculiar sensibility to the heart of man; infusing a spirit of generosity, and a sense of honour, which have a most benign influence on public good, as well as on private manners. When we read, that Epaminondas, after the battle of Leuctra, declared, that one chief cause of his joy was the consideration of the pleasure which his victory would give his father and mother, is it possible for us to think, that this man, the greatest perhaps, and the best that Greece ever saw, would have been so generous, or so amiable, if he had not known who his parents were? In fact, there are not many virtues that reflect greater harmony upon our nature, than the parental and the filial. When any uncommon examples of them occur in history, or in poetry, they make their way to the heart at once, and the reader's melting eye bears testimony to their loveliness.

Amidst the triumphs of heroism, Hector never appears so great, as in a domestic scene, when he invokes the blessing of Heaven upon his child;

nor does Priam, on any other occasion, engage our esteem so effectually, or our pity, as when, at the hazard of his life, he goes into the enemies' camp, and into the presence of his fiercest enemy, to beg the body of his son. Achilles's love to his parents forms a distinguishing part of his character; and that single circumstance throws an amiable softness into the most terrific human personage that ever was described in poetry. The interview between Ulysses and his father, after an absence of twenty years, it is impossible to read without such emotion, as will convince every reader of sensibility, that Homer judged well, in making parental and filial virtue the subject of his song, when he meant to show his power over the tender passions.

Virgil was too wise, not to imitate his master in this particular. He expatiates on the same virtue with peculiar complacency, and loves to set it off in the most charming colours. His hero is an illustrious example. When Anchises refuses to leave Troy, and signifies his resolution to perish in its flames, Eneas, that he may not survive his father, or witness the massacre of his household, is on the point of rushing to certain death; and nothing less than a miracle prevents him. He then bears on his shoulders the infirm old man to a place of safety, and ever after behaves towards him as becomes a son and a subject, and speaks of his death in terms of the utmost tenderness and veneration. As a father he is equally affectionate; and his son is not deficient in filial duty.—Turnus, when vanquished, condescends to ask his life, for the sake of his aged parent, who he knew would

be inconsolable for his loss. The young, the gentle, the beautiful Lausus dies in defence of his father; and the father provokes his own destruction, because he cannot live without his son, and wishes to be laid with him in the same grave. The lamentations of Evander over his Pallas, transcend all praise of criticism. And nothing, even in this poem, the most pathetic of all human compositions, is more moving, than what is related of the gallant youth Euryalus; when, on undertaking that night adventure which proved fatal to him, he recommends his helpless parent to the Trojan prince. 'She knows not,' says he, 'of this enterprize; and I go without bidding her farewell: for I call the gods to witness, that I cannot support the sight of a weeping mother. Let a man read Virgil with attention, and with taste, and then be a cruel parent, or an undutiful child, if he can. And let him ask his own heart this question, whether human nature would not be deprived of many of its best affections, and human society of its best comforts, if the ideas of those projectors were to be realized, who propose to improve the political art by annihilating the attachments of consanguinity.

*Beattie.*

---

#### THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on



the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about them.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Archne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slyly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one

of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances or those of her neighbours; or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by

changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus, Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practise it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happiness.

*Harris.*

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#### ON PERSONAL BEAUTY.

I SHALL but slightly touch on our taste of personal beauty, because it requires no directions to be known. To ask what is beauty, says a philosopher, is the question of a blind man. I shall therefore only make a few reflections on this head, that lie out of the common track. But, prior to what I have to say, it is necessary to make some observations on physiognomy.

There is an obvious relation between the mind and the turn of the features, so well known by instinct, that every one is more or less expert at reading the countenance. We look as well as speak our minds; and, amongst people of little experience, the look is generally most sincere. This is so well understood, that it becomes a part of education to learn to disguise the countenance, which yet requires a habit from early youth, and the continual practice of hypocrisy, to deceive an intelligent eye. The natural virtues and vices not only have their places in the aspect, even acquired habits, that much affect the mind, settle

there; contemplation, in length of time, gives a cast of thought on the countenance.

Now to come back to our subject. The assemblage called beauty, is the image of noble sentiments and amiable passions in the face; but so blended and confused that we are not able to separate and distinguish them. The mind has a sensibility, and clear knowledge, in many instances without reflection, or even the power of reasoning upon its own perceptions. We can no more account for the relation between the passions of the mind and a set of features, than we can account for the relation between the sounds of music and the passions; the eye is judge of the one without principles or rules, as the ear is of the other. It is impossible you should not take notice of the remarkable difference of beauty in the same face, in a good and in an ill-humour: and if the gentle passions, in an indifferent face, do not change it to perfect beauty, it is because nature did not originally model the features to the just and familiar expression of those passions; and the genuine expressions of nature can never be wholly obliterated. But it is necessary to observe, that the engaging import that forms beauty, is often the symbol of passions that, although pleasing, are dangerous to virtue: and that a firmness of mind, whose cast of feature is much less pleasing, is more favourable to virtue. From the affinity between beauty and the passions, it must follow, that beauty is relative, that is, a sense of human beauty is confined to our species; and also, as far as we have power over the passions, we are able to improve the face, and transplant charms into it;

both of which observations have been often made. From the various principles of beauty, and the agreeable combinations, of which the face gives intelligence, spring that variety found in the style of beauty.

Complexion is a kind of beauty that is only pleasing by association. The brown, the fair, the black, are not any of them original beauty; but when the complexion is united in one picture on the imagination, with the assemblage that forms the image of the tender passions, with gentle smiles, and kind endearments, it is then inseparable from our idea of beauty, and forms a part of it. From the same cause, a national set of features appear amiable to the inhabitants, who have been accustomed to see the amiable dispositions through them. This observation resolves a difficulty that often occurs in the reflections of men on our present subject. We all speak of beauty as if it were acknowledged and settled by a public standard; yet we find, in fact, that people, in placing their affections, often have little regard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that are visible and conspicuous, the common standard of beauty is generally restrained to those general attractions; but since personal grace and the engaging passions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more universal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in resigning their hearts, so often contradict the common received standard. Accordingly, as the engaging passions and the address are discovered in conversation, the tender attachments of people are generally fixed by an

intercourse of sentiment, and seldom by a transient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be observed, that when once the affections are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty, will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, because our affections arise from a source within ourselves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender passion is attached by a particular object, the imagination surrounds that object with a thousand ideal embellishments, that exist only in the mind of the lover.

The history of the short life of beauty may be collected from what I have said. In youth that borders on infancy, the passions are in a state of vegetation, they only appear in full bloom in maturity; for which reason the beauty of youth is no more than the dawn and promise of future beauty. The features, as we grow into years, gradually form along with the mind: different sensibilities gather into the countenance, and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip, and enrich it. When the eloquent force and delicacy of sentiment has continued some little time, age begins to stiffen the features, and destroy the engaging variety and vivacity of the countenance, the eye gradually loses its fires, and is no longer the mirror of the agreeable passions. Finally, old age furrows the face with wrinkles, as a barbarous conqueror overturns a city from the foundation, and transitory beauty is extinguished.

Beauty and elegance are nearly related, their difference consists in this, that elegance is the image of the mind displayed in motion and de-

portment; beauty is an image of the mind in the countenance and form; consequently beauty is of a more fixed nature, and owes less to art and habit.

When I speak of beauty, it is not wholly out of my way to make a singular observation on the tender passion in our species. Innocent and virtuous love casts a beauteous hue over human nature: it quickens and strengthens our admiration of virtue, and our detestation of vice; it opens our eyes to our imperfections, and gives us a pride in excelling; it inspires us with heroic sentiments, generosity, a contempt of life, a boldness for enterprise, chastity, and purity of sentiment. It takes a similitude to devotion, and almost deifies the object of passion. People whose breasts are dulled with vice, or stupified by nature, call this passion romantic love; but when it was the mode, it was the diagnostic of a virtuous age. These symptoms of heroism spring from an obscure principle, that in a noble mind unites itself with every passionate view in life: this nameless principle is distinguished by endowing people with extraordinary powers and enthusiasm in the pursuit of their favourite wishes, and by disgust and disappointment when we arrive at the point where our wishes seem to be completed. It has made great conquerors despise dangers and death in their way to victory, and sigh afterwards when they had no more to conquer,

*Usher.*



## ON MODESTY IN DRESS.

MODESTY in dress is a powerful attractive to honourable love. The male heart is a study, in which your sex are supposed to be a good deal conversant. Yet in this study, you must give me leave to say, many of them seem to me but indifferent proficient. To gain men's affections, women in general are naturally desirous. They need not deny, they cannot conceal it. The sexes were made for each other. We wish for a place in your hearts: why should not you wish for one in ours? But how much are you deceived, my fair friends, if you dream of taking that fort by storm! When you show a sweet solicitude to please by every decent, gentle, unaffected, attraction, we are soothed, we are subdued, we yield ourselves your willing captives. But if at any time by a forward appearance you betray a confidence in your charms, and by throwing them out upon us all at once you seem resolved, as it were, to force our admiration; that moment we are on our guard, and your assaults are vain, provided at least we have any spirit or sentiment. In reality, they who have very little of either, I might have said they who have none, even the silliest, even the loosest men shall in a sober mood be taken with the bashful air, and reserved dress, of an amiable young woman, infinitely more than they ever were with all the open blaze of laboured beauty, and arrogant claims of undisguised allurements; the human heart, in its better sensations, being still formed to the love of virtue.

Let me add, that the human imagination hates to be confined. We are never highly delighted, where something is not left us to fancy. This last observation holds true throughout all nature, and all art. But when I speak of these, I must subjoin, that art being agreeable no further than as it is conformed to nature, the one will not be wanted in the case before us, if the other be allowed its full influence. What I mean is this: that supposing a young lady to be deeply possessed with a regard for 'whatsoever things are pure, venerable, and of a good report,' it will lead to decorum spontaneously, and flow with unstudied propriety through every part of her attire and demeanour. Let it be likewise added, that simplicity, the inseparable companion both of genuine grace, and of real modesty, if it do not always strike at first (of which it seldom fails) is sure however, when it does strike, to produce the deepest and most permanent impressions.

*Dr. Fordyce.*

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CHASTITY AN ADDITIONAL ORNAMENT TO  
BEAUTY.

THERE is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented, by both painters and statuaries, under female shapes; but if any one of

them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations: it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

*Budgel.*

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#### CHASTITY A VALUABLE VIRTUE IN A MAN.

I KNOW not how it is, that our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues; but as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend it as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become ridiculous: but, in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no further at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable, than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea: and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this

day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, 'If I should visit her upon your introduction, now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) 'He knew not aught he had save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer? 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a

constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, 'If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan;' 'That may be,' answered the bard with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell your, sir, you are no hero.'

*Steele.*

## PAINTING DISAGREEABLE IN WOMEN.

A LADY'S face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) 'God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another.'

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask: at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is the fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm,

while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

*From the Connoisseur.*

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#### ON THE VIRTUE OF GENTLENESS.

GENTLENESS corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies: but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom which is from above, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare: too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance: virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting: the imitation of its form has



been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity; but that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing, except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by some, that this gentleness on which we now insist, regards only those smaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not essential to religion and goodness. Negligent, they confess, on slight occasions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready whenever the opportunity presents, to perform important services to their fellow-creatures. But let such persons reflect, that the occasions of performing those important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their situation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great measure, exclude them from such opportunities. Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects

of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of the day; not like the aromatic gale which sometimes feast the sense; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility. Whereas, not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. Nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are seemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the most bountiful gift: while, on the other side, when the hand of liberality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is sufficient to frustrate the intention of the benefit; we sour those whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition, then, be held to possess a low

place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world?

Gentleness, is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of a man, a refreshment to a man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl; would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.—Strange! that where men have all one common interest, they should so often absurdly concur in defeating it! Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of unavoidable evils for the state of man? As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another?

*Blair.*

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#### ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A CHEERFUL TEMPER.

CHEERFULNESS is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those

delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not, to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that

the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind

of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to in-

dulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure. in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words :

‘Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.’

*Addison.*



## AFFECTING LETTER FROM A DYING WIFE.

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me, and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me, but I pass away my last hours in reflecting upon the happiness in which we have lived together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me

leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to be with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed, I am not capable under my present weakness of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this; because your kind and generous heart will but be more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell, for ever.

*From the Spectator.*

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#### ROME SAVED BY THE VIRTUE OF ITS FEMALE INHABITANTS.

CORIOLANUS was a distinguished Roman senator and general, who had rendered eminent services to the republic. He was at length treated with great severity and ingratitude, by the senate and people of Rome; and obliged to leave his country to preserve his life. Of a haughty and indignant spirit, he resolved to avenge himself; and, with

this view, applied to the Volscians, the enemies of Rome, and tendered them his services against his native country. The offer was cordially embraced, and Coriolanus was made general of the Volscian army. He recovered from the Romans all the towns they had taken from the Volsci; carried by assault several cities in Latium; and led his troops within five miles of the city of Rome. After several unsuccessful embassies from the senate, all hope of pacifying the injured exile appeared to be extinguished; and the sole business at Rome was to prepare, with the utmost diligence for sustaining a siege. The young and able-bodied men had instantly the guard of the gates and trenches assigned to them; while those of the veterans, who, though exempt by their age from bearing arms, were yet capable of service, undertook the defence of the ramparts. The women, in the mean while terrified by these movements, and the impending danger, into a neglect of their wonted decorum, ran tumultuously from their houses to the temples. Every sanctuary, and especially the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, resounded with the wailings and loud supplications of women, prostrate before the statues of their divinities. In this general consternation and distress, Valeria, (sister of the famous Valerius Poplicola,) as if moved by a divine impulse, suddenly took her stand upon the top of the steps of the temple of Jupiter, assembled the women about her, and having first exhorted them not to be terrified by the greatness of the present danger, confidently declared, 'That there was yet hope for the re-

public ; that its preservation depended upon them, and upon their performance of the duty they owed their country.'—'Alas!' cried out one of the company, 'what resource can there be in the weakness of wretched women, when our bravest men, our ablest warriors themselves despair?'—'It is not by the sword, nor by strength of arm,' replied Valeria, 'that we are to prevail : these belong not to our sex. Soft moving words must be our weapons and our force. Let us all, in our mourning attire, and accompanied by our children, go and intreat Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, to intercede with her son for our common country. Veturia's prayers will bend his soul to pity. Haughty and implacable as he has hitherto appeared, he has not a heart so cruel and obdurate, as not to relent, when he shall see his mother, his revered, his beloved mother, a weeping suppliant at his feet.'

This motion being universally applauded, the whole train of women took their way to Veturia's house. Her son's wife, Volumnia, who was sitting with her when they arrived, and greatly surprised at their coming, hastily asked them the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance. 'What is it,' said she: 'what can be the motive, that has brought such a numerous company of visitors to this house of sorrow?'

Valeria then addressed herself to the mother: 'It is to you, Veturia, that these women have recourse in the extreme peril with which they and their children are threatened. They intreat, implore, conjure you to compassionate their distress,

and the distress of our common country. Suffer not Rome to become a prey to the Volsci, and our enemies to triumph over our liberty. Go to the camp of Coriolanus: take with you Volumnia and her two sons: let that excellent wife join her intercession to yours. Permit these women with their children, to accompany you: they will all cast themselves at his feet. O Veturia, conjure him to grant peace to his fellow-citizens. Cease not to beg till you have obtained. So good a man can never withstand your tears: our only hope is in you. Come then, Veturia; the danger presses, you have no time for deliberation; the enterprise is worthy of your virtue; Heaven will crown it with success; Rome shall once more owe it preservation to our sex. You will justly acquire to yourself an immortal fame, and have the pleasure to make every one of us a sharer in your glory.'

Veturia, after a short silence, with tears in her eyes, answered: 'Weak indeed is the foundation of your hope, Valeria, when you place it in the aid of two miserable women. We are not wanting in affection to our country, nor need we any remonstrance or intreaties to excite our zeal for its preservation. It is the power only of being serviceable that fails us. Ever since that unfortunate hour, when the people in their madness so unjustly banished Coriolanus, his heart has been no less estranged from his family than from his country. You will be convinced of this sad truth by his own words to us at parting. When he returned home from the assembly, where he had been condemned, he found us in the depth of affliction,

bewailing the miseries that were sure to follow our being deprived of so dear a son, and so excellent a husband. We had his children upon our knees. He kept himself at a distance from us; and, when he had a while stood silent, motionless as a rock, his eyes fixed, and without shedding a tear; "It is done," he said.—"O mother, and thou Volumnia, the best of wives, to you Marcins is no more. I am banished hence for my affection to my country, and the services I have done it. I go this instant; and I leave for ever a city, where all good men are proscribed. Support this blow of fortune with the magnanimity that becomes women of your rank and virtue. I commend my children to your care. Educate them in a manner worthy of you, and of the race from which they come. Heaven grant, they may be more fortunate than their father, and never fall short of him in virtue; and may you in them find your consolation!—Farewell."

'We started up at the sound of this word, and with loud cries of lamentation ran to him to receive his last embraces. I led his elder son by the hand, Volumnia had the younger in her arms. He turned his eyes from us, and putting us back with his hand, "Mother," said he, "from this moment you have no son: our country has taken from you the stay of your old age.—Nor to you, Volumnia, will Marcins be henceforth a husband; mayest thou be happy with another, more fortunate!—My dear children, you have lost your father."

'He said no more, but instantly broke away from us. He departed from Rome without set-

tling his domestic affairs, or leaving any orders about them: without money, without servants, and even without letting us know to what part of the world he would direct his steps. It is now the fourth year since he went away; and he has never inquired after his family, nor, by letter or messenger, given us the least account of himself; so that it seems as if his mother and his wife were the chief objects of that general hatred which he shows to his country.

‘What success then can you expect from our entreaties to a man so implacable? Can two women bend that stubborn heart, which even all the ministers of religion were not able to soften? And indeed what shall I say to him? What can I reasonably desire of him? that he would pardon ungrateful citizens, who have treated him as the vilest criminal? that he would take compassion upon a furious, unjust populace, which had no regard for his innocence? and that he would betray a nation, which has not only opened him an asylum, but has even preferred him to her most illustrious citizens in the command of her armies? With what face can I ask him to abandon such generous protectors, and deliver himself again into the hands of his most bitter enemies? Can a Roman mother, and a Roman wife, with decency, exact, from a son and a husband, compliances which must dishonour him before both gods and men? Mournful circumstance, in which we have not power to hate the most formidable enemy of our country! Leave us therefore to one unhappy destiny; and do not desire us to make it

more unhappy by an action that may cast a blemish upon our virtue.'

The women made no answer but by their tears and entreaties. Some embraced her knees; others beseeched Volumnia to join her prayers to theirs; all conjured Veturia not to refuse her country this last assistance. Overcome at length by their urgent solicitations, she promised to do as they desired.

The very next day all the most illustrious of the Roman women repaired to Veturia's house. There they presently mounted a number of chariots, which the consuls had ordered to be made ready for them, and without any guard, took the way to the enemy's camp.

Coriolanus, perceiving from afar that long train of chariots, sent out some horsemen to learn the design of it. They quickly brought him word, that it was his mother, his wife, and a great number of other women, and their children, coming to the camp. He doubtless conjectured what views the Romans had in so extraordinary a deputation; that this was the last expedient of the senate; and, in his own mind, he determined not to let himself be moved. But he reckoned upon a savage inflexibility that was not in his nature: for, going out with a few attendants to receive the women, he no sooner beheld Veturia attired in mourning, her eyes bathed in tears, and with a countenance and motion that spoke her sinking under a load of sorrow, than he ran hastily to her; and not only calling her mother, but adding to that word the most tender epithets, embraced



her, wept over her, and held her in his arms to prevent her falling. The like tenderness he presently after expressed to his wife, highly commending her discretion in having constantly stayed with his mother since his departure from Rome. And then, with the warmest paternal affection, he caressed his children.

When some time had been allowed to those silent tears of joy, which often flew plenteously at the sudden and unexpected meeting of persons dear to each other, Veturia entered upon the business he had undertaken. 'I am not come to solicit thee, my son, to betray a people who have given thee so generous a reception, and even confided their arms to thy conduct. Nor do I wish that thou shouldst make a separate peace for thyself without the consent of the whole nation. Veturia is incapable of urging her son to any base action. Grant us only a truce for a year, that, in this interval, a solid peace may be negociated, an alliance that may be firm and durable, and equally advantageous to both nations. You, who are versed in public affairs, can have no difficulty to persuade the Volsci, that a peace upon such fair conditions as they may now be certain to obtain, is preferable to a war, the final event of which is still uncertain. But if, elated by the success they have had under your guidance, and imagining that fortune must always favour them, they refuse to listen to your remonstrances, what prevents you from publicly resigning your commission of general? Let all be open; no disguise, no breach of trust, no treachery to your new friends: but then, beware, my son, of impiously continuing an enemy to

those with whom you have a yet more near relation.—Nor let the apprehension of appearing ungrateful to your benefactors restrain you from complying with my request. Have not the Volsci been sufficiently recompensed by the many signal and important services you have done them? Liberty was their sole ambition. You have not only procured them liberty, but have raised them to so high a pitch of prosperity, that they are now considering whether it will be more advisable totally to suppress the Roman power, or to live with us in a state of equality, the two nations under one and the same government. Can you imagine, that thus benefited, thus exalted by your aid, they will resent, as an injury, your not sacrificing to them your own country, your not imbruing your hands in the blood of your fellow citizens?—You will tell me, perhaps, that you hate your country. But are you not unreasonable in so doing? When the Romans unjustly condemned you to banishment, was Rome in its natural state? Was it governed by the laws of our forefathers? Was not the republic agitated by a violent storm? Were not the members of it distempered? Not all indeed; for they were not all of one mind. It was only the baser and more corrupt part of the citizens that voted against you; and they were incited by the pernicious counsels of their leaders, those enemies to all good men. But had it been otherwise, had all the citizens unanimously combined to banish you, as a man dangerous to the state on account of his mischievous politics, would it be therefore allowable for you to revenge yourself in this manner? Many others, whose inten-

tions, in the administration of public affairs, were no less upright than yours, have been as unjustly and hardly treated as you : you will find few good magistrates whose shining merit has not excited envy ; and yet those worthy men suffered their disgraces with temper, considered them as in the number of those evils to which, by the condition of humanity, they were inevitably exposed ; and, removing into foreign countries, carried thither no resentment, no malice against their own. Who was ever more injuriously treated than Tarquinius Collatinus ? When with an honest zeal, and with all his power, he had assisted in delivering Rome from the tyranny of the Tarquins, he was himself banished thence, upon a false accusation of plotting to re-establish that tyranny. He retired to Lavinium, and there passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity, without ever attempting any thing that could give credit to the calumnies so maliciously vented against him.

‘ But if you will have it so, I shall suppose that every man who suffers an injury, be it from friends or enemies, his countrymen or strangers, has a right to revenge himself. Have you not sufficiently punished those, who, by their unjust usage of you, provoked your anger ? Our colonies expelled from their settlements by your arms ; the cities of our allies forced and plundered ; the Roman lands pillaged and laid waste ; Rome itself invested, terrified with the apprehension of famine, and of the whole variety of miseries incident to a city besieged : how is it, that all this has not been sufficient to assuage thy thirst of vengeance ? O Marcus, at thy first entering the Roman territory,

did it not come into thy mind,—“this is the country that gave me birth; here I was nourished in my infancy; here I was brought up?”—And couldest thou have the heart to lay it waste? When thou sawest the walls of Rome from afar, was it possible to forget, that within those walls were thy household gods, thy mother, thy wife, thy children? Yet none of these reflections had any power to move thee. The most amicable offers, repeated offers from the senate, by ambassadors, men of the highest worth, and chosen from among thy friends, have been rejected by thee with scorn. The intercession, the earnest entreaties of the whole body of the priesthood, those sacred ministers of religion, have had no power to move thy compassion. No; to satisfy thy boundless revenge, Rome, thy native city, must be sacked, and its inhabitants reduced to slavery. A frenzy, a madness of anger transports thee! Heaven is appeased by supplications, vows, and sacrifices: shall mortals be implacable! Will Marcins set no bounds to his resentment?—But allowing that thy enmity to thy country is too violent to let thee listen to her petition for peace; yet be not deaf, my son, be not inexorable to the prayers and tears of thy mother. Thou darest the very appearance of ingratitude towards the Volsci; and shall thy mother have reason to accuse thee of being ungrateful? Call to mind the tender care I took of thy infancy and earliest youth; the alarms, the anxiety, I suffered on thy account, when, entered into the state of manhood, thy life was almost daily exposed in foreign wars: the apprehensions, the terrors, I underwent, when I saw thee so warmly engaged in

our domestic quarrels, and, with heroic courage, opposing the unjust pretensions of the furious plebeians. My sad forbodings of the event have been but too well verified. Consider the wretched life I have endured, if it may be called life, the time that has passed since I was deprived of thee. O Marcius, refuse me not the only request I ever made to thee; I will never importune thee with any other. Cease thy immoderate anger; be reconciled to thy country; this is all I ask: grant me but this, and we shall both be happy. Freed from those tempestuous passions which now agitate thy soul, and from all the torments of self-reproach, thy days will flow smoothly on in the sweet serenity of conscious virtue: and as for me, if I carry back to Rome the hopes of an approaching peace, an assurance of thy being reconciled to thy country, with what transports of joy shall I be received. In what honour, in what delightful repose, shall I pass the remainder of my life! What immortal glory shall I have acquired? And, if it be true, that there are different places for our souls after death, I shall be in no danger of descending to those subterraneous and gloomy caverns where the wicked are confined. Nay, the Elysian fields, that delightful abode allotted for the virtuous, will not be the place of my habitation, but the pure and sublime region of the air, which is said to be inhabited by the most exalted spirits. My soul shall there publish the praises of thy piety and affection to me, and never cease importuning Heaven to grant thee a full recompense of all thy merit."

Coriolanus made no attempt to interrupt Ve-

turia while she was speaking; and when she had ceased, he still continued in deep silence. Anger, hatred, and desire of revenge, balanced in his heart those softer passions which the sight and discourse of his mother had awakened in his breast. She, perceiving his irresolution, and fearing the event, thus renewed her expostulation.

‘Why dost thou not answer me, my son? Is there then such greatness of mind in giving all to resentment! Art thou ashamed to grant any thing to a mother who thus entreats thee, thus humbles herself to thee? If it be so, to what purpose should I longer endure a wretched life?’ As she uttered these last words, interrupted by sighs, she threw herself prostrate at his feet. His wife and children did the same; and all the other women, with united voices of mournful accent, begged and implored his pity.

The Volscian officers, not able unmoved to behold this scene, turned away their eyes: but Coriolanus, almost beside himself to see Veturia at his foot, passionately cried out: ‘Ah! mother, what art thou doing?’ And tenderly pressing her hand, in raising her up, he added, in a low voice, ‘Rome is saved, but thy son is lost.’

Early the next morning, Coriolanus broke up his camp, and peaceably marched his army homewards. Nobody had the boldness to contradict his orders. Many were exceedingly dissatisfied with his conduct; but others excused it, being more affected with his filial respect to his mother, than with their own interests.

*Hooke.*

## ON CONVERSATION.

FROM external beauty we come to the charms of conversation and writing. Words, by representing ideas, become the picture of our thoughts, and communicate them with the greatest fidelity. But they are not only the sign of sensible ideas, they exhibit the very image and distinguishing likewise of the mind that uses them.

Conversation does not require the same merit to please that writing does. The human soul is endued with a kind of natural expression, which it does not acquire. The expression I speak of consists in the significant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of gesture. This native language was not intended by nature to represent the transitory ideas that come by the senses to the imagination, but the passions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and gesture give life and passion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conspicuous: but although their effects be milder in conversation, yet they are very sensible; they agitate the soul by a variety of gentle sensations, and help to form that sweet charm that makes the most trifling subjects engaging. This fine expression, which is not learned, is not so much taken notice of as it deserves, because it is much superseded by the use of artificial and acquired language. The modern system of philosophy has also concurred to shut it out from our reflections.

It is in conversation people put on all their graces, and appear in the lustre of good breeding

It is certain, good-breeding (I mean a good education), that sets so great a distinction between individuals of the same species, creates nothing new, but only draws forth into prospect, with skill and address, the agreeable dispositions and sentiments that lay latent in the mind. You may call good-breeding artificial: but it is like the art of a gardener under whose hand a barren tree puts forth its own bloom, and is enriched with its specific fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any scene so truly agreeable, as an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won in conversation, by its own passions. Its pride, its grandeur, its affections, lay it open to the enchantment of an insinuating address. Flattery is a gross charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding disposition, that infers your superiority with a delicacy so fine, that you cannot see the lines of which it is composed? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble love of truth that will not deceive, a feeling of the distresses of others, and greatness of soul, inspire us with admiration along with love, and take our affections as it were by storm; but, above all, we are seduced by a view of the tender and affectionate passions; they carry a soft infection, and the heart is betrayed to them by its own forces. If we are to judge from symptoms, the soul, that engages us so powerfully by its reflected glances, is an object of infinite beauty. I observed before, that the modulations of the human voice that express the soul, move us powerfully; and indeed we



are affected by the natural emotions of the mind expressed in the simplest language: in short, the happy art, that, in conversation and the intercourse of life, lays hold upon our affections, is but a just address to the engaging passions in the human breast. But this syren power, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleasing speech and graceful outward show,  
No arts can gain them, but the gods besow.

*Pope's Hom.*

From the various combinations of the several endearing passions and lofty sentiments, arise the variety of pleasing characters that beautify human society.

There is a different source of pleasure in conversation from what I have spoken of, called wit; which diverts the world so much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taste hesitate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in allusion and whimsical similitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantastic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You observe that I am only speaking of the ready wit of conversation.

Wit is properly called in to support a conversation where the heart or affections are not concerned: and its proper business is to relieve the mind from solitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by passion; the mind's eye, when disengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the surface of the imagination, and continually alters its aspect:

the motley image, whose comic side we had only time to survey, is too unimportant to be attentively considered, and luckily vanishes before we can view it on every side. Shallow folks expect that those who diverted them in conversation, and made happy *bon mots*, ought to write well; and imagine that they themselves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally disappointed when they see the admired character descend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almost diametrically opposite to true genius, whose natural exercise is deep and slow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man should, like Cæsar, form consistent schemes for subduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people express a surprise, that Swift and Addison, the two greatest masters of humour of the last age, were easily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or repartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress. Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in sallies of wit, is the

nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtilty, and good humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose whimsical consistency we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason that they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable, or rather impossible. In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination without requiring any reflection. Those who have an eternal appetite for wit, like those who are ever in quest of diversion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking.

*Usher.*

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THE TRUE USE OF THE SENSES PERVERTED BY  
FASHION.

NOTHING has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery is, our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments, until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our

original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation : our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted : our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour ; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom ; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions ? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye.

It has often been alledged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers ; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often, at our theatres, has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience ! I have seen a young creature possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility sit

without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek, and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted towards her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unsocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, sed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any

original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter: they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears, that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams, will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician, who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the

rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

That sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loathe the fragancy of new-mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet-briar, the honeysuckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropsical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, asparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welch beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have sauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake, and inspirited by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused,

but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity and superstition.

*Smollett.*

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#### REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PASSION FOR CARDS.

THE passion for cards is now become so strangely predominant, as to take the lead of every thing else in almost every company of every rank. With many indeed it seems to be a calling, and, as a witty author has observed, ‘a laborious one too, such as they toil night and day at, nay do not allow themselves that remission which the laws both of God and man have provided for the meanest mechanic. The sabbath is to them no day of rest; but this trade goes on when all shops are shut. I know not,’ continues he, ‘how they satisfy themselves in such an habitual waste of their time; but I much doubt that plea, whatsoever it



is, which passeth with them, will scarce hold weight at his tribunal who hath commanded us to redeem, not fling away our time.'

To the same occupation what numbers sacrifice their health and spirits, with every natural pleasure that depends on these, not excepting even the comforts of fresh air; pursuing it in the country with the same unabating ardour as in town, and to all the beauty and sweetness of rural scenes, in the finest season, preferring the suffocating atmosphere of perhaps a small apartment, where they regularly, every day if possible, crowd round the card-table for hours together? What neglect of business and study, what ruin of credit, of fortune, of families, of connections, of all that is valuable in this world, often follows the frenzy I speak of, who can express?

I will suppose, my fair hearers, nay I do hope, that the demon of avarice has not yet taken possession of your hearts. But do ye know any thing so likely to introduce him, as the spirit of gaming? Is not this last a kindred fiend; and does not he, like most other tempters, advance by slow steps, and with a smiling aspect? Tell me in sober sadness, what security can you have that the love of play will not lead you to the love of gaming?

Between these I know there is a distinction; but is it not a distinction, at best, resembling that between twilight and darkness; and does not one succeed the other almost as naturally? The former at first is cheerful and serene, retaining some rays of pleasantry and good humour; but by little and little these disappear. A deepening

shade takes place: till at last, every emanation of mirth and good-nature dying away, all is involved in the gloom of anxiety, suspicion, envy, disgust, and every dreadful passion that lowers in the train of covetousness. I say not, that this always happens; but I ask again, what security is there that it will not happen to you? Did not every gamester in the world, whether male or female, begin just where you do? And is it not probable, that many of that infamous tribe had once as little apprehension as you can have, of proceeding those lengths to which they have since run, through the natural progress of vice, no where more infatuating or more rapid than in this execrable one?

But let us suppose the desire of winning should in you never rise to that rage, which agitates the breast of many a fine lady, discomposes those features, and inflames those eyes, where nothing should be seen but soft illumination. Are there not lower degrees in the thirst of gain, which a liberal mind would ever carefully avoid? And pray consider, when, either by superior skill, or what is called better luck, you happen to strip of her money, of that money which it is very possible she can ill spare, an acquaintance, a companion, a friend, one whom you profess at least to love and honour, perhaps at the very moment to entertain with all the sacred rights of hospitality—is there nothing unkind, nothing sordid, in giving way to that which draws after it such consequences? Is this the spirit of friendship or humanity?—Blessed God! how does the passion I condemn deprave the worthiest affections of nature; and how does

that bewitching power, the fashion of the times, pervert even the best understandings when resigned to its impostures!

Nor is it the laws of humanity and friendship only that are transgressed by the lust of gaming. The sweet emotions of love and tenderness between the sexes are often swallowed up by this all-devouring appetite, an appetite which perhaps beyond anything else tends to harden and contract the heart, at the same time that the immoderate indulgence of it excludes a thousand little reciprocations of sentiment and joy, which would serve to kindle and feed the flame of virtuous affection.—How much conversation suffers from it, who does not perceive?

Here indeed you will tell me with an air of triumph, that it prevents a great deal of scandal. What, then, are your minds so unfurnished, so vacant, that without cards you must necessarily fly to that wretched resource? Creation, providence, religion, books, observation, fancy; do these present so narrow a field for entertainment, as to force you on the alternative of preying either on the reputation or on the property of others?—But now I recollect, while you possess an art of such utility as this last, for filling up the blanks of discourse, as well as for repairing the wastes of extravagance, why should you give yourselves any trouble to read or think, to enlarge your ideas or improve your faculties, beyond the usual standard? Surely the knowledge of the most fashionable games, of the most remarkable characters, of the reigning modes and amusements of the season, with a few common place compliments, remarks,

and matters of fact, but especially some passages of private history, told by way of secret to all the world, is quite sufficient, by the help of a little vivacity which nature will supply, to accomplish you for every purpose of modern society.—Alas, how poor is all this? How unworthy the principal attention of beings made ‘but a little lower than the angels,’ and professing to believe in the communion of saints!

*Fordyce.*

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#### THE CHARACTER OF GAMESTERS.

THE whole tribe of gamblers may be ranked under two divisions: every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting, his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

Who will as tenderly be led by th’ nose,  
As asses are. *Shakspeare.*

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven’s the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus in-

fatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellences. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellences of a sharper; but a gamester who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive but not servile; he must be master of an ingenious liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but, lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the mainspring that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when the passion is in full force, it

is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure, but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror, but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and, like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* so that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs.

the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle. How unhappy must he be even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present them-

selves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our Gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sunrise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to show different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print which I remember at Oxford, of count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full bottom wig, a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

*Connoisseur.*

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#### ON HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion,



which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those, who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God: honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbefitting; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that, were there no God to see or

punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba :

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not ;  
It ought not to be sported with. *Cato.*

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country ; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury ; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it : who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man ; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage : by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode of fashion ; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society ; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of

some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose ima-

ginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignity they may arrive at, they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way, than through that of virtue.

*Addison.*

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#### ON DUELLING.

LET us consider what may be said for and against duels. For them, little, I think, can be said, except that they promote polite behaviour, by making men afraid of one another; and that the abolition of them would be difficult, and might be attended with evil, by furnishing profligate men with a temptation to assassinate. But these are weak apologies. The Athenians and Romans were, in their better days, as polite as we; much more so, indeed, we must acknowledge them to have been, if we take into the account the grossness of their religion, and the purity of ours: yet they were strangers to duelling, as well as to those ridiculous notions of honour which give rise to it; and it is

impossible to mention a single instance of their unpoliteness, which duelling, if it had been fashionable among them, would have prevented. Nor do we find, in our days, at least among the enlightened part of mankind, that persons who do not fight duels are less distinguished for elegance of behaviour than those that do : with some exceptions, the contrary will perhaps be found to be the case. And it is not very honourable to human nature to suppose, that nothing but the fear of death, or of disgrace, can prevail on persons in the higher ranks of life to practise the common rules of good-nature and civility.

That it is difficult to prevent duelling, I shall be willing to admit, when I have seen any legislature attempt the prevention of it seriously, and yet unsuccessfully. But this has not happened as yet, so far as I know. A more despicable mockery of legislation there cannot be, than that pretended prohibition whereby our law is said to discourage it. For surely those laws, or those customs established in defiance of law, which grant not only indemnity, but honour, to the transgressor, and punish obedience with infamy and ruin, must mean either nothing at all, or nothing but public mischief.—As to assassination: it is true, that in modern Italy, where duels are rare, it is very common; but it is impossible to prove, that the infrequency of the one enormity occasions the prevalence of the other. Two or three centuries ago, when the point of honour, in regard to single combat, was carried to a very extravagant height, assassinations were, in most parts of Europe, common to a degree that fills us with horror. In fact,

is it not unnatural, that he, to whose mind one species of murder is become familiar without being shocking, should, without great difficulty, be able to reconcile himself to any other? To plead in behalf of duels, that they prevent assassination, is not less absurd, than to plead in behalf of robbery, that it prevents theft.

*Beattie.*

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ON SUICIDE.

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which, (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamblers, and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve, by a good run at cards, and others, by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager: while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger,

when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in a vulgar way, by a halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemy to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post: but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on

certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and genteelest method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crossed in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and



to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict, lunacy; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A penniless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument, setting forth his virtues, in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated, as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by their exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford a hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male

suicides ; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid, as it were, in state for some days ; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden :

The slayer of himself too saw I there :  
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair :  
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide open he lay,  
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime ; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied : but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree

of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in a bawdy-house, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but

the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length, he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

*Connoisseur.*

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#### ON PRODIGALITY.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character

of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new inticements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is not yet discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time

is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn upon his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuseness?

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their

passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications, and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

*Johnson.*

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#### ECONOMY NECESSARY TO THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

ECONOMY is so important a part of a woman's character, so necessary to her own happiness, and so essential to her performing properly the duties of a wife and of a mother, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the first duties of life. It is, moreover, an art as well as a virtue: and many well-meaning persons, from ignorance or from in-

consideration, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed it is too often wholly neglected in a young woman's education, and she is sent from her father's house to govern a family without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it. This is the source of much inconvenience, for though experience and attention may supply by degrees the want of instruction, yet this requires time; the family in the mean time may get into habits, which are very difficult to alter: and what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly, to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. I would therefore earnestly advise you to make use of every opportunity you can find, for the laying in some store of knowledge on the subject, before you are called upon to the practice; by observing what passes before you, by consulting prudent and experienced mistresses of families, and by entering in a book a memorandum of every new piece of intelligence you acquire; you may afterwards compare these with more mature observations, and you can make additions and corrections as you see occasion. I hope it will not be long before your mother intrusts you with some part, at least, of the management of your father's house. Whilst you are under her eyes, your ignorance cannot do much harm, though the relief to her may not be near so considerable as the benefit to yourself. Economy consists of so many branches, some of which descend to such minutenesses, that it is impossible for me in writing to give you particular directions. The rude outlines may be perhaps



described, and \*I shall be happy if I can furnish you with any hint that may hereafter be usefully applied.

The first and greatest point is to lay out your general plan of living in a just proportion to your fortune and rank : if these two will not coincide, the last must certainly give away ; for if you have right principles, you cannot fail of being wretched under the sense of the injustice, as well as danger, of spending beyond your income, and your distress will be continually increasing. No mortifications which you can suffer from retrenching in your appearance, can be comparable to this unhappiness. If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably within your income : not for the pleasure of amassing wealth, though where there is a growing family, it is an absolute duty to lay by something every year, but to provide for contingencies, and to have the power of indulging your choice in the disposal of the overplus, either in innocent pleasures, or to increase your funds for charity and generosity, which are in fact the true funds of pleasures.

*Mrs. Chapone.*

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CONTRIBUTION TO OUR CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS RECOMMENDED.

You are thoroughly acquainted with the extensive nature and influence of these admirable designs, and possessed with a true sense of their beauty and usefulness. The pitiable persons, relieved in those several ways, are constantly under your eye

and observation; and therefore I do, in their behalf, appeal to your own knowledge, and very senses, which persuade more powerfully than any arguments. If the moving objects themselves, with which you familiarly converse, be not eloquent enough to raise compassion, mere words, I fear, will scarce be effectual. However, for the sake of those, who have not such affecting opportunities, and yet may be well inclined to works of mercy, somewhat I shall say of the several instances of charity.

There is a variety in the tempers even of good men, with relation to the different impressions they receive from different objects of charity. Some persons are more easily and sensibly touched by one sort of objects, and some by another: but there is no man, who, in the variety of our charities, may not meet with that which is best suited to his inclination, and which of all others he would most desire to promote and cherish. For here are the wants of grown men, and children; of the soldier, the seaman, and the artificer; of the diseased, the maimed, and the wounded; of distracted persons, and condemned criminals; of sturdy wandering beggars, and loose disorderly livers; nay of those who counterfeit wants of all kinds, while they really want nothing but due correction and hard labour. And surely scarce any man, who hath a heart capable of tenderness, can come and look on all these sad spectacles at once, without extending a merciful hand to relieve any of them.

Some may delight in building for the use of the poor; others in feeding and clothing them, and in

taking care that manual arts be taught them: some in providing physic, discipline, or exercise, for their bodies; others, in procuring the improvement of their minds by useful knowledge; some may please themselves in redressing the mischiefs occasioned by the wicked poor; others, in preventing those mischiefs, by securing the innocence of children, and by imparting to them the invaluable blessing of a virtuous and pious education: finally, some may place their chief satisfaction in giving secretly what is to be distributed; others, in being the open and avowed instruments of making and inspecting such distributions. And whoever is particularly disposed to any one or more of these methods of beneficence, may, within the compass of our different schemes of charity, find room enough to exercise his Christian compassion. To go over them particularly.—

Hast thou been educated in the fear of God, and a strict practice of virtue? Was thy tender age fenced and guarded every way from infection, by the care of wise parents and masters? And shall not a grateful relish of thy own great felicity, in that respect, render thee ready and eager to procure the same happiness for others who equally need it? Shall it not make thee the common guardian, as it were, of poor orphans, whose minds are left as unclothed and naked altogether, as their bodies; and who are exposed to all the temptations of ignorance, want, and idleness.

Art thou a true lover of thy country? zealous for its religious and civil interests? and a cheerful contributor to all those public expenses, which have been thought necessary to secure them

against the attempts of the common enemy and oppressor? Is the near prospect of all the blessings of peace welcome and desirable to thee? and wilt thou not bear a tender regard to all those who have lost their health and their limbs, in the rough service of war, to secure these blessings to thee? Canst thou see any one of them lie by the way as it were, stripped and wounded, and half dead, and yet pass by on the other side, without doing as much for thy friend as that good Samaritan did for his enemy, when he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him?

Have thy reasoning faculties been eclipsed at any time by some accidental stroke? by the mad joys of wine, or the excess of religious melancholy? by a fit of apoplexy, or the rage of a burning fever? and hast thou, upon thy recovery, been made sensible to what a wretched state that calamity reduced thee? and what a sad spectacle, to all thy friends and acquaintance, it rendered thee? And shall not this affliction, which thou hast felt thyself, or perhaps observed in others, who were near and dear to thee, shall it not lead thee to commiserate all those who labour under a settled distraction? who are shut out from all the pleasures and advantages of human commerce, and even degraded from the rank of reasonable creatures? Wilt thou not make their case thine? and take pity upon them, who cannot take pity upon themselves? Wilt thou not contribute, to the best of thy power, towards restoring the defaced image of God upon their souls; or, if that cannot be

done, towards supporting them, for a while, under a charitable confinement, where human nature may be rescued from that contempt to which such objects expose it?

Once more. Hast thou suffered at any time by vagabonds and pilferers? hath the knowledge or opinion of thy wealth exposed thee to the attempts of more dangerous villains? Have thy unquiet slumbers been interrupted by the apprehension of nightly assaults, such as have terrified, and perhaps ruined some of thy unfortunate neighbours? Learn from hence duly to esteem and promote those useful charities, which remove such pests of human society into prisons and workhouses, and train up youth in the ways of diligence, who would otherwise take the same desperate courses: which reform the stubborn by correction, and the idle by hard labour; and would, if carried to that perfection of which they are capable, go a great way towards making life more comfortable, and property itself more valuable. *Atterbury.*

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OF OUR OBLIGATIONS TO THE COUNTRY AND  
THE PLOUGH.

**THERON**, a man of wealth and figure, but unacquainted with philosophic science, sat in the midst of his friends of both sexes in a stately room with rich variety of furniture. Among other conversation, Theron was complaining that he had heard it often said, how much we were all indebted to the country and the plough; but, for his part, 'he knew no obligation that we had to that low rank of mankind, whose life is taken up in the fields, the

woods, and the meadows, but that they paid their rents well, that the gentlemen might live at their ease.

Crito, a philosopher present, was pleased to seize on this occasion, and entertained the audience with a surprising lecture of philosophy.

‘Permit me, Theron,’ said he, ‘to be an advocate for the peasant, and I can draw up a long account of particulars for which you are indebted to the field and the forest, and to the men that cultivate the ground, and are engaged in rural business. Look around you on all the elegant furniture of the room, survey your own clothing, cast your eyes on all the splendid array of the ladies, and you will find that, except a few glittering stones, and a little gold and silver, which was dug out of the bowels of the earth, you can scarcely see any thing that was not once growing green upon the ground, through the various labours of the planter and the ploughman.

— ‘Whence came the floor you tread on, part whereof is inlaid with wood of different colours? whence these fair pannels of wainscot, and the cornice that encompasses and adorns the room? whence this lofty roof of cedar, and the carved ornaments of it? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest? were not these once in the verdant standards of the grove or the mountain?

‘What are your hangings of gay tapestry? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? Thus, the finery of your parlour once was grass; and should you favour me with a turn into your bedchamber, I could show you that the curtains, and the linen, and the costly covering

where you take your nightly repose, were some years ago all growing in the field.

‘ Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down by the window, and the easy chairs which accommodate your friends? And if you think a little, you will find, that camels with their hair were made of grass, as well as the sheep and their wool. I confess the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass and iron, were dug out of the ground from their beds of different kinds, and you must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them: but what think you of those nice tables of mosaic work? They confess the forest their parent.

‘ What are the books which lie in the window, and the little implements of paper and wax, pens, and wafers, which I presume may be found in the scrutoire? And may I not add to these, that inch of wax-candle, which stands ready to seal a letter, or perhaps to light a pipe? You must grant they have all the same origin, they were once mere vegetables. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which was woven of the threads of flax or hemp; the pasteboard covers are composed of paper; and the leather is the skin of the calf, that drew its life and sustenance from the meadows. The pen that you write with was plucked from the wings of the goose, which lives upon the grass of the common: the inkhorn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox; the wafer is made of the paste of bread-corn; the sealing-wax is said to be formed chiefly of the gum of a tree; and the wax for the candle was plun-

dered from the bee, who stole it out of a thousand flowers.

‘Permit me, ladies,’ said the philosopher, ‘to mention your dress; too nice a subject indeed for a scholar to pretend any skill in: but I persuade myself your candour will not resent my naming the rich materials, since I leave those more important points, the fashion and the shape, to be decided entirely by your superior skill. Shall I inquire then, who gave Eliza the silken habit which she wears? Did she not borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads? and whence did the worm borrow it, but from the leaves of the mulberry-tree, which was planted and nourished for this purpose by the country swain? May I ask again, how came Emily by those ornaments of fine linen which she is pleased to appear in, and the costly lace of Flanders that surrounds it? Was it not all made of the stalks of flax that grew up in the field like other vegetables? And are not the finest of your muslins owing to the Indian cotton-tree? Nor can you tell me, Theron, one upper garment you have, whether coat, cloak, or night gown, from your shoulders to your very feet, as rich and as new as you think it, which the sheep, or the poor silk-worm, had not worn before you. It is certain the beaver bore your hat on his skin: that soft fur was his covering before it was yours; and the materials of your very shoes, both the upper part and the soles of them, covered the calf or the heifer before they were put on your feet: all this was grass at first, for all the animal world owes its being to vegetables.’

When Crito had given them leave to muse a



little, he took up the argument again. 'Give me leave, madam,' said he to Eliza, 'without offence, to lead you into further wonders. You have seen that the furniture of the place where we are, as well as the precious attire in which you are dressed, were lately the production and the ornaments of the forest, the meadow, or the garden. But could you forgive me, madam, if I should attempt to persuade you, that that beautiful body of yours, those features, and those limbs, were once growing also in the fields and the meadows? I see, lady, you are a little shocked and surprised at the thought. I confess the ideas and sentiments of philosophy are not always so courtly and so favourable to human nature as to be addressed to the tender sex: but pardon me, Laura, if I inquire, was not your infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have you not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? And your drink, what has it been but either the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape? or for variety, perhaps, the cider-grove has supplied you. The flesh, with which you have been nourished to such a well-proportioned stature, belonged to four-footed animals, or to the fowls of the air; and each of these has either been fed with corn or grass: whence then has your own body been supported, and what do you think it is made of?

'But it is safer to transfer the argument to myself. These limbs of mine owe themselves entirely to the animal or vegetable food, to the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or the fruit of plants, or to the flesh of brute creatures, which have passed through my mouth for these fifty years, or the

mouths of my parents before me: this hand would have been worn to a mere skeleton, my arms had been dry bones, and my trunk and ribs the statue of death, had they not all received perpetual recruits from the field. These lips, which now address you, are of the same materials, and they were once growing in the grass of the earth. This very flesh which I call mine now, did belong to the sheep or the ox, before it was a part of me; and it served to clothe their bones before it covered mine.

‘ It is true, you have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers: but even these in their original also are a sort of grass; they have been fed partly by sea-weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they have devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watery world. In short, sir, I am free to declare, that whether I have eaten cheese or butter, bread or milk; whether I have fed on the ox or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of the sea, I am certain that this body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth and nails, and the hairs on my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation. Every thing of me that is not a thinking power, that is not mind or spirit, was once growing like grass on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage.’

*Watts.*

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#### THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.

I HAVE several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would

not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of the country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriancy and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular flower by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their nature will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple, or an oak, an elm, or a pear-tree. My kitchen-garden has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for, besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more pleasant sight

than the finest orangerie or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrance and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations, and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical; as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter. I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through.

I find that in one of your discourses you are peremptorily against filling an English garden

with evergreens, and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leavrs. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fine weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January, that are as agreeable as any day in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden ; for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with ; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheertal in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same natnre, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this

time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and is apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent feelings at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter. *Addison.*

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THE ORIGIN AND RIGHT OF EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY  
EXPLAINED.

THERE is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in a total exclusion of the right of any other individual in

the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land: why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world, which of them should enjoy it after him. These inquiries, it must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons of making them. But, when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper or useless to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of these positive constitutions of society.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed

by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, 'dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth<sup>1</sup>.' This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities acquired.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might perhaps still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity; as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein *erant omnia communia et indivisa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium esset*<sup>2</sup>. Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the

1 Gen. i. 28.

2 Justin, l. 43. c. 1.



thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer<sup>3</sup>: or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular: yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast. A doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own<sup>4</sup>.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals, not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise innumerable tumults must

3 Barbeyr. Puff. l. 4. c. 4.

4 Quem admodum theatrum, cum commune, sit recte tamen dici potest, ejus esse eum locum quem quisque occupavit De Fin. l. 3. c. 26.

have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they deemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestall; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil! partly because

they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant: which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history), will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which seems to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in such places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a

sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security, 'because he had digged that well<sup>5</sup>.' And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace<sup>6</sup>.

All this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands (for the sake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands, as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartar, and others in the East; where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty, which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire<sup>7</sup>. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot<sup>8</sup>. When their joint substance became

5 Gen. xxi. 30.

6 Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.

7 *Colunt discreti et diversi: ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit.* De Mor. Germ. 16.

8 Gen. xiii.

so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose: 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.' This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan.'

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was overcharged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert, uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason,

or to Christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as moveables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its

natural. Necessity beget property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, governments, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, How this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain, in a permanent manner, that specific land, which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before observed, that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon by all hands that occupancy also gave the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself; which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is indeed some difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invest one with this absolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf insisting that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner: and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a

principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title. A dispute that savours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man seizing to his own continued use, such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

*Blackstone.*

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#### OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

THE supreme executive power of Great Britain and Ireland is vested by our constitution in a single person, king or queen; for it is indifferent to which sex the crown descends; and the person entitled to it, whether male or female, is immediately intrusted with all the ensigns, rights, and prerogatives, of sovereign power.

The principal duties of the king are expressed in his oath at the coronation, which is administered by one of the archbishops or bishops of the realm, in the presence of the people. This coronation oath is conceived in the following terms:

The archbishop, or bishop, shall say—‘ Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?’—The king or queen shall say, ‘ I solemnly promise so to do.’

Archbishop, or bishop.—‘ Will you, to your



power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?'—King or queen, 'I will.'

Archbishop, or bishop.—'Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the protestant reformed religion established by the law? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charges, all such rights and privileges as by the law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?'—King or queen. 'All this I promise to do.'

After this, the king or queen, laying his or her hand upon the holy Gospel, shall say, 'The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep: so help me God!' and then kiss the book.

This is the form of the coronation oath, as it is now prescribed by our laws: and we may observe, that in the king's part in this original contract are expressed all the duties that a monarch can owe his people; viz. to govern according to law; to execute judgment in mercy; and to maintain the established religion.

The laws are made by the joint concurrence of the king, the lords, and the commons; and without their joint concurrence cannot be altered or dispensed with.

The house of lords consists of the lords spiritual, that is to say, of two archbishops and twenty-four bishops, with four bishops from Ireland. The lords temporal consist of all the peers of the realm; the bishops not being in strictness held to be such, but merely lords of parliament. Some of the

peers sit by descent, as do all ancient peers; some by creation, as do all the new-made ones; others, since the unions with Scotland and Ireland, by election, which is the case of the sixteen peers who represent the body of the Scotch nobility, and the twenty-eight Irish peers who represent the Irish nobility. The number of peers is indefinite, and may be increased at will by the power of the crown.

The house of commons consists of the representatives of the people chosen every seven years, or on a dissolution by the crown.

The counties are represented by knights, elected by the proprietors of lands; the cities and boroughs are represented by citizens and burgesses, chosen by the mercantile part, or supposed trading interest, of the nation. The number of English representatives is 513, of Scotch 45, and of Irish 100; in all 658.

These are the constituent parts of parliament: the king, the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons; parts, of which each is so necessary, that the consent of all three is required to make any new law that shall bind the subject. Whatever is enacted for law by one, or by two only, of the three, is no statute; and no regard is due to it unless in matters relating to their own privileges.

*Guthrie.*

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#### WHAT IS LIBERTY ?

Does liberty consist in the power of doing what we please? No: for if every body had this power, there could be no liberty at all; because our life

and property would be at the disposal of every man who was able and willing to take them from us. In a free country, every violation of law is an attack upon the public liberty. The laws of God and our country are our best and only security against oppression; and therefore liberty can exist amongst us no longer than while those laws are obeyed. Milton, who loved liberty as much, I believe, as any man ever did, has truly observed, when speaking of it, that 'who loves that, must first be wise and good.' See his twelfth sonnet.

Does liberty consist in our being governed by laws of our own making? I know not how many political writers have laid this down as a first principle, and a self-evident maxim: and yet, if Britain be a free government, this maxim is grossly absurd. Who are they who can be said to be governed by laws of their own making? I know of no such persons; I never heard or read of any such, except, perhaps, among pirates and other banditti, who, trampling on all laws, divine and human, refuse to be governed in any other way than by their own licentious regulations. The greatest part of the laws by which we are governed were made long ago: I should be glad to know how a man co-operates in making a law before he is born. But we are not instrumental in making those laws which are made in our own time? Granting that we are, which is by no means the case, these are not the only laws by which we are governed: we must obey the common law of the land, which is of immemorial standing, as well as the statutes made in the last session of parliament.

The British laws are enacted by the king, lords,

and commons, who may amount in all to about eight hundred persons: the inhabitants of Great Britain, who must obey these laws, are computed at eight millions. In Britain, therefore, not to mention the rest of the empire, are more than seven million of persons, who are governed by laws which they neither make, nor can alter: and even the king, lords, and commons, are themselves governed by laws which were made before they were born. Nay more: if the majority of the lords and commons agree to a bill, which afterwards receives the royal assent, that bill is a law, though the minority vote against it; and the minority in both houses might comprehend three hundred and eighty persons: so that a law to bind the whole British nation might, according to the principles of our constitution, be made, even contrary to the will of three hundred and eighty members of the legislature.—Nay, further; in the house of commons, forty members, in ordinary cases of legislation, make a house, or quorum; the majority is twenty-one, which, deducted from five hundred and fifty-eight, the number of members in that house, leaves five hundred and thirty-seven: so that a bill might pass the house of commons, if the house happened to be very thin, contrary to the will of five hundred and thirty-seven members of that house; and yet, if such a bill were afterwards ratified by the lords, and assented to by the king, it would be a law.—Surely, if we are a free people, liberty must be something that does not consist in our being governed by laws of our own making.

It is said, indeed, that every British subject has

influence in the legislature by means of his representative freely chosen, who appears and acts for him in parliament. But this is not true. There are not, in this island, one million of persons who have a vote in electing parliament-men: and yet in this island, there are eight millions of person who must obey the law. And for their conduct, as law-givers, our parliament-men are not answerable to their electors, or to any other persons whatever: and it not often happens, that in making laws they are unanimous; yet the minority in both houses must obey the laws that are made against their will.—Besides, we are all subject to the law of God, and are free in proportion as we obey it; for his service is perfect freedom. But who will say that man is the maker of God's law?—We see then, that our liberty does not consist either in the power of doing what we please, or in being governed by laws made by ourselves.

They who are hindered from doing what the law allows, or who have reason to be afraid of one another, even while they are doing their duty, cannot be said to enjoy liberty. Where this is the case, there must be in the hands of certain individuals some exorbitant power productive of oppression, and not subject to law; or there must prevail in the state a spirit of licentiousness which the law cannot control.—Nor can men be said to be free, who are liable to have oppressive laws imposed on them, or to be tried by tyrannical or incompetent judges. In Great Britain, by a contrivance to be explained hereafter, our laws are made by men, whose interest it is to make them equitable; and who, with a very few exceptions of

little moment, are themselves subject to the laws they make. In Britain, too, by the institution of juries, our judges, in all criminal, and in many civil causes, are our equals; men, who are acquainted with our circumstances, to whose prudence and probity we have no objection, and who are favourably inclined towards us, on account of our being their equals. In Great Britain, therefore, an honest man has nothing to fear, either from the law or from the judge.—Neither can those people be accounted free, who dare not complain when they suffer injury, or who are denied the privilege of declaring their sentiments freely to one another. In both these respects our freedom is secured by the liberty of the press.

Political liberty, therefore, I would describe thus: 'It is that state in which men are so governed by equitable laws, and so tried by equitable judges, that no person can be hindered from doing what the law allows, or have reason to be afraid of any person, so long as he does his duty.' This is true liberty; for this is the only sort of liberty that promotes virtue and happiness; and surely no wise or good man would ever wish for any other.

*Beattie.*

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#### ON SMUGGLING, AND ITS VARIOUS SPECIES.

THERE are many people that would be thought, and even think themselves, honest men, who fail nevertheless in particular points of honesty; deviating from that character sometimes by the prevalence of mode or custom, and sometimes through mere inattention; so that their honesty

is partial only, and not general or universal. Thus one, who would scorn to over-reach you in a bargain, shall make no scruple of tricking you a little now and then at cards; another, that plays with the utmost fairness, shall with great freedom cheat you in the sale of a horse. But there is no kind of dishonesty, into which otherwise good people more easily and frequently fall, than that of defrauding government of its revenues by smuggling, when they have an opportunity, or encouraging smugglers, by buying their goods.

I fell into these reflections the other day, on hearing two gentlemen of reputation discoursing about a small estate, which one of them was inclined to sell, and the other to buy; when the seller, in recommending the place, remarked, that its situation was very advantageous on this account, that, being on the sea-coast in a smuggling country, one had frequent opportunities of buying many of the expensive articles used in a family (such as tea, coffee, chocolate, brandy, wines, cambrics, Brussels' laces, French silks, and all kinds of India goods), twenty, thirty, and in some articles, fifty per cent cheaper than they could be had in the more interior parts, of traders that paid duty.—The other honest gentleman allowed this to be an advantage, but insisted, that the seller, in the advanced price he demanded on that account, rated the advantage much above its value. And neither of them seemed to think dealing with smugglers a practice, that an honest man (provided he got his goods cheap) had the least reason to be ashamed of.

At a time when the load of our public debt, and

the heavy expense of maintaining our fleets and armies, to be ready for our defence on occasion, make it necessary, not only to continue old taxes, but often to look out for new ones, perhaps it may not be unuseful to state this matter in a light, that few seem to have considered it in.

The people of Great Britain, under the happy constitution of this country, have a privilege few other countries enjoy, that of choosing the third branch of the legislature, which branch has alone the power of regulating their taxes. Now whenever the government finds it necessary for the common benefit, advantage, and safety of the nation, for the security of our liberties, property, religion, and every thing that is dear to us, that certain sums shall be yearly raised by taxes, duties, &c. and paid into the public treasury, thence to be dispensed by government for those purposes, ought not every honest man freely and willingly to pay his just proportion of this necessary expense? Can he possibly preserve a right to that character, if, by any fraud, stratagem, or contrivance, he avoids that payment, in whole or in part.

What should we think of a companion, who, having supped with his friends at a tavern, and partaken equally of the joys of the evening with the rest of us, would nevertheless contrive by some artifice to shift his share of the reckoning upon others, in order to go off scot-free? If a man who practised this would, when detected, be deemed and called a scoundrel, what ought he to be called who can enjoy all the inestimable benefits of public society, and yet by smuggling, or dealing with smugglers,



contrive to evade paying his just share of the expense, as settled by his own representatives in parliament; and wrongfully throw it upon his honestest and perhaps much poorer neighbours? He will perhaps be ready to tell me, that he does not wrong his neighbours; he scorns the imputation; he only cheats the king a little, who is very able to bear it. This however is a mistake. The public treasure is the treasure of the nation, to be applied to national purposes. And when a duty is laid for a particular public and necessary purpose, if, through smuggling, that duty falls short of raising the sum required, and other duties must therefore be laid to make up the deficiency, all the additional sum laid by the new duties and paid by other people, though it should amount to no more than a halfpenny or a farthing per head, is so much actually picked out of the pockets of those other people by the smugglers, and their abettors and encouragers. Are they then any better, or other than pickpockets? and what mean, low, rascally pickpockets must those be, that can pick pockets for halfpence and for farthings?

I would not however be supposed to allow, in what I have just said, that cheating the king is a less offence against honesty, than cheating the public. The king and the public, in this case are different names for the same thing; but if we consider the king distinctly it will not lessen the crime: it is no justification of a robbery, that the person robbed was rich and able to bear it. The king has as much right to justice as the meanest of his subjects; and as he is truly the common

father of his people, those that rob him fall under the scripture woe, pronounced against the son, 'that robbeth his father, and saith it is no sin.'

Mean as this practice is, do we not daily see people of character and fortune engaged in it for trifling advantages to themselves?—Is any lady ashamed to request of a gentleman of her acquaintance, that when he returns from abroad, he would smuggle her home a piece of silk or lace from France or Flanders? Is any gentleman ashamed to undertake and execute the commission?—Not in the least. They will talk of it freely, even before others whose pockets they are thus contriving to pick by this piece of knavery.

Among other branches of the revenue, that of the post-office is, by a late law, appropriated to the discharge of our public debt, to defray the expenses of the state. None but members of parliament, and a few public officers, have now a right to avoid, by a frank, the payment of postage. When any letter, not written by them, or on their business, is franked by any of them, it is a hurt to the revenue, an injury which they must now take the pains to conceal by writing the whole superscription themselves. And yet such is our insensibility to justice in this particular, that nothing is more common than to see, even in a reputable company, a very honest gentleman or lady declare his or her intention to cheat the nation of three-pence by a frank, and without blushing apply to one of the very legislators themselves, with a modest request, that he would be pleased to become an accomplice in the crime, and assist in the perpetration.

There are those who by these practices take a great deal in a year out of the public purse, and put the money into their own private pockets. If, passing through a room where public treasure is deposited, a man takes the opportunity of clandestinely pocketing and carrying off a guinea, is he not truly and properly a thief? And if another evades paying into the treasury a guinea he ought to pay in, and applies it to his own use, when he knows it belongs to the public as much as that which has been paid in, what difference is there in the nature of the crime, or the baseness of committing it?

Some laws make the receiving of stolen goods equally penal with stealing; and upon this principle, that if there were no receivers there would be few thieves. Our proverb too says truly, that 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.' By the same reasoning, as there would be few smugglers, if there were none who knowingly encouraged them by buying their goods, we may say, that the encouragers of smuggling are as bad as the smugglers; and that, as smugglers are a kind of thieves, both equally deserve the punishments of thievery.

In this view of wronging the revenue, what must we think of those who can evade paying for their wheels and their plate, in defiance of law and justice, and yet declaim against corruption and speculation, as if their own hands and hearts were pure and unsullied? The Americans offend us grievously, when, contrary to our laws, they smuggle goods into their own country, and yet they had no hand in making those laws. I do not however pretend from thence to justify them. But

I think the offence much greater in those who either directly or indirectly have been concerned in making the very laws they break. And when I hear them exclaiming against the Americans, and for every little infringement of the acts of trade, or obstruction given by a petty mob to an officer of our customs in that country, calling for vengeance against the whole people as rebels and traitors, I cannot help thinking there are still those in the world who can 'see a mote in their brother's eye, while they do not discern a beam in their own;' and that the old saying is as true now as ever it was, 'one man may better steal an horse, than another look over the hedge.'

*Franklin.*

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#### OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

As I was passing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was struck with horror by a rueful cry, which summoned me to remember the poor debtors.

The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society, wastes more

than it acquires, must gradually decay ; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation.

If those, who thus rigorously exercise the power which the law has put into their hands, be asked, why they continue to imprison those whom they know to be unable to pay them ; one will answer, that his debtor once lived better than himself ; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in silk clothes to the dancing-school ; and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt they should meet with the same treatment ; some, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confess their resolution, that their debtors shall rot in jail ; and some will discover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity ; to keep individuals from the power of one another ; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be the judge of

his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and unhappiness, between casualty and design, is intrusted to eyes blinded with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Since poverty is punished among us as a crime, it ought at least to be treated with the same lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languish, at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed some appeal to the justice of his country. There can be no reason, why any debtor should be imprisoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term should therefore be fixed, in which the creditor should exhibit his accusation of concealed property. If such property can be discovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the prisoner be dismissed.

Those who made the laws have apparently supposed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always shares the act, and often more than shares the guilt of improper trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another but for debts which he suffered to be contracted, in hope of advantage to himself, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reason why one should punish the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of prisons may justly complain of hard treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by increasing his

debt. Worse and worse commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoverished by compulsive traffic, and at last overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of misery, by debts which, without his own consent, were accumulated on this head. To the relief of this distress no other objection can be made, but that by an easy dissolution of debts, fraud will be left without punishment, and imprudence without awe, and that when insolvency shall be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

*From the Idler.*

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#### IMPRISONMENT PRODUCTIVE OF DEPRAVITY IN MORALS

THE monastic institutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increase of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to those whose employment is consistent with abstraction, and who, though solitary, will not be idle: to those whom infirmity makes useless to the commonwealth, or to those who have paid their due proportion to society, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably dismissed to live for themselves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of these retreats, those have no right to censure them whose prisons contain greater numbers than the monasteries of other countries. It is, surely, less foolish and less criminal to permit inaction than compel it; to comply with doubtful opinions of happiness, than condemn to certain and apparent misery; to indulge the

extravagances of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedness.

The misery of gaols is not half their evil ; they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them ; with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of despair. In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent : there are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts which are practised on himself ; and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners.

Thus some sink amidst their misery, and others survive only to propagate villainy. It may be hoped that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depraving one another : but, if there be any reason why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those, whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch, whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin ; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no shelter from contempt.

Surely, he whose debtor has perished in prison,



though he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings.

*From the Idler.*

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#### OF BRITISH JURIES.

THE method of trials by juries is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason the person accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without showing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining properly and judiciously such nice matters of justice, although the

judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection is the power, which any one or more of the twelve have to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; and wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

*Orrery.*

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#### ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

WE have the origin of book-licensing not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later, nor from the modern custom of any reformed city abroad; but from the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb.

I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention.

Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets, and statutes, and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in

the land, to mark and license it like our broad-cloth and our woolpacks.

To the pure all things are pure ; not only meats and drinks, but all kinds of knowledge whether of good or evil ; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled.

Bad books serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength. Lether and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Who knows not that Truth is strength, next to the Almighty? She need no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious: those are the shifts and defences that Errour uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps; for then she speaks not true, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

To count a man not fit to print his mind, is the greatest indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man [rather than] a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an *imprimatur*? When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; if in this, the most consum-

mate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, it cannot but be a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

Nor is it to the common people less a reproach ; for if we be so jealous over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people ; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser. That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither : those corruptions which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at doors which cannot be shut. He who were pleasantly disposed could not avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man, who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitorial rigour that hath been executed upon books.

I could recount what I have seen and heard in countries were this kind of inquisition tyrannises ; when I have sat among their learned men, who did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought ; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits ; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There

it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

This obstructing violence meets, for the most part, with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at: instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. 'The punishment of wits enhances their authority,' said the Viscount St. Albans, 'and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.'

When God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions, to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

If any one would write and bring his helpful hand to the slow moving reformation which we labour under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so hejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed; and not consider, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many

errours? And what do they vainly tell us of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like; is the worst and newest opinion of all others, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance.

When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewithal to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, bus casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up, and yet springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy to bring a famine upon our minds, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel?

Believe it, lords and commons, they who counsel you to such a suppressing of [books], do as good, bid you suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government. It is Liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of Heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly prizing of the truth, unless you first make yourselves, who made us so, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as you found us; but you must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities; yet give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.

As good almost kill a man as kill a book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on pur-

pose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. *Milton.*

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#### OF THE BRAVERY OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

BY those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation, it is remarked, that ‘the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow;’ and that ‘the English soldiers will always follow, if their officers will lead.’

In all pointed sentences some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness; and, in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed, that the English soldiers are more willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind



of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can show a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

There may be some pleasure in tracing the causes of this plebeian magnanimity. The qualities which commonly make an army formidable, are long habits of regularity, great exactness of discipline, and great confidence in the commander. Regularity may, in time, produce a kind of mechanical obedience to signals and commands, like that which the perverse Cartesians impute to animals: discipline may impress such an awe upon the mind, that any danger shall be less dreaded than the danger of punishment; and confidence in the wisdom or fortune of the general, may induce the soldiers to follow him blindly to the most dangerous enterprise.

What may be done by discipline and regularity, may be seen in the troops of the Russian empress and Prussian monarch. We find that they may be broken without confusion, and repulsed without flight.

But the English troops have none of these requisites in any eminent degree. Regularity is by no means part of their character: they are rarely exercised, and therefore show very little dexterity in their evolutions as bodies of men, or in the manual use of their weapons as individuals: they neither are thought by others, nor by themselves, more active or exact than their enemies, and therefore derive none of their courage from such imaginary superiority.

The manner in which they are dispersed in quarters over the country, during times of peace,

naturally produces laxity of discipline: they are very little in sight of their officers; and, when they are not engaged in the slight duty of the guard, are suffered to live every man his own way.

The equality of English privileges, the impartiality of our laws, the freedom of our tenures, and the prosperity of our trade, dispose us very little to reverence of superiors. It is not to any great esteem of the officers that the English soldier is indebted for his spirit in the hour of battle: for perhaps it does not often happen that he thinks much better of his leader than of himself. The French count, who has lately published the 'Art of War,' remarks how much soldiers are animated, when they see all their dangers shared by those who were born to be their masters, and whom they consider as beings of a different rank. The Englishman despises such motives of courage: he was born without a master; and looks not on any man, however dignified by lace or titles, as deriving from nature any claims to his respect, or inheriting any qualities superior to his own.

There are some, perhaps, who would imagine that every Englishman fights better than the subjects of absolute governments, because he has more to defend. But what has the English more than the French soldier? Property they are both commonly without. Liberty is, to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving; and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country. The English soldier seldom has his head very full of the constitution: nor has there been, for more than a century, any war that put the property or liberty of a single Englishman in danger.

Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependance which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of any servile arts: he may always have wages for his labour; and is no less necessary to his employer, than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed: the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

*Johnson.*

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OF THE INCONSTANCY OF THE BRITISH CLIMATE,  
AND THE ADVANTAGES OF HARDENING OUR-  
SELVES AGAINST ITS COLD.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year

having put most of them in slight summer suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of Posture-master) in king Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third trial found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humpback. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too

soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, 'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and

warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frieze of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frieze coat, than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is indeed the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to souse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered steel, and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead all over.

*Addison.*

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE  
MOST EMINENT  
PROSE WRITERS,  
BOOK THE TWELFTH:  
DETACHED SENTENCES &c.



LONDON,  
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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE MOST

*EMINENT PROSE WRITERS.*

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## BOOK XII.

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DETACHED SENTENCES, THOUGHTS,  
MAXIMS, AND PROVERBS.



THE WAY TO WEALTH, AS CLEARLY SHOWN IN  
THE PREFACE OF AN OLD PENNSYLVANIAN AL-  
MANACK, ENTITLED, POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

COURTEOUS READER,

I HAVE heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the

country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wise is enough," as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows<sup>1</sup>:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we may have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three time as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "Gold helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. —"But dost thou love life, then do not squander

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all his sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is said to be improved.

time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

“If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,” as Poor Richard says, “the greatest prodigality;” since, as he elsewhere tells us, “Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.” Let us then up, and be doing and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. “Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business; let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,” as Poor Richard says.

‘So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times.’ We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. “Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will be fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands,” or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. “He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,” as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve: for, “at the working man’s house hunger looks in,

but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for, "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and further, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones: and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of

leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock ;” whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. “ Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift ; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow.”

II. ‘ But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others ; for, as Poor Richard says,

“ I never saw an oft removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft removed family,  
That throve so well as those that settled be.”

‘ And again, “ Three removes is as bad as a fire :” and again, “ Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee :” and again, “ If you would have your business done, go ; if not, send.” And again,

“ He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.”

‘ And again, “ The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands :” and again, “ Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge :” and again, “ Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.” Trusting too much to others’ care is the ruin of many ; for, “ In the affairs of this world, men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it :” but a man’s own care is profitable ; for, “ if you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, — serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief : for want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of

a shoe the horse was lost ; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy ; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. 'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business ; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last." A fat kitchen makes a lean will ; and

" Many estates are spent in the getting  
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

" "If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

'Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for

" Women and wine, game and deceit,  
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

'And further, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." "Beware of little expenses ;" "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor

Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost: but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while;" he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." And, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families; "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life: they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that; "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,"

as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "It is day, and it will never be night:" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says: and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick, further advises and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have got one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt: Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And after all, of what use is the pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is su



ferred? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

‘But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into bare, downright lying: for, “The second vice, is lying; the first is running in debt,” as poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, “Lying rides upon Debt’s back;” whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. “It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.”—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an effect would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical, and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to

deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but

"For age and want save while you may,  
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

'Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and, "It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says: so, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt."

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,  
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reason, and

wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things ; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven : and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

‘And now to conclude, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,” as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that: for it is true, “We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.” However, remember this, “They that will not be counselled cannot be helped ;” and further, that, “If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,” as Poor Richard says.’

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else ; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me ; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to

wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

*Franklin.*

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DETACHED SENTENCES.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. For virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before-hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul

against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence and then deceive it.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

To err, is human: to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged: nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular: and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win. an estate

by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks: and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes the whole race of coxcombs. Nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full, and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age: but to escape censure, a man



must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The Earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, ‘Were I Alexander I would accept them.’—‘So would I,’ replied Alexander, ‘were I Parmenio.’

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour, conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense of learning upon his heirs as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man’s invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom,

power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things: for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipped, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, 'What fellow is this?'

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds;

for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouidest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish my friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart; and forget not the sorrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompense them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many: nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than a refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds

with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression: 'I am inclined to think so and so,' not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making a falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones ; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they show for a foot-ball ; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute ; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty ; a mean but a necessary substitutè for it in societies who have none : it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth: There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination ; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement.

What then remained for latter writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

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!

If to do were as easy as to know, what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

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

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
and the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,  
As when a giant dies.

*From Enfield's Speaker.*

## MAXIMS.

## PROEM.

Just as the bee collects her sweets,  
 From every flower and shrub she meets,  
 So what from various books I drew,  
 I give---though not the whole as new.  
 I would not, like the fabled bird,  
 Carelessly wanton and absurd,  
 In borrowed plunge strut about,  
 To be the sport of every lout.  
 It is not vainly my design  
 To publish others' thoughts as mine ;  
 Amply rewarded for my pains,  
 So my collection entertains,  
 The *dross* may easily be known  
*From the rich metal, not my own.*

OUR passions are rebels against our understandings.

The soil, however rich, nevertheless has need of the hand of the labourer.

A florid speech, without matter, is like a drum, noisy, but empty.

Thinking is the key to the tongue.

Wine, like a coward, attacks us most when we are least upon our guard.

Prosperity has the qualities of the waters of Lethe ; they who taste of it forget themselves.

The actions of men are like the index of a book ; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

To flatter a good man is needless ; a bad one, an insult.

Nobility, like great rivers, has often an obscure origin.



Nobility, instead of giving a lustre to posterity, frequently obscures it; as a very bright sun produces a deeper and stronger shadow.

Learning is to the mind what dress is to the body; useful and ornamental.

Pedantry is the foppery of learning, as fringe and embroidery are of dress.

A king's best guard is the love of his people.

That kings can do no wrong, is a mischievous maxim in policy: good kings never will; and bad ones should never dare to subvert the laws of their country.

The men who have been dignified with the title of *great*, were those who were the greatest destroyers of mankind; Alexander the Great, and Lewis the Great, are examples.

It is amazing that men should affect to know every thing, and yet be so deficient in the very first principle of wisdom—*know thyself*.

Experience and observation are the light-houses of reason, which direct us in our steerage through the dangerous ocean of life.

Those who make constant use of horses and asses, will find they have seldom occasion for the physician:

Exercise and proper diet  
Keep the mind and body quiet.

Kings have long arms; they should have short memories.

Ingratitude is a poison of so deleterious a nature, that it even destroys the very bosom in which it harbours.

Men in love are like children whining after a

plaything ; which, when once they have been indulged with, they throw aside, and, perhaps, take up with a less agreeable and more trifling toy.

A noble mansion with an avaricious owner, is like a very fine binding to an ill-written book ; you must not expect to meet with good entertainment within.

Riches and care are as inseparable as sun and shadow.

It is not Fortune, but we, that are blind : for, with content, a little will satisfy the purposes of life ; without it, thousands are insufficient.

Good kings want no guards, and bad ones fear them.

Physicians, when they lose sight of Nature, recommend a consultation ; as men, bewildered in the dark, call out for light.

How happens it, that converts generally are more zealous in the defence of the religion they have embraced than their converters ? It is, perhaps, that they may make up for the time they suspect they have lost, in order to be put on a par ; as travellers, who, being behind, make all the speed they can to come up with their party, so that they may get in together at last.

Men are loth to die, so are children to go to bed ; and, probably, for the same reason, they are afraid to be confined in the dark.

Every good man would wish to pay his just debts : and is not death a debt we owe to Nature ?

It is a childish complaint to say, Time flies away from us ; when the very reverse is the real truth : eople sailing think the land and trees fly from

them; they are deceived, it is the ship that moves.

It is in the power of every man to be rich, provided he will be content.

Ease and peace of mind lengthen life.

A man is very unfit to live in the world who cannot keep his temper, his secrets, and his money.

There is nothing in nature so bold as innocence, nor so timid as guilt.

To combat with, and to surmount difficulties, is the greatest triumph.

The study of the mathematics is like climbing up a steep and craggy mountain; when once you reach the top, it fully recompenses your trouble, by opening a fine, clear, and extensive prospect.

Highwaymen and gamblers differ only in their modes of depredation: the former attack you under masks, with loaded pistols; while the latter accost you, in lace and embroidery, with packs of cards and loaded dice.

Avarice and dissipation are like Scylla and Charybdis; they engulf every thing that comes within their vortex.

Fashion is the daughter of Folly, begot upon Vanity.

Virtue in women, like courage in men, is a security against the impertinence of insult.

Procrastination is inexcusable folly; to-morrow will bring business of its own.

Love, like wine, has an intoxicating quality, and renders us insensible of every other object about us, if too largely indulged: like wine, too,

when used with moderation, it gladdens and invigorates the heart.

The gentle reproof of a sincere friend, like the probings of an experienced surgeon, though painful in the operation, is nevertheless intended for the security of the patient.

Fear has a strong memory.

Flattery, like a camelion, assumes the colours of the object it is nearest to.

Pride is the most absurd of all follies; she destroys her own intent, for the more she exacts worship, the less she receives.

When I see a beau and a belle decorated with a profusion of finery for a court-ball, I consider them as two French dolls, exhibited in the great toy-shop of Folly.

Reproof, to persons under misfortunes, is as sharp as a dagger's point, and wounds as deeply.

Necessity frequently infringes on the laws of delicacy.

Books are the spectacles of the mind, and make us discover things more clearly and perceptibly than we should do without their assistance.

Wisdom and fortitude are generally companions.

The severity of princes may terrify, but it will also irritate.

The world is taken with show and outside, with finery and vain titles, as birds are with lime; they are the bird-lime of fools, women, and children.

The eye is the mirror of the heart.

Satire should not be like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, not mangle.

Cowards are great anticipators of danger.

Nothing exposes the weakness of human nature

so much, as the vanity of literary men and the affectation of beautiful women.

There is not a greater nor a more cruel slavery than dependance.

Old people are apt to declaim perversely against the depravity of the present times, when compared with the past; they forget that it is not so much the times, as themselves, that are changed.

Duplicity is the armour of a coward.

Those who wish to travel with advantage must leave their prejudices at home, and determine, with St. Paul, to be all things to all men.

Princes have contrived a very cheap and easy method to please and reward their subjects and courtiers: a few yards of blue, green, or red ribband, recompense sufficiently the officer who obtains a victory; and a skin of parchment (or patent of peerage) is a full discharge for years of faithful service.

There can be no greater pleasure than obliging merit in distress; but we must expect no acknowledgment: acknowledgment cancels, and is a receipt in full for all obligation; and in this sense it is well understood by most obligees.

It is wonderful that men should be as much pleased with the shadow as they are with the substance of power: had Julius Cæsar been satisfied with the perpetual dictatorship, and refused the imperial diadem, he would have been equally as great and powerful, and most probably a happier man, in the hearts and affections of the Roman people. Oliver Cromwell knew this—and died in his bed.

Death and absence never fail to expose what

envy is busily employed to conceal ; the merit and virtue of individuals.

Art is allowable in all the works of nature, and it may help to adorn them ; but it is destructive to friendship.

Those only are truly happy who have the means as well as the will, to contribute to the felicity of their fellow-creatures.

True friends anticipate each other's wants.

Our ears are of necessity open ; but we may keep our mouths as much shut as we please.

The bank of Holland, like a lion's den, admits all, but permits none to return.

The tongues of a malicious and envious world are frequently our best instructors ; they teach us prudence and caution.

The three most desirable things have ever been the most destructive ; beauty, wealth, and power.

By four we divide the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America ; the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter ; the age of man, childhood, adolescence, manhood, and old age ; and the greatest blessings of life, (when not abused) health, wealth, beauty, and power.

Many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them ; though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasure as our pain : there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as on the mountains ; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye, than the varieties of life to improve the heart.

Variety, provided it be not troublesome to

others, is no such great evil, since it is a kind remedy that nature has planted in every one to preserve us from being out of humour with ourselves.

Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; as aquafortis can only penetrate and dissolve base metals, its corrosive quality being incapable of affecting gold.

Courage is nothing more than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance.

Men are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept from contact by private interests.

The poet Martial says, he that cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.

Wit is very pernicious, unless it be tempered with virtue and humanity.

Severity of reproof, like a file, may be disagreeable in its operations; but hard and rusty metals will be the brighter for it.

Travelling to boobies is of infinite use, since it changes them from lethargic blockheads into prating coxcombs; it improves them, as bottling does small-beer, which then becomes brisk, without growing stronger. On the other hand, it gives ease and a polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment, and completes what may justly be called the fine gentleman; as our weavers use wool of a finer growth than our native fleeces, to carry the manufacture to its utmost perfection.

Invention is a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation.

To extract private libels from public satire, has ever been the office of malevolence and folly.

Wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn.

We attend to the conversation of a beautiful woman, not because we hear, but because we see her: there is much eloquence in a fine face and sparkling eyes.

He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, must often be deaf, dumb, and blind, to its vices and follies.

Though general satire is calculated to fit all mankind alike, there are none who imagine it so when it is applied to themselves.

Injuries are seldom forgotten; benefits are not often remembered.

Reproof is never more efficacious than when it comes tempered with good humour.

Men are more likely to be praised into virtue, than to be rallied out of vice.

Without good sense, good manners, and politeness, there can be no social happiness.

Good breeding, though it may originate from vanity, conciliates the love of all those who feel its influence.

If we read the ancient historians and poets, we shall find our complaint of the degeneracy of the times we live in but ill-grounded: virtue and vice have ever been the same; the only alteration is in the mode and fashion of them.



It is not the light of the Sun, but the shade, which points out to us the hour of the day.

Virtue, like the Sun, retains its resplendence, though frequently obscured by clouds.

Virtue dwells not on the tongue, but fixes its abode in the heart.

Misfortunes are often unavoidable; but they may be disarmed of their bitterness by virtue and sound philosophy.

Precept is the nurse of understanding.

A good conscience is not only the testimony of a good life, but the reward of it.

All men love Virtue, and yet, alas! how few take her to their bosoms.

Sin is its own tormentor: and the dread of vengeance will even overtake those who escape its stroke.

There is nothing more unworthy the dignity of human nature, than to insult the calamities of the unfortunate.

Travellers, who really go in search of improvement, will always increase in knowledge the further they make their excursions from home: as a river increases its stream, the further it flows from its source.

The belief of a particular Providence is the most animating persuasion that the mind of man can embrace: it gives strength to our hopes, and firmness to our resolutions; it subdues the insolence of prosperity, and draws out the sting of affliction; like the golden branch to which Virgil's hero was directed, it affords the only secure passport through the regions of darkness and sorrow.

We should have less reason to complain of the

inconstancy of friends, if we were in general more cautious how we formed connections; but the misfortune is, our friendships are apt to be too forward, and thus either fall off in the blossom, or never arrive at just maturity

Counterfeit virtues are the most successful vices.

Society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners.

He who has not cultivated his reason when young, will be utterly unable to improve it when old.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good.

The art of criticism, like the art of physic, has been frequently productive of much mischief; but it has been as often attended with great benefit to mankind.

If we would persuade, we must first learn to please.

The source of most of the ill habits of life arises from our unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured.

When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis.

The chief concern of wise men is to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; the employment of fools, to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

Nothing is so pernicious as wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

The preservation of life should be only a secondary concern; the direction of it the principal.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery.

The countenance is frequently more expressive than the tongue.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, and those of a fool by his passions.

Men should dress, not to be fops, but to be respected.

There is nothing more unworthy of a man, or that argues a greater want of understanding, than wishing one's self younger : if we have lived well, we have lived long enough ; if not, we have lived too long. A good actor merits applause, in whatever scene of the play he makes his exit.

A little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us.

A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The mind that hath any propensity to devotion, naturally flies to it in affliction.

Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man.

There is nothing more odious, nor indeed more ridiculous, than a rigid, severe temper, in a worthless man.

Those who live above their present circumstances are in great danger of soon living much below them.

Nothing can be more unjust, or ridiculous, than to be angry with others because they are not of our opinion.

The inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to others.

Modesty is as well a guard as an ornament to virtue.

Thrift, diligence, and method in business, are three necessary qualifications to make a man rich.

It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in error; perfection is not the attribute of man.

The court hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the city hypocrite more virtuous.

A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy aggravates his crimes.

It is below the character of men of humanity and good manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain.

To a worthy man the best perquisites of a place are the advantages which it gives him of doing good.

A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it.

The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial as the good office itself.

It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

There is nothing more difficult than the art of making advice agreeable.

We should ever be careful not to polish ourselves out of our veracity, nor to refine our behaviour to the prejudice of our virtue.

There cannot be a greater instance of a weak and pusillanimous temper than for a man to pass

his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, not daring to be what he thinks he ought to be.

Virtue is a good of so noble a kind, that it grows by communication ; it so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's stock.

Imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love.

It is with knowledge as with wealth ; the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in taking a review of our old store.

Our happiness, in this world, proceeds from the suppression of our desires ; but, in the next, it will be derived from the gratification of them.

Pride obstructs gratitude ; for the man who hardly ever thinks he receives a favour, will not be likely to think of acknowledging or repaying one.

Virtue is the brightest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness ; vice begins in error, and ends in ignominy.

Irregular desires will produce licentious practices.

Those who would govern their actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate their thoughts by those of reason.

He who considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well.

Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence and the force of industry ;

remembering, that fame is not conferred but as the recompense of labour; and that labour vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is below the dignity of a reasonable being.

He who would pass the better part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth, he must lay up knowledge for his support when the power of acting shall forsake him; and in age, forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience alone can correct.

Death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

Frugality is the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty.

The traveller, that resolutely follows a rough and winding path, will sooner reach the end of his journey, than he who is always changing his direction, and wastes the hours of day-light in looking for smoother ground and shorter passages.

Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are commonly found to increase affection; but excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration; but commonly take away that easy freedom and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is granted only to invariable virtue.

The wisest and best men may deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or surprise.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of man on too short an acquaintance, or too slight inspection.

The duties of life are commensurate to its duration; and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue, than to happiness.

Differences are never so effectually lulled to sleep, as by some general calamity; an enemy unites all those to whom he threatens danger.

He who suffers not his faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures.

Dead counsellors are most instructive; because they are at once patiently and reverently attended to.

'If Virtue could be seen,' said Tully, 'she must be loved;' and we may add, that if Truth could be heard, she must be obeyed.

The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness, than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance, than delighted by instruction.

The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks men into triflers.

The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity.

None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

He who once indulges idle fears will never be at rest.

He who never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect or envy, or infatuated by honours and applauses.

It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by industry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself, very little consults his own tranquillity.

The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness, and tempered its malignity.

He who never was acquainted with adversity has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.

Truth is scarcely ever to be heard but from those who can have no interest in concealing it.

Letters are intended as resemblances of conversation; and the chief excellences of conversation are good humour and good breeding.

The man who would become eminent in knowledge, must first search books, and next contemplate nature.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves;

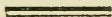


and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible.

We rate ourselves by our fortunes, rather than our virtues; and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit.

Let it be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another confesses his superiority; and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue. *From the Wit's Magazine.*



#### THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Laws, penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man, seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, said thus: 'Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind dying before you?'—'The reproach is just,' answered the wasp, 'but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your

own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.'

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, 'Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?—' Why, said the jackdaw, 'my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I.'

Men are contended to be laughed at for their wit but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants; and yet fewer, where one-third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year; and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.

A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to show for threepence, how he could thrust a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.

Harry Killebrew said to lord Wharton, 'You

would not swear at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honour.'

Lewis the Fourteenth of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen, in their writings of divinity, wholly devoid of humanity.

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it: neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do we not see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any, which, by ill management, makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Eloquence, smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on

the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

‘He who does not provide for his own house,’ St. Paul says, ‘is worse than an infidel.’ And I think he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said, ‘he was like a wash-ball, always in decay.’

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good hand.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money: therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.



We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negociations, factions, &c. We enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory; look on the present times, we find the same humour yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circumstances, to make conjectures, and form conclusions; but the smallest accident intervening (and, in the course of affairs, it is impossible to foresee all), does often produce such turns and changes,

that at last he is just as much in doubt of events, as the most ignorant and unexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators; because he, that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the lost things, which Aristo says are to be found in the Moon; that and time ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit any thing, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glass-house, the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up

in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves : it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Eneas. With historians it is quite the contrary ; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy ; for, if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards : death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance ; as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing ; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument, to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time ; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, 'This critical age,' as divines say, 'This sinful age.'

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The cameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his christian name.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and among the rest, for



one which perhaps is not often considered, that, when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended; the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is for the second.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the same words of Telamachus more than once; and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense ; it is the life of a spider.

‘Vive quidem, pende tamen, improba, dixit.’

Ovid Metam.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning-coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable ; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices ; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirties those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit ; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times ; for it

is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma,

said, ' Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again.'

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument, used to the disadvantage of Providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the Sun and Moon; in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but, wherever God hath left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *Curis accuunt mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself?

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

I have known three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince, more than once, choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter, from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase, as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry; for which reason courts are so overrun with politics.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been revered for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretel events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are an imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a lucky name, foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth, when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

‘That was excellently observed,’ said I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine : when we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present ; but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

*Swift.*

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#### THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent ; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians ; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them to help



and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work ; which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease ; where boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others ; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a bad woman pass for a virtuous one, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us : it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions: like children, who, where they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety: but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but, generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit: and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties: each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses,

reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

Giving advice is, many times, only the pri-

vilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who first bespatters those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasion; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is, like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good;

as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours, which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer; is much as if a man should buy clothes that do not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill-manners to whisper in it; he is displeas'd at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make way for their own.

Old men for the most part are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of time past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit for loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland: first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiarist, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

That character in conversation which commonly

passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things and a shame of hearing them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable: but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew a man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies : the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talked to than to talk.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the objects of reasoning; the wisdom of God, and the madness of man.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and, while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them.



They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so after disappointment.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy; that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great minister, or men of parts and business, so wicked as their inferiors: their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries; and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

A man coming to the waterside is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one makes applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the waterside, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect!—the picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out. *Pope.*

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OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.

IN every work begin and end with God.

The grace of God is worth a fair.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

'Tis wit to pick a lock and steal a horse, but 'tis wisdom to let it alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.

Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Cheer up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger, is the devil's martyr.

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God, is the true wise man.

The hasty man never wants woe.

There is God in the almonry.

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second.

He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.

Better half a loaf than no bread.

Beware of Had-I-wist.

Frost and fraud have always foul ends.

Good words cost nought.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

Little said soon amended.

Fair words butter no parsnips.

That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.

Penny in pocket is a good companion.

For all your kindred, make much of your friends.

He who hath money in his purse, cannot want a head for his shoulders.

'Tis ill gaping before an oven.

Where the hedge is lowest, all men go over.

When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel, roasts meat for others to eat.

Speak me fair, and think what you will.

Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.

A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.

He who gives alms, makes the very best use of his money.

Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.

The patient man is always at home.

Peace with Heaven is the best friendship.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Crosses are ladders, that lead up to Heaven.

Honour buys no beef in the market.

Care-not would have.

When it rains pottage, you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.

A wonder lasts but nine days.

The second meal makes the glutton; and the second blow, or second ill word, makes the quarrel.

A young serving man, an old beggar.

A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.

As proud comes behind as goes before.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.

Opportunity makes the thief.

Out of debt, out of deadly sin.

Pride goes before, and shame follows after.

That groat is ill saved, that shames its master.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Three may keep counsel, if two be away.

He who weddeth ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrives.

He who most studies his content, wants it most.

God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.

He that is warm thinks all are so.

If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long in bed, his estate feels it.

The child saith nothing, but what it heard by the fireside.

A gentleman, a greyhound, and a salt-box, look for at the fireside.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

Discontent is a man's worst evil.

He who lives well sees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

He who seeks trouble never misseth it.

Never was strumpet fair in wise man's eye.

Good counsel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the house where there is no chiding.

The greatest step is that out of doors

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purse.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his bosom need not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

God is at the end, when we think he is furthest off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better suffer a great evil, than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

True praise takes root and spreads.

Happy is the body which is blessed with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Show a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either side grows warm in arguing, the wisest man gives over first.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

A wise man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others, but not thyself.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praise dies, unless you feed it.

That which two wills takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou wouldst seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise, but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown, that goes most up and down the house.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of councils.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only, lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way, who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimnies than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter day.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent, before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Conversation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two suffice.

The best bred have the best portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of souls transports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, must knock in a nail every day.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, lest it dash out your teeth.

Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.

Every man's censure is usually first moulded in his own nature.

Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner.

Let us ride fair and softly that we may get home the sooner.

Debtors are liars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burden.

Dearths foreseen come not.

A penny spared is twice got.

Pensions never enriched young men.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.

The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.

Every one is a master, and a servant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every sin brings its punishment along with it.

Good husbandry is good divinity.

Be reasonable, and you will be happy.

It is better to please a fool, than to anger him.

A fool, if he saith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not seek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough, who hath lived well.

Mettle is dangerous in a blind horse.

Winter never rots in the sky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that speaks me fair, and loves me not, I will speak him fair, and trust him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The truest wealth is contentment with a little.



A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the strongest knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age, make the happiest marriage.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horses.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of discretion, or of wisdom, is worth two pounds of wit.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleases.

Gold goes in at any gate, except that of Heaven.

Knives and fools divide the world.

No great loss but may bring some little profit.

When Poverty comes in at the door, Love leaps out at the window.

That suit is best, that best fits me.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done

Use soft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conscience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's than of his own

A wise man hath more ballast than sail.

Great men's promises, courtier's oaths, and dead men's shoes, a man may look for, but not trust to

Be wise on this side Heaven.

The Devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the Devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.

He who will be his own master, often hath a fool for a scholar.

That man is well bought, who costs you but a compliment.

The greatest king must at last go to bed with a shovel or spade.

He only truly lives, who lives in peace.

If wise men never erred, it would go hard with the fool.

Great virtue seldom descends.

One wise (in marriage) and two happy.

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

The best thing in the world is to live above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

One pair of heels is sometimes worth two pair of hands.

'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.

The easiest work and way is, to beware.

If the best man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance ; but never wise, or good, without taking pains for it.

Success makes a fool seem wise.

What fools say doth not much trouble wise men.

Money is a good servant, but an ill master.

Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the wise.

He lives indeed, who lives not to himself alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.

Industry is Fortune's right hand, and frugality is her left.

We shall all lie alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the Devil goes to dinner.

To give and to keep, there is need of wit.

A man never surfeits of too much honesty.

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows.

He can want nothing who hath God for his friend.

Young men's knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married, shall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beasts, I hate sluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increase a man's store.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the Devil's shop.

God send us somewhat of our own, when rich men go to dinner.

Let your purse still be your master.

Young men think old men fools ; but old men know, that young men are fools.

Wit once bought, is worth twice taught.

A wise head makes a close mouth.

All foolish fancies are bought much too dear.

Ignorance is better than pride with greater knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool, where he hath not considered or thought.

He who angers others is not himself at ease.

He dies like a beast, who hath done no good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely wishing for it.

Patch and long sit, build and soon flit.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours sleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feast.

Idle lazy folks have most labour.

Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best at the long run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cause of woe.

Welcome is the best cheer.

I will keep no more cats than what will catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.

It is more painful to do nothing than something

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.

God's providence is the surest and best inheritance.

That is not good language, which all understand not.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Ill-will never said well.

He that hath some land must have some labour.

Show me a liar, and I will show you a thief.

We must wink at small faults.

Use legs and have legs.

Every one should sweep before his own door.

Much coin, usually much care.

Good take heed doth always speed.

He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

We think lawyers to be wise men, and they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

When you see your friend, trust to yourself.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.

Speak the truth and shame the Devil.

Lend, and lose my money ; so play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, make man more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wise and good man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.

All vice infatuates and corrupts the judgment.  
He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.

Penny, whence camest thou? penny, whither goest thou? and, penny, when wilt thou come again?

'Tis worse to be an ill man, than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes always short of his reckoning:

A young saint an old saint; and a young Devil, an old Devil.

Wit is folly, unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew, but he who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor, than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

All covet, all lose.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.

He is the wise, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts, except you mean to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you mean to die.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains; if well, the pains fade, the joy remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason over his passions and follies.

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OLD ITALIAN PROVERBS.

HE who serves God hath the best master in the world.

Where God is, there nothing is wanting.

No man is greater in truth, than he is in God's esteem.

He hath a good judgment, who doth not rely on his own.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel.

Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom.

He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after.

Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat.

Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill.

The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door.

The money you refuse will never do you good.

A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

I once had, is a poor man.

There are a great many asses without long ears.

An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers.

He keeps his road well enough, who gets rid of bad company.

You are in debt, and run in further; if you are not a liar yet, you will be one.

The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away.

He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most.

Giving is going a fishing,

Too much prosperity makes most men fools.

Dead men open the eyes of the living.

No man's head aches while he comforts another.



Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world.

Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well.

He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake.

Praise doth a wise man good, but a fool harm.

No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out.

He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

Hunger never fails of a good cook.

A man is valued as he makes himself valuable.

He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it.

Give a wise man the hint, and he will do the business well enough.

A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit.

The best watering is that which comes from Heaven.

When your neighbour's house is on fire, carry water to your own.

Spare diet and no trouble keeps a man in good health.

He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it

The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun.

He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them.

Love bemires young men, and drowns the old.

Once in every ten years, every man needs his neighbour.

Aristotle saith, 'When you can have any good thing take it;' and Plato saith, 'If you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb.'

Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend.

One man forewarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two.

He is truly happy, who can make others happy too.

A fair woman, without virtue, is like palled wine.

Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool.

Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant.

He that would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two.

He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself.

A man's hat in his hand never did him harm.

One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends.

He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lie.

A wise man goes not on board without due provision.

Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open.

He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

Wise men have their mouth in their hearts, fools their heart in their mouth.

Show not to all the bottom either of your purse  
or of your mind.

I heard one say so, is half a lie.

Lies have very short legs.

One lie draws ten more after it.

Keep company with good men, and you'll in-  
crease their number.

He is a good man, who is good for himself, but  
he is good indeed, who is so for others too.

When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his  
picture.

He who keeps good men company may very  
well bear their charges.

He begins to grow bad, who takes himself to be  
a good man.

He is far from a good man, who strives not to  
grow better.

Keep good men company, and fall not out with  
the bad.

He who throws away his estate with his hands,  
goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet.

'Tis a bad house, that hath not an old man in it.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.

The dearer such a thing is, the better penny-  
worth for me.

Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever  
cured.

All the wit in the world is not in one head.

Let us do what we can and ought, and let God  
do his pleasure.

'Tis better to be condemned by the college of  
physicians than by one judge.

Knowing is worth nothing, unless we do the  
good we know.

A man is half known when you see him; when you hear him speak you know him all out.

Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present.

Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service.

Both anger and haste hinder good counsel.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house.

A courtier is a slave in a golden chain.

A little kitchen makes a large house.

Have money, and you will find kindred enough.

Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one-fourth part of what you hear men say.

Money is his servant, who knows how to use it as he should, his master, who doth not.

'Tis better to give one shilling than to lend twenty.

Wise distrust is the parent of security.

Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God.

So much only is mine, as I either use myself, or give for God's sake.

He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first well consider himself.

One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool.

Asking costs no great matter.

A woman that loves to be at the window, is like a bunch of grapes in the highway.

A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm.

The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman.

The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third heresy.

A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone.

Hard upon hard never makes a good wall.

The example of good men is visible philosophy.

One ill example spoils many good laws.

He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head.

He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second.

Do what you ought, and let what will come on it.

By making a fault you may learn to do better.

The first faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them.

He who would be ill served, let him keep good store of servants.

To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fast away.

A little time will serve to do ill.

He who will take no pains will never build a house three stories high.

The best of the game is, to do one's business and talk little of it.

The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over.

In prosperity we need moderation, in adversity patience.

Prosperous men sacrifice not, *i. e.* they forget God.

Great prosperity and modesty seldom go together.

Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach.  
He who hath no children doth not know what love means.

He who considers the end, restrains all evil inclinations.

He who hath the longest sword is always thought to be in the right.

There lies no appeal from the decision of Fortune.

The sword from Heaven above falls not down in haste.

The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used.

Play or gaming hath the Devil at the bottom.

The Devil goes shares in gaming.

He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work.

He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

If young men had wit, and old men strength enough, every thing might be well done.

He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself.

Learning is folly, unless a good judgment hath the management of it.

Every man loves justice at another man's house ; nobody cares for it at his own.

He who keeps company with great men is the last at the table, and the first at any toil or danger.

Every man hath his cricket in his head, and makes it sing as he pleases.

In the conclusion, even sorrows with bread are good.

When war begins, Hell gates are set open.

He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody.

He who hath more, hath more care, still desires more, and enjoys less.

The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul.

Working in your calling is half praying

An ill book is the worst of thieves.

The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith.

Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for.

The best armour is to keep out of gunshot.

The good woman doth not say, ' Will you have this?' but gives it you.

That is a good misfortune which comes alone

He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear.

No ill befalls us but what may be for our good.

He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another.

Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do.

Make yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up

He is master of the world, who despiseth it; its slave, who values it.

This world is a cage of fools.

He who hath most patience best enjoys the world.

He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so he who fears it.

The more you think of dying, the better you will live.

He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life.

Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians.

When the ship is sunk, every man knows how she might have been saved.

Poverty is the worst guard for chastity.

Affairs, like a salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a soaking.

He who knows nothing is confident in every thing.

He who lives as he should, has all that he needs.

By doing nothing, men learn to do ill.

The best revenge is to prevent the injury.

Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to.

One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant.

He who doeth the injury never forgets the injured man.

Extravagant offers are a kind of denial.

Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue.

The shadow of a lord is a hat or a cap for a fool.

Large trees give more shade than fruit.

True love and honour go always together.

He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contents nobody.

Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of.

That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable.

He is a good orator who prevails with himself.



One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues.

A great deal of pride obscures, or blemishes, a thousand good qualities.

He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none hath sorrow.

An Arcadian ass, who is laden with gold, and eats but straw.

The hare caught the lion in a net of gold.

Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins.

Lawyers' gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients.

Idleness is the mother of vice, the step-mother to all virtues.

An idle man is a bolster for the Devil.

Idleness buries a man alive.

He who troubles not himself with other men's business, gets peace and ease thereby.

Where peace is, there God is, or dwells.

The world without peace is the soldier's pay.

A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wish.

He bears with others, and saith nothing, who would live in peace.

One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father.

The master is the eye of the house.

The first service a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad.

A rich country and a bad road.

He who pays well is master of every body's purse.

Another man's bread costs very dear.

Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry.

A man's own opinion is never in the wrong.

He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man.

He who knows most, commonly speaks least.

Few men take his advice, who talks a great deal.

He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace.

Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt.

A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

He doth not lose his labour, who counts every word he speaks.

One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water.

Fine words will not keep a cat from starving.

He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all.

No patience, no true wisdom.

Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself.

There is no fool to a learned fool.

The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despise all counsel.

If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

One fool in one house is enough in all conscience.

He is not a thorough wise man, who cannot play the fool on a just occasion.

A wise man doth that at the first, which a fool must do at the last.

Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

Men's sins and their debts are more than they take them to be.

Punishment, though lame, overtakes the sinner at the last.

He considers ill, that considers not on both sides.

Think much and often, speak little, and write less.

Consider well, who you are, what you do, whence you came, and whither you are to go.

Keep your thought to yourself, let your mien be free and open.

Drink wine with pears, and water after figs.

When the pear is ripe, it must fall of course.

He that parts with what he ought, loses nothing by the shift.

Forgive every man's faults except your own.

To forgive injuries is a noble and godlike revenge.

'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear easily the failings of other men.

Fond love of a man's self shows that he doth not know himself.

That which a man likes well is half done.

He who is used to do kindnesses, always finds them when he stands in need.

A wise lawyer never goes to law himself.

A sluggard takes an hundred steps, because he would not take one in due time.

‘ When you are all agreed upon the time,’ quoth the curate, ‘ I will make it rain.’

I will do what I can, and a little less, that I may hold out the better.

He who knows but little presently outs with it.

He that doth not mind small things will never get a great deal.

John Do-little was the son of Good-wife Spin-little.

To know how to be content with a little, is not a morsel for a fool’s mouth.

That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough.

Of two cowards, he hath the better who first finds the other out.

The worst pig often gets the best pear.

The Devil turns his back when he finds the door shut against him.

The wise man yields to him who is more than his match.

He who thinks he can do most is most mistaken.

The wise discourses of a poor man go for nothing.

Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends.

Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers.

Woe to those preachers, who listen not to themselves.

He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him clothes, or wit to put them on.

Poverty is a good hated by all men.

He that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself.

He who knows most is the least presuming or confident.

'Tis more noble to make yourself great, than to be born so.

The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle sin, and the end sorrow or repentance.

A fair promise catches the fool.

Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools.

Give no great credit to a great promiser.

Property is the worst enemy men usually have.

Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass.

A proverb is the child of experience.

He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an halfpenny.

Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more.

Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool.

Suffering is the monitor of fools, reason of wise men.

If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you.

Our religion and our language we suck in with our milk.

Good husbandry is the first step towards riches.

A stock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord.

Wealth hides many a great fault

The fool's estate is the first spent.

Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it.

A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all.

Little wealth, and little care and trouble.

The Roman conquers, by sitting still at home.

He is learned enough, who knows how to live well.

The more a man knows, the less credulous he is.

There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himself to be so.

Losing much breeds bad blood.

Health without any money is half sickness.

When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand.

He that unseasonably plays the wise man is a fool.

He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool.

A wise man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have.

That crown is well spent which saves ten.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

Whatever you are going to do or say, think well first what may be the consequence of it.

They are always selling wit to others, who have least of it for themselves.

He that gains time gains a great point.

The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter.

A man never loses by doing good offices to others.

Ignorance and prosperity make men bold and confident.

He who employs one servant in any business, hath him all there ; who employs two, hath half a servant ; who three, hath never a one.

Either a civil grant, or a civil denial.

The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate.

Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government.

Like with like looks well, and lasts long.

All wordly joy is but a short-lived dream.

That is a cursed pleasure, that makes a man a fool.

The soldier is well paid for doing mischief.

A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.

A considering, careful man is half a conjurer

A man would not be alone even in Paradise.

He that will maintain every thing must have his sword always ready drawn.

That house is in an ill case, where the distaff commands the sword.

He that speaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue.

He that is most liberal where he should be so, is the best husband.

He is gainer enough, who gives over a vain hope.

A mighty hope is a mighty cheat.

Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit.

A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs.

Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wise at other men's.

He is master of the whole world, who hath no value for it.

One enemy is too much for a man in a great post, and an hundred friends are too few.

Men toil and take pains in order to live easily at last.

He that takes no care of himself, must not expect it from others.

Industry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune.

Study, like a staff of cotton, beats without noise.

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail-storm.

If pride were a deadly disease how many would be now in their graves!

He who cannot hold his peace will never lie at ease.

A fool will be always talking, right or wrong.

In silence there is many a good morsel.

Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall asleep.

The table, a secret thief, sends his master to the hospital.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.

Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation.

Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise.

Nothing is so hard to bear well as prosperity.

Patience, time, and money, set every thing to rights.

The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and spend but little of it.



Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear.

A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it.

He who lives wickedly lives always in fear.

A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor.

If three know it, all the world will know it too.

Many hath too much, but nobody hath enough.

An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough.

A wise man changes his mind when there is reason for it.

From hearing comes wisdom ; and from speaking, repentance.

Old age is an evil desired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man understands.

Would you be revenged on your enemy? Live as you ought, and you have done it to purpose.

He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good post, or never gets up to it.

Truth is an inhabitant of heaven.

That which seems probable is the greatest enemy to the truth. A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth.

'Tis no great pains to speak the truth.

That is most true which we least care to hear.

Truth hath the plague in his house (*i. e.* is carefully avoided.)

A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lie.

Long voyages occasion great lies.

The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire.

Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore.

'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books.

Virtue must be our trade and study, nor our chance.

Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you shall die.

He is in a low form, who never thinks beyond this short life.

Vices are learned without a teacher.

Wicked men are dead whilst they live.

He is rich who desires nothing more.

To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue.

He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician.

He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death.

Live as they did of old; speak as men do now.

The mob is a terrible monster.

He only is well kept whom God keeps.

Break the legs of an evil custom.

Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do.

He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear.

That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded.

He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides.

The sword kills many, but wine many more

'Tis truth which makes the man angry.

He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets.

Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last.

A probable story is the best weapon of calumny.

He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning.

Nothing is of any great value but God only.

All is good that God sends us.

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own.

Thought is a nimble footman.

Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves.

Six foot of earth make all men of one size.

He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living.

Afflictions draw men up towards Heaven.

That which does us good is never too late.

Tell every body your business, and the Devil will do it for you.

A man was hanged for saying what was true.

Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not that all you hear; and tell not all that you know.

A man should learn to sail with all winds.

He is the man indeed who can govern himself as he ought.

He that would live long must sometimes change his course of life.

When children are little they make their parents' heads ache; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ache.

To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others.

Use or practice of a thing is the best master.

A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not.

A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's.

He who understands most is other men's master.

Have a care of—Had I known this before.

Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble.

You may know the master by his man.

He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master.

He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others.

'Tis the only true liberty to serve our God.

The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man.

An huge great house is an huge great trouble.

Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel.

'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterward.

Great birth is a very poor dish on the table.

Sickness or disease are visits from God.

Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge.

Beauty and folly do not often part company.

Beauty beats a call upon a drum.

A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say.

A great many words will not fill a purse.

Make a slow answer to a hasty question.

Self-praise is the ground of hatred.

Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of.

When a man speaks you fair, look to your purse.

Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jest till you shame him.

Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterward.

He makes his grief light who thinks it so.

He thinks but ill, who doth not think twice of a thing.

He who goes about a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; who sends another, cares not whether it be done or no.

There is no discretion in love, nor counsel in anger.

Wishes never can fill a sack.

The first step a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not so already.

He who is bad to his relations is worse to himself.

'Tis good to know our friend's failings, but not to publish them.

A man may see his own faults in those which others do.

'Tis the virtue of saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another.

A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool.

Every one thinks he hath more than his share of brains.

The first chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wise men.

Discretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue.

Chastity is the chief and most charming beauty.  
Never count four except you have them in your bag.

Open your door to a fair day, but make yourself ready for a foul one.

A little too late is too late still.

A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be.

Building is a word that men pay dear for.

If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly.

Rich men are slaves condemned to the mines.

Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney.

Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is.

That great saint, Interest, rules the world alone.

Their power and their will are measures princes take of right and wrong.

In governing others you must do what you can do, not all you would do.

A wise man will stay for a convenient season, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots.

Take not physic when you are well, lest you die to be better.

Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any.

That pleasure's much too dear which is bought with any pain.

To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain.

Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story.

Be as easy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next.

Live well, and be cheerful.

A man knows no more to any purpose than he practices.

He that doth most at once doth least.

He is a wretch whose hopes are all below.

No great good comes without looking after it.

Gather the rose, and leave the thorn behind.

He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six months end.

Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle.

The barber learns to shave at the beards of fools.

He who is lucky, or rich, passes for a wise man too.

He commands enough who is ruled by a wise man.

He who reveals his secret makes himself a slave.

Fools grow up apace without any watering.

God supplies him with more, who lays out his estate well.

Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is.

Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art.

Do yourself a kindness, sir.—(The beggar's phrase for giving alms.)

I was well, would be better, took physic, and died.—(On a monument.)

All now galley-wise; every man draws toward himself.

He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent.

A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough

He who buys by the penny keeps his own house and other men's too.

Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do.

He who doth his own business doth not foul his fingers.

'Tis good feasting at other men's houses.

A wise man makes a virtue of what he cannot help.

Talk but little, and live as you should do.

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#### OLD SPANISH PROVERBS

HE is a rich man who hath God for his friend.

He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well.

A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning.

When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray.

Change of weather finds discourse for fools.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.

The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair.

A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.

That day on which you marry, you either mar or make yourself.

God comes to see, or look upon us, without a bell.



You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friend.

That's a wise delay which makes the road safe.

Let us thank God, and be content with what we have.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.

He is my friend who grinds at my mill.

Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more.

Saying and doing do not dine together.

Money cures all diseases.

A life ill spent makes a sad old age.

'Tis money that makes men lords.

We talk, but God doth what he pleases.

May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn.

Gifts break through stone walls.

Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend.

The sum of all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing.

The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor.

Setting down in writing is a lasting memory.

Repentance always costs very dear.

Good breeding and money make our sons gentlemen.

As you use your father, so your children will use you

There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it.

No price is great enough for good counsel.

Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man.

There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak.

Praise the man whose bread you eat.

Keep out of a hasty man's way for a while, out of a sullen man's all the days of your life.

If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so.

I defy all fetters though they were made of gold.

Few die of hunger an hundred thousand of surfeits.

If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one.

No companion like money.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron.

The friar, who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too.

God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

Nothing is valuable in this world except as it tends to the next.

Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of the doors.

There is no to-morrow for an asking friend.

God keep me from still water, from that which is rough I will keep myself.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet.

Hear reason, or she will make herself to be heard.

Gifts enter every where without a wimble.

A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles.

One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth.

There was never but one man who never did a fault.

He who promises runs into debt.

He who holds his peace gathers stones.

Leave your son a good reputation, and an employment.

Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it.

God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it.

Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.

Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat of them.

June, July, August, and Carthagena, are the four best ports of Spain.

The Devil brings a modest man to the court.

He who will have a mule without any fault, must keep none.

The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners.

Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year.

In an hundred years time, princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten, peasants grow princes.

The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin.

The laws go on the king's errands.

Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased wish it.

Whether goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go.

Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

Parents love indeed, others only talk of it.

Three helping one another will do as much as six men single.

She spins well, who breeds her children well.

You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your son than to fit him for an employment.

Lock your door, that so you may keep your neighbour honest.

Civil obliging language costs but little, and doth a great deal of good.

One 'Take it' is better than two 'Then shalt have it.'

Prayers and provender never hinder any man's journey.

There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it.

He who is not more, nor better than another, deserves not more than another.

He who hath no wisdom hath no worth.

'Tis better to be a wise than a rich man.

Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing.

Meddle not between two brothers.

The dead and the absent have no friends left them.

Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions makes him so.

Do well to whom you will; do any man harm,  
and look to yourself.

Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces.

Great poverty is no fault or business, but some  
inconvenience.

The hard-hearted man gives more than he who  
has nothing at all.

Let us not fall out, to give the Devil a dinner.

Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries.

I suspect that ill in others which I know by  
myself.

Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom

He who resolves to amend hath God on his side.

Think of yourself and let me alone.

He can never enjoy himself one day, who fears  
he may die at night.

He who hath done ill once, will do it again.

No evil happens to us but what may do us good.

The more honour we have, the more we thirst  
after it.

If you would be Pope you must think of nothing  
else.

Make the night night, and the day day, and you  
will be merry and wise.

He who eats most eats least.

If you would live in health, be old by times.

I will go warm, and let fools laugh on.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor  
in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Have many acquaintance, and but few friends.

'Tis great courage to suffer, and great wisdom  
to hear patiently.

Doing what I ought secures me against all  
censures.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

Experience and Wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.

The best soldier comes from the plough.

Wine wears no breeches.

The hole in the wall invites the thief.

A wise man doth not hang his wisdom on a peg.

A man's love and his belief are seen by what he does.

A covetous man makes a half penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes sixpence of it.

In December keep yourself warm, and sleep.

He who will revenge every affront means not to live long.

Keep your money, niggard, live miserably, that your heir may squander it away.

In war, hunting, and love, you have a thousand sorrows for every joy or pleasure.

Honour and profit will not keep both in one sack.

The anger of brothers is the anger of devils.

Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance.

A great deal is ill-wasted, and a little would do as well.

That which is bought cheap is the dearest.

'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to fright a man.

May no greater ill befall you than to have many children, and but little bread for them.

Let nothing affright you but sin.

I am no river, but can go back when there is reason for it.

Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

The absent are always in the fault.

A great good was never got with a little pains.

Sloth is the key to let in beggary.

I left him I knew, for him who was highly praised, and I found reason to repent it.

Do not say, I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is.

He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which stands upon his shoulders.

He who is sick of folly recovers late or never.

He who hath a mouth of his own should not bid another man blow.

He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good.

He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper.

A cheerful look, and forgiveness, is the best revenge of an affront.

The request of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man.

If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house.

Serve a great man, and you will know what sorrow is.

Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them.

Every man is a fool in another man's opinion.

Wisdom comes after a long course of years.

Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her.

They have a fig at Rome for him who refuses any thing that is given him.

Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go.

So play fools—I must love you, and you love somebody else.

He who thinks what he is to do, must think what he should say too.

Threatened men eat bread still, *i. e.* live on.

Get but a good name, and you may lie in bed.

Truth is the child of God.

He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap.

A wise man never says, I did not think of that.

Respect a good man that he may respect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you.

I lost my reputation by speaking ill of others, and being worse spoken of.

Good deeds live and flourish when all other things are at an end.

At the end of life *La Gloria* is sung.

By yielding you make all your friends: but if you tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke.

Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning.

Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it.

If you are vexed or angry, you will have two troubles instead of one.

The last year was ever better than the present.



-That wound that was never given is best cured of any other.

Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel master.

Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them.

Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too.

Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself.

The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort.

Truths and roses have thorns about them.

He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.

You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools.

Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest.

Follow, but do not run after good fortune.

Anger is the weakness of the understanding.

Great posts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it.

Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it.

Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of.

A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal.

Riches make men worse in their latter days.

He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth.

He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate.

To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge.

The fool's pleasures cost him very dear.

Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof.

Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool.

Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty.

Neither enquire after, nor hear of, or take notice of the faults of others when you see them.

Years pass not over men's heads for nothing.

An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it, than a canonry.

If all asses wore packsaddles, what a good trade would the packsaddlers have !

The usual forms of civility oblige no man.

There is no more faithful or pleasant friend than a good book.

He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do.

A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness' sake.

A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry.

A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.

A good man hath ever good luck.

No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields.

No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man.

A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself.

Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing.

Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door.

The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have.

No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour.

Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company.

Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it.

The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well.

The best men come worse out of company than they went into it.

There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things.

Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less.

He who only returns home doth not run away.

He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God.

Many avoid others because they see not and know not themselves.

God is always opening his hand to us.

Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans.

With all your learning be sure to know yourself.

One error breeds twenty more.

I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion.

Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow.

Ill tongues should have a pair of scissars.

Huge long hair, and very little brains.

Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out.

Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman.

He who trusts nobody is never deceived.

Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain.

I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still.

My mother bade me be confident, but lay no wagers.

A good fire is one half of a man's life.

Covetousness breaks the sack ; *i. e.* loses a great deal.

That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing.

The ass bears his load, but not an overload.

He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse too.

He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you.

He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it.

Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.

One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melaucholy.

A contented mind is a great gift of God.

Every fool is in love with his own bauble.

Every ill man will have an ill time.

Keep your sword between you and the strength  
of a clown.

Be ye last to go over a deep river.

Never deceive your physician, your confessor,  
nor your lawyer.

Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

Never trust him whom you have wronged.

Seek for good, and be ready for evil.

What you can do alone by yourself, expect not  
from another.

Idleness in youth makes way for a painful and  
miserable old age.

He who pretends to be every body's particular  
friend is nobody's.

Consider well before you tie that knot you never  
can undo.

Neither praise nor dispraise any before you  
know them.

A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father.

He is fool enough himself who will bray against  
another ass.

Though old and wise, yet still advise.

Happy is he that mends of himself, without the  
help of others.

A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool  
thinks he knows every thing.

What you eat yourself never gains you a friend.

Great house-keeping makes but a poor will.

Fair words and foul deeds deceive wise men as  
well as fools.

Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards.

Let him speak who received, let the giver hold his peace.

An house built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather.

A dapple-grey horse will die sooner than tire.

The best remedy against an evil man is to keep at a good distance from him.

A man's folly is seen by his singing, his playing, and riding full speed.

Buying a thing too dear is no bounty.

Buy at a fair, and sell at home.

Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witness nor party.

God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives.

An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool.

He who lies long in bed his estate pays for it.

Consider well of a business, and dispatch it quickly.

May I have a dispute with a wise man, if with any.

He who hath lost shame is lost to all virtue.

Giving to the poor lessens no man's store.

He who is idle is always wanting somewhat.

Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches.

He whose house is tiled with glass, must not throw stones at his neighbours.

He who doth not look forward, finds himself behind other men.

The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing.

He who is to give an account of himself and others, must know both himself and them.

A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds.

In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue.

In a great frost a nail is worth a horse.

I went a fool to the court, and came back an ass.

Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old.

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.

If you do evil, expect to suffer evil.

Sell cheap, and you will sell as much as four others.

An ill child is better sick than well.

He who rises early in the morning hath somewhat in his head.

The gallows will have its own at last.

A lie hath no legs.

Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great

Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it.

Neither is any barber dumb, nor any songster very wise.

Neither give to all, nor contend with fools.

Do no ill, and fear no harm.

I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop doors.]

The common people pardon no fault, in any man.

The fiddler of the same town never plays well at their feast.

The feast is over, but here is the fool still.

There will be no money got by losing your time.

He will soon be a lost man himself who keeps such men company.

By courtesies done to the meanest men; you will get much more than you can lose.

Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale, and you will have it.

That which is well said, is said soon enough.

When the Devil goes to his prayers, he means to cheat you.

Sell him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little.

He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends.

He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, spins-gold.

He who will venture nothing, must never get on horseback.

He who sows his land, trusts in God.

He who leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and he loses it.

He who serves the public obliges nobody.

He who keeps his first innocency escapes a thousand sins.

He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him.

He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure.

He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house



He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him.

He who amends his faults puts himself under God's protection.

He who loves well, sees at a distance.

He who hath servants, hath enemies which he cannot well be without.

He who pays his debts begins to make a stock.

He who gives all before he dies will need great deal of patience.

He who said nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired.

He who sleeps much gets but little learning.

If you would have your business done well, do it yourself.

'Tis the wise man only that is content with what he hath.

He is always safe who knows himself well.

A good wife, by obeying, commands in her turn.

Not to have a mind to do well, and put it off at the present, are much the same.

Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in.

He loses the good of his afflictions, who is not the better for them.

'Tis the most dangerous vice which looks like virtue.

'Tis great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive.

Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least.

Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience.

Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit.

'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well.

An hearty good-will never wants time to show itself.

To have done well obliges us to do so still.

He hath a great opinion of himself who makes no comparison with others.

He only is rich enough who hath all that he desires.

The best way of instruction is to practise that which we teach others.

'Tis but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please.

There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue.

He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so.

Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains.

He who hath much wants still more, and then more.

The less a man sleeps the more he lives.

He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace.

The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of.

The remembrance of wise and good men instructs as well as their presence.

'Tis wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own.

Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other.

We are usually the best men, when we are worst in health.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age.

Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad.

The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master.

The short and true way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be.

A good reputation is a second, or half an estate.

He is the better man who comes nearest to the best.

A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world.

The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them.

That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself.

Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you.

Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends.

Nothing in the world is stronger than a man, but his own passions.

When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends.

He only is the great learned man, who knows enough to make him live well.

An empty purse and a new house finished, make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late

MORAL SENTENCES, BY THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER AVYAR:

*Translated from the Language of the Malabars, or Tamuls.*

GLORY and honour be to the divine son<sup>1</sup> of him who is crowned with the flowers of the Ati (*Bauhinia tomentosa*).

Charity be thy pleasure.

Be not passionate.

Be not a miser in giving.

Hinder none in charity.

Do not manifest thy secrets.

Lose not thy courage.

Exercise thyself in cyphering and writing.

To live on alms is shameful.

Give, and then eat.

Converse only with the peaceful.

Never cease to improve in learning.

Do not speak what is dishonest.

Do not raise the price of victuals.

Do not say more than thou hast seen.

Take care of what is most dear.

Bathe every Saturday.

Speak what is agreeable.

Build not too large a house.

Know first one's character, before thou art confident.

Honour thy father and mother

Do not forget benefits received.

Sow in due time.

Tillage gives the best livelihood.

<sup>1</sup> One of the gods generally invoked by the Tamuls at the commencement of any undertaking.

- Do not walk about melancholy.
- Do not play with snakes.
- Bed thyself on cotton (soft).
- Do not speak craftily.
- Do not flatter.
- Learn whilst thou art young.
- Do not forget what is best for thy body.
- Avoid affectation.
- Forget offence.
- To protect is noble.
- Seek a constant happiness.
- Avoid what is low.
- Keep strongly what is good.
- Do not part with thy friend.
- Do not hurt any body.
- Hear and improve.
- Do not use thy hands to do mischief.
- Do not desire stolen goods.
- Be not slothful in thy actions.
- Keep strictly to the laws of the country
- Make not others blush by thy speaking.
- Do not love gaming.
- What thou dost, do with propriety.
- Consider the place where thou goest.
- Do not walk about as a spy.
- Do not speak too much.
- Do not walk about like a dreamer.
- Converse with those who are polite.
- Endeavour to be settled at a fixed place.
- Dedicate thyself to Tirumal, Vishtnoo.
- Abhor what is bad.
- Indulge not thy distress.
- Save rather than destroy.
- Speak not disrespectfully of the Deity.

Be on good terms with thy fellow citizens.  
Do not mind what women say.  
Do not despise thy ancestors.  
Do not pursue a conquered enemy.  
Be constant in virtue.  
Have a regard for country people.  
Remain in thy station.  
Do not play in water.  
Do not occupy thyself with trifles.  
Keep the divine laws.  
Cultivate what gives the best fruit  
Remain constantly in what is just.  
Do thy business without murmur.  
Do not speak ill of any body.  
Do not make thyself sick.  
Mock not those who have any bodily defect.  
Go not where a snake may lie.  
Do not speak of others' faults.  
Keep far from infection.  
Endeavour to get a good name.  
Seek thy livelihood by tilling the ground,  
Endeavour to get the protection of the great.  
Avoid being simple.  
Converse not with the wicked.  
Be prudent in applying thy money.  
Come not near to thy adversary.  
Choose what is the best.  
Do not come near one who is in a passion.  
Avoid the company of choleric men.  
Converse with those who are meek.  
Follow the advice of wise men.  
Go not into the house of the dancing girls.  
Speak distinctly to be well understood.  
Abhor bad lusts.

Do not speak falsely.  
 Do not like dispute.  
 Love learning.  
 Endeavour to get a house of your own.  
 Be an honest man.  
 Live peaceful with thy fellow citizen.  
 Do not speak frightfully.  
 Do not evil purposely.  
 Be clean in thy clothes.  
 Go only where there is peace.  
 Love religious meditation.

*From the Asiatic Researches.*

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OTHER MORAL SENTENCES: BY THE SAME  
 FEMALE PHILOSOPHER.

CONTINUAL praise be to the son<sup>1</sup> of him who is crowned with the flower of Konnei (Poinciana pulcherrima).

Mother and father are the first known deity.

A good man attendeth religious service.

Without one's own house, there is no where a good lodging.

The estate of the wicked will be robbed by the wicked.

Modesty is the best ornament of the fair sex.

If one maketh himself hateful to his fellow creatures, he must entirely perish.

Exercise in writing and cyphering is most useful.

<sup>1</sup> See the preceding note.

Obstinate children are like a poisonous draft.  
Though thou art very poor, do what is honest.  
Adhere chiefly to the only one constantly.

The virtuous will always improve in wisdom  
and knowledge.

A wicked mouth destroys all wealth.  
Seek wealth and money, but without quarrel.  
Give in writing what shall stand fast.

A woman must attend herself best.  
Even with thy nearest friends speak not impo-  
lately.

Speak friendly even to the poor.

If one will criticise, he will find some fault  
every where.

Speak not haughtily, though thou art a great man.  
To pardon is better than to revenge.

What should stand firm must have witnesses.

Wisdom is of greater value than ready money.  
To be on good terms with the king, is useful in  
due time.

A calumnious mouth is a fire in the wood.

Good advisers are hated by the world.

The best ornament of a family is unanimity.

What a senior says, must a junior not despise.

If thou cherishest passion, all thy merit is lost.

Get first the plough, and then look out for the  
oxen.

A moral life has a happy influence on the public.

Gaming and quarrelling bring misery.

Without practical virtue there is no merit.

Keep a proper time even for thy bed.

Be peaceful, give and be happy.

A merchant must be careful with money.

Laziness brings great distress.



To obey the father is better than prayer.

To honour the mother is better than divine service.

Seek thy convenient livelihood, shouldest thou even do it upon the sea.

Irreconcilableness ends in quarrel.

A bad wife is like a fire in the lap.

A slandering wife is like the Devil.

Without the mercy of the Deity, nothing will prosper.

He who squanders away even what he has not gained justly, must perish at last.

In January and February sleep under a good roof.

Better eat by hard labour, than by humble begging.

Speak not what is low even to thy friend.

Without a clean conscience there is no good sleep.

If the public is happy, all are safe.

Improvement in wisdom, improves our veracity.

Seek a house where good water is at hand.

Deliberate first well what thou art going to begin.

The reading of good books will improve welfare.

Who speaks as he thinks is an upright man.

What we propose, we must pursue with zeal.

We must not speak dishonestly even to a poor man.

Dishonesty will end in infamy.

Laziness brings lamentations.

The fruit will be equal to the seed.

We cannot always drink milk, but must submit to the time.

An honest man does not touch another's property.

The name of a true great man will ever remain in esteem.

Lies are as much as murder and robbery.

What honesty can be expected from low fellows?

Among relations civility is often neglected.

A mild temper is a beauty in women.

The meek are the happiest.

Keep thyself from all that is bad.

Wisdom is the direct way to heaven.

Let thy fellow creatures partake in thy enjoyments.

Where there is no rain there is no crop.

After lightning follows rain.

Without a good steerer, a ship cannot sail.

Who sows in time will have a good crop.

The precepts of the old ought to be cheerfully observed.

Who keeps the proper time to sleep, will sleep well.

The plough never will let one suffer want.

Live in matrimony and be moderate.

Who breaks his word loses his interest.

Abhor and fly from lasciviousness.

Gain by deceit will at last be lost.

If Heaven is not favourable, nothing will prosper.

From impolite people honesty cannot be expected.

The words of the haughty are like arrows.

A family ought to support their poor.

A great man must also have a great mind.

A good man will never deceive.

If the Lord is angry, no man can save.

All the world shall praise God.

Sleep on a safe place.

Without religion is no virtue.

*From the Asiatic Researches.*

RULES OF LEARNING : BY THE SAME.

THE zealous study of sciences brings increasing happiness and honour.

From the fifth year of age learning must begin.

The more we learn, the more understanding we get.

Spare no expence to learn reading and writing.

Of all treasures, reading and writing are the most valuable.

Learning is really the most desirable treasure.

An ignorant man ought to remain dumb.

He who is ignorant of reading and writing, is indeed very poor.

Though thou shouldest be very poor, learn at least something.

Of each matter endeavour to get a clear knowledge.

He who has learned nothing is a confused prattler.

He who is without knowledge is like a blind man.

Cyphering must be learned in youth.

Be not the cause of shame to thy relations.

Fly from all that is low.

One accomplished philosopher is hardly to be met with among thousands.

A wise man will never cease to learn.

If all should be lost, what we have learned will never be lost.

He who loves instruction will never perish.

A wise man is like a supporting hand.

He who has attained learning by free self-application, excels other philosophers.

Continue always in learning, though thou shouldst do it at a great expense.

Enjoy always the company of wise men.

He who has learned most, is most worthy of honour.

What we have learned in youth, is like a writing cut in stone.

Speak your language not only elegantly, but also distinctly.

False speaking causes infinite quarrels.

He who studies sophistry and deceit, turns out a wicked man.

Science is an ornament wherever we come.

He who converses with the wicked, perishes with them.

Honour a moral master (tutor.)

Speak slowly when thou conversest or teachest.

He who knoweth himself is the wisest.

What thou hast learned, teach also to others.

Learn in a proper manner, then thou wilt succeed in being wise.

He who will be a tutor, must first have a well-grounded knowledge.

If one knows what sin is, he becomes wise.

The wicked will not accept of instruction.

Do not fix thy attention on vain women.

Well principled wise men approach the perfection of the Deity.

Begin thy learning in the name of the Divine Son (Pulleyar).

Endeavour to be respected among men by learning.

Let thy learning be thy best friend.

Use the strongest intreaties where thou canst learn something, then thou wilt become a great man in the world.

All perishes except learning.

Though one is of low birth, learning will make him respected.

Religious wise men enjoy great happiness.

Though thou shouldest be one hundred years old, endeavour still to increase in knowledge.

Wisdom is firm grounded, even on the great ocean.

Without wisdom no where is there firm ground to stand upon.

Learning also suits old age.

Wise men will never offend any by speaking.

Accept instruction even from men of low birth.

Do not behave impolitely to men of learning.

Poets require a great deal of learning.

The unwise only flatter others.

Seek honour and thou shalt get it.

The virtuous are also tutors.

Wisdom is the greatest treasure on earth.

The wiser the more respected.

Learning gives great fame.

Learn one thing after the other, but not hastily.

A science in which we take no pleasure, is like a bitter medicine.

Speak so that town and country people may understand thee.

Wise men are as good as kings.

Do not deceive even thine enemy.

Hast thou learned much? communicate it also in an agreeable manner.

In whom is much science, in him is great value.

The present *Tamul* language does not equal the old.

He that knows the sciences of the ancients, is the greatest philosopher.

Truth is in learning the best.

Wise men are exalted above all other men.

True philosophy does not suffer a man to be put in confusion.

In proportion as one increases in learning, he ought also to increase in virtue.

The most prosperous good is the increase in learning.

He who has no knowledge knows not also the truth.

Wisdom is a treasure valued every where.

A good tutor is beloved over the whole world.

What we gain by science is the best estate (inheritance).

The *Vedam* (sacred writings) teaches wisdom.

Speak and write for the benefit of the public.

He who speaks well and connectedly, is best understood by all.

If knowledge has a proper influence on the mind, it makes us virtuous.

*From the Asiatic Researches.*

## APHORISMS ON MAN.

HE, who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has *vigour*; he, who can produce more and better, has *talents*; and he, who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.

He, who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical: is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

He, who begins with severity in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity  
Sneers are the blasts that precede quarrels.

He is more than great, who instructs his offender while he forgives him.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

He, who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

Every thing may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet.

The wrath, that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

He who is loved and commands love, when he corrects or is the cause of uneasiness, must be loveliness itself; and he who can love him in the

moment of correction, is the most amiable of mortals.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he : who is free makes free.

Decided ends are sure signs of a decided character ; and vague ends of a vague character.

He, who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism ? No ; I shall say indolence : who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

Sagacity in selecting the good, and courage to honour it, according to its degree, determines your own degree of goodness.

Who cuts is easily wounded. The readier you are to offend, the sooner you are offended.

Who, inattentive to answers, accumulates questions, will not be informed, and who means not to be informed asks like a fool.

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of the best requisites of men.

The ambitious sacrifices all to what he terms honour, as the miser all to money. Who values gold above all, considers all else as trifling : who values fame above all, despises all but fame. The truly virtuous has an exclusive taste for virtue. A great passion has no partner.



He, who is respectable when thinking himself alone and free from observation, will be so before the eye of all the world.

He must be a man of worth who is not forsaken by the good, when the mean and malicious unite to oppress him.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself: there is a princely manner of giving, and a royal manner of accepting.

The poor, who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

He, who affects useless singularity, has a little mind.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

All finery is a sign of littleness.

Slovenliness and indelicacy of character commonly go hand in hand.

The sloven has no respect either for himself or others.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

He, who seeks those that are greater than himself, their greatness enjoys, and forgets his greatest qualities in their greater ones, is already truly great.

And truly little is he, who, absorbed in trifles, has no taste for the great, goes in perpetual quest of the little, and labours to impress inferiors with his own conceited greatness.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word hunter, are incapable of great actions.

Who can subdue his own anger is more than strong; who can allay another's is more than wise; hold fast on him who can do both.

Who, at the relation of some unmerited misfortune smiles, is either a fool, a fiend, or a villain.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.

Know, that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him: humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never *can* throw off all taste for what belongs to man—but you must learn to wait.

If you never judge another till you have calmly observed him, till you have heard him, heard him out, put him to the test, and compared him with yourself and others, you will never judge unjustly, you will repair what has precipitately escaped you.

The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before, and lost them.

Want of friends argues either want of humility or courage, or both.

Insolence, where there is no danger, is despondence where there is.

Call him saint, who can forget his own sufferings in the minute grief of others.

She neglects her heart, who studies her glass.

Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth.

As you receive the stranger, so you receive your God.

Who are the saints of humanity? Those whom perpetual habits of goodness and of grandeur have made nearly unconscious that what they do is good or grand: heroes with infantine simplicity.

He has surely a good heart, who abounds in contriving means to prevent animosities.

Bid farewell to all grandeur, if envy stir within thee.

Then talk of patience, when you have borne him who has none, without repining.

Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.

Hatred sees what no eye sees; enmity hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the murderer's breast envy prepares for him that is fortunate and noble.

He, who is always to be waited for, is indolent, neglectful, proud, or altogether.

Let him not share the most remote corner of your heart, who, without being your intimate, hangs prying over your shoulders whilst you are writing.

Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

The gazer in the streets wants a plan for his head, and an object for his heart.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and great man.

Maxims are as necessary for the weak, as ruies

for the beginner : the master wants neither rule nor principle ; he possesses both without thinking of them.

He, who believes not in virtue, must be vicious ; all faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose and the omen of the good that may arise, within us.

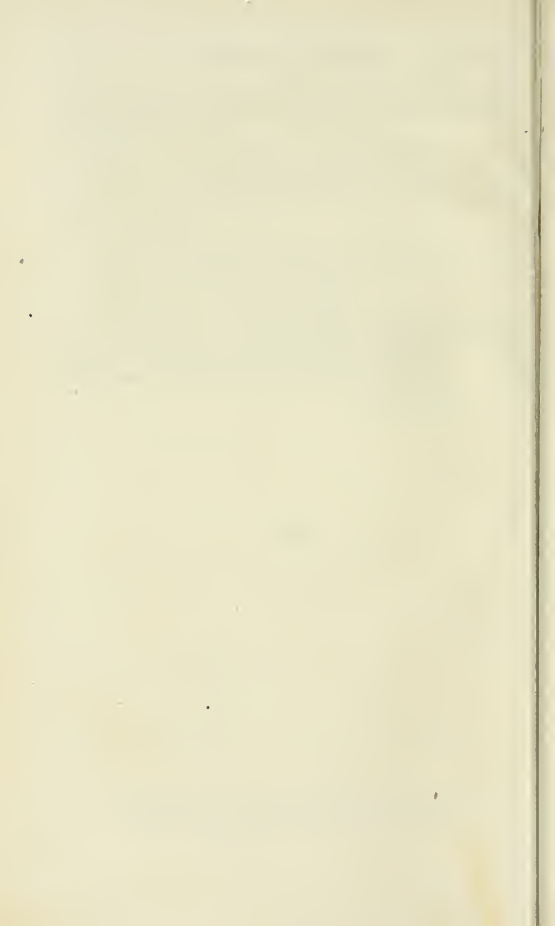
Young man, know, that downright decision, on things which only experience can teach, is the credential of vain impertinence.

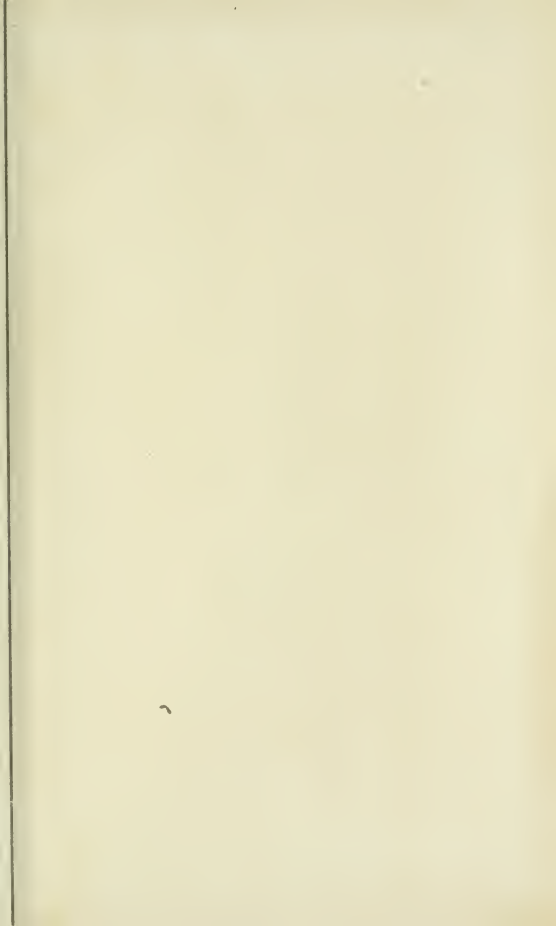
If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as affected you, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness with you, and then show your copy to whom you please.

*From Lavaier.*

FINIS.







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