)UCTION

TO THE

ART OF THINKING.

FOURTH EDITION.

ENLARGED WITH ADDITIONAL

MAXIMS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE LATE
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MDCCLXXXIX.

t who gave Cranmer this certificate? Henry VII
ıbt, Henry did Cranmer "A shrewd turn" mor
ce, and Cranmer paid his royal master back in h
ıd. But a certificate of character from Henry VII
t appear to me, after all, to go for very much (appl
ıd even if the words had been uttered by Shakspere
n person, they appear to me to convey a very equ
npliment; for they inevitably suggest the commen
her authority than even Shakspere. "If ye do g
m which do good to you, what reward have ye? I
n the Publicans the same?" As to Tennyson, w
admiration for him, I have yet to learn that he
hority in matters of ecclesiastical history. Mac
w more of these subjects than Tennyson, and h
great love for Gardiner, whom he calls "A-disse
a persecutor." Nevertheless he says emphat
Gardiner "was, on the whole, the first public
is generation in England. He had, I believe,
for his country. He showed a greater respect for
ıents than any statesman of that time. . . He
nore estimable man than Cranmer" (Macaulay's
Letters, vol. ii. 464.) (Applause.) As to Gardiner
ersecutor, Hallam says emphatically that he used l
nce against persecution, and that not a single p
put to death in his diocese during the reign of C
ry. And now I leave you to judge between Mr. A
s accusation and my defence (loud applause). His se
rge against me is that of "audacious falsehoo
gh). He has since explained that he did not inte
ly any "personal stigma" by the expression (laug
in his republished edition of his lecture he has
wn it altogether, because I objected to it (laughter
ld therefore be ungracious to dwell upon it, and I g

La pensée est la première faculté de l'homme, ce l'est d'exprimer les pensées, le premier des arts. H. S. Toronto 1890.

PREFACE.

EDUCATION, though of great importance to the public, as well as to individuals, is no where carried on in any perfect manner. Upon the revival of arts and ſciences in Europe, the learned languages, being the only inlets to knowledge, occupied almoſt the whole time that commonly can be ſpared for education. Theſe languages are, and will always be, extremely ornamental; but, tho' they have become leſs eſſential to education than formerly, yet the ſame plan continues without much variation. We never think of making improvements, becauſe cuſtom and familiarity hide the defects of the eſtabliſhed plan.

THE faculty of reflecting, and of forming general obſervations, is capable of great improvements by proper exerciſe. This branch of educa-

tion, though capital, is not cultivated with due care. Nature, in her courſe, begins with particulars, and aſcends gradually to what is general and abſtract. But Nature is ill ſeconded in the ordinary courſe of education. We are firſt employed, it is true, in languages, geography, hiſtory, natural philoſophy, ſubjects that deal in particulars. But, at one bound, we are carried to the moſt abſtract ſtudies; logics, for example, and metaphyſics. Theſe, indeed, give exerciſe to the reaſoning faculty; but it will not be ſaid that they are the beſt qualified for initiating a young perſon in the art of reaſoning? Their obſcurity and intricacy unfit them for that office. Here then is evidently a void, which muſt be filled up, if we wiſh that education ſhould be ſucceſsful. To improve the faculty of abſtracting, and gradually to lead us from particular facts to general propoſitions, the tender mind ought at firſt to be exerciſed in obſervations of the ſimpleſt kind,

ſuch

ſuch as may eaſily be comprehended. To that end, the ſubject ought, by all means, to be familiar; and it ought alſo to be agreeable and inſtructive.

In the preſent collection, human nature is choſen for the ſubject; becauſe it is of all the moſt familiar, and no leſs inſtructive than familiar. In this ſubject there are indeed many intricate parts, that require the matureſt underſtanding. But this little eſſay is confined to the rudiments of the ſcience, and no maxim or obſervation is admitted, but what is plain, and eaſy apprehended. Apophthegms that reſolve into a play of words, which ſwell every collection, ancient and modern, are carefully rejected. Witticiſms may be indulged for the ſake of recreation; but they are improper where inſtruction is the aim.

But, as ſaid, it is not ſufficient that the ſubject be familiar and in-

ſtructive; it ought alſo to be agreeable, in order to attract young minds. Unconnected maxims, however inſtructive, will not in youth be reliſhed without ſeaſoning; and as the beſt ſeaſoning for ſuch a work are ſtories and fables, a number of them are here ſelected with ſome care. Theſe ſerve not only to attract a young reader, but are in reality the fineſt illuſtrations that can be given of abſtract truths.

Fables in Æſop's manner tend no doubt to inſtruction, when they ſuggeſt ſome moral truth; and accordingly place is here given to ſuch of them as contain an obvious moral. I am, however, far from thinking ſuch fables the moſt proper in the dawn of reaſon; for, to diſguiſe men under the maſk of goats and bulls, tends to little other purpoſe than to obſcure the moral inſtruction. Stories, real or invented, where perſons are introduced in their native appearance, ſerve much

better

better for illuſtration; and of ſuch accordingly I have not been ſparing.

THERE is another reaſon, ſtill more weighty, for preferring ſtories of this kind. If they improve the underſtanding, they more eminently improve the heart. Incidents that move the paſſions make a deep impreſſion, eſpecially upon young minds. And where virtue and vice are delineated, with the conſequences they naturally produce, ſuch impreſſions have a wonderful good effect; they confirm us in virtue, and deter us from vice. This indeed is the moſt illuſtrious branch of education; but as it falls not under the preſent plan, I muſt deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of expatiating upon it.

THIS trifle was compiled with a private view, and it proved of ſome uſe. But, if in any degree uſeful, why ſhould it lurk in a corner? It will be ſubſtantially uſeful, if it but move others to labour upon the ſame plan.

Edu-

Education may well be deemed one of the capital articles of government. It is entitled to the nurſing care of the legiſlature; for no ſtate ever long flouriſhed, where education was neglected. And, even in a private view, not a ſingle branch of it is below the attention of the graveſt writer.

The hiſtorical illuſtrations are put at the end of the book, that young readers may exerciſe themſelves in drawing morals from them. After fixing upon a moral, they will be curious to compare it with the moral or maxim in the foregoing part, which they cannot miſtake, as every maxim and its illuſtration have the ſame number. This exerciſe may at firſt be difficult; but perſeverance will render it eaſy, and in time delightful.

Such maxims only are admitted as tend to illuſtrate human nature; and the ſimpleſt of the kind are choſen, fit for beginners. Few of them, however, are ſo ſimple as not to require at firſt the aid of a tutor. May it not

be

be expected, that conversation between tutor and pupil, suggested by these maxims, would be productive of excellent fruit? When this little book is at hand, proper subjects can never be wanting; and any interval of business may be employed in this agreeable manner. A very young man may be thus led insensibly into the knowledge of himself and of his fellows; and, with the aid of a good tutor, may learn more of the characters of men, than many who have had the most compleat University-education. With regard to young women, who are denied the advantage of University-education, private instruction, such as that suggested, is their best means for acquiring knowledge of their own species.

BECAUSE the practice of making reflections and drawing inferences from the facts that come under our view, tends greatly to ripen men in wisdom, there is added to this edition a specimen

men of ſuch reflections and inferences, in order to initiate young perſons in that practice.

CON-

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ART OF THINKING.

CHAPTER I.

Obſervations tending to explain Human Nature.

Nature of Man.

MANKIND, through all ages, have been the ſame: The firſt times beheld firſt the preſent vices. Yet who could imagine that there is ſuch contrariety, even in the ſame character? It was Nero who, ſigning a ſentence againſt a criminal, wiſhed to the Gods he could not write. 1

No man is thoroughly contemned by others, but who is firſt contemned by himſelf.

A man is more unhappy in reproaching himſelf when guilty, than in being reproached by others when innocent.

The evil I bring upon myſelf is the hardeſt to bear.

7 When intereſt is at variance with conſcience, any diſtinction to make them friends will ſerve the hollow-hearted.

8 Seldom is a man ſo wicked but he will endeavour to reconcile, if poſſible, his actions with his duty. But ſuch chicaning will not lay his conſcience aſleep: It will notwithſtanding haunt him like a ghoſt, and frighten him out of his wits.

9 In great crimes, the man's own conſcience proves often to be the ſtrongeſt witneſs againſt him.

Our powers and faculties are much limited.

It is a true obſervation, that no man ever excelled in two different arts. It is as certain, there never was a man, who might not

man ever have [illegible] be [illegible]
[illegible] for example [illegible]
[illegible] best sculptor [illegible] generally
[illegible] the best [illegible] Painter,

not have excelled in ſome one art. How is it then that their number is ſo ſcanty? Plainly from the folly of deeming ourſelves capable of every thing, and of deſpiſing what coſts us the leaſt trouble.

We are often miſtaken for men of pleaſure, becauſe we are not men of buſineſs; and for men of buſineſs, becauſe we are not men of pleaſure. A great genius finds leiſure for both; an inferior genius for neither.

Thoſe who have great application to trifles, have ſeldom a capacity for matters of importance.

Pain affects us more than Pleaſure.

Happineſs is leſs valued when we poſſeſs it, than when we have loſt it.

Different Pains compared.

The pains of the mind are harder to bear than thoſe of the body.

Paſſion.

Nothing ſo apt to enflame paſſion as hopes and fears: A young woman of a calm tem-

per and modeſt deportment is leſs apt to attract lovers, than one who is changeable and coquetiſh : A man of ſenſe and gravity is leſs apt to ſucceed with a fine woman, than the gay, the giddy, the fluttering coxcomb.

10 A paſſion that ingroſſes the mind, leaves no room for any other.

The plaineſt man, animated with paſſion, affects us more than the greateſt orator without it.

We ought to diſtruſt our paſſions, even when they appear the moſt reaſonable.

Violent paſſions are formed in ſolitude. In the buſtle of the world no object has time to make a deep impreſſion.

Our Opinions are ſwayed more by Feeling than by Argument.

11 Every man eſteems his own misfortune the greateſt.

12 The preſent misfortune is always deemed the greateſt : And therefore ſmall cauſes are ſufficient to make a man uneaſy, when great ones are not in the way.

That

That reaſon which is favourable to our 13
deſires, appears always the beſt.

Change of condition begets new paſſions, 14
and conſequently new opinions.

In matters of demonſtration, it argues a weakneſs of judgment to differ: Not ſo in matters of opinion; for theſe are influenced by affection perhaps more than by reaſon. A plain man, ſincere and credulous, will build upon very weak teſtimony; while the diffident and ſuſpicious will ſcarce be ſatiſfied with the ſtrongeſt. It is the province of reaſon and experience to correct theſe extremes.

It is idle, as well as abſurd, to impoſe our 15
opinions upon others. The ſame ground of conviction operates differently on the ſame man in different circumſtances, and on different men in the ſame circumſtances.

A man is no ſooner found leſs guilty than 16
expected, but he is concluded more innocent than he is.

Slight perſecution makes converts: Severe 17
perſecution, on the contrary, hardens the heart againſt all conviction.

Thoſe

Thoſe who take their opinions upon truſt, are always the moſt violent.

We judge of moſt things by Compariſon.

A man does but faintly reliſh that felicity which coſts him nothing: Happy they whom pain leads to pleaſure.

Joy ſuggeſts pleaſant Thoughts, and Grief thoſe that are Melancholy.

A new ſorrow recalls all the former.

A perſon in diſtreſs is more ſenſible of grief than of joy. Hence it is, that thoſe who have never taſted of affliction, are little moved at the diſtreſſes of others.

A Man is always in a hurry to defend his weak ſide.

It is in ſome meaſure pleading guilty to be over haſty or ſolicitous in making a defence.

He acknowledges the fact, who turns angry at an aſperſion.

Who

Who, inceſſantly vaunts of his probity and honour, and ſwears to gain belief, has not even the art of counterfeiting.

Cuſtom.

Men are governed by cuſtom. Not one of a thouſand thinks for himſelf; and the few who are emancipated, dare not act up to their freedom, for fear of being thought whimſical.

Cuſtom is the great leveller. It corrects the inequality of fortune, by leſſening equally the pleaſures of the prince, and the pains of the peaſant.

Chooſe what is the moſt fit, cuſtom will make it the moſt agreeable.

Cuſtom beſtows eaſe and confidence, even 18
in the middle of dangers.

Our opinions are greatly influenced by 19
cuſtom.

Manners are in a continual flux: Formerly, men were hypocrites of virtue: According to the preſent mode, they are hypocrites of vice.

Mag-

Magnanimity.

A great mind will neither give an affront, nor bear it.

20 A firm mind becomes rather more inflexible by poverty. If any thing can mollify and render it more ſociable, it muſt be proſperity.

Courage.

Who hath not courage to revenge, will never find generoſity to forgive.

Cowards die many times: The valiant never taſte of death but once.

Hope.

21 Hope, in this mixed ſtate of good and ill, is a bleſſing from heaven: The gift of preſcience would be a curſe.

Fear.

An unknown evil is the moſt terrible.

Ignorance is the mother of fear, as well as of admiration. A man intimately acquainted

quainted with the nature of things, has ſeldom occaſion to be aſtoniſhed.

Men of a fearful temper are prone to ſuſpicion and cruelty.

Fear begets apprehenſion, the parent of ſuſpicion; and ſuſpicion begets hatred and revenge.

There is ſcarce a paſſion but is able to conquer the fear of death: Revenge, love, ambition, grief, all triumph over it. Death, then, ſhould be no ſuch terrible enemy, when it ſubmits to ſo many conquerors. 22

He muſt fear many whom many fear.

Chearfulneſs.

A chearful countenance betokens a good heart.

I love wiſdom that is gay and civilized. Harſhneſs and auſterity are unnatural, and therefore to be ſuſpected.

In the chearfulneſs of life, death is the leaſt terrible. 23

In thoſe gentlemen whom the world forſooth calls wiſe and ſolid, there is generally either a moroſeneſs that perſecutes, or a

dulneſs

dulneſs that tires you. If the good ſenſe they boaſt of happen to be ſerviceable to you once in your life, it is ſo impertinent as to diſturb you every day.

Modeſty.

It is pure hypocriſy in a man of quality to decline the place due to his rank: It coſts him nothing to take the loweſt ſeat, when he is ſure the higheſt will be preſſed upon him. Modeſty ſhows greater reſignation in thoſe of middle rank: If they throw themſelves among the croud, if they take up with a diſadvantageous ſituation, they are ſure to remain there; they may be ſqueezed to pieces, there is no mortal to take notice of them.

Prudence.

He who is the ſloweſt to promiſe, is the quickeſt to perform.

Few accidents are ſo unhappy but may be mended by prudence: Few ſo happy but may be ruined by imprudence.

Over-wary prudence is an invincible obſtruction to great and hazardous exploits.

Candour,

Candour, Diſſimulation.

It betokens as great a ſoul to be capable of owning a fault, as to be incapable of committing it.

The firſt ſtep toward vice is to make a myſtery of what is innocent: Whoever loves to hide, will ſoon or late have reaſon to hide.

Hypocriſy is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is more difficult to diſſemble the ſentiments one has, than to feign thoſe he has not.

It is harder than is commonly thought, to diſſemble with thoſe we deſpiſe.

Whoever appears to have much cunning, has in reality very little; being deficient in the eſſential article, which is, to hide cunning.

Ambition.

Ambition is one of thoſe paſſions that is never to be ſatisfied. It ſwells gradually with ſucceſs; and every acquiſition ſerves but as a ſpur to further attempts. 24

If a man could at once accompliſh all his deſires, he would be a miſerable creature; for the chief pleaſure of this life is to wiſh and deſire. Upon this account, every prince who aſpires to be deſpotic, aſpires to die of wearineſs. Searching every kingdom for the man who has the leaſt comfort in life, Where is he to be found?—In the royal palace—What? His majeſty? Yes, eſpecially if he be deſpotic.

Pride.

None are ſo invincible as your half-witted people: They know juſt enough to excite their pride, not enough to cure it.

A proud man is like Nebuchadnezzar: He ſets up his image to be worſhipped by all.

A man of merit in place, is never troubleſome by his pride. He is not elated with the poſt he fills, becauſe of a greater he has not, of which he knows himſelf worthy.

Anxiety and conſtraint are the conſtant attendants of pride.

The

The ſame littleneſs of ſoul that makes a man diſpiſe inferiors, and trample on them, makes him abjectly obſequious to ſuperiors.

Pride, which raiſes a man in his own opinion above his equals, is eaſily diſobliged, but not eaſily obliged; favours from inferiors being conceived as duties, omiſſions as crimes. The vain are eaſily obliged, and eaſily diſobliged. It is a rare caſe to meet with one that is eaſily obliged, but not eaſily diſobliged; becauſe few have a leſs opinion of themſelves than they deſerve. To thoſe only it belongs who are poſſeſſed of thorough good ſenſe, not to be eaſily obliged nor eaſily diſobliged.

Pride is worſe to bear than cruelty.

Pride, more than defect of judgement, breeds oppoſition to eſtabliſhed principles. We chuſe rather to lead than to follow.

Vanity.

Self-conceit is none of the ſmalleſt bleſſings from heaven.

Vanity, where it makes a man value himſelf upon good actions, is no deſpicable quality.

The good humour of ſome, is owing to an inexhauſtible fund of ſelf-conceit.

Flattery is a falſe coin, which our vanity makes current.

25 The vain fancy the flatteries of their own imagination to be the voice of fame.

We fancy that we hate flattery, when we only hate the manner of it.

Generally we ſpeak ill of others, rather out of vanity than malice.

Avarice.

Men do not grow more covetous as they grow old: Their temptations only to part with money grow leſs vigorous and leſs frequent.

26 Money ſtimulates avarice, does not ſatisfy it.

The miſer is a friend to none, but a bitter enemy to himſelf.

27 The avaricious man has no friend, becauſe he has no friendſhip for any man. Even his dependents neglect him in ſickneſs or in adverſity, when he has not power to hurt them.

Ridicule.

Ridicule.

Nothing is ridiculous but what is deformed: Nor is any thing proof againſt raillery but what is handſome and juſt.

Men make themſelves ridiculous, not ſo much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of thoſe they have not.

Nothing blunts the edge of ridicule ſo effectually as good humour. 28

Poſitiveneſs.

He who deals in blaming others for being poſitive, gives them their revenge, for they conclude him ſo.

A dogmatical tone is a ſure ſign of ignorance. I am fond to dictate to others what I have learnt a moment before; and becauſe it is new to me, I conclude it is ſo to all the world. Knowledge thoroughly digeſted becomes habitual: The poſſeſſor by degrees forgets, that things now ſo familiar were ever unknown to himſelf or to others. The vanity of novelty is gone, and he talks of

the moſt abſtruſe points with coolneſs and indifference.

Loquacity.

He generally talks moſt who has leaſt to ſay.

He that ſays all he knows, will readily ſay what he doth not know.

There is who is witty, and inſtructs many, and yet is unprofitable to himſelf. Such is wiſe in words, but fooliſh in deeds.

To ſay little and perform much, is the characteriſtic of a great mind.

As the climbing up of a ſandy hill is to the aged, ſo is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

Induſtry.

29 A man who gives his children a habit of induſtry, provides for them better than by giving them a ſtock of money.

The active do commonly more than they are bound to do: The indolent do commonly leſs.

Juſtice

Juſtice and Injuſtice.

Weighty is the anger of the righteous.
He threatens many who injures one.

Benevolence.

Benevolence is allied to few vices; ſelfiſhneſs to fewer virtues.

Miſtake not the ſelfiſh, as if they only underſtood their own intereſt. On the contrary, none err more widely from it. The good-natured man is the truly ſelfiſh. Benevolence procures a ſtock of friends and well-wiſhers, of greater value than a ſtock of money. Theſe will be of conſtant uſe and ſatisfaction: Many times they bring relief in pinching neceſſity, when riches prove vain and unſerviceable.

Gratitude.

Faith and gratitude are moſtly to be expected from thoſe of your own rank.

To the grateful every favour becomes 30
double; the ungrateful loſe the ſingle through the pain of a return.

Wrongs

Wrongs are engraved on marble, benefits on ſand. They are ſometimes acknowledged, rarely requited.

He who complains heavily of favours with-held, will be ungrateful when they are beſtowed. The man who cannot diſtinguiſh liberality from juſtice, will never think himſelf bound to be grateful.

You may ſooner expect a favour from him who has already done you one, than from him to whom you have done it.

It is hard to find one that a man of ſpirit would be obliged to. For ſome men are as ſordid in beſtowing favours as in making bargains: They expect profit equally from both.

Too great hurry in repaying an obligation is a ſpecies of ingratitude.

Friendſhip.

Entire friends are like two ſouls in one body: They can give or receive nothing; all is common betwixt them. Cares and good offices do not even merit to be put to account: Names that denote diviſion and difference,

difference, ſuch as, benefits, obligation, in-
treaties, thanks, gratitude, are odious to
them.

Something to be wiſhed like home that
is not home, like alone that is not alone,
found in a friend only, or in his houſe.

A ſordid mind is incapable of friendſhip.

It is not eaſy to love thoſe we do not e-
ſteem. It is harder ſtill to love thoſe who
have more merit than we have.

The difficulty is not ſo great to die for a 31
friend, as to find a friend worth dying for.

He who can pride himſelf upon an exten- 32
ſive acquaintance, is incapable of true friend-
ſhip.

Our good or bad fortune depends greatly 33
on the choice we make of our friends.

Beware equally of a ſudden friend, and a
ſlow enemy.

The friendſhip that is formed inſenſibly,
and without profeſſing much, is generally
laſting.

You are not to believe a profeſſing friend,
more than a threatening enemy. As no
man intends miſchief who forewarns you of
it,

it, ſo no man will ſerve you who ſays he is your ſervant.

Few have the courage to correct their friends, becauſe few have the courage to ſuffer correction.

34 The boldeſt attempt of friendſhip is not when we diſcover our failings to our friend, but when we diſcover to him his own.

It is more difficult to give judgement betwixt friends than betwixt enemies.

35 Breach of friendſhip begets the bitterest enmity.

Abſent from my friend, my wiſh is to be with him for comfort in my diſtreſs. But when fortunate, my wiſh is to have him with me, that he may partake of my happineſs.

Love.

36 Nothing more excites to every thing noble and generous, than virtuous love.

That love which increaſes by degrees, is ſo like friendſhip, that it can never be violent.

When

When a man has a paſſion for an ill-favoured woman, it muſt needs be violent.

Men often go from love to ambition, but ſeldom return from ambition to love.

Peculiarities of age and ſex.

The young are ſlaves to novelty, the old to cuſtom.

No preacher is ſo ſucceſsful as time. It gives a turn of thought to the aged, which it was impoſſible to inſpire while they were young.

Friendſhip, love, benevolence, pity, and all the ſocial paſſions which figure in the generous warmth of youth, loſe ground inſenſibly upon the approach of age; while the ſelfiſh paſſions are continually gaining ground; witneſs parſimony in particular. Hence Ariſtotle well obſerves, that friendſhip among the old is founded more frequently upon intereſt, than upon affection.

The errors of young men are the ruin of buſineſs: the errors of old age have no worſe conſequence than to delay or prevent things from being done.

Unmarried

Unmarried men are the beſt friends, the beſt maſters, the beſt ſervants, but not always the beſt ſubjects; a wife and children being hoſtages to the public.

Women engage themſelves to the men by the favours they grant: Men diſengage themſelves from the women by the favours they receive.

You may find many women who never were engaged in any gallantry; but it is rare to find a woman who never was engaged in more than one.

In the firſt paſſion, women have commonly an affection for the lover: They love afterward for the pleaſure of loving.

The beginning of love is in the power of every one: To put an end to it, in the power of none.

Abſence cools moderate love, but inflames what is violent; juſt as the wind blows out a candle, but kindles a fire.

Coldneſs in friendſhip has generally a cauſe: In love there is commonly no other reaſon for loving no more, than having loved too much. Decay of love, as well as its commencement, appear from the trouble

and

and confuſion lovers are in when left together.

There is no reaſon for blaming inconſtancy as a crime. It is no more in one's power to love or not to love, than to be in health or out of order. All that can be demanded from the fickle is, to acknowledge their change, and not to add deceit to inconſtancy.

True love is more frequent than true friendſhip.

As nice as we are in love, we forgive 37
more faults in that than in friendſhip. Expoſtulations betwixt friends end generally ill, but well betwixt lovers.

If one may judge of love by many of its effects, it reſembles hatred more than friendſhip.

Favourites.

Show me a weak prince, I'll ſhow you his favourites.

The great grow weary of favourites, when 38
they have nothing more to beſtow on them.

Hatred againſt favourites proceeds from the love of favour, and is envy in diſguiſe.

Resentment.

39 Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

It is a miserable thing to be injured by one of whom we dare not complain.

Nothing more easy than to do mischief: Nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

Hatred.

It is an ordinary good to be loved by all sorts of people; but a great evil to have one enemy: So much a stronger passion is hatred than love, and so much more opportunity is there of doing ill than good.

When we hate too violently, we make a meaner figure than those we hate.

Envy.

40 Envy flames highest against one of the same rank and condition.

41 An envious man will sacrifice his own interest to ruin another.

He bears envy best, who is either courageous or happy.

Envy cannot exist in perfection without a 42
secret esteem of the person envied.

Self-partiality.

Every man, however little, makes a figure 43
in his own eyes.

If we did not first flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would not hurt us.

Self-partiality hides from us those very 44
faults in ourselves which we see and blame in others.

Our enemies approach nearer truth in the judgment they form of us, than we ourselves do.

The coward reckons himself cautious, the miser frugal.

How soft are we to those who injure others, how severe upon those who injure us!

Ingratitude is of all crimes what in ourselves we account the most venial, in others the most unpardonable.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are 45
seldom weighed in the same balance.

Men generally put a greater value upon

the favours they beſtow, than upon thoſe they receive.

46 A man will lay hold of any pretext to lay his faults upon another.

It is as hard to be wiſe in one's own concern, as it is eaſy in the concern of another.

To laugh at men of humour, is the privilege of the ſerious blockhead.

None are more loath to take a jeſt, than they who are the moſt forward to beſtow it.

He that truſts the moſt to himſelf, is but the more eaſily deceived, becauſe he thinks he cannot be deceived.

Were wiſdom to be ſold, ſhe would give no price: Every man is ſatisfied with the ſhare he has from Nature.

Praiſe, Blame.

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

How comes it that man, ſo much a ſelf-admirer, ſhould regard more the opinion of the world than his own? If by ſome deity we were commanded to declare publicly every ſecret intention of our hearts, how ſhould

ſhould we abhor the dire neceſſity? Is it that we are more afraid of an evil reputation, than of an evil conſcience?

We take leſs pains to be virtuous, than to perſuade the world that we are.

Men are not always averſe to diſcover their failings. One complains of the badneſs of his memory, ſatisfied to give you a hint of his judgment. You need not be afraid of accuſing one for heedleſſneſs; for his want of attention to trifles, ſuppoſes his application to be wholly beſtowed upon matters of importance. A man of great genius, fortified with extenſive experience, may ſafely ſay, that he knows no book, and that he has quite neglected his ſtudies.

It ſhows a littleneſs of mind, and a conſciouſneſs of inward defect, to be at pains to gain conſideration by expence and ſhow.

Who would preſerve the admiration of the public, muſt carefully conceal the meaſure of his capacity. As a river ſtrikes us with dread only while we are ignorant of its ford, ſo a man attracts our veneration only while the bounds of his ability are undiſcovered.

It is our fancy of the vaſtneſs of his merit, that beſtows on him eſteem and pre-eminence.

It is difficult to poſſeſs great fame and great eaſe at the ſame time. Fame, like fire, is with difficulty kindled, is eaſily increaſed, but dies away if not continually fed. To preſerve fame alive, every enterpriſe ought to be a pledge of others, ſo as to keep mankind in conſtant expectation.

Nothing ſo uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humour, paſſion, or intereſt; hates me becauſe he has injured me; and ſpeaks ill of me becauſe he hates me.

Many ſhining actions owe their ſucceſs to chance, though the general or ſtateſman runs away with the applauſe.

A ſmall infidelity to ourſelves, takes more from our eſteem, than a great one to others. A ſmall favour to ourſelves will weigh more than a great one to others. How precarious muſt the opinions of men be of one another?

True praiſe is frequently the lot of the humble; falſe praiſe is always confined to the great.

Proſperity, Adverſity.

He who is puffed up with the firſt gale of 47
proſperity, will bend beneath the firſt blaſt of adverſity.

Bear adverſity, that you may learn to bear 48
proſperity. Adverſity never diſtreſſed any one, whom proſperity did not blind.

Who cannot bear great affliction, will never bear ſmall.

Nothing is ſo apt to corrupt the heart as 49
ſudden exaltation.

Adverſity is the beſt ſchool of virtue. 50

The more a man is exalted, the more li- 51
able he is to a reverſe of fortune.

Reproof in adverſity hath a double ſting.

Even dreſs is apt to inflame a man's opi- 52
nion of himſelf.

Regulation of our deſires.

The happieſt ſtation is that which neither totally ſubjects a man to labour, nor totally exempts him from it.

Seldom

Seldom would we desire with ardour, were we thoroughly acquainted with what we desire.

Who is allowed more liberty than is reasonable, will desire more than is allowed.

53 Many lose the relish of what they possess, by desiring what they possess not.

The rich are generally the most necessitous.

It is far more easy to suppress the first impure desire, than to satisfy all that follow.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, grandeur, or glory: Her proper office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit mens possessions. There are many reasons, and one in particular, which is not often considered, that when bounds are set to our desires, by having as much as the laws will permit, private interest is at an end, and we have no remaining occupation but to take care of the public.

The

The practice that came to prevail in Rome, of diſtributing magiſtracies without reſpect to age, was a wide ſtep towards the ruin of that commonwealth. They who in youth taſted of ſupreme honours, had nothing left them to deſire, but a continuance of the ſame for life. The deſire was inflamed by obſtructions in the conſtitution of the ſtate. Theſe obſtructions could not be ſurmounted, but by trampling upon the laws. The great men went to arms, and the commonwealth was annihilated.

Happineſs and miſery depend moſtly on ourſelves.

It is not what we poſſeſs that makes us 54
happy, but what we enjoy: It is not what we have not that gives us pain, but what we deſire. In deſiring nothing, one is juſt as happy, as he who hath all conveniencies. How many things may there be wanting to the greateſt prince? To ſleep in health and wake in plenty; to live in the eſteem and affection of every one: What is wanting to make ſuch a one happy? Why, content-

ment.

ment. No wonder then ſo many are miſerable.

Man creates more diſcontent to himſelf, than ever is occaſioned by others.

If you live according to nature, you'll ſeldom be poor; if according to opinion, never rich.

Poverty falls heavy upon him only who eſteems it a misfortune.

Adverſity borrows its ſharpeſt ſting from our impatience.

Thoſe who are the moſt in love with the world, are the moſt ſenſibly jilted by it.

55 Virtue and good behaviour are naturally productive of good fortune.

56 Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happineſs. Intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in miſery.

Our good and evil proceed from ourſelves. Death appeared terrible to Cicero, indifferent to Socrates, deſirable to Cato.

We make life uneaſy by thinking of death, and death uneaſy by thinking of life.

Againſt the traverſes of fortune, which put us out of humour with the world, a ſolid

lid attachment to virtue and philoſophy is our only ſhield.

The man whom no body pleaſes, is more unhappy than he whom no body is pleaſed with.

The moſt unhappy of all men is he who believes himſelf to be ſo.

Education.

Men commonly owe their virtue or their 57
vice to education as much as to nature.

Plato reproving a young man for playing at ſome childiſh game; You chide me, ſays the youth, for a trifling fault. Cuſtom, replied the philoſopher, is no trifle. And, adds Montaigne, he was in the right; for our vices begin in infancy.

There is no ſuch fop as my young maſter of his lady-mother's making. She blows him up with ſelf-conceit, and there he ſtops. She makes a man of him at twelve, and a boy all his life after.

To women that have been converſant in the world, a gardener is a gardener, and a maſon a maſon. To thoſe who have been bred

bred in a retired way, a gardener is a man, and a maſon is a man. And then every thing proves a temptation to thoſe who are afraid.

58 To enure young perſons to bear patiently ſmall injuries, is a capital branch of education: Nothing tends more effectually to ſecure men againſt great injuries.

59 Good education is a choice bleſſing: But innate virtue ſometimes makes vigorous efforts under all diſadvantages.

An infallible way to make your child miſerable, is to ſatisfy all his demands. Paſſion ſwells by gratification; and the impoſſibility of ſatisfying every one of his demands, will oblige you to ſtop ſhort at laſt, after he has become a little headſtrong.

Government.

However deſirable authority may appear, yet, conſidering the weakneſs of man, and the intricacies of government, it is more agreeable to the nature of moſt men to follow than to lead. It gives great eaſe to have our road traced out, in which we may walk at leiſure,

leiſure, not burdened with the concerns of others.

As the councils of a commonwealth are generally more public than thoſe of a monarchy, ſo generally they are more fair and honeſt.

The conviction of being free, makes the people eaſy in a republic, even where they are more burdened than under an arbitrary monarch.

A diſintereſted love for one's country can only ſubſiſt in ſmall republics. This affection leſſens as it is extended, and in a great ſtate vaniſheth.

Cruel laws may depopulate a city, but will ſcarce reform it.

It is an obſervation of Thucydides, that men are more enraged at an unjuſt decree, than at a private act of violence.

Our imaginary wants, which, in number, far exceed the real, ariſe from viewing others in a better condition than ourſelves. Hence, in a ſtate where all are equally oppreſſed, without any reſpect of perſons, we find leſs diſcontent and heart-burnings, than

in a milder government, where the ſubjects are unequally burdened.

Courtier.

All the ſkill of a court is, to follow the Prince's preſent humour, talk the preſent language, ſerve the preſent turn, and make uſe of the preſent intereſt for advancement.

There is no other ſtudy in the court of Princes, but how to pleaſe; becauſe there a man makes his fortune by making himſelf agreeable. Hence it comes, that courtiers are ſo poliſhed. But, in towns and republics, where men advance their fortune by labour and induſtry, the laſt of their cares is to be agreeable; and it is that which keeps them ſo clowniſh.

CHAP. II.

Prejudices and Biaſſes founded on Human Nature.

WE eſteem things according to their intrinſic merit: It is ſtrange man ſhould be an exception. We prize a horſe for his ſtrength and courage, not for his furniture. We prize a man for his ſumptuous palace, his great train, his vaſt revenue; yet theſe are his furniture, not his mind.

The riches, nay the dreſs, of the ſpeaker, will recommend the moſt trifling thoughts: His motions and grimaces appear of importance. It cannot be, we think, but that the man who enjoys ſo many poſts and preferments, who is ſo haughty and high-ſpirited, muſt know more than the common people.

Let a man of the moſt moderate parts be raiſed to an exalted ſtation, and our heart comes to be inſenſibly filled with awe, diſtance, and reſpect. Let him ſink down a-

gain among the crowd, and we are ſurpriſed what hath become of his good qualities.

Let not the pomp that ſurrounds the great dazzle your underſtanding. The Prince, ſo magnificent in the ſplendour of a court, appears behind the curtain but a common man. Irreſolution and care haunt him as much as another; and fear lays hold of him in the midſt of his guards.

The true conveniencies of life are common to the King with his meaneſt ſubject. The King's ſleep is not ſweeter, nor his appetite better.

A rich man cannot enjoy a ſound mind, nor a ſound body, without exerciſe and abſtinence; and yet theſe are truly the worſt ingredients of poverty.

The pomp which diſtinguiſhes the great man from the mob, defends him not from the fever, nor from grief. Give a Prince all the names of Majeſty that are found in a folio dictionary, the firſt attack of the gout will make him forget his palace and his guards. If he be in choler, will his princedom ſecure him from turning pale, and gnaſhing his teeth like a fool? The ſmalleſt prick of a nail,

nail, the ſlighteſt paſſion of the ſoul, is capable to render inſipid the monarchy of the world.

Leiſure and ſolitude, the moſt valuable bleſſings that riches can procure, are avoided by the opulent, who, weary of themſelves, fly to company and buſineſs for relief. Where, then, lies the advantage of riches over poverty?

The great and the little are more upon a 60
level than they themſelves are aware of: The ſplendour of the former is more than compenſated by the ſecurity of the latter.

Wiſdom is better than riches; nevertheleſs the poor man's wiſdom is deſpiſed, and his words are not heard.

A civility from a ſuperior is equivalent to a real ſervice from an equal! How much, then, is it the intereſt of the great to be affable?

The leaſt coldneſs or incivility from our betters makes us hate them. But they need not be in pain; the firſt ſmile ſets all to rights.

Weak mortal! a great man in his paſſion calls your friend a fool. I do not pretend

you ſhould tell him he is miſtaken, I only beg you to think ſo.

To gain a breach, conduct an embaſſy, govern a people, are ſhining actions. To ſell, pay, love, hate, laugh, rejoice, converſe, properly or honeſtly, to be firm to a true intereſt, to be fair and candid, are things more rare, more difficult, and yet leſs conſpicuous.

The virtue of Alexander appears to me leſs vigorous than that of Socrates. Socrates in Alexander's place I can readily conceive: Alexander in that of Socrates I cannot. Alexander will tell you, he can ſubdue the world: It was a greater work in Socrates to fulfil the whole duties of life. Worth conſiſts moſt, not in great, but in good actions.

61 We are apt to reckon as nothing the virtues of the heart, while we idolize the talents of the body or mind. One ſhall ſay of himſelf coldly, and without thinking to offend modeſty, that he is conſtant, faithful, honeſt, grateful; yet dare not acknowledge that he has vivacity, or that he has white teeth, or a good complexion.

Beauty

Beauty of mind, firmneſs of ſoul, diſintereſtedneſs, extenſive capacity, make real merit; and yet they are not the apteſt to raiſe admiration. I have known an advice given by a man of figure, which would have proved the ruin of a great ſtate: I have known a contrary one followed after mature deliberation, that proved its preſervation, without ſo much reputation to the author, as he would have gained by defeating a party of ſix hundred horſe. Events of this kind ſtrike the eye and imagination of every one: Good ſenſe and refined policy are obvious to few, becauſe they are not diſcovered but by a train of reflection.

Cry to the multitude, There goes a learned man; every one is ſtruck with admiration and reſpect. Cry, There goes a good man; no mortal regards. We are curious to know whether he underſtand Latin and Greek; but whether he has become a better man, no body inquires. Yet one ſhould imagine, the principal end of learning, is not merely to know, but to know for ſome end or purpoſe.

To

To how many ſtupid ſouls has a cold ſilent mien procured the opinion of capacity?

It is a common failing, that one will ſooner renounce a large ſum owing to him, than give a ſmall ſum out of his hand.

Guicciardin obſerves, that prodigality in Kings, though accompanied with avarice and extortion, is more praiſed, than parſimony, though accompanied with juſtice.

Nothing mends a man's character ſo much as death. Is it that he grows better toward his latter end? By no means. But circumſtances are changed: Emulation and envy are at an end, and compaſſion has taken poſſeſſion. It belongs to the generous and impartial heart to conſider others in the ſame light as if they were dead. But this is a rule too ſevere for the generality: It is much if one obſerve it with regard to his companions.

The admiration beſtowed on former times, is the bias of all times: The golden age never was the preſent age.

62 Such is the power of imagination, that even a chimerical pleaſure in expectation, affects

affects us more than a ſolid pleaſure in poſſeſſion.

Expectation takes up more joy on truſt than fruition can diſcharge: It imagines its roſes all flower and no prickle: Men always forecount their wives prudent, and their children dutiful. A good unlook'd for is a virgin happineſs; whereas they who obtain what has been long expected, only marry whom they have deflowered.

We part more eaſily with what we poſſeſs, than with our expectations of what we wiſh for; becauſe expectation always goes beyond enjoyment.

Things remote, whether in time or place, make little impreſſion. A ſmall reward will ſatisfy a great ſervice long paſt. Artful people, therefore, never pay beforehand, or while the work is freſh in memory. The intereſt of their money, is not the only thing that is ſaved by ſuch delay.

Report gives more ſcope to the imagination than ocular inſpection. Had we been preſent when Caligula's horſe was made a conſul, we ſhould have been leſs aſtoniſhed, than we are by the hiſtorical relation.

The

The more powerful, though it is he who is injured, is commonly deemed the aggreſſor.

Death, whether it regards ourſelves or others, appears leſs terrible in war than at home. The cries of women and children, friends in anguiſh, a dark room, dim tapers, prieſts and phyſicians, are what affect us the moſt on death-bed. Behold us already more than half dead and buried.

63 Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

C H A P. III.

Peculiarities that depend on Character and Condition.

THOSE who are the moſt faulty, are the moſt prone to find faults in others.

They who are incapable of doing wrong, are little apt to ſuſpect others.

The

The eaſineſs and indifference of ſome perſons hath an air of weakneſs, readily miſapprehended for want of courage; eſpecially on ordinary occaſions, which are not of importance to diſturb their quiet. But let theſe ſame perſons be engaged in ſome intereſting ſcene, what will make a noiſe in the world, and glory will ſoon diſcover their true temper.

Unacquaintedneſs with danger, makes the fiery brave, the phlegmatic fearful. This apprehends too much, that too little.

Some run headlong into danger, becauſe they have not courage to wait for it.

The irreſolute never proſecute their views, ſo long as they have any excuſe left for delaying.

When it becomes neceſſary for the irreſolute to act, they feel a great difference betwixt inclination and will, betwixt will and reſolution, betwixt reſolution and the choice of proper means, and betwixt this choice and the preceding to action.

A man is never entirely engroſſed by pleaſure, who can mix buſineſs with it. He quits

quits and retakes it at will; and in the uſe he makes of it, finds a relaxation of mind, not a dangerous charm to corrupt him. It is not ſo with the auſtere and rigid; who, whenever, by a change of circumſtances, they taſte of voluptuouſneſs, are inchanted with its ſweets; and nature being in them wearied with hardſhips and inconveniencies, abandons itſelf wholly to delight. They contract an averſion to the ſeverities of their paſt life; what appeared virtuous, now appears groſs and moroſe: And the ſoul, which imagines itſelf to be undeceived of an old error, is inchanted with its new ſtate.

Some perſons are with their friends, as the generality of women with their lovers; whatever ſervices you have done them, they ceaſe to love you when you ceaſe to pleaſe them. Diſguſted alſo, like them, with long acquaintance, they are fond of the pleaſures of a new friendſhip.

It is a miſerable ſtate, to have few things to deſire and many to fear; and yet that is commonly the much envied caſe of princes.

Without

Without desire, the mind languishes; with fear, it never can be serene.

The honour received by princes from their dependents, is not true honour; the respect is paid to the royalty, not to the man. Grandeur deprives a prince of the liberal commerce of society: He sees no face about him without a mask.

The parade and ceremony belonging to 64
the great, are a sad restraint upon their freedom.

With respect to the opulent, the greatest pleasures of sense turn disgustful by excess, or grow languid for want of difficulty.

Men in high prosperity are in a precarious 65
state; many accidents to disorder and discompose, few to please.

One would hardly wish for uninterrupted prosperity, when he reflects, that pride, anger, vain-glory, and detraction, are its ordinary attendants.

The enjoyments of a plentiful fortune, and the gladness of prosperity, furnish so much mirth, that it is common to see an exuberant laugh bestowed upon a monkey, a dwarf, or upon a cold jest. But men of

inferior fortunes, laugh not but where there is occaſion.

It is folly to truſt to the gratitude of men in high ſtation. What they receive, is conſidered as a ſervice, not a favour. Nor is this ſurpriſing. The natural intercourſe certainly is, that ſuperiors ſhould beſtow, and inferiors be thankful.

It is a ſhowy thing, to build a palace, lay out a garden, or appoint an equipage. This the great underſtand, this they pique themſelves upon. But to fill a heart with joy, reſtore content to the afflicted, or relieve the neceſſitous, theſe fall not within the reach of their five ſenſes; they do not comprehend, they have no reliſh for ſuch actions.

Few of us would be leſs corrupted than kings are, were we, like them, beſet with flatterers, and poiſoned with that vermine.

An ancient philoſopher obſerved, that the ſons of princes learned nothing to purpoſe but to manage the great horſe, which knows not to flatter, but will as readily throw the king as the peaſant.

Inliſt

Inlist me among the troops of a private man, I am Therfites. Place me at the head of an army, I am Achilles himself.

No man ever fought well who had a halter about his neck.

Admiration is the passion of the vulgar, arising, not from the perfection of the object, but from the ignorance of the spectator. The most refined genius is the most reserved upon that point.

Nothing can poison the contentment of a 66
man who lives by his labour, but to make him rich.

I have scarce known a peasant that was troubled with one moment's thought how he should pass his last hour. Nature teacheth him not to think of death before it comes, and then he behaves with a better grace than Aristotle himself, whom death distressed doubly, in itself, and in anxious foresight.

Few are able to reflect that they have been young, and how difficult at that time it was to preserve temperance or chastity. They condemn the sallies of youth, as if they had never tasted of them. It gives

them pain another ſhould poſſeſs thoſe pleaſures they are no longer in a capacity to enjoy. It is a ſentiment of envy.

The firſt and moſt important female quality, is ſweetneſs of temper. Heaven did not give to the female ſex inſinuation and perſuaſion, in order to be ſurly: It did not make them weak, in order to be imperious: It did not give them a ſweet voice, in order to be employed in ſcolding: It did not provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger. A wife frequently has cauſe to lament her condition; but never to utter bitter complaints. A huſband too indulging, is apt to make an impertinent wife; but, unleſs he be a monſter, ſweetneſs of temper in his wife will reſtore him to good humour, and ſoon or late triumph over him.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Rules for the Conduct of Life.

Conſcience.

A Man of integrity will never liſten to any reaſon againſt conſcience. 67

Let fame be regarded, but conſcience much more. It is an empty joy to appear better than you are; but a great bleſſing to be what you ought to be.

Men are guided leſs by conſcience than by glory: And yet, the ſhorteſt way to glory, is to be guided by conſcience.

Take counſel of thine own heart, for there is not a more faithful monitor.

Self-command.

Happineſs is a never-failing attendant on ſelf-command: No man can enjoy without inquietude what he cannot loſe without pain.

Ancient Lacedemon affords an admirable instruction for subduing our passions. Certain occupations were appointed for each sex, for every hour, and for every season of life. In a life always active, the passions have no opportunity to deceive, seduce, or corrupt. Industry is an excellent guard to virtue.

68 Let your conduct be the result of deliberation, never of impatience.

69 In the conduct of life, let it be one great aim, to show that every thing you do proceeds from yourself, not from your passions. Chrysippus rewards in joy, chastises in wrath, doth every thing in passion. No person stands in awe of Chrysippus, no person is grateful to him. Why? Because it is not Chrysippus who acts, but his passions. We shun him in wrath as we shun a wild beast; and this is all the authority he hath over us.

There is no condition that doth not sit well upon a wise man. I shall never quarrel with a philosopher for living in a palace; but will not excuse him if he cannot content himself with a cottage. I shall not be scandalized, to behold him in the apparel of

kings,

kings, provided he have not their ambition. Let Ariſtippus poſſeſs the riches of Croeſus, it matters not; he will throw them away as ſoon as they incommode him. Let Plato ſit down at the table of Dionyſius the tyrant, ſometimes he will eat nothing but olives.

Before you ſet your heart upon any thing, conſider maturely whether it will add to your happineſs.

Indulge not deſire at the expence of the 70
ſlighteſt article of virtue: Paſs once its limits, and you fall headlong into vice.

Examine well the counſel that favours your deſires.

The gratification of deſire, is ſometimes 71
the worſt thing that can befal us.

The ſafe road to happineſs is to limit our 72
deſires to our fortune, inſtead of ſtraining to enlarge our fortune to our deſires. And to be contented with little, takes from our pain more than from our pleaſure.

Great wants proceed from great wealth; but they are undutiful children, for they ſink wealth down to poverty.

Deliberate

Deliberate before you promiſe; for a raſh promiſe ſets inclination at variance with juſtice.

73 Before you give way to anger, try to find a reaſon for not being angry.

To be angry is to puniſh myſelf for the fault of another.

A word dropt by chance from your friend offends your delicacy. Avoid a haſty reply; and beware of opening your diſcontent to the firſt perſon you meet. When you are cool, it will vaniſh, and leave no impreſſion.

Wrath kindles wrath: Therefore make it an indiſpenſable rule, never to utter a word while you are angry.

74 To puniſh in wrath is generally followed with bitter repentance.

75 Never indulge revenge to your own hurt.

The moſt ſubtile revenge is, to overlook the offence. The intended affront recoils, and torments our adverſary with the ſting of a diſappointment.

76 It gives freſh vigour to an adverſary, that he can give you pain. It lays open your weak ſide, and ſhows him where to direct a ſecond blow.

The

The moſt profitable revenge, the moſt ra- 77
tional, and the moſt pleaſant, is, to make it the intereſt of the injurious perſon not to hurt you a ſecond time.

Temperance.

It was a ſaying of Socrates, that we ought to eat and drink, in order to live; inſtead of living, as many do, in order to eat and drink.

Senſual enjoyment, when it becomes habitual, loſes its reliſh, and is converted into a burden.

Luxury poſſibly may contribute to give bread to the poor; but if there were no luxury, there would be no poor.

Be moderate in your pleaſures, that your 78
reliſh for them may continue.

Patience.

Time is requiſite to bring great projects to maturity. Precipitation ruins the beſt-contrived plan: Patience ripens the moſt difficult.

It

It is no ſmall ſtep toward tranquillity, to make the beſt of misfortunes when they come, inſtead of giving way to the uneaſineſs they occaſion. Scarce any event is ſo untoward, but ſome good may be drawn from it.

To be ſoured with misfortunes, is to increaſe the burden. The true method is, neither to be abſolutely ſtubborn againſt misfortunes, nor ſluggiſhly to abandon ourſelves to them.

79 Reflect on the common lot of humanity, and the misfortunes that have befallen others; and you will find your own not to be of the firſt magnitude.

When we ſum up the miſeries of life, the grief beſtowed on trifles makes a great part of the account trifles, which neglected are nothing. How ſhameful ſuch a weakneſs!

In proſperity remember adverſity; and in adverſity forget not proſperity.

To be always complaining is not the way to be lamented.

That firmneſs of mind and moderation of temper, ſo praiſe-worthy in thoſe who bear their

their misfortunes patiently, we approve and admire; and yet so selfish we are, as to think ourselves privileged, upon all occasions, to burden our friends with our misfortunes.

To sooth us under the most alarming disasters, let it be always present to our mind, that the goodness of God is equal to his power. 80

Prudence.

Better that a house be too small for a night, than too large for a year.

The pensionary De Witt being asked, how he could transact such variety of business without confusion, answered, that he never did but one thing at a time.

The productions of those who build, begin immediately to decay: The productions of those who plant, begin immediately to improve.

Matters of great importance and of very small, ought to be despatched at present.

Trust not to others what you can do yourself. A man is always careful in his own affairs. 81

A man ſometimes loſes more by defending his vineyard, than by giving it up.

Lend not to him who is mightier than thyſelf: If thou doſt, count it loſs.

He muſt be imprudent indeed who makes his phyſician his heir.

To let a man into the knowledge of our paſſions, is to furniſh him with weapons that will ſubdue us.

82 Guard your weak ſide from being known. If it be attacked, the beſt way is to join in the attack.

Pride is an excellent quality, provided it be concealed from others.

Proſecute not a coward too far, leſt he turn upon you.

Preſs not on the mighty, leſt thou be ſhut out: But go not far off, leſt he forget thee.

83 A prudent man will lean more to another's counſel than to his own. But he will be aware of counſel ſuggeſted by ſelf-intereſt.

84 That man cannot fail to be ridiculous, who follows implicitly every advice that is given him.

He

He ſhould conſider often who can chooſe 85
but once.

Francis I. conſulting with his generals how to lead his army over the Alps into Italy, Amarel, his fool, ſprung from a corner, and adviſed him to conſult rather how to bring it back.

Your anger againſt a ſervant for theft has no weight; for you are not leſs angry when he neglects to clean a glaſs.

An angry vindication againſt an unjuſt aſperſion tends to ſpread it; becauſe he who is in the wrong is the apteſt to be angry. Calmneſs is a ſtrong ſymptom of innocence.

Common reports, if ridiculous rather than dangerous, are beſt confuted by neglect. Seriouſly to endeavour a confutation, gives ſuſpicion of ſomewhat at bottom. Fame hath much of the ſcold: You ſilence her, if you be ſilent yourſelf. She will ſoon be out of breath with blowing her own trumpet.

Contempt is the beſt return to ſcurrility. 86

Moſt men who arrive at greatneſs aſſume new titles to authorize a new power. The

great art is, when we aſſume new powers, to diſguiſe them under uſual names and appearances.

Shut your ears equally againſt the man who flatters you, or condemns others, without reaſon.

Vaunt not the favours you beſtow. The acknowledgments of the receiver will be the beſt teſt of your generoſity, as well as of his gratitude.

Speak not ill of an enemy: It will be aſcribed to prejudice, not truth.

87 Where a man, naturally candid, has been tempted to do any wrong; the moſt effectual method of reforming him, is to conceal his fault.

88 Abſtain from injuring others, if you wiſh to be in ſafety.

89 It is inhuman to make ſport of what is deſtructive to others.

90 Beware of giving provocation; for the ſtrong are not always ſecure againſt the weak.

91 It is as great cruelty to pardon every crime, as to pardon none.

Never

Never quit certainty for hope. 92

If we would honour merit, we muſt not judge by appearances. 93

Candour.

The beſt practical rule of morality is, never to do but what you are willing all the world ſhould know.

We content ourſelves with appearing to be what we are not, inſtead of endeavouring to be what we appear.

One muſt be acquainted with his failings before he can think of a remedy; but concealing them from others is a ſtep toward concealing them from ourſelves.

A habit of ſincerity in acknowledging faults, is a guard againſt committing them.

Solicitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a ſafer and eaſier courſe frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant: We admire his modeſty. He ſays he is old: We ſcarce think him ſo. He declares himſelf poor: We do not believe it.

The firſt ſtep toward vice, is to make a myſtery of innocent actions: Who loves to hide will ſoon find it neceſſary to hide.

Know thyſelf.

When you deſcant on the faults of others, conſider whether you be not guilty of the ſame. To gain knowledge of ourſelves, the beſt way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for diſcovering our own.

We may learn as much from the faults of our friends as from their inſtructions.

Curioſity.

Liſten not to all that is ſpoke, ſays Solomon, leſt thou hear thy ſervant curſe thee. It is ſcarce credible what uneaſineſs is created by curioſity, when we pry into ſecrets that are better unknown. The diſcovery of ſuch ſecrets loads the mind with ſuſpicion, rendering our conduct unſteady and perplexed. A magic glaſs to view all the malice that is at work againſt us, would be a great curſe.

It

It was esteemed consummate prudence in Pompey to burn all the papers of Sertorius, without casting a single glance on them. Curiosity would indeed have discovered his enemies, but it would have made them irreconcileable.

If you love tranquillity, banish tale-bearers 94
and slanderers. Be not inquisitive about what others say of you, nor about the mistakes of your friends: It is like gathering sticks to burn your own house.

Did none listen to tales, there would be no tale-bearer.

Vanity.

Scarce any show themselves to advantage, who are over solicitous of doing so.

Subdue your restless temper that leads you to aim at pre-eminence in every little circumstance: Like many other passions, it obstructs its own end: Instead of gaining respect, it renders you a most disagreeable companion.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge, than to show it. Men commonly

take great pains to put off the little ſtock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

In company, we are prone to inſtruct others, in order to ſhow our ſuperiority. It would be more cunning to ſave our own ſtock of knowledge, and to give ſcope to that of others. Such parſimony would procure wellwiſhers at leaſt, if not friends.

Allow others to diſcover your merit: They will value it the more for being their own diſcovery.

A wiſe man will avoid the ſhowing any excellence in trifles. He will be known by them at the expence of more valuable talents.

Pride.

Inſtead of looking down with contempt on the crooked in mind or body, we ſhould thankfully look up to God who hath made us better.

The ſordid meal of the Cynics, contributed neither to their tranquillity nor to their modeſty. Pride went with Diogenes into his tub; and there he had the preſumption

to

to command Alexander, the haughtieſt of all men.

Ambition.

Solid merit is a cure for ambition itſelf. A man of merit cannot confine his ambition to fortune or favour: He finds nothing ſolid in theſe to fill his heart: His ambition would be to acquire that ſort of glory which ariſes from diſintereſted virtue. But this is not underſtood among men, and he gives it up.

True glory is not acquired by graſping at 95
power and opulence, but by ſacrificing our own intereſt to that of our country.

Obſtinacy.

Rather ſuffer yourſelf to be put in the wrong when you are right, than put yourſelf in the right when you are wrong.

If the ſpirit of the ruler riſe againſt thee, leave thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences.

Never diſpute for victory, but for inſtruction; and yield to reaſon from whatever quarter.

Never

Never ſuffer your courage to be fierce, your reſolution obſtinate, your wiſdom cunning, nor your patience ſullen.

96 An inflexible temper has much to ſuffer, and little to gain.

Stiffneſs in Opinion.

To meaſure all reaſon by our own, is a plain act of injuſtice: It is an encroachment on the common rights of mankind.

97 Do always what you yourſelf think right, and let others enjoy the ſame privilege. The latter is a duty you owe to your neighbour; and both of them are duties you owe to your Maker.

98 Difference in opinion is no leſs natural than difference in look: It is at the ſame time the very ſalt of converſation. Why then ſhould we be offended at thoſe who think differently from us?

Secrecy.

If you would teach ſecrecy to others, begin with yourſelf. How can you expect another

other will keep your ſecret when you yourſelf cannot ?

It is as groſs ingratitude to publiſh the favours of a miſtreſs, as to conceal thoſe of a friend.

The cloſeneſs of the heart, in matters of importance, is beſt concealed by an openneſs in trifles.

Temperance of Tongue.

Be reſerved in diſcourſe : It never can be hurtful, and it may prevent much miſchief.

A man's fortune is more frequently made by his tongue than by his virtues ; and more frequently cruſhed by it than by his vices.

Curſe not the king, no not in thy thought, nor the rich in thy bed-chamber ; for a bird in the air ſhall carry the voice.

Speak contemptuouſly of no man at an ordinary nor at a public meeting ; leſt ſome friend there engage you in an indiſcreet quarrel, or force you to recant.

Suppoſing it to be a defect to ſpeak favourably of every one ; it is, however, preferable to ſome virtues, being the ſureſt guard againſt the obloquy of others.

With

With reſpect to equals, it is leſs imprudent to act like a maſter than to ſpeak like one.

Neceſſity will excuſe ſome actions; but to juſtify them can never be neceſſary.

Beware equally of raſh blame, and raſh praiſe.

To praiſe a friend aloud, riſing early, has the ſame effect as curſing him, ſays Solomon. Moderate praiſe drops occaſionally, is of great ſervice to the reputation of men: Immoderate, noiſy, and fulſome panegyric diſguſts us at the perſon who praiſes, and at his friend who is the object of his praiſes.

How ſtrange is it that men ſhould remember the ſmalleſt particular of their affairs, and yet forget how often they have tired others with the tedious recital?

Benevolence.

For a trifling benefit to yourſelf, offend not another. To be kind to others, will afford you more ſatisfaction.

Beſtow your favours on the meritorious, and every perſon will be grateful.

Benefits

Benefits too loofely beftowed, and too frequently, are commonly attended with ingratitude.

True liberality confifts not in giving largely, but in giving feafonably.

Give lefs than is expected! rather give nothing: You lofe the gift, and gain no favour.

He makes but a half denial, who denies quickly.

Put a plain coat upon a poor man's back: It will better become thee, than the moft gorgeous upon thy own.

Even felf-intereft is a motive for benevolence. There are none fo low but may have it in their power to return a good office. 99

Nothing is greater than to beftow favours upon thofe who have failed in their duty to us: Nothing is meaner than to receive any from them. 100

Friendfhip.

Let it be your chief object in life to acquire a fincere friend: Friendly fympathy inflames every joy, and foftens every pain. 101

Nothing

Nothing can hurt the reputation of a man who maintains his credit in his own ſociety.

102 Good neighbourhood ſupplies all wants.

Shun to judge in a controverſy between two of your own friends.

It is fit to know the vices of your friend, but not to hate them.

No man continues long to reſpect his friends, who allows himſelf to talk freely of their faults.

103 Nothing tends more to unfaithfulneſs than diſtruſt: To doubt a friend, is to loſe him. Believe a man honeſt, and you make him ſo.

If a man be forced to break off a friendſhip, he ought to withdraw inſenſibly, and without noiſe.

Art of governing others.

The moſt artful way of governing others, is to ſeem to be governed by them. The celebrated Hambden was ſo modeſt, ſo humble, that he ſeemed to have no opinion but what he derived from others. By this means he had a wonderful art of leading

men

men into his principles and views; who all the time believed that they were leading him.

To deal with a man, you muſt know his temper, by which you can lead him; or his ends, by which you can perſuade him; or his friends, by whom you can govern him.

All are idolaters, ſome of glory, ſome of intereſt, ſome of love: The art is to find out the idol. This is the maſter-key to the heart.

To ſhow precipices on all ſides, is the beſt means to bring weak perſons into your path.

We engage others more effectually by promiſes than by preſents. While you keep men in dependence, they will adhere to you.

If it be your purpoſe to bring a man over 104
to your ſide, try to bribe his inclinations.

The fear of not ſaying enough to perſuade, makes us ſay too much to be believed.

A ſlave may be ſubdued by terror: Af- 105
fability and complaiſance are the only means for reclaiming an equal.

Choice of Companions.

A right-turned mind will chuſe the company of free ſpirits, who frankly check or control, rather than thoſe who are full of diſtance and deference. Nothing can be more tireſome, than fawning perſons, who have not, or ſhow not, any will of their own.

Over-delicacy makes a man ſeek for companions that can pleaſe him in every thing. It is far better to ſeek for things that can pleaſe him in every companion.

Company is extremely infectious: There is no medium: We muſt imitate vices, or abhor them.

Avoid evil-doers: In ſuch a ſociety the virtuous come to be almoſt aſhamed of themſelves.

Dangerous it is to contract familiarity with perſons of a perverſe mind or falſe hearts. Behave to ſuch with reſerve, and you will ſhun many rocks in your voyage through life.

Avoid the proud and arrogant, but without letting them perceive it. Otherways you provoke dangerous enemies.

Converſation.

The firſt ingredient in converſation is truth; the next, good ſenſe; the third, good humour; the laſt, wit.

The beſt method to ſucceed in converſation, is, to admire little, to hear much, to ſeem diſtruſtful of your own reaſon, but to ſet that of others in the fulleſt light.

Let thy diſcourſe rather appear as eaſily drawn, than fondly iſſuing from thee; that thou mayeſt not betray thy weakneſs to hold, nor inclination to talk, but deſire to gratify thy friends.

The great error in converſation is, to be fonder of ſpeaking than of hearing. Few ſhow more complaiſance than to pretend to hearken, intent all the while upon what they themſelves have to ſay; not conſidering that to ſeek one's own pleaſure ſo paſſionately is not the way to pleaſe others.

To make another's wit appear more than your own, is a wholeſome rule.

Let others take notice of your wit, never yourſelf.

106 Ridicule is contemptible in perſons who poſſeſs no other talent.

All the world are plagued with cold jeſters: We trade every where upon ſuch inſects. A good jeſter is uncommon; and he finds it a hard taſk to maintain his character long; for he that makes others laugh, ſeldom procures eſteem to himſelf.

Good breeding.

He who reſtrains himſelf, and gives others liberty, will always paſs for a well-bred man.

Nothing ſo nauſeous as undiſtinguiſhed civility. It is like a hoſteſs, who beſtows her kindneſs equally on every gueſt.

Thoſe who are extremely civil, are ſeldom ſociable; becauſe company gives them more trouble than entertainment.

To be complaiſant to the loweſt, is one way to become a match for the higheſt.

To be an Engliſhman in London, a Frenchman in Paris, a Spaniard in Madrid, is no eaſy matter; and yet it is neceſſary.

From

From equals one is in danger of too great familiarity; and, therefore, with reſpect to them, it is good to keep up ſome ſtate: From inferiors one is ſure of reſpect; and therefore with them it is good to be ſomewhat familiar.

A man, entirely without ceremony, has need of great merit.

In ſeconding another, it is good to add ſomewhat of your own. If you approve his opinion, let it be with a diſtinction: If you follow his counſel, let it be with adding other reaſons. In this way, you will preſerve both your ſuperiority and the good will of others.

Seldom do we talk of ourſelves with ſucceſs. If I condemn myſelf, more is believed than is expreſſed: If I praiſe myſelf, much leſs.

I am aware how improper it is to talk much of my wife; never reflecting how much more improper it is to talk much of myſelf.

We make ſo diſagreeable and ridiculous a figure with the monoſyllable I, *I did*, *I*

ſaid, that it were better to forſwear it altogether.

107 He who cannot bear a jeſt, ought never to make one.

Travelling.

108 Travelling may produce coxcombs; but, without good ſenſe, attention, and reflection, will never produce real merit.

Labour to unite in thyſelf the ſcattered perfections of the ſeveral nations thou travelleſt among. Of one, who frequented a library, and commonly excerpted the mereſt trifles, it was ſaid, that he weeded the library. Many travellers weed foreign countries, importing German drunkenneſs, Spaniſh pride, French levity, and Italian deceit.—German induſtry, Spaniſh loyalty, French courteſy, and Italian frugality, are good herbs which are left behind.

Marriage.

109 He will probably find a good wife, who ſeeks nothing elſe.

Equal

Equal matches are generally the moſt happy.

Violent love is the worſt of all reaſons for marriage: A couple who have no better reaſon for uniting, ſeldom continue long happy.

In chuſing a wife, great beauty ought rather to be avoided than preferred. An agreeable figure and winning manner, which inſpire affection without love, are always new. Beauty loſes its reliſh; the Graces, never: After the longeſt acquaintance, they are no leſs agreeable than at firſt.

An unquiet life between huſband and wife, leſſens both in the eſteem of others.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Exhortations to Virtue, and Diſſuaſives from Vice.

110 VIRTUE has a charm that ſubdues the moſt obdurate hearts.

In the deepeſt diſtreſs, virtue is more illuſtrious, than vice in its higheſt proſperity.

111 The pleaſures of parental fondneſs make large amends for all its anxieties.

A good-natured man has the whole world to be happy in. Whatever good befalls his ſpecies, a worthy man advanced, a modeſt man encouraged, the indigent relieved, all theſe he looks upon as remoter bleſſings to himſelf. Providence makes him amends for the narrowneſs of his fortune, by doing for him, what he himſelf would do in power and riches.

Civility is not ſo ſlight a matter as it is commonly thought: It is a duty we owe to

others

others as well as to ourſelves; for how unjuſt is it to diſtreſs a perſon who merits no puniſhment?

Without good-breeding, a court would be the ſeat of violence and deſolation. There, all the paſſions are in fermentation, becauſe all purſue what but few can obtain: There, if enemies did not embrace, they would ſtab: There, ſmiles are often put on to conceal tears: There, mutual ſervices are profeſſed, while mutual injuries are intended: And there, the guile of the ſerpent ſimulates the gentleneſs of the dove. To what a degree muſt good-breeding adorn the beauty of truth, when it can thus ſoften the deformity of falſehood?

There are three ſtages of life; the preſent, the paſt, and the future. The preſent is momentary, the future dubious, the paſt only certain. It is loſt to the buſy, who have no time to look back; and to the wicked, who have no inclination. That man muſt keep a ſtrict watch over his actions, who propoſes pleaſure in reflection. He who indulges the thirſt of ambition, the ſtubborneſs of pride, the ſavageneſs of conqueſt,

queſt, the ſhame of deceit, the miſery of avarice, and the bitterneſs of prodigality, muſt for ever be an enemy to memory. The paſt, no longer in the power of fortune, is, to the virtuous only, a conſtant ſource of enjoyment. What ſatisfaction, in looking back with approbation! what uneaſineſs, in looking back with ſhame and remorſe! This, above every conſideration, eſtabliſhes the preference of virtue, and ſets it at an infinite diſtance from vice. Let us conſider every good action, as adding to a ſtock that will ſupport us, for a lifetime, in chearfulneſs and good humour; a ſtock that may be liberally uſed, without diminution. Let us conſider every vicious action, as contracting a debt beyond our power of paying, and which, therefore, will diſtreſs us for ever.

Princes have courtiers, the voluptuous have companions, the wicked have accomplices, the merchant has partners; but none but the virtuous can have a friend.

Virtue is the ſureſt road to happineſs: It ſweetens every enjoyment, and is the ſovereign antidote to misfortunes.

To

To place religion entirely on the obſervance of rites and ceremonies, is the very eſſence of ſuperſtition. 112

A wicked man cannot have any true love or eſteem for himſelf. The ſenſe of his depravity muſt diſguſt him.

Light is no leſs favourable to merit, than unfavourable to impoſture. 113

None but the virtuous dare hope in bad circumſtances.

You have obliged a man: Very well! what would you have more? Is not the conſciouſneſs of doing good a ſufficient reward?

Honeſty is the beſt policy. 114

Pleaſures, unleſs wholly innocent, never continue ſo long as the ſting they leave behind them.

See that moth fluttering inceſſantly round the candle: Man of pleaſure, behold thy image?

In a juſt account of profit and loſs, an unlawful gain is a greater misfortune than a real loſs. This is but once felt; that ſcarce ever wears out, but is the ſource of continual affliction.

Uſurpers

115 Uſurpers and tyrants generally do juſtice upon themſelves for the injuries they do others. Conſcience performs the office of the executioner, puniſhing their public crimes by private remorſe, and by tormenting them with never-ceaſing fears and jealouſies.

The ungrateful rejoice but once in the favours the receive; the greateful always. Compare their lives: The one is ſad, and ſolicitous, as a deceiver, and breaker of faith; the other chearful and open, pleaſed with the favour, more pleaſed when he makes the return.

Though ingratitude may eſcape courts of law, don't think it eſcapes puniſhment. What puniſhment can be more ſevere than public hatred, and private remorſe? Stung with the conſciouſneſs of the ſneaking vice, he dares accept a benefit from none, dares beſtow it upon none, is pointed at by all, or believes himſelf to be.

116 How many are they, who ſpare nothing to ſupport their luxury, and yet think much to beſtow a trifling ſum upon a poor relation in want? But why this hard-hearted-

neſs?

neſs? Do they not proceed from the ſame ſtock? Did not thoſe riches once belong to their common anceſtors? and could theſe anceſtors ſuppoſe a ſmall pittance would be refuſed to any of their deſcendents? Could they imagine any of their heirs would be of ſo cruel a diſpoſition, as to ſuffer their relations to periſh with cold and hunger?

Behold the wheel of fortune inceſſantly turning round. Thoſe poor relations whom you at preſent deſpiſe, may they not poſſibly, in their turn, be raiſed to offices and dignities? Your grandchildren may poſſibly need their aſſiſtance.

We ſhould bear with patience a ſmall 117
evil, when it is connected with a greater good.

A man is not more happy by the wealth he enjoys, than by what he beſtows.

The avaritious have no enjoyment of what 118
they retain: The liberal enjoy even what they give away.

You who beſtow have the advantage; the receiver becomes attached to your intereſt, and you eſtabliſh a ſort of ſovereignty over him.

119 He who, in prosperity, gives to every one without discretion, will, in adversity, find every one without gratitude.

120 It is the infatuation of misers, to take gold and silver for things really good; whereas they are only some of the means by which good things may be procured.

121 Wisdom hid, and treasure hoarded up, what profit is there in them?

Parsimony is enough to make the master of the golden mines as poor as he that has nothing: For a man may be brought to a morsel of bread, by parsimony, as well as by profusion.

122 The fable of Tantalus is fitly applied to the miser. He has a continual drought, continual craving of nature; and yet there is a pain, a torture, in parting with the smallest sum, even to answer his pinching necessities. He beholds plenty, it is within his reach; he greedily grasps at it, but the evil spirit will scarce allow him a drop to cool the tip of his tongue.

Poverty wants much, avarice every thing. Money is a useful servant, but a most tyrannical master.

To

To the avaricious, what can befal worſe than long life?

The gift of the covetous ſhall do thee no good, for he looketh to be repaid many fold. He giveth little, but upbraideth much; he openeth his mouth like a town-cryer. To-day he lendeth, to-morrow he aſketh again. Such a one is hated of God and man.

Prudence is of everlaſting uſe: For how few are ſo virtuous as they wiſh to appear?

To the unprepared, every misfortune is extreme; the prepared hardly feel any ſo.

No man is ſo fooliſh, but he may give good council at a time: No man ſo wiſe, but he may err, if he take no counſel but his own.

The man who lets go the rein and gives himſelf up to inclination, is not his own friend, more than his own maſter. When once a man can command himſelf, he may, when he will, command others.

The maſter's example has more influence on his ſervants than his authority; for we cannot expect from a ſervant more virtue than his maſter poſſeſſes.

123 He twice ſubdues, who ſubdues himſelf in victory.

That man only, who miſtakes the falſe and fleeting goods of fortune for his own, and values himſelf upon them, will be tormented when they forſake him.

He whoſe ruling paſſion is love of praiſe, is a ſlave to every one who has a tongue for detraction.

124 Poverty with peace is preferable to affluence with anxiety.

Poverty whets the genius, opulence blunts it: When the belly is empty, the body becomes all ſpirit: When full, the ſpirit becomes all body.

Always to indulge our appetites is to extinguiſh them. Abſtain, that you may enjoy.

Health, a bleſſing that all wiſh to enjoy, is not to be ſecured but by exerciſe or labour. But unfortunately the poor are apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the eaſe and affluence of their ſuperiors; not conſidering that the uſual attendants upon a great fortune are anxiety and diſeaſe.

What

What a ſlavery muſt he be under, who is a ſlave to fortune? Exert yourſelf, and proclaim liberty, to which no other road leads, but a bold neglect of the goods of fortune. If you ſhake off idle fears, aſſert independency, and encourage chearfulneſs, ſerenity, and openneſs of heart, your happineſs is built upon a rock; the winds blow, tempeſts roar, but behold it remains unſhaken.

Of our ſhort lives, how ſhort a ſpace do we live? The temper that leads to put great weight upon trifles, and conſequently to raiſe great trouble and vexation out of nothing, is the chief ingredient of that bitter mixture which makes life unhappy.

Folly is a bad quality; but never to endure it in others, is the greateſt of follies.

An ingenuous confeſſion ſtands in the next place to innocence.

Did men beſtow the pains to mend, that they do to conceal their failings, they would ſpare themſelves the uneaſineſs of diſſimulation, and in time acquire real merit.

Chuſe ever the plaineſt road, it always anſwers beſt. For the ſame reaſon, chuſe ever to do and ſay what is the moſt juſt, and the

moſt direct. This conduct will ſave a thouſand bluſhes, and a thouſand ſtruggles, and will deliver you from thoſe ſecret torments which are the never-failing attendants of diſſimulation.

A thorough diſſimulation is the foreſt taſk a man can undertake, where the paſſions to be hid are, malice, hatred, or revenge; which, like ſavage beaſts, are continually breaking their chains, to the deſtruction of their keeper. What anxiety and torture is the lot of the deep diſſembler, who, to ſecure a pityful revenge, forces his temper to careſs and fawn upon his bitter enemies? His reſolution equals that of the Lacedemonian youth, who, to ſave a diſcovery, ſuffered the fox to eat into his bowels. Pity it were, that a quality ſo noble, ſhould be ſo meanly employed. But, ſeriouſly, is it ſo politic, to commit this violence upon nature, for the ruin of an enemy? Don't we give him too great advantage over us, when we ſacrifice the repoſe of our lives, only to do him a miſchief? To get rid of an enemy; it is, believe me, a more refined ſtratagem, to get rid of the paſſion that makes him our enemy. Let

us

us throw the fox out of our bosom; for in this case, there is neither shame nor danger in the discovery.

Envy and wrath shorten life; and anxiety 125
bringeth age before its time.

Who overcomes wrath, overcomes his strongest enemy.

To have your enemy in your power, 126
and yet to do him good, is the greatest heroism.

Wounds may be bound up, and words forgiven; but he who betrays the secrets of his friends, loses all credit.

Modesty, were it to be recommended for nothing else, leaves a man at ease, by pretending to little: Whereas vain-glory requires perpetual labour to appear what one is not. If we have sense, modesty best sets it off; if not, best hides the want.

That man will never be proud who considers his own imperfections, and those of human nature.

Not a day passes but what may bring misery to us; and yet not a day passes in which we are not proud, insolent, and conceited.

Humour

127 Humour that is forced againſt the natural bent of temper, muſt be ridiculous. If we follow nature, our beſt guide, we ſhall at leaſt not be abſurd. But ſo prevalent is vanity, and the apiſh humour of imitation, that we never doubt to practiſe with applauſe, whatever we ſee another ſucceed in. So ſome grave men, moved with the ſucceſs of humorous drolls, forget their character, and, to be wits, turn buffoons.

128 Nothing tends more to make us ridiculous, than the endeavour to imitate our ſuperiors.

Whoſe only motive to action is vanity, what gains he by putting on a maſk? To praiſe a cripple for his handſome ſhape, is an injury. If the world commend your valour, when you know yourſelf a coward, it is truly not you they talk of; they miſtake you for another.

When a man yields to our impetuoſity in reaſoning, we may conclude it more to the force of our words, than of our arguments; and how then muſt he undervalue us in his heart? Let us reflect whether we can bear

to

to be dispised, and then be angry if we dare.

When, even in the heat of dispute, I yield to my antagonist, my victory over myself is more illustrious, than over him, had he yielded to me.

What a deal of time and ease that man gains, who is not troubled with the spirit of curiosity; who lets his neighbours alone to themselves; confines his inspection to his own affairs; and takes care of the point of honesty and conscience!

Get once over the fear of death, and other evils will make but a slight impression.

Fear and grief are cowards; give way, and they push on; resist, and they retire.

The high vulgar are more despicable than the low. The former brutally neglect learning: The latter only want means to attain it.

Prepossession in favour of the great is so blind, and we are so disposed to admire what they say and do, that would they be but good and virtuous, it might go the length of idolatry.

The

129 The refined luxuries of the table, beſide enervating the body, poiſon that very pleaſure they are intended to promote: For, by ſoliciting the appetite, they exclude the greateſt pleaſure of taſte, that which ariſes from the gratification of hunger.

A parliament, or a court of juſtice, aſſembled about the moſt important affair, is not ſo ſerious or ſolemn, as a company of gameſters engaged in deep play. Hazard, that blind and ſavage deity, preſides over the circle, and gives forth her ſovereign and irreverſible decrees. Profound honours are paid her, by an attentive and ſolemn ſilence. All other paſſions are ſuſpended; love is forgot, reputation laid aſide, hypocriſy throws off the maſk, and the ſmooth and flattering air is no longer ſeen upon the courtier. Sad ſeverity reigns upon their countenances, and each becomes an implacable enemy to his fellows.

The half of my time is gone, why torment myſelf about the remainder? The moſt ſhining fortune, merits not the anxiety it gives me in the acquiſition, nor the artifices I muſt recur to, nor the frequent diſappointments

I muſt endure. Behold a few more years, and that grand coloſſus is no more to be ſeen, than the creatures he overſhadows. If I have repoſe, and a retreat which I can call my own, why ſeek for more in this life?

Remember the uncertainty of life, and reſtrain thy hand from evil. He that was yeſterday a king, behold him dead, and the beggar is better than he.

Life is ſhort and uncertain; we have not 130
a moment to loſe: Is it prudent to throw away any of our time in tormenting ourſelves or others, when we have ſo little for honeſt pleaſures? Forgetting our weakneſs, we ſtir up mighty enmities, and fly to wound as if we were invulnerable. Wherefore all this buſtle and noiſe? Fate hangs over us, and charges to our account, even thoſe days we ſpend in pain. The hour you deſtine for another's death, is perhaps deſtined for your own. The beſt uſe of a ſhort life is, to make it agreeable to ourſelves and to others. Have you cauſe of quarrel with your ſervant, your maſter, your king, your neighbour? forbear a moment, death is at hand, which makes all equal. What has man to do with wars,

tumults,

tumults, ambuſhes? You would deſtroy your enemy: you loſe your trouble, death will do your buſineſs while you are at reſt. And, after all, when you have got your revenge, how ſhort will be your joy, or his pain? While we are among men, let us cultivate humanity; let us not be the cauſe of fear, nor of pain, to one another. Let us deſpiſe injury, malice, and detraction; and bear with an equal mind ſuch tranſitory evils. While we ſpeak, while we think, death comes up, and cloſes the ſcene.

131 Honeſty makes a capital figure in a prince, becauſe few princes practiſe it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

REFLECTIONS and INFERENCES.

From an Effect to trace its Cauſe.

IN ſeveral parts of Scotland, coals in heaps are ſeen at the door of every peaſant. May we not ſafely infer from this fact, that, in theſe parts, there is great plenty of coal? Coals are locked up where they are ſcarce. In Herefordſhire, apples grow in every hedge, open to all. Does not this evince plenty of apple-trees in that country?

If you ſee many reapers together in a field, you may conclude the farms to be large, and the country not well peopled. Where there are many reapers, diſperſed in ſmall knots through different fields, conclude that the farms are ſmall, and the country populous.

In a parish where the people make a great bustle about a new minister, we may safely conclude, that there is little industry in this parish.

In a great city, benevolence degenerates into humanity, and friendship into a slight affection. The reason is, that a great city affords a wide circle of agreeable acquaintance; and that a man, engaged in such a circle, has no time to spare for the stricter ties of friendship.

The furniture of a house is an image of the owner: If gay, splendid, and expensive, we may presume that such is the character of the proprietor. But, if you see order without formality, peace without slavery, and abundance without profusion, say with confidence, that the owner is a man of taste and judgment.

When a man says in conversation, that it is fine weather, does he mean to inform you of the fact? Surely not; for every one knows it as well as he does. He means to communicate his agreeable feelings.

From

From a Cauſe to trace its Effects.

College-oaths, reduced by cuſtom to be a matter of form merely, are an early initiation into looſe manners.

If you find a man who takes it ill to be thought ignorant of any thing, take it for granted that he is ignorant of every thing. For what can more effectually keep a man ignorant, than to refuſe inſtruction?

The mode of reclining upon a bed at meals, derived from Aſia to Greece and Rome, is not friendly to converſation. We are animated by looks and geſtures as much as by words.

Gallantry, among the French, ſmothers love, as politeneſs does friendſhip.

The moſt obvious Inference is not always the true Inference.

In the weſt of Scotland, corn-ſtacks are covered with more care and neatneſs than in the eaſt. Would not a ſtranger naturally infer, that the inhabitants are more induſ-

trious? Not ſo: It is owing to the climate; for the rain that falls in the weſt of Britain doubles nearly what falls in the eaſt.

The ancient ſeats of our nobility and gentry would make one believe that they were altogether devoid of taſte. The houſe is placed at the extremity of the eſtate, or in the middle of a moraſs, or on a rugged rock. But our forefathers were not at liberty to follow their taſte: They were obliged to ſtudy ſecurity. The only perſons who were at liberty to follow taſte were churchmen; and we find religious houſes every where in the moſt delightful ſpots.

Sagacity in decyphering the real characters of men is extremely uſeful, but extremely rare. Many paſs for being ſocial and benevolent, though they are fond of company merely from vanity to ſhine in converſation. Many appear good natured and polite, to ſhun obloquy. Many aſſume a fierce air, to hide cowardice. And many purchaſe books, not for inſtruction nor amuſement, but to be thought men of knowledge. A man paſſes for being avaricious, becauſe he abſtains

from

from ſuperfluities, in order to relieve the indigent. Lewis XII. of France was accuſed of avarice, becauſe he would not oppreſs his ſubjects in order to enrich his courtiers. On the other hand, a man is praiſed for generoſity, who ſcatters with oſtentation what he acquires by injuſtice: He makes pompous preſents, but forgets to pay his debts. One woman is diſhonoured forever, though ſhe bitterly repents of having been once led aſtray; while the aſſurance of another covers her from reproach.

There is no tradition about what time the bridge of Stirling was erected; but there is a ſtone in it marked with the year 1211. Would not one conclude this to be the date of the bridge? But tradition ſays, that there was a former bridge which became ruinous, and that the ſtone mentioned, with many others, were applied to the new bridge. We ought to be cautious in our ſearches into antiquity; for there is but one paſſage to truth, and error lies on each ſide.

Obſervations and Reflections.

Barbarians are ſlaves to cuſtom: Polite people to faſhions. The Hottentots are an inſtance of the former: The French of the latter.

Luxury of the table attracts chiefly the dull and phlegmatic: Perſons of gaiety ſoar above it.

A great miſtake in choofing a companion for life, is to lay weight on the preſent charms, without conſidering what effect they will produce in the married ſtate. Baſhfulneſs and reſerve are agreeable in a young woman; but they make not a capital figure after ſhe is married. On the other hand, gaiety, giddineſs, and coquetry, are wonderfully enticing; but they are very improper in a married woman. I knew a young woman, frank, honeſt, and hoſpitable; but of manners a little coarſe and unpoliſhed. Who would choofe for a wife one ſo deficient in delicacy and good breeding? She found, however, a huſband; and regard to him made her aſſume a more correct behaviour:

His

His politeneſs inſenſibly grafted itſelf upon her: He was hoſpitable, and ſhe made an excellent ſecond.

The kindly and benevolent have commonly a better opinion of others than the harſh and ſevere; for we naturally judge others to be like ourſelves. Harmony in a man's own mind, diſpoſes him to a conviction of univerſal harmony, and of benevolent Providence. What then muſt the atheiſt be?

Bodily pain is far from being the ſevereſt; yet to no other pain have we ſo great an averſion: Wiſely ſo ordered for ſelf-preſervation.

Sitting is the beſt poſture for deliberation, ſtanding for perſuaſion. A judge, therefore, ſhould ſpeak ſitting: A pleader, ſtanding.

It is pedantry to obtrude frequently and unſeaſonably our own knowledge in common diſcourſe, and, in certain articles, to aſſume an air of ſuperiority. According to this definition, a courtier or a ſoldier may be guilty of pedantry, as well as a philoſopher or a divine. Women are guilty of

pedantry,

pedantry, when they harangue about their pettycoats, their fans, or their china.

William the Conqueror ſwore by God's ſplendour; his ſon, William Rufus, by St Luke's face. Were oaths anciently ſo ſcarce, as to oblige a man to invent one for himſelf, like a motto or device?

The ſtupendous wall of China is evidence of a rich and populous nation. But it is alſo evidence of an effeminate nation? Men of courage chooſe to defend themſelves by the ſword, not by bulwarks. The walls built by Hadrian and Severus to defend the Britons againſt the Caledonians, is a certain ſymptom that the Romans at that time were in a declining ſtate.

ILLUS-

ILLUSTRATIONS,

HISTORICAL

AND

ALLEGORICAL.

ILLUSTRATIONS,

HISTORICAL AND ALLEGORICAL.

I.

THE Abbè de Vateville was a man of lively imagination, and of warm paſſions. Hearing, one day, a ſermon on the fire of hell, he was inſtantly ſeized with the terror of eternal damnation. In order to mortify his unruly paſſions, he became a Capuchin friar. But, finding no ſufficient mortification in this order, he entered into that of the Carthuſians. There he paſſed three or four years in a very edifying manner; but, not being able to drive from his memory the pleaſures of the world, he ſettled in the opinion, that to live in the world would be no obſtacle to his ſalvation. Having laid a plan for his eſcape, he was ſeized by the prior in attempting to ſcale the wall. To diſengage himſelf, he pulled out his knife,

and

and laid the prior dead at his feet. In the inn, where he lodged that night, he had a quarrel with a young French officer. They went to the field in the morning, and the officer was killed. Vateville, inclining to enlift in the troops of the King of Spain, his mafter obtained letters of recommendation to feveral gentlemen in Madrid. At Perpignan, where he ftopped fome days, he debauched the daughter of his landlord, promifing to marry her as foon as he fhould be in office. While he was foliciting employment at Madrid, he quarrelled with a cavalier on the ftreet: They fought by moonlight: The cavalier was killed; and being found to be the fon of a grandee, our adventurer retired to a village where there was a nunnery, to the abbefs of which he had letters of recommendation. He told her his adventure, and fuggefted to her the neceffity of hiding till the matter fhould be forgot. The abbefs received him with great civility, and permitted him to converfe with the nuns at the grate. He fell in love with one of the nuns, young and handfome, who had

been

been thruſt into the nunnery againſt her inclination. It was not difficult to gain her heart; and they made ſhift to meet ſometimes without being obſtructed by the grate. The intrigue being diſcovered, he was bitterly reproached by the abbeſs for his ingratitude. He ſhed many tears, and appeared to be a ſincere penitent. Her advice was, that he ſhould ſlip off privately; and ſhe even gave him money for his journey. He wrote to his nun, with an offer to marry her: She made her eſcape, and flew to his arms. They got to Liſbon without being diſcovered, where they found a ſhip ready to ſail for Smyrna. He ſold his horſe, bought ſome merchant-goods, and agreed with the captain for his paſſage. The captain treated him with great civility, chiefly on the lady's account, who touched his heart. She appeared ſo fond of her huſband, that he loſt all hopes; but he eſteemed her the more on that account.

Having landed at Smyrna, Vateville was warmly recommended by the captain to his acquaintance. In this city the lady fell ill, and died, leaving her huſband inconſolable.

He set out for Constantinople, procured a commission in the troops of the Grand Seignior; and, by his vigilance, activity, and insinuation, became the chief favourite of the Aga his captain, who persuaded him to turn Mahometan, as a sure road to preferment. He was warmly recommended by the Aga, and, by his means, obtained a considerable post in the army. His appointments enabled him to purchase five or six female slaves, with whom he lived much at his ease. After passing seventeen or eighteen years in this indolent sort of life, his patron was disgraced, and turned out of office. Vateville found it necessary to take new measures. Resolving to leave a country where he had no longer any protection nor hope of preferment, he wrote a letter to the Pope, signifying, that he was stung with remorse of conscience, and that, with permission of his Holiness, he was resolved to return to his own country, and die a good Christian. Another letter he wrote to the King of Spain, demanding an employment that would yield him eighteen thousand livres yearly, the same he enjoyed among the Turks. At the

same

ſame time, he wrote to the Emperor's general in Hungary, that, upon obtaining a favourable reſponſe from the Pope and the King of Spain, he would betray into the general's hands four thouſand Turks, who were under his command. The Emperor being at that time at war with the Grand Seignior, gladly embraced Vateville's offer, and obtained for him all he demanded. Vateville led his troops into an ambuſcade, and they were all taken priſoners. Vateville returned to Franche Conté, the place of his nativity, where he paſſed moſt of his time in hunting and deſtroying noxious animals. He was fond of good cheer; but beſtowed on charity all he could ſpare from living. He ſettled penſions on two ſurgeons for taking care of the poor. He entertained two ſchoolmaſters for educating the poor boys and girls in the neighbourhood; and he gave a penſion to an advocate for aſſiſting him in accommodating differences among his neighbours. He was both ſevere and ſudden in his puniſhments; otherwiſe eaſy in his temper; a good neighbour, juſt, and benevolent. It is reported, that he died in firm hopes of

paradiſe; being perſuaded that his ſincere penitence would procure him God's pardon for his crimes.

2.

At the ſiege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company command- by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private centinel: There happened between theſe two men a diſpute about a matter of love, which, upon ſome aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to ſtrike his rival, and profeſs the ſpite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without reſiſtence; but frequently ſaid, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had ſpent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midſt of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the caſtle, where the corporal received a ſhot in the thigh, and fell. The French preſſing on,

on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here? Valentine immediately ran back, and, in the midſt of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the Abbey of Salſine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: His body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, roſe up, tearing his hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding carcaſe, crying, Ah, Valentine! was it for me who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades, who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dreſſed by force; but the next day, ſtill calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorſe and deſpair.

3.

Captain R. being taken prisoner by the French Indians at a battle in North-America, was carried to their town to be sacrificed in the usual barbarous manner. He was tied to a stake, and on the verge of the most cruel tortures, when an old Indian of authority starting up, reprived him from death, and took him for a slave. His treatment was humane, and his servitude tolerable. A year and a half passed in this manner, when an engagement happened between the English and Indians. The old man taking the Captain to an eminence, addressed him as follows: 'My friend! You see the men of your 'country are going to attack us. You have li-'ved with me a year and a half: You came 'to me totally ignorant; but I have made a 'man of you. I have taught you to build 'canoes, to kill beaver, to hunt, and to scalp 'your enemy: Are you not obliged to me?' The Captain expressing his gratitude, the Indian asked him, 'Have you a father?' 'I believe he is living,' replied the Captain.

'Poor

'Poor man! I pity him. Know I was once 'a father! my ſon fell at my ſide, fell glori- 'ouſly covered with wounds;—but I reven- 'ged his death; I ſcalped and then killed 'his enemy.' Making here a pauſe, he pro- 'ceeded: 'Behold that ſun! with what a 'brightneſs it ſhines to you. Since that day 'a cloud has darkened all its radiance in my 'eyes.—See that tree, pointing to a magno- 'lio, which bloſſoms ſo fair for you; to me 'it has loſt all its beauty.—Go—return to 'your father. Let the ſun ſhine with all its 'brightneſs for him, and the tree appear in 'all its beauty.'

4.

A ſovereign, in a progreſs thro' his king- dom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a ſingular fact, That one of the inhabitants, a man of ſeventy years old, had never been without the walls. The man was called to the King; and, being poor, obtain- ed a penſion; but, upon the following pro- viſion, That he ſhould forfeit his penſion if ever he ſet foot out of the town. But here

even

even cuſtom could not prevail over love of liberty: The man did not continue long at eaſe; his confinement became inſupportable, and he loſt his penſion in ſix months.

5.

The pretorian bands were at firſt billetted through the city of Rome. It was Sejanus who contrived barracks for them. And the following reaſon is given by Tacitus, 'That 'their union might inſpire them with cou-'rage, and others with fear.'

6.

The cruelty and wickedneſs of Tiberius became a puniſhment upon himſelf; nor could he refrain expreſſing to the ſenate the agonies of his mind. Tacitus obſerves, that, in the ſame manner as the body is torn with laſhes, the mind is torn with luſt and cruelty.

Dionyſius, tyrant of Syracuſe, was always bewraying his unhappineſs. Damocles, one

of.

of his flatterers, descanting upon his magnificence, his power, his riches; Dionysius said to him, 'These things seem to delight you; 'make a trial of my place, by way of expe-'riment.' Damocles was instantly arrayed in a purple robe, was attended by the King's guards; to him all bowed the knee, and in every respect he was treated as King. In the midst of his pomp, Dionysius ordered a naked sword to be hung from the ceiling, by a horse hair, directly over the royal throne, where Damocles was sitting at a feast. From that moment Damocles lost his stomach, his joy vanished, and he begged to be restored to the security of his former condition. Dionysius thus tacitly acknowledged, that his happiness was poisoned by a constant terror he was under, of the punishment he deserved for his cruelty and injustice.

7.

A cat having devoured a favourite bullfinch, overheard her master threatening death the moment he could find her. In this distress, she preferred a prayer to Jupiter;

ter; vowing, if he would deliver her from her preſent danger, that never, while ſhe lived, would ſhe eat another bird. Soon thereafter a bat moſt invitingly flew into the room upon puſs purring in a window. The difficulty was how to act upon ſo tempting an occaſion: Appetite preſſed hard on the one ſide, and the vow on the other. At length a diſtinction removed all difficulties, by leading her to this determination, that as a bird it was unlawful prize, but as a mouſe ſhe might conſcientiouſly eat it.

8.

Rhadamiſtus plotting, by favour of the Romans, to get poſſeſſion of the kingdom of his uncle Mithridates, got the King under his power by the ſtrongeſt proteſtations of friendſhip, promiſing that he ſhould run no riſk either of poiſon or the ſword. Rhadamiſtus kept his word in the literal ſenſe, by ſtifling the King to death.

9.

Beſſus the Paeonian being reproached as cruel, for pulling down a neſt of young ſparrows,

rows, and killing them, justified himself, saying, that these little creatures never ceased accusing him falsely of his father's murder. And thus was the parracide discovered, which had been perpetrated in the most secret manner.

10.

Upon the flight of the Persians after the battle of Arbela, Quintus Curtius relates, that a number of them were drowned in the river Lycus. He adds the following reflection, That, in shunning, any danger, it is common to run headlong into a greater. For, says he, when fear has once filled the mind, there is no room for another passion, not even for one of the same kind. We are blind to all dangers save what at first raised our terror.

11.

An old man fatigued with a burden of sticks, threw it down peevishly, calling upon death to deliver him from a miserable life.

Death

life. Death came prefently, in his wonted ghaftly form, defiring to know the gentleman's commands: 'Only, Good Sir, that 'you'll do me the favour to help me on with 'my burden again.'

An afs, in a hard winter, wifhed for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of frefh grafs. The warm weather and the frefh grafs came; but with them fo much toil, that the afs grows quickly as fick of the fpring as he had been of the winter. His drudgery increafing in the fummer, he fancies he fhall never be well till autumn come; but in autumn, with carrying apples, grapes, fewel, winter-provifions, he is in a greater hurry than ever. His laft prayer is for winter again, that he may take up his reft where he began his complaint.

A fat parfon, who had long dofed over fermons in his pulpit, and ftrong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tithes, to exert himfelf mightily. His text was, the patience of Job. Deeply impreffed with his own difcourfe, he, for the

the firſt time acknowledged to his ſpouſe at ſupper, that he was ſomewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was reſolved to practiſe himſelf what he had preached to others. But now, my jewel, ſays he, let us refreſh ourſelves with a ſip of the beſt. Remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent? The obedient wife, raviſhed with his good humour, flew to the cellar. But, alas, the barrel was ſtaved, and quite empty. What ſhould ſhe do? There was no hiding. My dear, ſaid ſhe, with deſpair in her eyes, what a ſad accident has happened! I am ſorry, replied the parſon, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relate to me, I am reſolved to bear it with Chriſtian patience. ——But where is the beer all this while? 'Alack-a-day, that is the very thing. How 'it has happened, I cannot underſtand, but 'it is all ſwimming on the ground.' What do pious reſolutions avail, when the hour of temptation comes? The parſon fell into a violent paſſion, raved, exclaimed. My life, ſays ſhe, do but reflect upon your ſermon, think of the patience of Job. Job, ſaid he,

 don't

don't talk to me of Job's patience; Job never had a barrel of ſuch beer.

12.

At the ſiege of Cremona, its beautiful ampitheatre was reduced to aſhes; by what accident, whether by the fire of the beſiegers or beſieged, was uncertain. The inhabitants of the colony, low minds being prone to ſuſpicion, believed it to be done by ſome of their neighbours, through envy of a ſtructure, the moſt capacious of the kind in Italy. Tacitus relating this accident †, obſerves, that, during the ſiege, while the city was threatened with greater misfortunes, the deſtruction of this edifice was little regarded, but that, after the citizens were reſtored to ſecurity, they mourned the loſs, as if nothing more fatal could have befallen them.

13.

One aſking a lazy young fellow, what made him lie in bed ſo long? I am buſied, ſays he, in hearing

† Hiſt. l. 2. § 21.

hearing counſel every morning. Induſtry adviſes me to get up, Sloth to lie ſtill; and ſo they give me twenty reaſons *pro* and *con*. It is my part to hear what is ſaid on both ſides; and by the time the cauſe is over, dinner is ready.

14.

La Motte, l. 5. Fab. 17.

MARTIN ſervoit un financier.
Un jeune etudiant êtoit le fils du maître;
Et le valet et l'ecolier
Etoient amis autant qu'on le peut être.
Parfois enſemble ils raiſonnoient:
De quoi; des maîtres et des peres.
Sur le tapis ſans ceſſe ils les tenoient.
Les maîtres ſont de vrais Corſaires,
Diſoit Martin; jamais aucun égard pour nous;
Aucune humanité: penſent-ils que nous ſommes
Des chiens, et qu'eux ſeuls ils ſont hommes?

Des travaux accablans, des menaces, des coups,
Cela nous vient plus ſouvant que nos gages.
Quelle maudite engeance ! Eh ! mon pauvre Martin,
Les peres ſont-ils moins ſauvages ?
Diſoit l'etudiant. Reprimandes ſans fin,
Importune morale, ennuyeux verbiages :
Fous qu'ils ſont du ſoir au matin,
Ils voudroient nous voir toûjours ſages.
Forçant nos inclinations,
Veut-on être d'épée ? ils nos veulent de robe :
Quelque penchant qu'on ait, il faut qu'on s'y derobe,
Pour céder à leurs viſions.
Non, il n'eſt point d'eſpece plus mauvaiſe
Que l'eſpece de pere, inſiſte l'ecolier.
Et Martin ſoûtenant ſa theſe,
Pour les maîtres veut parier.
Auſſi long-temps qu'enſemble ils demeurerent,
Ce fut leur unique entretien.
Mais enfin ils ſe ſeparerent ;
Chacun fit route à part. Martin acquit du bien,

D'em-

D'emplois en emplois fit ſi bien
Qu'il devint financier lui-même ;
Eut des maiſons ; que dis-je ? eut des palais ;
Table exquiſe et d'un luxe extrême,
Grand équipage, et peuple de valets.
L'ecolier d'autre part hérite de ſon pere ;
Augmente encor ſes biens ; prend femme ; a des enfans ;
Le temps coule ; ils ſont déja grands :
Martin devenu riche, il le fit ſon compere :
Auſſi bons amis qu'autrefois,
Ils raiſonnoient encor. Quelle étoit leur matiere ?
Les valets, les enfans. O la peſante croix,
Dit Monſieur de la Martiniere,
(Car le nom de Martin étoit cru de trois doigts) ;
Quel fardeau que des domeſtiques !
Pareſſeux, ne craignant ni menaces, ni coups,
Voleurs, traîtres, menteurs, et médiſans iniques,
Ils mangent notre pain et ſe mocquent de nous.

Ah ! dit le pere de famille,
Parlez-moi des enfans ; voilà le vrai chagrin.
Ils ne valent tous rien, autant garçon que fille ;
L'une eſt une coquette, et l'autre un libertin.
Nul reſpect, nulle obéiſſance ;
Nous nous tuons pour eux, point de reconnoiſſance.
Quand mourra-t-il ? ils attendent l'inſtant ;
Et ſe trouvent alors débaraſſez d'autant.
Ces gens euſſent mieux fait peut-être
De n'accuſer que l'homme, et non point les etats :
Il n'eſt bon valet ni bon maître,
Bon pere, ni bon fils ; mauvais dans tous les cas :
Il ſuit la paſſion, l'interêt, le caprice ;
Ne laiſſe à la raiſon aucune autorité :
Et ſemblable à lui-même en ſa diverſité,
C'eſt toûjours égale injuſtice.

15.

La Motte, l. 2. fab. 9.

DEUX de ces gens coureurs du monde,
Qui n'ont point aſlez d'yeux, et qui voudroient tout voir ;
Qui pour dire, j'ai vû, je le dois bien ſçavoir,
Feroient vingt fois toute la terre ronde ;
Deux voïageurs, n'importe de leur nom,
Chemin faiſant dans les champs d'Arabie,
Raiſonnoient du caméléon †.
L'animal ſingulier ! diſoit l'un : de ma vie
Je n'ai vû ſon pareil ; ſa tête de poiſſon,
Son petit corps lezard, avec ſa longue queuë,
Ses quatre pattes à trois doigts,
Son pas tardif, à faire une toiſe par mois,
Par deſſus tout, ſa couleur bleuë.
Alte-là, dit l'autre ; il eſt verd :
De mes deux yeux je l'ai vû tout à l'aiſe,
Il étoit au ſoleil, et la goſier ouvert,
Il prenoit ſon répas d'air pur . . . Ne vous déplaiſe,

Reprit

† Ce qu'on dit ici du caméléon eſt rapporté par les voiageurs.

Reprit l'autre, il eſt bleu ; je l'ai vû mieux que vous,
Quoique ce fût à l'ombre : il eſt verd ; bleu, vous dis-je :
Dementi ; puis injure ; alloient venir les coups,
Lorſqu'il arrive un tiers. Eh ! Meſſieurs, quel vertige !
Holà donc ; calmez-vous un peu.
Volontiers, dit l'un d'eux ; mais jugez la querelle
Sur le caméléon ; ſa couleur, quelle eſt-elle ?
Monſieur veut qu'il ſoit verd ; moi je dis qu'il eſt bleu.
Soyez d'accord, il n'eſt ni l'un ni l'autre,
Dit le grave arbitre, il eſt noir.
A la chandelle, hier au ſoir,
Je l'éxaminai bien ; je l'ai pris, il eſt nôtre,
Et je le tiens encor dans mon mouchoir.
Non, diſent nos mutins, non, je puis vous repondre
Qu'il eſt verd ; qu'il eſt bleu ; j'y donnerois mon ſang.
Noir, inſiſte le juge ; alors, pour les confondre,
Il ouvre le mouchoir, et l'animal fort blanc.

Voilà

Voilà trois étonnez, les plaideurs et l'arbitre;
Ne l'étoient-ils pas à bon titre ?
Allez enfans, allez, dit le caméléon ;
Voz avez tous tort et raiſon.
Croyez qu'il eſt des yeux auſſi bons que les vôtres ;
Dites vos jugemens ; mais ne ſoyes pas fous
Juſqu'à vouloir y ſoûmettre les autres.
Tout eſt caméléon pour vous.

16.

Freinſhemius, in his Supplement to Quintus Curtius, informs us, that the Perſians, who had been terrified with the fortune and warlike preparations of Philip of Macedon, were laid aſleep by his death, contemning the youth and inexperience of Alexander ; but that the repeated news of his victories drove them to the other extreme, and inſpired them with terror, not more bounded than their contempt had been formerly. This is an inſtance of what may be termed vibration of paſſion, riſing, pendulum-like, on the one

one ſide, to the ſame height from which it falls on the other.

17.

It muſt appear ſingular, that the Pariſians, an immenſe body of people, could, merely upon account of difference in religious principles, be animated with ſuch hatred againſt their lawful ſovereign, as to ſuffer, with patience, the utmoſt diſtreſſes in the long ſiege they endured *anno* 1590. Vaſt numbers died of famine, and the dead became the ordinary food of the living. Davila informs us, that it was a common practice among the German ſoldiers who guarded the town, to kill children and eat them. And yet, during that ſevere proſecution, not a whiſper of yielding, though they were offered all ſecurity for their religion. The Duke of Parma raiſed the ſiege; and, after his return to Flanders, the ſiege was converted into a blockade, which preventing any regular ſupplies, reduced the Pariſians to conſiderable ſtraits, though far from what they had formerly ſuffered. It was during this time

of

of moderate perſecution, that they loſt courage, became impatient, and were willing to ſubmit upon any reaſonable terms. When the town was vigorouſly attacked, the inhabitants were not leſs vigorous in its defence, and their obſtinacy was inflamed by bigotry and hatred to the reformed religion. During the blockade, being ſuffered to live idle, they had nothing to animate their oppoſition; and as, in the interval betwixt the ſiege and the blockade, they had taſted of plenty, they could not think without abhorrence upon their former miſeries.

The Jews, while they ſuffered the ſevereſt perſecution in all Chriſtian countries, continued obſtinate in their religion. In England, being now treated with humanity, they daily become converts to Chriſtianity; not being able to bear with patience the ſlight contempt their religion lies under, nor the unſociableneſs of their ceremonies, which oblige them to eat ſeparately from others.

18.

18.

A merchant at ſea aſked the ſkipper what death his father died? My father, ſays the ſkipper, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, were all drowned. Well, replies the merchant, and are not you afraid of being drowned too? Pray, ſays the other, what death did your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather die? All in their beds, ſays the merchant. Very good, ſays the ſkipper, and why ſhould I be afraid of going to ſea, more than you are of going to bed?

19.

To ſhow how much nations are attached to their cuſtoms, Herodote relates, that Darius King of Perſia having aſſembled the Greeks who were under his command, demanded of them, what money they would take to eat the dead bodies of their parents, as the Indians did: And it being anſwered, that it was not poſſible they ever could abandon themſelves to ſo great inhumanity, the King,

King, in the preſence of the ſame Greeks, demanded of ſome Indians, what money they would take, to burn the dead bodies of their parents, as the Greeks did. The Indians expreſſing the utmoſt horror, intreated the King to impoſe upon them any thing leſs unjuſt.

The aged among the Hottentotes are treated with great humanity ſo long as they can do any work; but, when they can no longer crawl about, they are thruſt out of the ſociety, and put in a ſolitary hut, there to die of age, or hunger, or to be devoured by wild beaſts. If you expoſtulate with the Hottentotes about this cuſtom, they are aſtoniſhed you ſhould think it inhuman. 'Is 'it not a cruelty,' they aſk, 'to ſuffer per-'ſons to languiſh out an uncomfortable old 'age, and not put an end to their miſery, by 'putting an end to their days? We think it 'the greateſt humanity to haſten the con-'cluſion of ſuch a life.'

20.

Prosperity in the greater part of men fosters pride, and adversity, humility. Upon a firm and magnanimous temper their effects are directly opposite: Prosperity is attended with moderation, adversity with pride, and sometimes insolence. Scipio Africanus, in the very blaze of his glory, utterly rejected certain honours decreed him by the people, because these honours were contrary to law. But the same Scipio, in adversity, when the popular clamour turned against him, insolently trampled upon law, by refusing to submit to a fair trial. And he went so far as to violate the sacred tribunitian power, when the tribunes were executing the praetor's sentence against his brother.

21.

Prometheus formed man of the finest clay, and animated him with celestial fire. He gave him the courage of the lion, the subtilty of the fox, the providence of the ant, and the

the induſtry of the bee: He diſcovered to him the metals hid in the bowels of the earth, and ſhewed him their ſeveral uſes: He taught him to till the ground, to build houſes, to cover himſelf with garments, to compound medicines, to heal wounds, and to cure diſeaſes; to conſtruct ſhips, to croſs the ſeas, and to communicate to every country the riches of all: In a word, he endued him with ſenſe and memory, with ſagacity and invention, with art and ſcience: And, to crown all, he gave him an inſight into futurity. But, alas! this laſt gift, inſtead of improving, deſtroyed all the former. Furniſhed with all the means of happineſs, man was miſerable; being incapable of enjoying preſent good, becauſe of his knowledge and dread of future evil. Prometheus, in pain for his workmanſhip, reſolved to remedy this misfortune: He immediately reſtored man to a capacity of happineſs, by depriving him of preſcience, and giving him hope in its ſtead.

22.

John Commenius, Emperor of Trebifond, on his death-bed, left his fon and heir, a child not four years old, under the tuition of his brother David. David, an ambitious prince, being tempted by this favourable opportunity, feized the crown, after putting his nephew to death. But he did not long enjoy the purchafe of an act fo perfidious. He was attacked by Mahomet emperor of the Turks; and, after being led prifoner to Conftantinople, it was left in his choice to die, or to change his religion. Confidering the character of this man, could one forefee that he would rather die than become a Mahometan? From this example we fee, that ambition may prevail over confcience, and yet that confcience may prevail over the fear of death.

Among the captives taken by Mahomet the Great upon the furrender of Negropont, was Anne Erizzio, a young Venetian. Mahomet, charmed with her beauty, made an offer of his heart. The lady refolutely faid, that

that ſhe was a Chriſtian, and a virgin; and that ſhe abhorred more than death the debaucheries of his ſeraglio, and the impoiſoned ſmoothneſs of his promiſes. All means were uſed in vain to gain her. Magnificent habits, coſtly jewels, were rejected with diſdain. Mahomet, irritated with unexpected reſiſtance, fell from love to hatred, and cut off her head in a tranſport of fury. And thus our heroine, by the ſacrifice of a frail life, acquired immortal glory.

23.

Hence that beautiful ſentiment of Terence, in the *Eunuch*, where he makes Chaerea ſay, after enjoying his miſtreſs, 'Nunc tempus profecto eſt, cum perpeti me poſſum interfici; ne vita aliqua hoc gaudium contaminet aegritudine.' And Caeſar, after attaining all his wiſhes, and ſubduing his country, ſpoke indifferently about life, 'Se ſatis vel ad naturam vel ad gloriam viXiſſe.'

24.

Vertot reports of Mahomet the Great, that tho' he had conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and about three hundred cities; yet these were so far from satisfying his ambition, that, toward the close of his life, he was deeply engaged in new enterprises. This is vouched by the inscription he ordered to be engraved upon his tomb, which, without the least hint of his former victories, is as follows: 'My ambition was the conquest of 'Rhodes and of proud Italy.' None of our passions are so oppressive and tyrannical as ambition and avarice. They know no end, and are never to be satisfied.

25.

A solemn owl, puffed up with vanity, sat repeating her screams at midnight from the hollow of a blasted oak. And wherefore, says she, this awful silence, unless it be to favour my superior melody? Surely the groves are hushed in expectation of my voice, and when I sing all nature listens.

An-

An echo resounding from an adjacent rock, replied, 'All nature listens.' The nightingale, resumed she, has usurped the sovereignty by night: Her note indeed is musical, but mine is sweeter far. The echo replied again, 'Sweeter far.' Why, then, am I diffident, continued she, to join the tuneful choir? The echo repeated, 'Join the tuneful choir.' Roused by this shadow of approbation, she mingled her hootings with the harmony of the grove. But the tuneful songsters, disgusted with her noise, and affronted with her impudence, unanimously drove her from their society.

26.

Nicotris, Queen of Babylon, ordered a monument to be raised for her with the following inscription: 'If any king who reigns 'in Babylon after me, shall be in distress for 'want of money, let him open this sepul-'chre, and take what is needful. But let 'him not disturb my ashes, unless he be 'really in want; for it will be a violation.' The sepulchre remained untouched till the king-

kingdom came to Darius ſon of Hyſtaſpes. His avarice having moved him to open the monument, he found nothing but the dead body, with the following words : 'Your a-'varice has procured you infamy inſtead of 'riches. Had you not been inſatiable, you 'would not have violated the ſepulchres of 'the dead.'

A certain farmer having a choice apple-tree in his orchard, made an annual preſent to his landlord of the fruit that grew on it. The landlord was ſo fond of the apples, that nothing would ſerve him but to have the tree tranſplanted into his own garden. The tree, upon the removal, withered and died.

27.

Heſham, the fifteenth Califf of the Saracens, was an able ſtateſman, active, and induſtrious: But he was avaricious, and ſeldom with-held by juſtice from robbing his people. El Makin, an Arabian author, relates, that never Califf was poſſeſſed of ſo much tapeſtry, nor of ſo many robes and garments.

ments. Six hundred camels, ſays that author, were employed to carry his wardrobe, of which a thouſand girdles, and ten thouſand ſhirts, made a part. Waled, his nephew, ambitious of reigning, had not patience till death ſhould make way for him. Having received certain intelligence that Heſham was paſt recovery, he diſpatched ſome of his confidents to Damaſcus, that they might take poſſeſſion of the royal treaſure in his name. One day, Heſham having got a little reſpite, called for a ſum out of his treaſury, which he wanted to diſpoſe of. Finding that acceſs was refuſed, he exclaimed, in deep concern, 'Oh God! have I been amaſſing wealth all my life, not for myſelf, but for Waled!' Theſe were his laſt words; for grief and indignation broke his heart. He was ſcarce dead, when his houſe was plundered ſo effectually, that none of the utenſils neceſſary for waſhing his body, according to the oriental cuſtom, were left. This prince, ſo uncommonly fond of hoarding, left this world in as great want of neceſſaries as the moſt wretched of his ſubjects.

28.

28.

'The French,' obſerves Seiſel, 'have al-
'ways been free in expreſſing their thoughts
'of all men; and even of their princes, not
'only after their death, but when alive, and
'ſometimes even in their preſence.' Louis
XII. being dangerouſly ill, was repreſented
on the ſtage pale and languid, and ſurround-
ed with phyſicians conſulting about his diſ-
eaſe. They agreed upon a doze of portable
gold: He inſtantly recovered, and had no
remaining ſyſtem, but an ardent thirſt. Louis,
informed of the ſucceſs of that farce, ſaid
coolly, 'I love much better that my ava-
'rice ſhould make my courtiers laugh, than
'that my profuſeneſs ſhould make my peo-
'ple weep.'

29.

A farmer who had lived comfortably up-
on his honeſt labour and induſtry, called his
ſons to him upon deathbed, and informed
them that there was a treaſure hid in his
vineyard. Immediately upon his death, the
ſons

ſons fell to work. They turned the ground over and over, and not a penny to be found. But the profit of the next vintage explained the father's meaning.

30.

Topal Oſman, who had received his education in the ſeraglio, being, in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, was ſent with the Sultan's orders to the Baſhaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to *Said*; and being afraid of the Arabs, who rove about plundering paſſengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkiſh veſſel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this ſhort paſſage they were attacked by a Spaniſh privateer, and a bloody action enſued. Topal Oſman gave here the firſt proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was ſo often ſignalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but ſuperior numbers at laſt prevailed, and Oſman was taken priſoner, after being dangerouſly wounded in the arm and thigh.

Oſman's

Ofman's gallantry induced the Spanifh captain to pay him particular regard: But his wounds were ftill in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the moft dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal*, or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marfeilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his bufinefs required, went on board the privateer fo foon as fhe came to anchor. Ofman no fooner faw Arnaud, than he faid to him, 'Can you do a gene-'rous and gallant action? Ranfom me, and 'take my word you fhall lofe nothing by it.' Such a requeft from a flave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impreffion upon the Frenchman; who turning to the captain of the privateer, afked what he demanded for the ranfom. He anfwered 1000 fequins †. Arnaud turning to the Turk, faid, 'I know 'nothing of you; and would you have 'me

† Near L. 500.

'me risk 1000 sequins on your bare word?' 'Each of us act in this (replied the Turk) 'with consistency. I am in chains, and 'therefore try every method to recover my 'liberty, and you may have reason to dis-'trust the word of a stranger. I have no-'thing at present but my bare word to give 'you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason 'why you should trust to it. I can only say, 'that, if you incline to act a generous part, 'you shall have no reason to repent.' The commander, upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master Don Perellos. The air with which Osmand delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but, finding himself in the hands of a man who had trust-

ed ſo much to his honour, he was emboldened to aſk another favour; which, was, to leave the payment of the ranſom entirely to him. Arnaud diſcerned, that in ſuch a caſe things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the propoſal with a good grace, and ſhowed him every other mark of generoſity and friendſhip. Accordingly Oſman, ſo ſoon as he was in a condition, ſet out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a ſhort time he reached Damietta, and ſailed up the Nile to Cairo. No ſooner was he arrived there, than he delivered 1000 ſequins to the maſter of the veſſel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with ſome rich furs; and he gave to the maſter himſelf 500 crowns as a preſent. He executed the orders of the Sultan his maſter with the Baſha of Cairo; and ſetting out for Conſtantinople, was the firſt who brought the news of his ſlavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in ſuch circumſtances, made an impreſſion upon a generous mind, too deep ever to be eradicated. During the whole courſe of his life, he

he did not ceaſe, by letters and other acknowledgments, to teſtify his gratitude.

In the 1715, war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The Grand Vizir, who had projected the invaſion of the Morea, aſſembled the Ottoman army near the iſthmus of Corinth, the only paſs by which this peninſula can be attacked by land. Topal Oſman was charged with the command to force the paſs; which he not only executed ſucceſsfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by aſſault. For this ſervice he was rewarded, by being made a baſha of two tails. The next year he ſerved as lieutenant-general under the Grand Vizir, at the ſiege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Oſman ſtaid three days before the place, to ſecure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In the 1722, he was appointed Seraſkier †, and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the conſuls of the different nations came to pay their reſpects to him in

† General in chief.

this quality, he diſtinguiſhed the French by peculiar marks of kindneſs and protection. 'Inform Vincent Arnaud,' ſays he, 'that I 'am the fonder of my new dignity, as it 'enables me to ſerve him. Let me have his 'ſon in pledge of our friendſhip, and I will 'charge myſelf with making his fortune.' Accordingly, Arnaud's ſon went into the Morea, and the Seraſkier not only made him preſents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which ſoon put him in a way of acquiring an eſtate.

Topal Oſman's parts and abilities ſoon raiſed him to a greater command. He was made a baſha of three tails, and beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greateſt governments in the empire, and of the greateſt importance by its vicinity to Hungary.

His reſidence during his government was at Nyſſa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his ſon waited upon him there, and were received with the utmoſt tenderneſs. Laying aſide the baſha and governor, he embraced them, cauſed them to be ſerved with ſherbet and perfumes, and made them ſit upon the ſame ſopha with himſelf; an

honour

honour but rarely beſtowed by a baſha of the firſt order, and hardly ever to a Chriſtian. After theſe marks of diſtinction, he ſent them away loaded with preſents.

In the great revolution which happened at Conſtantinople *anno* 1730, the Grand Vizir Ibrahim periſhed. The times were ſo tumultuary, that one and the ſame year had ſeen no fewer than three ſucceſſive vizirs. In September 1731, Topal Oſman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the higheſt in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the higheſt that any ſubject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly ſo. He no ſooner arrived at Conſtantinople to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, than he deſired the French ambaſſador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he ſhould haſten to Conſtantinople, while things remained in the preſent ſituation; adding, that a Grand Vizir ſeldom kept long in his ſtation.

In the month of January 1732, Arnaud, with his ſon, arrived at Conſtantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of pre-

ſents, and twelve Turks whom he had ranſomed from ſlavery. Theſe, by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now ſeventy-two years of age, with his ſon, were brought before Topal Oſman Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the preſence of the great officers of ſtate, with the utmoſt marks of affection. Then turning to thoſe about him, and pointing to the ranſomed Turks: 'Behold,' ſays he, 'theſe your brethren, now enjoying the ſweets of liberty, after having groaned in ſlavery: This Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myſelf a ſlave, loaded with chains, ſtreaming in blood, and covered with wounds: This is the man who redeemed and ſaved me; this is my maſter and benefactor: To him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ranſom, ſent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ſhip to carry me. Where is ever a Muſſulman capable of ſuch generoſity?'

While Oſman was ſpeaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's

Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, ALLAH KERIM †. He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the Kisler Aga ‡. Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance, and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Some time before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own par-

† The providence of God is great.
‡ Chief of the black eunuchs.

particular intereſt; adding, that a baſha was lord and maſter of his own province, but that the Grand Vizir at Conſtantinople had a maſter greater than himſelf.

He cauſed them to be amply paid for the ranſom of the Turks, and likewiſe procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as deſperate. He alſo made them large preſents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the ſame. His behaviour to his benefactor demonſtrated that greatneſs of ſoul, which diſplayed itſelf in every action of his life. And this behaviour muſt appear the more generous, when it is conſidered what contempt and averſion the prejudices of education create in a Turk againſt Chriſtians.

31.

Damon and Pythias were intimate friends. Damon being condemned to death by Dionyſius the tyrant, demanded liberty to go home to ſet his affairs in order; and his friend offered himſelf bail, ſubmitting to death if Damon ſhould not return. Every one was in expectation what would be the event, and every one began to condemn Pythias for ſo raſh an action. But he, confident of the integrity of his friend, waited the appointed time with alacrity. Damon, ſtrict to his engagement, returned at the appointed time. Dionyſius, admiring their mutual fidelity, pardoned Damon, and prayed to have the friendſhip of two ſuch worthy men.

At the battle of Philippi, when Brutus, after the rout of his army, was in hazard of falling into the hands of his enemies, his boſom-friend Lucilius gave him an opportunity to eſcape, calling out, 'I am Brutus, lead 'me to Antony.' Being conducted to Antony, he ſpoke with great reſolution. 'I

'have

'have employed this artifice,' ſaid he, 'that 'Brutus might not fall alive into the hands 'of his enemies. The Gods will never 'permit that fortune ſhall triumph ſo far o-'ver virtue. In ſpite of fortune, Brutus will 'always be found, dead or alive, in a ſitua-'tion worthy of his courage.' Antony admiring the firmneſs of Lucilius, ſaid to him, 'You merit a greater recompence than it is 'in my power to beſtow. I have been juſt 'now informed of the death of Brutus; and 'as your fidelity to him is now at an end, 'I beg earneſtly to be received in his place; 'Love me as you did him, I wiſh no more.' Lucilius engaged himſelf to Antony, and maintaining the ſame fidelity to him that he had done to Brutus, adhered to him when he was abandoned by all the world.

32.

A certain magpye was more buſy and more loquacious than one of his tribe. He was continually upon the wing, fluttering from place to place, and ſeldom appearing twice together in the ſame company. Sometimes

times you ſaw him with a flock of pigeons, plundering a field of ripe corn; anon perched on a cherry-tree with a parcel of tom-tits; the next moment, you would be ſurpriſed to find the ſame bird engaged with a flight of crows, and feaſting on a carcaſe. He took it one day in his head to viſit an old raven, who lived retired in a thick wood. I admire, ſays the prating bird, your romantic ſituation, and the wildneſs of theſe rocks and precipices: I am tranſported with the murmur of that water-fall, which diffuſes a tranquility ſurpaſſing the joys of public life: What an agreeable ſequeſtration from worldly buſtle and impertinence! what an opportunity of contemplating the divine beauties of nature! I ſhall moſt certainly, my dear, quit the town-gaities, and for the ſake of theſe rural ſcenes, and my friend's agreeable converſation, paſs the remainder of my days in the ſolitude he has choſen. Well, Sir, replies the raven, I ſhall at all times be glad to receive you in my old faſhioned way: But you and I ſhould certainly prove moſt unſuitable companions. Your whole ambition is to ſhine in company, and to recom-

mend

mend yourſelf by univerſal complaiſance: My greateſt happineſs conſiſts in eaſe and privacy, with the converſation of a few ſelect friends. I prefer a good heart before the moſt voluble tongue; and though I am obliged to you for the politeneſs of your profeſſions, yet your benevolence is divided among ſo numerous an acquaintance, that little can remain for thoſe you are pleaſed to honour with the name of friends.

33.

A good-natured ſpaniel overtook a ſurly maſtiff as he was travelling the high-road, *Tray*, though an entire ſtranger to *Tyger*, accoſted him civilly; 'and if it would be no 'interruption, he ſhould be glad to bear 'him company.' Tyger, who happened to be in a mood leſs growling than uſual, accepted the propoſal, and they amicably purſued their journey together. When they arrived at the next village, Tyger began to unfetter his malignant diſpoſition, by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers ſallied forth with great indignation to

reſcue

rescue their respective favourites; and falling upon our two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other cause but the being found in bad company.

34.

Alexander had two friends, Hephaestion and Craterus, of different manners. Hephaestion, studying Alexander's humour, seconded him in affecting the Persian garb and customs. Craterus, on the contrary, regarding his master's glory, was perpetually exhorting him to despise the effeminacy of the Persians. Alexander loved Hephaestion, but he revered Craterus.

35.

Aristotle † assigns a reason. Breach of friendship, says he, is the greatest injury; for there, the injury is not only considered, but also the person; and the injury is doubled by the addition of ingratitude.

† Politic. l. 7. cap. 7.

36.

In that notable victory which Cyrus the Perſian obtained over the Aſſyrians, Panthea, wife to Abradatas King of the Suſians, was made a captive; and being a lady reckoned the moſt beautiful of Aſia, was reſerved for Cyrus, by his captains. Her huſband was not in the battle, being employed to treat of an alliance betwixt the Aſſyrians and the King of Bactria. Cyrus, calling to him Araſpes, the companion of his youth, recommended Panthea to his care. Have you ſeen this woman, O Cyrus, ſaid Araſpes? Cyrus anſwered, No. But I did, replied he. When we choſe her for you, ſhe was ſitting in her tent, without any diſtinguiſhing mark or habit, ſurrounded by her women. But, deſirous to know which was the miſtreſs, we immediately found her out, though covered with a veil, and looking on the ground. She got up to receive us, and we perceived that ſhe excelled in ſtature, in grace, and beautiful ſhape. The eldeſt among us addreſſed her in the following words: 'Take courage, woman. We

'have

'have heard that your husband is a brave 'man; but now you are reserved for one not 'inferior to him, in person, understanding, 'and power; for, if there be in the world 'who deserves admiration, Cyrus is the 'man, and to him you are destined.' The woman, hearing this, tore her robe, and, accompanied with her servants, set up a lamentable cry. Upon this, part of her face was discovered, and her neck and hands. And be it known to you, Cyrus, that we all thought never was produced such another woman. Therefore, by all means, you must see her. Cyrus answered, That now he was resolved against it. Why so? said the young man. Because, said Cyrus, if, upon hearing from you that she is handsome, I am persuaded to see her, I am afraid I shall be more easily tempted to see her a second time, and perhaps come to neglect my affairs, and sit gazing on her. Araspes smiling, Do you think, Cyrus, that beauty can necessitate one to act contrary to reason? If this were naturally so, all would be under the same necessity. But of beauties, some inspire love, some not; for love is voluntary, and every

man loves whom he pleaſes. How comes it then to paſs, replied Cyrus, if love be voluntary, that one cannot give it over when he inclines? I have ſeen perſons in grief and tears upon account of love, wiſhing to be rid of it as of any other diſtemper, and yet bound by a ſtronger tie of neceſſity than if bound in iron chains. The young man to this ſaid, There are indeed examples of this kind; but ſuch are miſerable wretches; for though they are always wiſhing themſelves dead, as unhappy, yet they never think of parting with life. Juſt ſuch wretches are they who commit theft; and yet, O Cyrus, I obſerve that you treat theſe with great ſeverity, as reckoning theft no ſuch fatal neceſſary thing. So perſons that are beautiful do not neceſſitate others to love them, or to covet what they ought not. Weak men, impotent in mind, are ſlaves to their paſſions; and to excuſe themſelves, accuſe love. But the firm and reſolute, though fond of gold, fine horſes, beautiful women, can with eaſe abſtain, ſo as to do nothing contrary to right. I, who have ſeen this woman, and think her extremely beautiful, remain notwithſtanding

free,

free, and ready in all reſpects to perform my duty. But perhaps, ſaid Cyrus, you retired before the time that love naturally lays hold of a man. It is the nature of fire not inſtantly to burn; yet am I not willing, either to meddle with fire, or to look on beautiful perſons. Be eaſy, ſaid he, Cyrus: Though I look on Panthea without ceaſing, I will not be ſo conquered, as to do any thing I ought not. You ſpeak, ſaid Cyrus, handſomely: Be careful of the woman, for ſhe may be of ſervice to us in ſome future exigency. And thus they parted.

Araſpes, partly by converſing with a woman not leſs wiſe than beautiful, partly by ſtudying to ſerve and pleaſe her, partly by her gratitude when he was ſick, and her anxiety for his recovery;——by all theſe means, he was made her captive in love. He ventured to open his heart to her; but without ſucceſs: For ſhe had the warmeſt affection for her huſband. Yet ſhe forbore complaining to Cyrus, being unwilling to hurt Araſpes. Araſpes began to think of force; for his paſſion was now too violent to be reſtrained. Upon this, Panthea, ap-

prehenſive of the conſequences, was no longer ſilent: She ſent an eunuch to Cyrus to inform him of her danger. Cyrus, laughing at the man who thought himſelf above the power of love, commanded his chief miniſter to tell Araſpes, That if he could prevail by perſuaſion, it was well; but that by no means was he to think of force. The miniſter uſed no tenderneſs in delivering the commiſſion; he accuſed Araſpes as a betrayer of his truſt, reproaching him for his injuſtice, and impotence of paſſion. The young man, ſtruck to the heart, ſhed many tears. Cyrus ſending for him, I ſee, Araſpes, ſaid he, that you are overwhelmed with fear and ſhame; but be comforted, for I have read, that the gods themſelves have been conquered by love. The wiſeſt of men are not exempted from this paſſion; and I pronounced upon myſelf, that if I converſed with beautiful women, I was not enough my own maſter to diſregard them. It is I that am the cauſe of your misfortune, by ſhutting you up with this irreſiſtible beauty. Araſpes warmly replied; You are in this, O Cyrus, as in other matters, mild, and diſpo-

ſed

ſed to pardon the failings of men. But how ſhall I hold up after this miſcarriage? My friends will neglect me, and my enemies triumph over me. Cyrus ſaid, Agreeable to me is thy ſorrow, O Araſpes: Lives there a mortal without failings? Happy he who profits by them.

Panthea, charmed with this conduct in Cyrus, and admiring his excellent qualifications, endeavoured to gain her huſband Abradatas to his ſide. She knew there was no cordiality betwixt him and the King of Aſſyria. That prince had attempted to take Panthea from him; and Abradatas, conſidering him as an unjuſt man, wiſhed nothing more earneſtly, than an opportunity to quit his ſervice. For this reaſon he liſtened to the ſolicitations of his wife; and came over to Cyrus with two thouſand horſe. Panthea informed him of the virtue of Cyrus, and of his tender regard for her. What can I do, Panthea, ſaid Abradatas, to ſhew my gratitude to Cyrus? What elſe, ſaid ſhe, but to behave towards him as he has behaved towards you? Upon this, Abradatas, coming to Cyrus, and taking him by the hand, ſaid,

O Cyrus, in return for the benefits you have beſtowed upon us, I give myſelf to you, an ally, a ſervant, and a friend.

From that time Cyrus had no ally more attached to his intereſt than Abradatas.—The morning of that day in which Cyrus overthrew Croeſus, Panthea brought to her huſband, preparing him for battle, a golden helmet, bracelets for his wriſts, a purple robe, and a creſt of a violet colour. Theſe things having been prepared without his knowledge he ſaid to her, Have you made me theſe arms, Panthea, by deſtroying your own ornaments? No, ſurely, ſaid ſhe, not by deſtroying what is the moſt valuable of them; for you are my greateſt ornament. Proceeding to put on the armour, tears trickled down her cheeks, though ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain them. Abradatas, in this dreſs, appeared moſt beautiful and noble. Panthea, after deſiring all that were preſent to retire, ſpoke as follows: 'O Abradatas! if ever 'there were a woman who regarded her 'huſband more than her own ſoul, you know 'that I am ſhe. And yet, though I ſtand 'thus affected toward you, I ſwear by our

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'mutual friendſhip, that rather would I be 'put under ground with you, approving 'yourſelf a brave man, than live with you 'in diſregard and ſhame. We both lie un- 'der great obligations to Cyrus, that when 'I was a captive, and choſen for himſelf, he 'kept me for you, as if I were his brother's 'wife.' Abradatas, ſtruck with admiration at her diſcourſe, gently took her hand into his, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, made the following prayer: 'Do thou, O great 'Jupiter, grant me to appear a huſband 'worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of 'Cyrus!' And having ſaid this, he mounted his chariot, and moved along. She could not refrain from following, till Abradatas, ſeeing her, ſaid, Have courage, Panthea, the gods take care of the virtuous: And upon this ſhe was conducted to her tent. Tho' Abradatas in his chariot made a noble appearance, yet he drew no eyes till Panthea was gone.

The victory that day was compleat: Cyrus routed his enemies, and got poſſeſſion of their camp. Toward the evening, when the battle was over, Cyrus, calling ſome of

his

his ſervants, inquired, whether any of them had ſeen Abradatas? But Abradatas was now no more! he was ſlain, breaking in upon the Egyptians. All his followers, except ſome truſty companions, had turned their backs when they ſaw the compact body of the enemy. And Cyrus was informed, that Panthea had retired with the dead body to the bank of the river Pactolus; that her ſervants were digging a grave for it; and that ſhe herſelf was ſitting upon the ground with the head of her dead huſband upon her knees. Cyrus, hearing this, ſmote his breaſt, and haſtened to Panthea. Seeing Abradatas lying dead, he ſhed tears, and ſaid, Alas, thou brave and faithful ſoul! haſt thou left us, and art no more? At the ſame time he took him by the right hand, which came away, for it had been cut off in battle. The woman, ſmothering her grief, took the hand from Cyrus, kiſſed it, joined it to the body, and ſaid, The reſt, Cyrus, is in the ſame condition. But why ſhould you look upon this mangled body? for you are not leſs affected than I am. 'Fool that I was! frequently did I exhort him to ſhow his

'friend-

'friendſhip for you; and I know he never 'thought of what he himſelf might ſuffer, 'but of what he ſhould do to gain your fa-'vour. He died, therefore, without reproach, 'and I, who urged him on, ſit here alive.' Cyrus, ſhedding tears, ſpoke thus: 'He has 'died, O woman! but his death has been 'glorious, for he has vanquiſhed his ene-'mies. Honours ſhall be paid him ſuiting 'a conqueror. A lofty monument ſhall be 'erected for him; and all the ſacrifices ſhall 'be made that are due to the memory of a 'brave man.' Having ſaid this, he went a-way, with great concern for the woman who had loſt ſuch a huſband; ſorrowing alſo for the man who had left ſuch a wife behind him, never to ſee her more.

The woman ordered her eunuchs to re-tire, till ſuch time, ſaid ſhe, as I have la-mented over my huſband. She retained on-ly one faithful attendant, commanding, that when ſhe was dead, ſhe ſhould be wrapped in the ſame mantle with her huſband. The ſervant, after repeated remonſtrances, find-ing her intreaties unſucceſsful, broke into a flood of tears. Panthea, being before hand

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provided with a ſword, thruſt it into her boſom, and, laying her head upon her huſband's breaſt, died. The maid-ſervant, ſetting up a moſt lamentable cry, covered the bodies as ſhe had been directed. Cyrus, informed of this melancholy ſcene, haſted to the place, ſtruck with admiration of the woman, and lamented over her. Their funeral rites were performed in the moſt ſolemn manner; and their monument is to be ſeen in that country to this day.

37.

A connection that ſubſiſts upon gratitude and mutual good offices, is generally brittle. Each is apt to overvalue the good he does to the other; and conſequently to expect more gratitude than is reaſonable. Hence heart-burnings and diſguſt. It is otherwiſe, where the connection is formed upon affection and habit. Quarrels tend to ſtrengthen the connection, by the pain of being at variance. The firſt ſort of connection is commonly that of friends, the other that of lovers.

38.

It is obſerved of Maecenas and Saluſtius Criſpus, the one the favourite of Auguſtus, the other of Tiberius, that in their declining years, they retained more of ſhow, than of reality, in the friendſhip of theſe princes. Tacitus, upon this, makes the following reflection*, That favour is ſeldom long-lived; whether it be, that ſatiety takes the prince, when he has nothing left to beſtow; or the favourite, when there is nothing left for him to deſire.

39.

Juſt reſentment is appeaſed by a ſuitable acknowledgement; for it has no further aim. But an unjuſt action rankles the mind, and inflames every malevolent paſſion. Hence a ſimilar obſervation, That it is more difficult to reconcile the perſon who does the injury, than him who receives it. The very ſight of one we have injured, ſtings us with

* Annal. l. 3. § 30.

remorſe, and we are not far from hating one who continually gives us pain. This is apt to make the injurious perſon inflexible; whereas the perſon injured feels nothing but the injury to obſtruct a reconciliation; and ſo ſoon as a proper atonement is made, reſentment is at an end.

40.

Achaia, under the government of Aratus, was the moſt flouriſhing republic of Greece, till it came to be rivalled by Sparta under Cleomenes. Sparta ſolicited an alliance with the Achaeans for their common ſafety. But Aratus, rejecting the propoſition, choſe to put his people under the protection of Antigonus King of Macedon. This ſtep was inconſiſtent with ſound politics. Cleomenes was a man of virtue and civilized manners, and had no view beyond the public good. Antigonus was a tyrant and oppreſſor, ſo inſolent, as even to demand divine honours. But Antigonus was an old king, and conſidered always by Aratus as his ſuperior. Cleomenes, on the contrary, was

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a young man rising in fame; and what is still of greater weight, he was of the same rank, and in the same circumstances, with Aratus. And it is a maxim we may hold as unquestionable, That, in the race of glory, it gives us more pain to see one gaining ground of us, than twenty running before us.

41.

Two men, one covetous, and one envious, becoming petitioners to Jupiter, were told, That what the one prayed for, should be doubled on the other. The covetous man prayed for riches. The envious man, not satisfied with a double portion, requested, that one of his eyes might be put out, in order to deprive his companion of both.

42.

The behaviour of Fabius the dictator, to Minutius his master of horse, is well known. Minutius, by his calumnies, had wounded the reputation of Fabius, and, by his in-

trigues, had got himſelf conjoined in the Dictatorian power, a thing till then unknown. Yet Fabius bore all theſe diſgraces with temper, and ſaved his rival from ruin, in which he had involved himſelf by folly and raſhneſs. But the ſame Fabius could not ſee, without envy, the growing fame and reputation of Scipio.

43.

A royal eagle, reſolving to advance his ſubjects according to their merit, ordered every bird to bring its young ones to court, for a comparative trial. The owl preſſed into the circle, mopping and twinkling, and obſerved to his Majeſty, that if a graceful mein and countenance might entitle any of his ſubjects to a preference, ſhe doubted not but her brood would be regarded among the firſt: For, ſays ſhe, they are all as like me as they can ſtare.

A gnat, that had placed himſelf upon the horn of a bull, very civilly begged pardon for the liberty he took: But rather than in-

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commode you, ſays he, by my weight, I'll remove. Oh! never trouble your head for that, ſays the bull: I felt you not when you ſat down, and I ſhall not miſs you when you are pleaſed to remove.

44.

A ſkittiſh horſe, that uſed to boggle at his own ſhadow, was expoſtulated with by his rider in a very ſerious manner. What a-duce ails you? ſays he, it is only a ſhadow you are afraid of. And what is that ſhadow, but ſo much empty ſpace that the light cannot come at? It has neither teeth nor claws, you ſee, nor any thing elſe to hurt you; it will neither break your ſhins nor block up your paſſage. It is well for you to upbraid me, replies the horſe gravely, who are more terrified at ghoſts and goblins, mere ſhadows of your brain, than I am at the ſhadow of my body.

A wolf, peeping into a hut where a company of ſhepherds were regaling themſelves with a joint of mutton, Lord! ſaid he, what

a clamour would these men have raised, had they catched me at such a banquet?

As a miser sat at his desk, counting over his heaps of gold, a magpye eloping from his cage, picked up a guinea, and hopped away with it. The miser missing the piece, observed the felon hiding it in a crevice. And art thou, cried he, that worst of thieves, who hast robbed me of my gold, without the plea of necessity, and without regard to its proper use? But thy life shall atone for so preposterous a villany. Soft and fair, good master, quoth the magpye. Have I injured you more than you have injured the public? and am I not using your money as you yourself do? If I must lose my life for hiding a guinea, what do you deserve for hiding thousands?

45.

A farmer came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident he said had just happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky

bull

bull of mine, and I ſhould be glad to know what reparation I am to make you. Thou art an honeſt fellow, replied the lawyer, and will not think it unreaſonable that I have one of thy oxen in return. It is no more but juſtice, quoth the farmer.—But what did I ſay? I miſtook! It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen. Indeed! ſays the lawyer, that alters the caſe: I muſt inquire into the affair, and if—And *if!* interrupted the farmer; the buſineſs I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do juſtice to others as to exact it from them.

46.

A ſpendthrift had ſold his coat; and judging ſummer to be at hand upon the ſight of a ſwallow that came before her time, made free with his waiſtcoat alſo, ſo that he was reduced to his ſhirt. A fit of cold weather happening, the ſpendthrift, in the bitterneſs of diſtreſs, reproaching the ſwallow, exclaims, What a wretched ſot art thou, thus to ruin both thyſelf and me?

47.

A ſycamore which grew beſide an oak, being not a little elevated with the firſt warm days in ſpring, poured forth its leaves apace, and deſpiſed the naked oak for inſenſibility and want of ſpirit. The oak made this reply: Be not, my friend, ſo much delighted with the firſt addreſs of every fickle zephyr. Conſider, froſt may yet return to nip thy beauties in their bud. The tree that appears too ſuddenly affected with the firſt favourable glance of ſpring, will be the firſt to ſhade its verdure, and to drop beneath the frowns of winter.

48.

Alexander having conquered Sidon, recommended to Hephaeſtion to chooſe for king the moſt worthy of the citizens. He offered the crown to two young men of illuſtrious birth, his landlords; who refuſed the ſame, becauſe they were not of the royal ſtock: ſaying, that it was againſt the law of their country for any other family to inherit

rit the crown. Hephaeſtion, admiring their magnanimity, cried out, 'O happy young 'men, who know how much more wiſe it 'is to reject a crown, than to receive it un-'juſtly.' And, as a mark of his eſteem, he requeſted of them to chooſe the King. They pitched upon Abdalonimus, of the royal family, who being reduced to poverty, had nothing to live on but a little garden in the ſuburbs. The young men went into the garden with the crown in their hands, and found Abdalonimus buſy at work. They ſaluted him king, and exhorted him to be ever mindful of the low condition from which he was taken; adding, that his poverty and induſtry had beſtowed this honour upon him. Alexander inquired of him, whether he had borne poverty with any degree of patience? 'I wiſh,' ſays he, 'I may bear proſperity 'with the ſame equality of mind. I had 'little; but I wanted little; and theſe hands 'ſupplied what I wanted.'

49.

Alexander, conqueror of Asia, submitted to pride, anger, and pleasure; for he laboured to have every thing under his power but his passions. After the victory of Arbela, he abandoned himself to every appetite, and his moderation was converted into luxury and lasciviousness.

50.

Melesichton, born at Megara, of illustrious parents, dreamed of nothing in his youth, but to imitate the warlike virtues of his ancestors. He signalized himself in several expeditions, was in the midst of every dangerous attempt, and came ever off victorious. Being highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, he was chosen their general; and shewed himself greater by his conduct, than formerly by his courage. His ambition was inflamed; power corrupted his mind, and he aimed at no less than the sovereignty, being unable to obey whom he had so long commanded. Thus, from an useful member of

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the ſtate, he became a dangerous enemy. Luſt of rule threw down him, whom courage and conduct had raiſed. He was deprived of all his employments; and a law was made, that he ſhould not thereafter bear any command in the city. This change of fortune threw him into deſpair: And, to avoid diſgrace, he retired to the country with his wife and family. His ambition had made him neglect money, and his inclination to magnificence had diſſipated the bulk of his paternal eſtate. All that he had remaining, was a ſmall farm in a remote corner. There he ſhut himſelf up out of the eye of the world.

His wife Praxinoe had ſpirit and reſolution. Her beauty and birth had made her the object of many vows, but ſhe had preferred Meleſichton purely for his merit. Mutual affection, which had made this couple happy for many years, occaſioned now their greateſt diſtreſs. Meleſichton imagined that he could bear ſingly the greateſt misfortunes, but he could not bear to ſee Praxinoe reduced to poverty. Praxinoe, on the other hand, was in deſpair to find that ſhe

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contributed to her husband's affliction. Their children, a boy and a girl, were their only remaining comfort. Melibeus, the son, began early to shew strength, address, and courage. In this solitude, his father had leisure to teach him every lesson for cultivating and adorning the mind. Melibeus had an air, simple, sweet, and ingenuous, mixed with firmness and elevation. Melesichton, beholding him, could seldom refrain from tears. His own misfortunes he considered as nothing; but it stung him to the heart that they should be extended to his children. Damaeta, the daughter, was instructed by her mother in all the arts of Minerva. She was skilled in music, and her voice was, accompanied with the lyre, more moving than that of Orpheus. Her hair hung waving in the wind without any ornament. She was dressed in a plain robe, borne up with a girdle, which made her motions perfectly easy. Without dress she had beauty; and knew it not, having never even thought of viewing herself in a fountain. The father, in the mean time, full of discontent, delivered himself up to despair. His frequented walk

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was on the ſea-ſhore, at the foot of an impending rock. There he would often retire from his family to deplore his misfortunes. He never ſpoke but in ſighs; he neglected the cares of life, enervated and ſunk in black melancholy.

One day, overcome with wearineſs and diſtreſs, he fell aſleep. The Goddeſs Ceres appeared to him in a dream. Her head was crowned with golden ears of corn. She ſpoke to him with ſweetneſs and majeſty: 'Is it for Meleſichton to be ſubdued by the 'rigours of fortune? Doth true nobility con-'ſiſt in riches? Doth it not conſiſt in a firm-'neſs of mind ſuperior to fortune? Men 'render themſelves miſerable by indolence 'and falſe glory. If neceſſaries be wanting, 'would you owe them to others rather than 'to yourſelf? Content yourſelf with little; 'gain that little by your work; free your-'ſelf from a dependence on others; and you 'ſhall be moſt noble. Take courage, there-'fore, and be induſtrious.' She ended, and preſented him with a *cornucopia*. Bacchus appeared crowned with ivy. Pan followed playing on a flute, with the fawns and ſa-

tyrs dancing around. Pomona preſented a lapful of fruits; and Flora ſcattered flowers vivid and odoriferous. Theſe field-divinities, all of them, threw a favourable regard upon Meleſichton.

He awaked, and was comforted. He talked of his dream to Praxinoe. They perceived contentment within their reach, and began to taſte rural pleaſures. Nothing was now to be ſeen in the family but a face of chearful induſtry. Praxinoe and Damaeta applied themſelves to ſpinning. They had herbs from a ſmall garden, and milk from a large flock. Their food was dreſſed up with cleanneſs and propriety. It was ſimple, natural, and good, ſeaſoned with an appetite inſeparable from temperance and travail. Their houſe was neat: Their tapeſtries were ſold, but the walls were white and clean. Their beds were not rich, but they were not the leſs decent, and eaſy. The kitchen itſelf had an elegance not to be ſeen in great houſes, every thing in it ſhining, and in its proper place. To regale the family upon extraordinary occaſions, Praxinoe produced honey, and the fineſt fruits.

fruits. She cultivated a flower-garden, ſold part, and reſerved part to adorn her houſe. Damaeta imitated her mother. She went about ſinging at her work. Her tender lambs danced upon the green, and the echoes around repeated her notes. Agriculture was Meleſichton's province. He himſelf held the plough, ſowed the grain, and attended the reapers. He found ſuch labours more innocent than thoſe of war. He planted a vineyard, and had wine to entertain his gueſts. Winter, the ſeaſon of repoſe, was dedicated to ſocial intercourſe and innocent amuſement. Meleſichton thanked the Gods for opening his eyes. He was now ſenſible of the falſe luſtre of ambition and greatneſs; and he was entirely ſatisfied with his preſent lot. In Melibeus, occupation and toil ſuppreſſed youthful paſſions. The orchard was his care; he planted trees, and nurſed them up. He brought a canal of water into the garden, which he divided into many rills. His father had inſpired him with a taſte for reading; and, in the intervals of work, his diverſions were hunting, running, and wreſtling with the neighbouring youth.

Meleſichton, now accuſtomed to a life of ſimplicity, found himſelf more at eaſe than in his wonted grandeur. The neceſſaries of life he had in abundance, and he deſired nothing beyond. The pleaſures of ſociety, he taſted in his own family. Love and tenderneſs united them intimately, and beſtowed ſincere happineſs. At a diſtance from court, they were ignorant of its giddy pleaſures, dangerous in the fruition, and ſtill more dangerous in the conſequences. Their pleaſures were ſweet, innocent, ſimple, and always within reach. Plenty once again viſited this family; but pride and ambition returned no more.

All the world ſaid to Meleſichton, 'Riches are returned, it is time to return to your former grandeur.' Ambition, with regard to himſelf, was thoroughly mortified: But he eſteemed his children, and thought them qualified for the higheſt rank. To deliberate upon a ſtep ſo important, he retired to his ſolitary walk, and ſeated himſelf upon the ſide of a limpid ſtream, revolving in his mind the paſt and future. Falling inſenſibly aſleep, the Goddeſs Ceres appeared

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to him as in his former dream, and thus she spoke; 'To which would you be devoted; 'ambition, which has ruined you; or to industry, which has made you rich and happy? True dignity flows from independence, 'and from the exercise of benevolence. 'Owe therefore your subsistence to the fruitful earth, and to your own labour. Let 'never indolence or false glory tempt you to 'quit that which is the natural and inexhaustible source of all good.'

51.

My head, says the boasting fir to the humble bramble, is advanced among the stars; I furnish beams for palaces, and masts for ships; the very sweat of my body is a remedy for the sick and wounded: Whereas thou, O wretched bramble, creepest in the dirt, and art good for nothing in the world but mischief. I pretend not to vie with thee, said the bramble, in what thou vauntest of: But, I pray thee, tell me, when the carpenter comes to fell timber, whether thou

wouldſt not rather be a bramble than a fir?

52.

Side for ſide upon a ſhelf dwelt two books, the one new bound in Turky, and well gilt: the other in old parchment, gnawed by worms. The new book, proud of its dreſs, cries out, Let this miſerable book be removed: Is there an eye that this ragged wretch does not offend? Leſs diſdain, if you pleaſe, ſays the old book: If you knew me thoroughly——I deſire none of your acquaintance. Suffer me only to tell you.——Hold your peace; you diſgrace me. In the mean time a purchaſer comes: He ſees and purchaſes the parchment-book. It was an oracle of law. At the firſt glance he condemns the other; a poem, not leſs extravagant than cold. Here, ſays he to the bookſeller, is ſo much precious leather thrown away.

Are you acquainted with none who are repreſented by theſe books? Is not the wiſe man in a poor habit ſcorned by the great lord?

lord? and yet he is a man; and the other frequently no more but a habit.

53.

Discontented with his present lot, a certain man was always at his prayers for better fortune. Jupiter in good humour transports him into the celestial magazines, where a number of bags, sealed by the destinies, were ranged in order, containing all the different fortunes of men. Here, says Jupiter, your lot is in your hand: But to regulate your choice, know that the most fortunate lots weigh the least; misfortunes only are heavy. Thanks to Jupiter, replies our man, I shall now be happy. He lays hold of the first bag, that of kings, covering cruel cares under an external pomp. Oh ho! says he, that man must be vigorous indeed who bears so heavy a burden. Throwing it aside, he weighs a second, the bag of the great, and of men in place. There lie anxiety and profound meditation, the thirst of power, the terror of disgrace. Miserable they to whom this lot belongs! cries our man;

man: May heaven preſerve me from it. He goes on weighing bags without end, finding them all too heavy, ſome by ſad confinement, ſome by unbounded deſires, ſome by envy and fear, and ſome merely by the ſatiety of pleaſure. At laſt he ſtumbled on the lot that pleaſed him: This, ſays he, weighs not ſo much. And it would weigh ſtill leſs, ſays the god, if it did not belong to one who is ignorant of its value. I am not ſuch a changeling, ſays the man, let it be mine. But you are ignorant of its value, ſays Jupiter, for it is the very lot you have all along been in poſſeſſion of. Farewell; but learn by this trial to be ſatisfied with it.

54.

Of all the Spaniſh Kings of the Arabian race, Abdoulrahman the Third was the moſt magnificent and proſperous. He was ſucceſsful in war: He adorned his kingdom with public buildings; and had a revenue ſufficient for all his undertakings, without oppreſſing his people. He was marked out by all as a happy prince. How-different

ferent was his own opinion, delivered in a manuſcript of his hand-writing found in his repoſitories after his death? 'From the time I 'aſcended the throne, I marked every parti-'cular day that afforded me true pleaſure; 'and theſe days amounted to fourteen. Mor-'tals! conſider what this world is, and how 'little we ought to rely on its pleaſures. Yet 'nothing ſeems wanting to my felicity, not 'riches, nor honours, nor ſovereign power. 'Neighbouring princes envy my happineſs, 'are jealous of my glory, and ambitious of 'my friendſhip. I have reigned fifty years; 'and yet, in ſo long a time, I have not been 'able to count more than fourteen days free 'from vexation and trouble.'

55.

When Calais, after a ſhameful revolt, was retaken by Edward III. he, as a puniſhment, appointed ſix of the moſt reputable burgeſſes to be put to death, leaving the inhabitants to chooſe the victims. While the inhabitants, ſtupidly aghaſt, declined to make a choice, Euſtace de St Pierre, a burgeſs of the firſt rank, offered himſelf to

be

be one of the devoted ſix. A generoſity ſo uncommon raiſed ſuch admiration, that five more were quickly found who followed his example. Theſe ſix illuſtrious perſons, marching out bare-footed, with halters about their necks, preſented to the conqueror the keys of the town. The Queen being informed of their heroic virtue, threw herſelf at the King's feet, entreating him, with tears in her eyes, to regard ſuch illuſtrious merit. She not only obtained their pardon, but entertained them in her own tent, and diſmiſſed them with a handſome preſent.

It was the fixed opinion of Ariſtides the Athenian, that he was bound to ſerve his country without the expectation of being rewarded with riches or honours. Being one day in the theatre, where a tragedy of Æſchylus was acted, containing the following words: 'That he cared more to be juſt, 'than to appear ſo;' all eyes were inſtantly turned upon Ariſtides, as meriting that character; and from that time he got the ſurname of *Juſt*. This remarkable diſtinction roused envy, and envy prevailed ſo far as to

procure

procure his banishment for ten years, upon the unjust suspicion, that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. But his absence dissipated these vain terrors. He was soon recalled; and, without shewing the least resentment against his enemies, he, for many years, acted both in peace and war with the greatest prudence and moderation. His disregard for money was visible at his death; for, though he was frequently treasurer, as well as general, he scarce left sufficient to defray the expence of his burial. But his virtues did not pass without reward. He had two daughters, who were educated at the expence of the state, and got portions allotted them from the public treasury.

Plancus being proscribed by the Triumvirs Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavius, was forced to abscond. His slaves, though put to the torture, refused to discover him. New torments being prepared, Plancus appeared, to prevent further distress to servants that were so faithful to him, and offered his throat to the swords of the executioners. An example so noble, of mutual affection

betwixt

betwixt a maſter and his ſlaves, procured a pardon to Plancus, and made all the world ſay, that Plancus only was worthy of ſo good ſervants, and they only were worthy of ſo good a maſter.

Cneius Domitius, Tribune of the Roman people, burning to ruin his enemy Marcus Scaurus, chief of the ſenate, accuſed him publicly, before the people, of ſeveral high crimes and miſdemeanors. His zeal in the proſecution excited a ſlave of Scaurus, thro' hope of a reward, to offer himſelf privately as a witneſs. But juſtice here prevailed over revenge: For Domitius, without liſtening to a ſingle word, ordered the perfidious wretch to be fettered, and to be carried inſtantly to his maſter. This action was ſo much admired, that there was no end of heaping honours upon Domitius. He was ſucceſſively elected conſul, cenſor, and chief prieſt.

A carpenter who had accidentally dropt his ax into a river, petitioned Mercury to help him to it again. Mercury, for a trial

of

of his honeſty, fiſhed up a gold ax; which the man refuſed, as not belonging to him. The next was a ſilver ax; which was alſo refuſed, for the ſame reaſon. At laſt came the identical ax that dropt into the water; and this the poor man claimed as his property. Mercury, to reward his honeſty, gave him all the three. It came into the head of another carpenter to try the experiment. He threw his ax into the water, imploring Mercury to reſtore it to him. Firſt the gold ax, and then the ſilver ax, being preſented, both were refuſed; but the third was accepted, being that which had been thrown into the water. The knave, now ſwallowing, in his expectations, the other two axes, was bitterly diſappointed, when he heard the following words pronounced with a ſtern look: 'Learn, impious mortal, that the gods 'reward honeſty, and not deceit.'

56.

In a May morning, two bees ſet forward in queſt of honey; the one wiſe and temperate, the other careleſs and extravagant. They

 arrived

arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, fragrant flowers, and delicious fruits. They regaled themſelves on the various dainties ſpread before them; the one loading his thigh with proviſions for the diſtant winter; the other revelling in ſweets, regarding nothing but its preſent gratification. At length they found a wide mouth'd phial, hanging beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey, expoſed to their taſte in the moſt alluring manner. The thoughtleſs epicure plunged headlong into the veſſel, reſolving to indulge his appetite to the full. The philoſopher ſipped a little with caution, but ſuſpicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meal, he improved his reliſh of them. In the evening, he called upon his friend to accompany him back to the hive; but found him ſurfeited in ſweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame enervated, he was but juſt able to bid his companion adieu, and with his lateſt breath to lament, that though moderate plea-

ſure

ſure may quicken the reliſh of life, unreſtrained indulgence is inevitable deſtruction.

57.

A young man having been condemned to death for theft, his mother went lamenting along with him to the place of execution. There, under pretext of a whiſper, he put his mouth to her ear, and bit it clear off. The ſpectators being provoked by this unnatural action; good people, cried the criminal, judge not by appearances. It is this mother of mine who has brought me to ſhame and puniſhment: For, had ſhe whipt me ſoundly for the book I ſtole when I was a boy, I ſhould never have come to the gallows for theft, now that I am a man.

58.

A Norman ſailor being roughly handled at Bayonne by an Engliſh ſoldier, the Normans, to avenge their comrade, fell upon the Engliſh: A ſcuffle enſued, and blood was drawn. The merchants of Normandy

made their complaint to Philip the Fair, artfully ſuggeſting, that the Engliſh made a mock of him. Philip, if he did not think proper to overlook ſo ſlight an affair, ought in prudence to have applied to the King of England for redreſs: He did neither: Stung with the ſuppoſed mockery, he, in a fit of paſſion, iſſued letters of repriſal. Several Engliſh veſſels were taken by ſurpriſe; but the Engliſh had their revenge, for they ſeized many more veſſels than had been taken from them. Philip, though the aggreſſor, demanded reparation in a haughty tone. Edward King of England, returned an anſwer in the ſame tone, which inflamed Philip to the higeſt pitch. A bloody war enſued, in which 100,000 men of the two nations were ſacrificed to the raſhneſs and impatience of Philip. In thoſe barbarous times, men did not glory in being more wiſe and rational than others, but in being more daring and brutal. A boxing-bout between two ſailors was the occaſion of much miſery to the two nations. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

59.

The following letter was addreſſed by a Jamaica lady to a female friend: " One morning taking an airing along the piazza leading from Kenſington to the fields, an old negro, who was dreſſing his ſores, begged alms of me. I paſſed by without taking any notice of him; but immediately reflecting on the poor creature's ſituation, I returned and gave him a bit, letting him know, that I had very few more remaining. The man expreſſed his gratitude by ſignificative geſtures, and hearty wiſhes for my proſperity. Some days after, having occaſion to paſs the ſame way, I ſaw the ſame negro, who attempted to come toward me, but ſo ſlowly becauſe of his ſores, that he did not overtake me. He called after me, begging for a ſingle word. I turned back, and he ſpoke to the following effect: ' That, from what ' I had ſaid the other day, he ſuſpected I ' might be in want; and that he could not ' be eaſy till he ſaw me again.' Upon which he pulled out a purſe containing, as he ſaid, 28 doubloons, telling me that it was collect-

ed by begging, and that he could beg more; praying me to take it, for that a lady could not beg, but muſt die for want of yam yam if ſhe had no money. My heart was pierced at the generoſity of this poor fellow. I thanked him for his kind offer, but that I had got money ſince I ſaw him, and had no occaſion for his purſe. I inquired why his maſter ſuffered him to beg: He told me, that being old, he could work no longer, and that his maſter had turned him out of doors to beg, or ſtarve; that he had been a ſlave from his infancy, and that his ſores were occaſioned by ſevere labour. After giving him another bit, and cautioning him to conceal his money, I left him.

60.

As two lizards were baſking under a ſouth wall, How contemptible, ſaid one of them, is our condition? We hold no ſort of rank in the creation, and are utterly unnoticed by the world. Curſed obſcurity! why was I not rather born a ſtag to range at large, the pride and glory of ſome royal foreſt? In the

midſt

midſt of theſe murmurs, a pack of dogs were in full cry after the very creature that was envied, who being quite ſpent, was torn in pieces in ſight of our two lizards. And is this the lordly ſtag whom you would chuſe to be, replied the wiſer lizard? Let his ſad fate teach you to bleſs Providence for your humble ſituation, which ſecures you from the dangers that attend your ſuperiors.

61.

A ſtag ſeeing his image in the water; Well, ſays he, were theſe pitiful ſhanks but anſwerable to this branching head, how ſhould I triumph over mine enemies? The words were ſcarce uttered, when he eſpied a pack of hounds coming full cry towards him. Away he ſcours croſs the plain, caſts off the dogs, and gains a wood. But preſſing through a thicket, the buſhes hold him by the horns, till the hounds come and pull him down. The laſt words he uttered were theſe: What an unhappy fool was I, to prefer ſhew before ſubſtance! I truſted to my horns, that have betrayed me; and I diſdain-

ed

ed my legs, that would otherwiſe have brought me off.

62.

The Princeſs Parizade, the happieſt as well as moſt beautiful of her ſex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a ſplendid palace, ſituated in the midſt of a delightful park, and the moſt exquiſite gardens in the eaſt. It happened one day, while the Princes were a hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and deſired admittance to the oratory, that ſhe might ſay her prayers. The princeſs no ſooner knew of her requeſt than ſhe granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that, after the good woman's prayers were ended, they ſhould ſhew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where ſhe herſelf was ſitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princeſs, having regaled her gueſt with ſome fruits and ſweatmeats, among many other queſtions, aſked her what ſhe thought of the palace?

"Madam,

'Madam, anſwered the old woman, your 'palace is beautiful, regular, and magnifi- 'cently furniſhed; its ſituation is delight- 'ful, and its gardens are beyond compare. 'But yet, if you will give me leave to ſpeak 'freely, there are three things wanting to 'make it perfect.'—'My good mother, inter- 'rupted the Princeſs Parizade, what are thoſe 'three things? I conjure you in God's name 'to tell me what they are; and if there be a 'poſſibility of obtaining them, neither diffi- 'culties nor dangers ſhall ſtop me in the at- 'tempt.' 'Madam,' replied the old woman, 'the firſt of theſe three things is the Talking 'Bird, the ſecond is the Singing Tree, and 'the third is the Yellow or Golden Water.' 'Ah, my good mother,' cried the princeſs, 'how much am I obliged to you for the 'knowledge of theſe things! They are no 'doubt the greateſt curioſities in the world, 'and, unleſs you can tell me where they are 'to be found, I am the moſt unhappy of wo- 'men.' The old woman ſatisfied the prin- ceſs in that material point, and then took her leave.

The

The ſtory goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the Princeſs Parizade ſo wrapt up in thought, that they imagined ſome great misfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, ſhe only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing diſturbed her. The intreaties of the two princes, however, at laſt prevailed, and the princeſs addreſſed them in the following manner:

'You have often told me, my dear bro-
'thers, and I have always believed, that this
'houſe, which our father built, was complete
'in every thing; but I have learnt this day
'that it wants three things; theſe are the
'Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the
'Yellow water. An old woman has made
'this diſcovery to me, and told me the place
'where they are to be found, and the way
'thither. Perhaps you may look upon theſe
'rarities as trifles; but think what you
'pleaſe, I am fully perſuaded that they are
'abſolutely neceſſary; and whether you va-
'lue

'lue them or not, I cannot be eaſy without 'them.'

The ſequel tells us, that, after the Princeſs Parizade had expreſſed herſelf with this proper ſpirit upon the occaſion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in purſuit of theſe Neceſſaries, and that, failing in the enterpriſe, they were one after another turned into ſtone.

63.

An owl ſat blinking in the trunk of a hollow tree, and arraigned the brightneſs of the ſun. What uſe for its beams, ſays ſhe, but to dazzle our eyes, ſo as not to ſee a mouſe? For my part, I am at a loſs to perceive for what purpoſe ſo glaring an object was created. Oh fool! replies an eagle, to rail at excellence which thou canſt not taſte, without perceiving that the fault is not in the ſun, but in thy ſelf.

As a fly was leiſurely crawling upon one of the columns of St Paul's cupola, ſhe often ſtopped, ſurveyed, examined, and at laſt broke forth with the following exclamation:

Strange!

Strange! that any artiſt ſhould leave ſo ſuperb a ſtructure ſo rough and unpoliſhed. Ah, my friend, ſays a ſpider, an architect by profeſſion, you ſhould never decide of things beyond your capacity: This lofty building was not erected for ſuch diminutive animals as we are: In the eyes of men theſe columns may appear as ſmooth as to you the wings of your favourite miſtreſs.

64.

The peacock, who at firſt was diſtinguiſhed by a creſt of feathers only, preferred a petition to Juno, that he might be honoured alſo with a train. Juno readily aſſented to her favourite bird, and his train ſurpaſſed that of every other fowl. The minion, conſcious of his ſuperb appearance, aſſumed a proportionable dignity of gait and manners. The common poultry of the farm-yard were quite aſtoniſhed at his magnificence; and even the pheaſants beheld him with envy. But when he attempted to fly, it was diſcovered, that he was incumbered by the pomp

in

in which he placed his glory, and that he had ſacrificed all his activity to oſtentation.

65.

Alexander the Great is deſcribed with leſs reſolution before the battle of Arbela than formerly. And no wonder. At the beginning, he had little reputation to loſe, but much to gain. Now he had more reputation to loſe, than he could gain.

66.

A young man, ſon of a cobler in a ſmall village near Madrid, having puſhed his fortune in the Indies, returned to his native country with a conſiderable ſtock, and ſet up as a banker in Madrid. In his abſence, his parents frequently talked of him, praying fervently that Heaven would take him under its protection; and the vicar being their friend, gave them frequently the public prayers of the congregation for him. The banker was not leſs dutiful on his part; for, ſo ſoon as he was ſettled, he mounted

on horſeback, and went alone to the village. It was ten at night before he got there; and the honeſt cobler was a-bed with his wife in a ſound ſleep when he knocked at the door. Open the door, ſays the banker, 'tis your ſon Francillo. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old man, ſtarting from his ſleep; go about your buſineſs, you thieving rogues, here is nothing for you: Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, replied the banker, he is returned home, and it is he who now ſpeaks to you: Open your door, and receive him. Jacobo, ſaid the woman, let us riſe then; for I really believe 'tis Francillo, I think I know his voice. The father ſtarting from bed, lighted a candle, and the mother putting on her gown in a hurry, opened the door. Looking earneſtly on Francillo, ſhe flung her arms about his neck, and hugged him with the utmoſt affection. Jacobo embraced his ſon in his turn; and all three, tranſported with joy, after ſo long abſence, had no end in expreſſing their tenderneſs. After theſe pleaſing tranſports, the banker put his horſe into the ſtable, where he found an

old

old milch-cow, nurſe to the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. They liſtened greedily, and every the leaſt particular of his relation made on them a ſenſible impreſſion of grief or joy. Having finiſhed his ſtory, he offered them a part of his eſtate, and intreated his father not to work any more. No, my ſon, ſaid Jacobo, I love my trade, and will not leave it oft. Why, replied the banker, is it not now high time to take your eaſe? I do not propoſe your living with me at Madrid: I know well that a city-life would not pleaſe you: Enjoy your own way of living; but give over your hard labour, and paſs the remainder of your days in eaſe and plenty. The mother ſeconded her ſon, and Jacobo yielded. To pleaſe you, Francillo, ſaid he, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own ſhoes, and thoſe of my good friend the vicar. The agreement being concluded, the banker eat a couple of eggs, and ſlept in the ſame bed with his father and mother, enjoying that kindly ſatiſfaction which none but dutiful children can

feel or underſtand. The next morning the banker, leaving his parents a purſe of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid: But was much ſurpriſed to ſee Jacobo at his houſe a few days thereafter. My father, ſaid he, what brings you here? Francillo, anſwered the honeſt cobler, I have brought your purſe; take it again; for I deſire to live by my trade, and have been ready to die with uneaſineſs ever ſince I left off working.

67.

The inhabitants of a great town offered Marſhal de Turenne 100,000 crowns, upon condition he would take another road, and not march his troops their way. He anſwered them, 'As your town is not on the road 'I intend to march, I cannot accept the mo-'ney you offer me.'

The Earl of Derby, in the reign of Edward III. making a deſcent in Guienne, carried by ſtorm the town of Bergerac, and gave it up to be plundered. A Welſh knight happened by chance to light upon the receiver's office.

office. He found there ſuch a quantity of money, that he thought himſelf obliged to acquaint his general with it, imagining, that ſo great a booty naturally belonged to him. But he was agreeably ſurpriſed, when the Earl told him, with a pleaſant countenance, that he wiſhed him joy of his good fortune, and that he did not make the keeping of his word to depend upon the great or little value of the thing he had promiſed.

In the ſiege of Faliſci by Camillus general of the Romans, the ſchoolmaſter of the town, who had the children of the ſenators under his care, led them abroad, under the pretext of recreation, and carried them to the Roman camp, ſaying to Camillus, That, by this artifice, he had delivered Faliſci into his hands. Camillus abhorring this treachery, obſerved, 'That there were laws for war, 'as well as for peace; and that the Romans 'were taught to make war with integrity, 'not leſs than with courage.' He ordered the ſchoolmaſter to be ſtripped, his hands to be bound behind his back, and to be delivered to the boys to be laſhed back into the

town. The Falerians, formerly obſtinate in reſiſtence, ſtruck with an act of juſtice ſo illuſtrious, delivered themſelves up to the Romans; convinced, that they would be far better to have the Romans for their allies, than their enemies.

68.

A lake, the habitation of many a frog, being dried up in a hot ſummer, two of the ſpecies, in queſt of water, diſcovered a deep well. One of them growing impatient, propoſed to ſettle there, without looking farther. Softly, ſays his companion, if the water ſhould alſo fail us here, how ſhall we get out again?

69.

Archytas Tarentinus returning from war, found all things at home in great diſorder. Having called his overſeer, he expoſtulated with him for his ſupine negligence, and ended thus: 'Go,' ſaid he, 'if I were not in anger 'I would ſoundly drub your ſides.' Plato, being

being highly offended at one of his ſlaves, ordered Speuſippus to chaſtiſe him, excuſing himſelf, becauſe he was angry. And Carillus, a Lacedemonian, to a helot who carried himſelf inſolently and audaciouſly, 'By the 'gods, if I were not angry, I would immedi-'ately put thee to death.' How different the behaviour of Piſo upon ſuch an occaſion? A ſoldier returning from forage without his companion, of whom he gave no ſatisfactory account, Piſo, taking it for granted that he had murdered his companion, condemned him inſtantly to death. The ſentence was at the very point of being executed, when, behold! the wandering companion arrived, which filled all hearts with joy. They were carried inſtantly to Piſo, not doubting but that the ſentence would be recalled. But ſhame for being in the wrong rekindled Piſo's rage, which made him incapable of acknowledging his raſhneſs; and, as if perſeverence would juſtify a wrong, or hide it from others, he committed another act of injuſtice, much leſs excuſable than the former. The firſt ſoldier was ordered to death, becauſe ſentence had paſſed againſt him; the

ſecond,

ſecond, becauſe his abſence had occaſioned the death of the firſt; and the hangman, for not putting the firſt ſentence in execution.

70.

When Auguſtus King of Poland was dethroned by Charles XII. of Sweden, the queſtion was, Who ſhould ſucceed him? King Sobieſki had left three ſons, James, Conſtantin, And Alexander. The two elder being detained priſoners in Saxony, neither of them could be propoſed in the diet for election. Prince Alexander humbly ſupplicated the King of Sweden to deliver his brothers from priſon. Charles not only promiſed him this favour, but offered to make him King of Poland. Alexander, to the aſtoniſhment of all the world, modeſtly declined the offer. 'I could never bear,' ſaid he, 'to ſee my elder brothers reduced to 'be my ſubjects.'

71.

It is recorded of Agrippina, that consulting the Caldeans, about the fortune of her son Nero, she got for a response, That he would be Emperor; but that he would kill his mother. 'Let him be Emperor,' said she, 'though I die by his hands.' How blind are we to futurity! We lay our whole stock of happiness upon a single ticket, and behold it comes out a blank. Nero was Emperor; but Agrippina was far from being willing to lay down her life, as the price of her advancement. Nay, laying aside this horrid circumstance, she did not find the happiness she proposed, but the direct contrary. She had laid her account, that her son would be perfectly obsequious to her; and by his means had swallowed in her hopes, dominion over the universe. But these hopes, like all that are unbounded, proved abortive. Nero would not be ruled by an imperious woman; and she was in despair, to find him taken out of her hands Blind mortals! how unfit to judge or choose for ourselves?

A man who had loſt a calf, betook himſelf at laſt to his prayers. Great Jupiter, ſays he, do but ſhew me the thief, and I'll give the a kid for a ſacrifice. The word was no ſooner paſſed, than the thief appeared, which was a lion. He fell to his prayers more heartily than before: 'I have not for-'gotten my vow, O Jupiter! but now that 'thou haſt ſhewed me the thief, I'll make 'the kid a bull if thou'lt but free me from 'him.'

Gay, Fab. 39.

The man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with pray'rs.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view:
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All Fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire;
'Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a father's bleſs'd.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want, (a wretch complete),
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving arts of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.

The

The vain cocquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God: By outward ſhow,
Men judge of happineſs and wo:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt.

72.

Ned Froth, who had been ſeveral years butler in a family of diſtinction, having ſaved about four hundred pounds, took a little houſe in the ſuburbs, and laid in a ſtock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the beſt of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increaſe: He purſued it with freſh alacrity, he exulted in his ſucceſs, and the joy of his heart ſparkled in his countenance. But it happened that Ned, in the midſt of his happineſs and proſperity,

was

was prevailed upon to buy a lottery-ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which induſtry could not obtain, he determined to be induſtrious no longer: To draw drink for a dirty and boiſterous rabble, was a ſlavery to which he now ſubmitted with reluctance; and he longed for the moment in which he ſhould be free: Inſtead of telling his ſtory and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his cuſtomers, he received them with indifference, was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a-day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

In this diſpoſition Ned was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and inquired for him of his gueſts, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſt

 him

him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms, in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as a proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempted to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace, and keep an equipage: But, in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery-ticket, except five hundred pounds in

bank,

bank-notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that purſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of his regret, that, in the deſpair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and vexation, he threw himſelf from the bridge into the Thames.

73.

Auguſtus, who was prone to anger, got the following leſſon from Athenodorus the philoſopher, That ſo ſoon as he ſhould feel the firſt emotions towards anger, he ſhould repeat deliberately the whole letters of the alphabet; for that anger was eaſily prevented, but not eaſily ſubdued. To repreſs anger, it is a good method to turn the injury into a jeſt. Socrates having received a blow on the head, obſerved, that it would be well if people knew when it were neceſſary to put

on a helmet. Being kicked by a boiſterous fellow, and his friends wondering at his patience, 'What,' ſaid he, 'if an aſs ſhould 'kick me, muſt I call him before a judge?' Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly obſerved, that the man was not yet taught to ſpeak reſpectfully.

Caeſar having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: 'For,' ſaid he, 'tho' 'I am upon my guard againſt anger, yet it 'is ſafer to remove its cauſe.'

Cotys King of Thrace, having got a preſent of earthen veſſels exquiſitely wrought, but extremely brittle, broke them into pieces, that he might not have occaſion of anger againſt his ſervants.

Antigonus King of Syria hearing two of his ſoldiers reviling him behind his tent; Gentlemen, ſays he, opening the curtain, remove to a greater diſtance, for your King hears you.

74.

A farmer who had ſtepped into his field, to mend a gap in a fence, found at his return the cradle where he had left his only child aſleep turned upſide down, the cloaths all bloody, and his dog lying in the ſame place beſmeared alſo with blood. Convinced by the ſight, that the creature had deſtroyed his child, he daſhed out its brains with the hatchet in his hand; then turning up the cradle, he found the child unhurt, and an enormous ſerpent lying dead on the floor, killed by that faithful dog which he had put to death in blind paſſion.

75.

A horſe having a quarrel with a boar, applied to a man to aid him in his revenge. The man arming himſelf, mounted the horſe, and killed the boar. But the horſe, in gratifying his reſentment, loſt his liberty: For the man would be pleaſed with no other reward, than to have the command of the horſe whenever he ſhould have occaſion;

and therefore ordered him to be locked up in the ſtable.

A bear was ſo pained with the ſting of a bee, that he ran like mad into the bee-garden, and overturned all the hives. This outrage brought upon him an army of bees. Being almoſt ſtung to death, he reflected how much more prudent it had been to paſs over one injury, than by raſh paſſion to provoke a thouſand.

The Marſhal of Turenne, being in great want of proviſions, quartered his army by force in the town of St Michael. Complaints were carried to the Marſhal de la Ferte, under whoſe government that town was; who, being highly diſobliged for what was done to his town without his authority, inſiſted to have the troops inſtantly diſlodged. Some time thereafter La Ferte ſeeing a ſoldier of Turenne's guards out of his place, beat him ſeverely. The ſoldier, all bloody, complaining to his General, was inſtantly ſent back to La Ferte, with the following compliment: 'That Turenne was much concerned to find

'his

'his ſoldier had failed in his reſpect to him, 'and begged the ſoldier might be puniſhed 'as he thought proper.' The whole army was aſtoniſhed; and La Ferte himſelf being ſurpriſed, cried out, 'What! is this man to 'be always wiſe, and I always a fool!'

One aſking at Diogenes, what courſe he ſhould take to be revenged of his enemy? By becoming a good man, anſwered the philoſopher.

It being told to Philip of Macedon, that ſeveral calumnies were ſpread againſt him by the Athenian orators; 'It ſhall be my 'care,' ſaid the prince, 'by my life and ac-'tions, to prove them liars.'

Solon obſerving one of his friends grieving beyond meaſure, led him to the caſtle of Athens, and bad him caſt his eyes upon the houſes below. 'Think now,' ſays he, 'what a number of diſtreſſed perſons theſe 'houſes have contained, do at preſent con-'tain, and will contain in time coming. 'Forbear, then, impotently to deplore your

'miſ-

'misfortunes, which are common to all.' It was a ſaying of the ſame wiſe man, That if all the misfortunes incident to human nature were gathered into one heap, to be again diſtributed among individuals, every man would draw out his own misfortune, rather than take what chance ſhould offer.

To Cicero grieving for the death of his daughter Tullia, his friend Sulpicius wrote the following letter: 'Returning from Aſia, 'by ſea, I amuſed myſelf with diſtinguiſh-'ing the countries about me. Behind me 'was Ægina, before me Megara; on the 'right hand Piraeus, on the left Corinthus; 'towns formerly flouriſhing, now in ruins. 'This ſight ſuggeſted the following reflec-'tion: Why ſhould we ſhort-lived mortals 'grieve at the death of a friend, when we 'ſee every day the greateſt cities reduced to 'aſhes? When ſo many illuſtrious men, 'heads of the Roman ſtate, have ſubmitted 'to death; why ſhould you, my friend, be 'ſo much moved with the death of a ſingle

'woman,

'woman, who muſt have died of old age, 'had ſhe lived a few years longer?'

76.

Some friends of Philip of Macedon adviſing him to baniſh a man who had ſpoken ill of him at court; By no means, ſaid he; for that is the ready way to make him rail at me where I am leſs known. Being importuned to puniſh the ingratitude of the Peloponneſians, for having hiſſed him at the Olympic games; How will they ſerve me, replied he, ſhould I puniſh them, when they cannot forbear affronting me after ſo many obligations?

77.

Philip of Macedon being adviſed to baniſh a man who had railed at him; Let us firſt ſee, ſays he, whether I have not given him occaſion. And underſtanding that this man had done him ſervices without receiving any reward, he gave him a conſiderable gratuity.

The

The Emperor Auguſtus being informed of a conſpiracy againſt his life, conducted by Lucius Cinna, was at firſt moved by reſentment to reſolve upon the cruelleſt puniſhment. But reflecting afterwards, that Cinna was a young man of an illuſtrious family, and nephew to the great Pompey, he broke out into bitter fits of paſſion: 'Why live I, 'if it be for the good of many that I ſhould 'die? Muſt there be no end of my cruelties? 'Is my life of ſo great value, that oceans of 'blood muſt be ſhed to preſerve it?' His wife Livia finding him in this perplexity, 'Will you take a woman's counſel?' ſaid ſhe. 'Imitate the phyſicians, who, when 'the ordinary remedies fail, make trial of 'what are extraordinary. By ſeverity you 'have prevailed nothing. Lepidus has fol'lowed Savidienus, Murena Lepidus, Caepio 'Murena, and Egnatius Caepio. Begin now, 'and try whether ſweetneſs and clemency 'may not ſucceed. Cinna is detected: For'give him; he will never henceforth have 'the heart to hurt thee; and it will be an 'act of glory.' Auguſtus was a man of ſenſe. He reliſhed the advice, and calling

Cinna

Cinna to a private conference, he ſpoke as follows: 'Thou knoweſt, Cinna, that having joined my enemies, I gave thee thy life, reſtored thee all thy goods, and advanced thy fortune equally with the beſt of thoſe who had always been my friends. The ſacerdotal office I conferred upon thee, after having denied it to others, who had borne arms in my ſervice. And yet, after ſo many obligations, thou haſt undertaken to murder me.' Seeing Cinna aſtoniſhed, and ſilent, with the conſciouſneſs of guilt, he went on as follows: 'Well! Cinna, go thy way; I again give thee that life as a traitor and a parricide, which I before gave thee as an enemy. Let friendſhip from this time forward commence betwixt us; and let us make it appear, whether thou haſt received thy life, or I have given it, with the better faith.' Some time after, he preferred Cinna to the conſular dignity, complaining that he had not reſolution to demand it. Their friendſhip continued uninterrupted till Cinna's death; who, in token of his gratitude, appointed Auguſtus to be his ſole heir. And it is remarkable,

that

that Auguſtus reaped the due reward of a clemency ſo generous and exemplary; for from that time there never was the ſlighteſt conſpiracy or attempt againſt him.

La Motte, l. 5. fab. 18.

Parmi les animaux l'eléphant eſt un ſage.
Il ſçait philoſopher, penſer profondément.
En doute-t-on? Voici le témoignage
De ſon profond raiſonnement.
Jadis certain marchand d'yvoire,
Pour amaſſer de ces os précieux,
S'en alloit, avant la nuit noire,
Se mettre à l' affût dans les heux
Où les eléphans venoient boire.
Là, d'un arbre élevé notre chaſſeur lançoit
Sans relâche fleche ſur fleche:
Quelqu'une entre autres faiſoit breche,
Et quelque eléphant trépaſſoit.
Quand le jour éloignoit la troupe eléphantine,
L'homme héritoit des dents du mort.
C'eſt ſur ce gain que rouloit ſa cuiſine;
Et chaque ſoir il tentoit même ſort.

Une

Une fois donc qu'il attendoit ſa proye,
Grand nombre d' eléphans de loin ſe firent voir.
Cet objet fut d'abord ſa joye ;
Bien-tôt ce fut ſon déſeſpoir.
Avec une clameur tonnante
Tout ce peuple coloſſe accourut à l'archer,
Environne ſon arbre, où, ſaiſi d'épouvante,
Il maudit mille fois ce qu'il venoit chercher.
Le chef des eléphans, d'un ſeul coup de ſa trompe,
Met l'arbre et le chaſſeur à bas ;
Prend l'homme ſur ſon dos, le mene en grand pompe
Sur une ample colline où l'yvoire eſt à tas.
Tien lui dit-il, c'eſt notre cimetiere ;
Voilà des dents pour toi, pour tes voiſins :
Romp ta machine meurtriere,
Et va remplir tes magazins.
Tu ne cherchois qu'à nous détruire ;
Au lieu de te détruire auſſi,
Nous t' ôtons ſeulement l'interêt de nous nuire.
Le ſage doit tâcher de ſe vanger ainſi.

78.

A boy ſmitten with the colours of a butterfly, purſued it from flower to flower with indefatigable pains. Firſt, he aimed to ſurpriſe it among the leaves of a roſe; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daiſy; now hoped to ſecure it as it revelled on a ſprig of a myrtle; and now grew ſure of his prize, perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly ſtill eluded his attempts. At laſt, obſerving it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he ruſhed forward, and ſnatching it with violence, cruſhed it to pieces. The dying inſect ſeeing the poor boy chagrined at his diſappointment, addreſſed him, with the calmneſs of a Stoic, in the following words: Behold now the end of thy unprofitable ſolicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that all pleaſure is but a painted butterfly; which may ſerve to amuſe thee in the purſuit, but, if embraced with too much ardour, will periſh in thy graſp.

79.

79.

Once upon a time, the hares were greatly diſſatisfied with their miſerable condition. Here we live, ſay they, at the mercy of men, dogs, eagles, and many other creatures, whoſe prey we are. We had better die once for all, than live in perpetual dread, which is worſe than death. Reſolving, with one conſent, to drown themſelves, they ſcudded away to the next lake. A number of frogs, terrified by the noiſe, jumped from the bank into the water with the greateſt precipitation. Pray let us have a little patience, ſays a hare of a grave aſpect, our condition may not be altogether ſo bad as we fancy. If we are afraid of ſome creatures, others, we ſee, are not leſs afraid of us.

80.

A hermit dwelt in a cave near the ſummit of a lofty mountain, from whence he ſurveyed a large extent both of ſea and land. He ſat one evening, contemplating with pleaſure the various objects that lay before

him. The woods were dreſſed in the brighteſt verdure, the thickets adorned with the gayeſt bloſſoms; the birds caroled beneath the branches, the lambs frolicked around the meads, the peaſant whiſtled at his team, and the ſhips, moved by gentle gales, were returning into their harbours. The arrival of ſpring had enlivened the whole ſcene; and every object yielded a diſplay either of beauty or of happineſs.

On a ſudden aroſe a violent ſtorm; the winds muſtered all their fury, and whole foreſts of oak lay ſcattered on the ground. Darkneſs ſucceeded: Hailſtones and rain were poured down in cataracts, and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom. And now the ſea, piled up in mountains, bore aloft the largeſt veſſels, while the uproar of its waves drowned the ſhrieks of the wretched mariners. When the tempeſt had exhauſted its fury, it was inſtantly followed by the ſhock of an earthquake.

The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flocked to our hermit's cave, fully convinced that his known ſanctity would protect them in their diſtreſs. They were

no

not a little ſurpriſed at the profound tranquillity which appeared in his countenance. My friends, ſaid he, be not diſmayed. Terrible to me, as to you, would have been this war of elements; but I have meditated with attention on the various works of Providence, and reſt ſecure that his goodneſs is equal to his power.

81.

In a ripe field of corn, a lark had a brood of young ones; and when ſhe went abroad to forage for them, ſhe ordered them to take notice of what ſhould happen in her abſence. They told her, at her return, that the owner of the field had been there, and had requeſted his neighbours to reap his corn. Well, ſays the lark, there's no danger as yet. They told her the next day, that he had been there again, with the ſame requeſt to his friends. Well, well, ſaid ſhe, there's no danger in that neither; and ſo ſhe went out for proviſions as before. But being informed the third day, that the owner and his ſon were to come next morning to

perform the work themſelves. Nay, then, ſays ſhe, it is time to look about us. As for the neighbours and friends, I feared them not; but the owner, I'm ſure, will be as good as his word, for it is his own buſineſs.

82.

Philopemen arriving the firſt at an inn where he was expected, the hoſteſs, ſeeing him an unſightly fellow, and taking him for one of Philopemen's ſervants, employed him to draw water. His train arriving preſently after, and ſurpriſed to ſee him thus employed, 'I am', ſaid he, 'paying the penalty of my uglineſs.'

Periwigs being firſt uſed to cover baldneſs, a certain cavalier had one for that purpoſe, which paſſed for his own hair. Riding one day in company, a ſudden puff of wind blew off his hat and wig, and diſcovered his bald pate, which provoked a loud laugh. He fell a laughing with the reſt, and ſaid, merrily, 'How

'How could I expect to keep other people's hair, when I could not keep my own?'

83.

A fox taken in a trap, was glad to compound matters, by leaving his tail behind him. To palliate his misfortune, he made a learned discourse to his companions, of the uselessness, the trouble, and the indecency of tails. He had no sooner ended, than up rose a cunning sage, who desired to be informed, whether the worthy member who had harangued so pathetically meant his advice for the advantage of those who had tails, or to hide the deformity and disgrace of those who had none.

84.

An old man and a boy were driving an ass before them to the next market for sale. Have you no more wit, says a passenger, than to trudge it a-foot, when you have an ass to ride on? The old man took the hint, and set the boy upon the ass. Says another to the boy,

boy, You lazy rogue you, muſt you ride, and let your aged father go a-foot? The man took down his boy, and got up himſelf. Do you ſee, ſays a third, how the lazy old knave rides, while the poor little child has much ado to creep after him? The man took up his ſon behind him. They next they met aſked the old man, Whether the aſs were his own? He ſaid, Yes. Troth there's little ſign of it, ſays the other, by your loading him thus. Well, ſays the man to himſelf, what am I to do now? Nothing new occurred to him, but to bind the aſs's legs together with a cord, and to carry him to market with a poll upon their ſhoulders. This he attempted, and became truly ridiculous.

85.

A man wanting to purchaſe a parrot, repairs to a ſhop, where there were plenty, ſurveys them all with attention, and was charmed with their eloquence. Obſerving one that was ſilent; and you, Mr Unſociable, not a ſingle word? are you afraid of being troubleſome? I think not the leſs, replies our

ſage

ſage parrot. Admirable! ſays the purchaſer. What's your price? So much. There it is; I am happy. He went home in full belief that his parrot would ſpeak miracles. But, after a month's trial, it could not utter a word except the tireſome, *I think not the leſs*. Wo be to you, ſays the maſter; you are no better than a ſot; and I a greater ſot for valuing you upon a ſingle word.

86.

A conceited aſs had once the impertinence to bray forth ſome contemptuous ſpeeches againſt the lion. The ſuddenneſs of the inſult inflamed the lion; but turning his head, and perceiving the aſs, he walked on, without deigning to honour the wretch even with ſo much as an angry word.

87.

Marſhal Turenne, in his campaign 1656, deſpatched a body of men to eſcort ſome loaded waggons that were coming from Arras, and gave the command to the Count de Grandpré,

Grandpré. The young Count being engaged in a love-adventure, ſuffered the convoy to march, commanded by the Major of his regiment. A Spaniſh party that attacked the convoy being repulſed, the proviſions were brought ſafe to the camp. The Marſhal being informed of Grandpré's neglect of duty, ſaid to the officers who were about him, 'The Count will be very angry with 'me for employing him another way, and 'diſappointing him of this opportunity to 'ſhow his bravery.' Theſe words being reported to the Count, he ran to his General's tent, threw himſelf at his feet, and expreſſed his repentance with tears full of gratitude and affection. The Marſhal reproved him with a paternal ſeverity; and the reproof made ſuch an impreſſion, that, during the reſt of the campaign, this young officer ſignalized himſelf by the braveſt actions, and became at length one of the ableſt commanders of the age.

88.

A lion having fed too plentifully on the carcafe of a wild boar, was feized with a violent and dangerous diforder. The beafts of the foreft flocked in quantities to pay their refpects to their King on this occafion; and there was not one abfent but the fox. The wolf feized this opportunity to accufe the fox of pride, ingratitude, and difaffection to his Majefty. In the midft of this invective the fox entered; who obferving the lion's countenance kindling into wrath, addreffed the affembly with a tone of zealous loyalty, 'May the King live for ever.' Then turning to the lion, 'I fee many here 'who with mere lip-fervice pretend to fhow 'their loyalty, but for my part, from the mo-'ment I heard of your Majefty's illnefs, I em-'ployed myfelf day and night to find a reme-'dy for your difeafe, and have at length hap-'pily got one that is infallible. It is a plafter 'made from the fkin of an wolf, taken warm 'from his back, and laid to your Majefty's 'ftomach.' No fooner propofed than agreed to. And, while the operation was perform-

ing,

ing, the fox, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, whiſpered to the wolf this uſeful maxim: If you would be ſafe from harm, learn not to contrive miſchief againſt others.

89.

A company of boys were watching frogs at the ſide of a pond, and ſtill as any of them put up their heads, they were pelted down again with ſtones. Children, ſays one of the frogs, you never conſider, that, though this may be play to you, it is death to us.

90.

An eagle ſeized ſome young rabbits for food to her young. The mother-rabbit adjured her, in the name of all thoſe powers that protect the innocent and oppreſſed, to have compaſſion upon her miſerable children. But the eagle, in an outrage of pride, tears them to pieces. The rabbits made a common cauſe of it, and fell to undermining the tree where the eagle timbered, which,

on

on the firſt blaſt of wind, fell flat to the ground, neſt, eaglets, and all. Some of them were killed by the fall, the reſt were devoured by birds and by beaſts of prey, in ſight of the injured mother-rabbit.

91.

Tacitus, treating of Corbulo's diſcipline †, obſerves, that in his army the firſt or ſecond fault was not pardoned as in other armies. The ſoldier who left his ſtandard was immediately put to death. And experience proved this practice to be not only uſeful but merciful; for ſuch crimes were ſeldom committed in his camp.

92.

A dog, croſſing a river with a piece of fleſh in his mouth, ſaw his image in the water, which he miſtook for another dog with another piece of fleſh. Greedy to have both, he ſnatches at the ſhadow, and loſes the ſubſtance.

† Annal. l. 13. § 35.

93.

A diamond of beauty and luſtre, obſerving at his ſide in the ſame cabinet, not only many other gems, but even a loadſtone, began to queſtion the latter how he came there, he who appeared to be no better than a mere flint, a ſorry ruſty-looking pebble, without the leaſt ſhining quality to advance him to ſuch honour; and concluded with deſiring him to keep his diſtance, and to pay a proper reſpect to his ſuperiors. I find, ſaid the loadſtone, that you judge by external appearances; and it is your intereſt that others ſhould form their judgement by the ſame rule. I muſt own I have nothing to boaſt of in that reſpect; but I may venture to ſay, that I make amends for my outward defects by my inward qualities. The great improvement of navigation is owing to me: It is owing to me, that the diſtant parts of the world are known and acceſſible to each other; that the remoteſt nations are connected together, and all in a manner united into one common ſociety; that by mutual intercourſe they relieve each other's wants,

and

and all enjoy the ſeveral bleſſings peculiar to each. Great Britain is indebted to me for her wealth, her ſplendor, and her power; and the Arts and Sciences are in a great meaſure indebted to me for their late improvements, and for their hopes of being further improved. I am willing to allow you your due praiſe: You are a pretty bauble; I am delighted to ſee you glitter and ſparkle; but I muſt be convinced that you are of ſome uſe, before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that reſpect which you demand.

94.

Mercury, in order to know what eſtimation he bore among men, went to the houſe of a famous ſtatuary, where he cheapened a Jupiter and a Juno. He then ſeeing a Mercury with all his ſymbols; Here am I, ſaid he to himſelf, in the quality of Jupiter's meſſenger, and the patron of artiſans, with all my trade about me; and now will this fellow aſk me fifteen times as much for that ſtatue as he did for the others: And ſo de-

manded what was the value of that piece. Why truly, ſays the ſtatuary, you ſeem to be a civil gentleman; give me but my price for the other two, and you ſhall have that into the bargain.

95.

Andrew Dorea of Genoa, the greateſt ſea-captain in the age he lived in, ſet his country free from the yoke of France. Beloved by his fellow-citizens, and ſupported by the Emperor Charles V. it was in his power to aſſume ſovereignty, without the leaſt ſtruggle. But he preferred the virtuous ſatisfaction of giving liberty to his countrymen. He declared, in public aſſembly, that the happineſs of ſeeing them once more reſtored to liberty, was to him a full reward for all his ſervices: That he claimed no pre-eminence above his equals, but remitted to them abſolutely to ſettle a proper form of government. Dorea's magnanimity put an end to factions that had long vexed the ſtate; and a form of government was eſtabliſhed with great unanimity, the ſame that,

with

with very little alteration, ſubſiſts at preſent. Dorea lived to a great age, beloved and honoured by his countrymen; and, without ever making a ſingle ſtep out of his rank as a private citizen, he retained to his dying hour great influence in the republic.—Power, founded on love and gratitude, was to him more pleaſant than what is founded on ſovereignty. His memory is reverenced by the Genoeſe; and, in their hiſtories and public monuments, there is beſtowed on him the moſt honourable of all titles, viz. FATHER of his country, and RESTORER of its liberty.

96.

The oak upbraided the willow, that it was weak and wavering, and gave way to every blaſt; while he himſelf ſcorned, he ſaid, to bend to the moſt raging tempeſt. Soon after, it blew a hurricane. The willow yielded and gave way: But the oak, ſtubbornly reſiſting, was torn up by the roots.

97.

And it came to pafs after thefe things, that Abraham fat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the fun.

And behold, a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderneefs, leaning on a ftaff.

And Abraham arofe, and met him, faid unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wafh thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou fhalt arife early in the morning, and go on thy way.

And the man faid, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

But Abraham preffed him greatly: So he turned, and they went in to the tent: And Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

And when Abraham faw that the man bleffed not God, he faid unto him, Wherefore doft thou not worfhip the moft high God, creator of heaven and earth?

And the man anfwered and faid, I do not worfhip thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myfelf a god, which

which abideth always in mine houſe, and provideth me with all things.

And Abraham's zeal was kindled againſt the man, and he aroſe, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderneſs.

And God called unto Abraham, ſaying, Abraham, where is the ſtranger?

And Abraham anſwered and ſaid, Lord, he would not worſhip thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderneſs.

And God ſaid, Have I borne with him theſe hundred ninety and eight years, and nouriſhed him, and clothed him, notwithſtanding his rebellion againſt me; and couldſt not thou, who art thyſelf a ſinner, bear with him one night.

And Abraham ſaid, Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot againſt thy ſervant: Lo, I have ſinned; forgive me, I pray thee.

And Abraham aroſe, and went forth into the wilderneſs, and ſought diligently for the man; and found him, and returned with him to his tent; and when he had intreated

him

him kindly, he ſent him away in the morning, with gifts.

98.

Four men there were, linked in cloſe friendſhip. If they differed, it was not in love: In ſentiment? that may be: One was for the fair beauty, another for the brown; one dealt in proſe, another in verſe; which occaſioned frequent diſputes to ſeaſon their converſation. One day a favourite topic was ſtarted: They took ſides, grew warm; nothing but noiſe inſtead of reaſon. At laſt they parted almoſt in bad humour; and at that inſtant ſcarce believed themſelves friends. After a calm was reſtored, Gentlemen, ſays one, how happy would it be for friends to be all of one mind? They at once agreed upon a ſupplication to the gods, to remove their only cauſe of diſcord, by giving them one mind, as they had one heart. They marched in a body to the temple of Apollo, and preſented their humble requeſt. The god inclined his ear, exerted his power, and, in the twinkling of an eye, moulded their minds

minds into one. From that moment their thoughts, their deſires, their ſentiments were the ſame. If one made an obſervation, all aſſented: If another declared his opinion, the reſt gave a nod. Good! ſaid they, behold our diſputes and our ill blood are at an end. Very true: But are not the charms of converſation at an end alſo? No beautiful reflections, no warm ſentiments, ſparks of fire ſtruck out by oppoſition, enlightening the mind, chearing the heart, and making time paſs ſweetly. *Yes* is now the only word: Friendſhip decays, indifference hangs over them like a cloud, and irkſome paſs the hours, wont to fly with a ſwift pace. Loſing all patience, they fly from each other, and ſeek with induſtry new friendſhips.

99.

A lion having got into his clutches a poor mouſe, let her go at her earneſt ſupplication. A few days after, the lion being catched in a net, found a grateful return. For this very mouſe ſet herſelf to work upon the cou-

plings

plings of the net, gnawed the threads to pieces, and ſo delivered her benefactor.

100.

The Marquis of Louvois, jealous of the Marſhal de Turenne, did all in his power ſecretly to croſs his deſigns. This jealouſy was the main ſpring of the misfortunes of France in the campaign 1673. The King ſaw himſelf upon the point of being forſaken by his allies, and left alone to maintain a war againſt the Empire, Spain, and Holland. The Marſhal de Turenne could not diſemble his uneaſineſs, and there appeared in his countenance an air of thoughtfulneſs and melancholy. Having returned to court, after putting his army into winter-quarters, the King received him with great demonſtrations of eſteem and affection. His Majeſty, in private, converſed frequently with him of the means to re-eſtabliſh affairs next campaign; and ſpoke to him one day of the fatal conſequences of Louvois's counſels; which gave Turenne a favourable opportunity to revenge himſelf of the miniſter, had he

he been ſo diſpoſed. The Marſhal contented himſelf with anſwering, 'That the Marquis de Louvois was very capable of doing his Majeſty ſervice in the cabinet, but that he had not experience enough in war to take upon him the direction of it.' This moderation and generoſity extremely pleaſed the young King, who aſſured Turenne, that, in ſpite of all his miniſters, he ſhould always be his favourite. He then ſpoke of the Marquis de St Abré, acquainting Turenne that St Abré had blamed his conduct, and written to Louvois, that, if he had been conſulted, he could have ſaved Bonne, without hazarding Alſace. 'Why then did he not ſpeak to me?' ſaid the Marſhal, with great moderation: 'I ſhould have heard him with pleaſure, and profited by his advice.' He then excuſed St Abré, commended him, gave an exact account of his ſervices, intreated the King not to deprive him of ſo able a lieutenant-general, and left not the cabinet till he obtained from the King a gratuity to him.

101.

Eudamidas, a Corinthian, had two friends, Charixenus, and Aretheus. Eudamidas being poor, and knowing his two friends to be rich, made his will as follows. 'I bequeath 'to Aretheus the maintenance of my mo- 'ther, to ſupport and provide for her in her 'old age. I bequeath to Charixenus the 'care of marrying my daughter, and of gi- 'ving her as good a portion as he is able. 'And, in caſe of the death of either, I ſub- 'ſtitute the ſurvivor in his place.' They who firſt ſaw this will, made themſelves extremely merry with it. But the executors had a different ſenſe of the matter; they accepted the legacies with great ſatisfaction. Charixenus dying ſoon after, Aretheus undertook the whole. He nouriſhed the old woman with great care and tenderneſs. Of his eſtate, which was five talents, he gave the half in marriage with a daughter, his only child; the other half in marriage with the daughter of his friend; and in one and the ſame day ſolemnized both their nuptials.

The

The Cardinal d'Amboiſe, miniſter to Louis XII. of France, and Archbiſhop of Rouen, built a magnificent palace in that city, which was finiſhed, before it was obſerved that it was ſurrounded with land that did not belong to the biſhoprick; and that there was no room for gardens nor offices. The proprietor of the land adjacent made an offer of it to the Cardinal. And the Cardinal inquiring, what was his motive for ſelling? 'The pleaſure,' anſwered the gentleman, 'of accommodating your Lordſhip.' If you have no other motive, ſaid the Cardinal, keep your land. I am fond of my land, replied the gentleman. But a neighbour has made propoſals to me for my daughter; and I cannot anſwer his demands without ſelling my eſtate. May you not borrow from a friend, ſaid the Cardinal: Frugality will enable you to make payment, without ſelling your eſtate. Ah! replied the gentleman, I have no friend from whom I can expect ſuch a favour. Have a better opinion of your friends, replied the Cardinal, holding out his hand: Rank me among your friends, and you ſhall have the money.

The gentleman, falling on his knees, returned thanks by tears. The Cardinal ſaid, that he had acquired a friend, which was better than land.

Ali-ibn-abbas, favourite of the Califf Mamoun, relates a ſtory that happened to himſelf. 'I was,' ſays he, 'one evening with 'the Califf, when a man, bound hand and 'foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered 'me to keep a watchful eye over the priſon-'er, and to bring him the next day. The 'Califf ſeemed greatly irritated; and the 'fear of expoſing myſelf to his reſent-'ment, induced me to confine the priſoner 'in my haram. I aſked him what country 'he was of? He ſaid, Damaſcus; and that 'his habitation was in the quarter of the 'great Moſque. May heaven, cried I, ſhower 'down bleſſings upon the city of Damaſcus, 'and particularly upon your quarter: I owe 'my life to a man that lived there. Theſe 'words excited his curioſity; and I thus 'proceeded. It is many years ſince the vice-'roy of Damaſcus was depoſed. I accom-'panied his ſucceſſor; and when we were

'about

‘ about to take poſſeſſion, the depoſed go-
‘ vernour aſſaulted us with ſuperior force. I
‘ eſcaped out of a window, and obſerving a
‘ palace open, I ſupplicated the maſter to
‘ ſave my life. He conducted me into the
‘ apartment of his women, where I conti-
‘ nued a month in perfect ſecurity. One
‘ day I was informed by my hoſt, that a ca-
‘ ravan was ſetting out for Bagdad; and that
‘ I could not wiſh a more favourable oppor-
‘ tunity for returning home. I had no mo-
‘ ney; and I was aſhamed to own it. He
‘ perceived my diſtreſs, but, in appearance,
‘ took no notice. How great was my ſur-
‘ priſe, when, on the day of departure, a fine
‘ horſe was brought me, a mule loaded with
‘ proviſions, and a black ſlave to attend me!
‘ My generous hoſt preſented me at the ſame
‘ time a purſe of gold, and conducted me
‘ himſelf to the caravan, recommending me
‘ to ſeveral of the travellers, who were his
‘ friends. Theſe kindneſſes I received in
‘ your city, which render it dear to me.
‘ All my concern is, that I have not been
‘ able to diſcover my generous benefactor.
‘ I ſhould die content, could I find an op-

'portunity to teſtify my gratitude. Your 'wiſhes are accompliſhed, cried my priſon-'er in a tranſport: I am he who received 'you in my palace. I embraced him with 'tears, took off his chains, and inquired by 'what fatality he had incurred the Califf's 'diſpleaſure. Some contemptible enemies, 'he replied, have found means to aſperſe 'me unjuſtly to Mamoun. I was hurried 'from Damaſcus, and cruelly denied the 'conſolation of embracing my wife and chil-'dren. As I have reaſon to apprehend the 'worſt, I requeſt you to acquaint them with 'my misfortunes. No, no, ſaid I, you ſhall 'not die: Be at liberty from this moment. 'Depart immediately, preſenting him with 'a thouſand ſequins in a purſe: Haſte to re-'join the precious objects of your affection: 'Let the Califf's indignation fall on me: 'I dread it not, if I preſerve your life. What 'a propoſal do you make, anſwered my pri-'ſoner! Can you think me capable of accept-'ing it? Shall I ſacrifice that life now which 'I formerly ſaved? Endeavour to convince 'the Califf of my innocence, the only proof 'I will admit of your gratitude. If you

'cannot

'cannot undeceive him, I will go myſelf, 'and offer my head: Let him diſpoſe of my 'life, provided your's be ſafe.'

'I preſented myſelf next morning before 'Mamoun. He was dreſſed in a crimſon-'coloured mantle, a ſymbol of his anger. 'He inquired where my priſoner was, and 'ordered the executioner to attend. My 'Lord, ſaid I, throwing myſelf at his feet, 'ſomething very extraordinary has happen-'ed with reſpect to him: Will your Majeſty 'permit me to explain it. Theſe words 'threw him into a paſſion. I ſwear, cried he, 'by the ſoul of my anceſtors, that thy head 'ſhall pay for it, if thou haſt ſuffered the 'priſoner to eſcape. Both my life and his 'are at your Majeſty's diſpoſal: Vouchſafe 'to hear me. Speak, ſaid he, I then related 'in what manner the priſoner had ſaved my 'life at Damaſcus; that, in gratitude, I had 'offered him his liberty; but that he had 'refuſed it, from the fear of expoſing me to 'death. My Lord, added I, he is not guil-'ty: A man of ſuch generous ſentiments is 'incapable of committing an odious crime. 'Some baſe detractors have calumniated

'him; and he has become the unfortunate 'victim of their envy. The Califf was moved; and his great ſoul led him to admire 'the heroiſm of my friend. I pardon him, 'ſaid Mamoun, on thy account: Go, carry 'the good news, and bring him to me. The 'Monarch ordered him to be clothed with 'a robe of honour, preſented him with ten 'horſes, ten mules, and ten camels out of his 'own ſtables. He added a purſe of ſequins 'for the expence of his journey, and gave 'him a letter of recommendation to the go'vernour of Damaſcus.'

102.

Two neighbours, one blind, and one lame, were called to a place at a conſiderable diſtance. The blind man carried the lame man, and the lame man directed the way.

103.

Artaxerxes King of Perſia, according to Xenophon's relation, erred againſt this rule. He liſtened to the report that his brother Cyrus

rus was meditating to rebel againſt him; and ſent for Cyrus, reſolving to put him to death. But he was pardoned by the interceſſion of their mother Paryſates. Our author adds, that Cyrus, impreſſed with the danger he had run, and the ignominy he had endured, bent his whole thoughts to ſecure himſelf, by levying an army againſt his brother.

Philotas being ſuſpected as acceſſory to a conſpiracy formed againſt Alexander the Great, was roughly queſtioned upon that ſuſpicion; but at laſt was diſmiſſed by Alexander, declaring he was ſatisfied of his innocence. Upon this Quintus Curtius obſerves †, That Alexander would have acted more prudently, to diſſemble his ſuſpicions altogether, than to leave Philotas at liberty to doubt of his maſter's friendſhip, and of his own ſafety.

Upon a like occaſion, our King William acted a different part, with general approbation. After the revolution, letters were intercepted from the Earl of Godolphin to the de-

† Lib. 6. cap. 8.

dethroned King. This was a crime againſt the ſtate, but not a crime to be aſhamed of. The Earl, at the ſame time, was a man of approved virtue. Theſe circumſtances prompted the following courſe. The King, in a private conference, produced the Earl's letters to him; commended his zeal for his former maſter, however blind it might be; expreſſed a fondneſs to have the Earl for his friend, and with the ſame breath burnt the letters, that the Earl might not be under any conſtraint. This act of generoſity gained the Earl's heart, and his faithful ſervices ever after. The circumſtances here made the Earl certain of the King's ſincerity: At the ſame time, the burning of the letters, which were the only evidence againſt him, placed him in abſolute ſecurity, and left no motive to action but gratitude only.

104.

A controverſy betwixt the ſun and the wind, Which was the ſtronger? was agreed to be decided in favour of him who ſhould make a traveller quit his cloak. The wind

fell

fell preſently a-ſtorming, and threw hail-ſhot in the very teeth of the traveller. He wraps himſelf up the cloſer, and advances ſtill, in ſpite of the weather. The ſun then began his part, and darted his beans ſo ſtrongly, that at laſt the traveller grew faint with the heat, put off his cloak, and lay down in the ſhade to refreſh himſelf.

105.

Miſs Molly, a ſam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then ſhe had a tongue.
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame;
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.

Ex-

Excefs of fondnefs did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine.
From whence fome petty difcords would arife,
As, *You're a fool*—and, *You are mighty wife!*

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was fhrill, and rather loud than fweet;
When fhe began—for hat and fword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kifs,—cry, B'y, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Rofe.
And, what, Sir John, you'll get your ufual dofe!
Go, ftink of fmoke, and guzzle nafty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a frefh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the Knight would get his bufinefs done;
And only then reel'd off, becaufe alone.

Full

Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to
come,
But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durſt venture
home.

My Lady with her tongue was ſtill pre-
par'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! In a ſweet pickle made!
And, this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
Till morn ſends ſtaggering home a drunken
beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart, as well as reſt.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd ob-
ſtrep'rous ſpouſe,
What, can't you find one bed about the
houſe?
Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill!
Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my
choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and
noiſe.

Long

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſeparate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was,
Chear up! cry'd he, and I'll remove the cauſe.

A wondrous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſov'reign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his ſullen airs Sir John ſhould come,
Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth,—then mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.

But,

But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or ev'ry prattling hussey 'ill beg a dose.

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event!

The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war:
Entring, he cries,—Hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?
Madam aside an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
Wond'ring he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd,
Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—Why, let me die!
These night-cloaths, Moll, become you mightily!

With that, he ſigh'd, her hand began to
preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, Molly,—for I am much in-
clin'd;
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight con-
tent.

For many days theſe fond endearments
paſs'd,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone;—then midnight ſtorms
aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion, and her happy
ſtate!

Why, niece, ſays he,—I pr'ythee appre-
hend,
The water's water,—be thyſelf thy friend:
Such

Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband
warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the
charm:
Be ſilent and complying.—You'll ſoon find
Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind.

106.

A certain bird in the Weſt Indies has the faculty of mimicking other birds, without having a ſingle note of its own. As one of theſe mock-birds, upon the branches of a venerable oak, was diſplaying his talent of ridicule; It is very well, ſaid a little ſongſter, we grant that our muſic has faults; but better ſo than no muſic at all, which is thy caſe.

107.

The fox inclining to play the wag with his neighbour the ſtork, invited her to dinner, conſiſting entirely of ſoups ſerved up in ſhallow diſhes, which were without reach of the ſtork, further than to touch them with

the tip of her bill. The fox devouring plentifully, demanded frequently of his guest, how she liked her entertainment, hoped that every dish was seasoned to her mind, and protested his sorrow to see her eat so sparingly. The stork pretended to like every dish extremely; and, at parting, gave the fox so hearty an invitation to dine with her, that he could not in civility refuse. But, to his great mortification, the dinner being composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses, he was tantalised with the sight of what he had no access to taste. The stork, thrusting in a long bill, and helping herself plentifully, turned to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled.—I am glad, said she, smiling, that you have so good an appetite: I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did at your's. Reynard hung down his head, and was much out of countenance. Nay, nay, said the stork; instead of being out of humour, you ought to make the following reflection, That he who cannot take a jest, should not make one.

108.

108.

A butterfly, proudly perched on the leaves of a marygold, was boaſting the vaſt extent and variety of his travels. I have wandered through regions of eglantine and honeyſuckle, I have revelled on beds of violets and cowſlips, and have enjoyed the delicious fragrance of roſes and carnations. In ſhort, I have viſited all the flowers of the field and garden, and muſt be allowed to know the world. A ſnail, who on a cabbage leaf hung attentive to his wonders, was ſtruck with admiration; and concluded him, from his unbounded experience, to be the wiſeſt of creatures. A bee purſuing her occupation on a neighbouring bed of marjoram, heard the oſtentatious vagrant, and reprimanded him in the following manner: Vain, empty flutterer, whom inſtruction cannot improve, nor experience enlighten! thou haſt rambled over the world, what knowledge haſt thou acquired? thou haſt ſeen variety of objects, what concluſions haſt thou drawn from them? After having taſted of every amuſement, haſt thou extracted any thing for uſe?

I too am a traveller, look into my hive, and let my treasures shadow out to thee the true intent of travelling, which is, to collect materials either for private emolument or for public advantage.

109.

Lycurgus being questioned about the law which discharged portions to be given to young women, said, That, in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty. A man deliberating whether he should give his daughter in marriage to a man of virtue, with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who was not famed for probity, Themistocles said, 'I 'would bestow my daughter upon a man 'without money, rather than upon money 'without a man.'

110.

Damon being condemned to death by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, obtained liberty

berty to visit his wife and children; leaving his friend Pythias as a pledge for his return, on condition that, if he failed, Pythias should suffer in his stead. Damon having not appeared at the time appointed, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in prison. What a fool was you, said he, to rely on Damon's promise? How could you imagine that he would sacrifice his life for you, or for any man? 'My Lord,' said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, 'I would 'suffer a thousand deaths rather than my 'friend should fail in any article of honour: 'He cannot fail: I am confident of his virtue as of my own existence. But I beseech 'the gods to preserve his life: Oppose him, 'ye winds! disappoint his eagerness, and 'suffer him not to arrive, till my death has 'saved a life of much greater consequence 'than mine, necessary to his lovely wife, to 'his little innocents, to his friends, to his 'country. Oh! let me not die the cruellest 'of deaths in that of my Damon.' Dionysius was confounded and awed with the magnanimity of these sentiments: He wished to speak: He hesitated: He looked down;

and

and retired in ſilence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and, with an air of ſatisfaction, walked to the place of execution. He aſcended the ſcaffold, and addreſſed the people: 'My prayers are heard; 'the gods are propitious; the winds have 'been contrary; Damon could not conquer 'impoſſibilities; he will be here to-morrow, 'and my blood ſhall ranſom that of my 'friend.' As he pronounced theſe words, a buzz aroſe, a diſtant voice was heard, the crowd caught the words, and 'ſtop, ſtop ex-'ecution,' was repeated by every perſon. A man came at full ſpeed. In the ſame inſtant, he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and in the arms of Pythias. 'You are ſafe,' he cried, 'you are ſafe, my friend, my be-'loved: The gods be prais'd, you are ſafe,' Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, 'Fatal haſte——cruel impatience—— 'what envious powers have wrought impoſ-'ſibilities againſt your friend; But I will 'not be wholly diſappointed: Since I can-'not die to ſave you, I will die to accom-'pany you.' Dionyſius heard, and beheld

with

with aſtoniſhment: His eyes were opened; His heart was touched; and he could no longer reſiſt the power of virtue. He deſcended from his throne, and aſcended the ſcaffold. 'Live, live, ye incomparable pair. 'Ye have demonſtrated the exiſtence of virtue; and conſequently of a God who rewards it. Live happy, live renowned: 'And as you have invited me by your example, form me by your precepts to participate worthily of a friendſhip ſo divine.'

III.

The oſtrich one day met the pelican; and obſerving her breaſt all bloody, Good God! ſays ſhe, what accident has befallen you? Be not ſurpriſed, replied the pelican, no accident has befallen me, nor indeed any thing more than common. I have only been engaged in feeding my dear little ones with blood from my boſom. Your anſwer, returned the oſtrich, aſtoniſhes me ſtill more than the horrid figure you make. Is it your practice to ſacrifice yourſelf in this cruel manner to the importunate cravings of your

young

young ones? I know not which to pity moſt, your miſery or your folly. Be adviſed by me; have ſome regard for yourſelf, and leave off this barbarous cuſtom of mangling your own body for the ſake of your children. Follow my example. I lay my eggs upon the ground, and juſt cover them with ſand: The warmth of the ſun hatches them, and in due time the young ones come forth. I give myſelf no trouble about them, and I neither know nor care what becomes of them. Unhappy wretch, ſays the pelican, who hardeneſt thyſelf againſt thine own offſpring, who knoweſt not the ſweets of a parent's anxiety, the tender delight of a mother's ſufferings: It is not I, but thou, that art cruel to thy own fleſh. Thy inſenſibility may exempt thee from an inconſiderable pain; but it makes thee inattentive to an eſſential duty, and incapable of reliſhing the pleaſure that attends it; a pleaſure the moſt exquiſite that nature hath given, in which pain itſelf is loſt, or ſerves to heighten the enjoyment.

112.

112.

A ſtork and a crow had once a ſtrong contention which of them ſtood higheſt in the favour of Jupiter. The crow urged his ſkill in omens, his infallibility in prophecies, and his great uſe to the prieſts in their ſacrifices. The ſtork pleaded his blameleſs life, the care he took of his offspring, and the aſſiſtance he gave his parents under the infirmities of age. It happened, as generally in religious diſputes, that neither of them could confute the other; and they therefore agreed to refer the deciſion to Jupiter himſelf; who ſpoke as follows. Let none of my creatures deſpair of my regard: I know their weakneſs; I pity their errors; and whatever is well meant, I accept as intended. Yet ſacrifices or ceremonies are in themſelves of no importance; and every attempt to penetrate the counſels of the Deity is not leſs vain than preſumptuous: But he who honours and reverences the Almighty, who leads the moſt temperate life, and does the moſt good, in proportion to his abilities, ſtands the higheſt in the favour of his Creator,

tor, becauſe he beſt anſwers the end of his creation,

113.

A diamond happened one evening to fall from the ſolitaire of a young lady, as ſhe was walking in her garden. A glow-worm, who had beheld it ſparkle in its deſcent, began to mock and inſult it, when its luſtre was eclipſed by night. 'Art thou that wondrous 'thing that vaunteſt of ſuch brightneſs? 'Where is now thy boaſted brilliancy? In 'an evil hour has fortune thrown thee with-'in my ſuperior blaze.' Conceited inſect, replied the gem, that oweſt thy feeble glimmer to darkneſs: Know, my luſtre bears the teſt of day, and derives its beauty from that light which diſcovers thee to be but a dark and paltry worm.

114.

Perrin loſt both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity-houſe for his education. At the age of

of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a ſhepherd, in the neighbourhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's ſheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. Five years thus paſſed, when their ſenſations became more ſerious. Perrin propoſed to Lucetta to demand her from her father: She bluſhed, and confeſſed her willingneſs. As ſhe had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her abſence was choſen for making the propoſal. You want to marry my daughter, ſaid the old man. Have you a houſe to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do. But, replied Perrin, I have hands to work: I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expence of the wedding: I'll work harder, and lay up more. Well, ſaid the old man, you are young, and may wait a little: Get rich, and my daughter is at your ſervice. Perrin waited for Lucetta returning in the evening. Has my father given you a refuſal, cried Lucetta? Ah Lucetta, replied Perrin, how unhappy am I for being poor? But I have not loſt all hopes: My

circumſtances may change for the better! As they never tired of converſing together, the night drew on, and it became dark. Perrin, making a falſe ſtep, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbourhood, he found that it was filled with gold. I thank Heaven, cries Perrin, in a tranſport, for being favourable to our wiſhes. This will ſatisfy your father, and make us happy. In their way to her father's houſe, a thought ſtruck Perrin. 'This money is not ours: 'It belongs to ſo me ſtranger; and perhaps 'this moment he is lamenting the loſs of 'it: Let us go to the vicar for advice: He 'has always been kind to me.' Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, ſaying, that at firſt he looked on it as a providential preſent to remove the only obſtacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention: He admired their honeſty, which appeared even to ſurpaſs their affection. Perrin, ſaid he, cheriſh theſe ſentiments: Heaven will bleſs you. We will endeavour to find out the owner:

He

He will reward thy honeſty: I will add what I can ſpare: You ſhall have Lucetta. The bag was advertiſed in the news-papers, and cried in the neighbouring pariſhes. Some time having elapſed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. 'Theſe twelve thouſand livres bear at pre-'ſent no profit: You may reap the intereſt 'at leaſt. Lay them out in ſuch a manner, 'as to enſure the ſum itſelf to the owner, if 'he ſhall appear.' A farm was purchaſed, and the conſent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in huſbandry, and Lucetta in family-affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them ſtill the more to each other. Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, ſaw a chaiſe overturned, with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their aſſiſtance, and offered them every accommodation his ſmall houſe could afford. This ſpot, cried one of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I loſt here twelve thouſand livres. Perrin liſtened with attention. What ſearch made you for them? ſaid he. It was not in my power, replied

the ſtranger, to make any ſearch. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the veſſel was ready to ſail. Next morning, Perrin ſhewed to his gueſts his houſe, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. 'All theſe 'are your property,' addreſſing the gentleman who had loſt the bag; 'the money fell 'into my hands; I purchaſed this farm with 'it; the farm is your's. The vicar has an 'inſtrument which ſecures your property, 'though I had died without ſeeing you.' The ſtranger read the inſtrument with emotion: He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. Where am I, cried he, and what do I hear? What virtue in people ſo low? Have you any other land but this farm? No, replied Perrin; but you will have occaſion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here. Your honeſty deſerves a better recompence, anſwered the ſtranger: My ſucceſs in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loſs. You are well entitled to this little fortune: Keep it as your own. What man in the world would have acted liked Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta

ſhed

ſhed tears of affection and joy. 'My dear 'children, ſaid he, kiſs the hand of your be- 'nefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs 'to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety 'or remorſe.' Thus was honeſty rewarded. Let thoſe who deſire the reward practiſe the virtue.

115.

Cruelty and deceit formed the character of Louis XI. of France. He was afraid of all men, becauſe he thought others to be no better than himſelf. During the vigour of youth, he was able to conceal his fear; but, in old age, it broke out, and proved a moſt cruel tormenter. He ſhut himſelf up in the caſtle of Pleſſes les Tours; having ſtuck the wall full of ſharp-pointed iron pins, and having placed a maſſy iron-rail in the inſide of a deep and wide moat. Four hundred archers watched night and day in that diſmal dwelling, having ſtrict orders to ſhoot every one who ſhould approach without being announced. Round the caſtle were ſcattered eighteen thouſand caltrops, to prevent acceſs

to cavalry: Round the court were ſtretched iron chains, to which wretches were tied as a puniſhment. The avenues to the palace were lined with gibbets, where were ſeen hanging miſerable victims of the King's ſuſpicions. Not a creature was ſuffered to live within the caſtle, except four or five perſons, who, being objects of public execration, had no defence againſt the fury of the people but the King's life.

116.

Proculeius, a Roman knight, and a friend of Auguſtus, obtained eternal glory by his affection for his two brothers. Upon the death of his father, he communicated to his two brothers Murena and Scipio an equal ſhare of the paternal eſtate: And they having loſt all in the civil war, he again ſhared with them all that he had. This is the ſame Proculeius that is celebrated by Horace:

Vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni.

117.

117.

A fox closely pursued by a pack of dogs, took shelter under a bramble. Rejoicing in this asylum, he for a while lay very snug: But found, that, if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain, reflecting, that good and evil are mixed, and often flow from the same fountain. These briars, indeed, said he, will tear my skin, but they preserve my life from danger: For the sake then of the good, let me bear the evil with patience.

118.

Cyrus one day being reproached by Crœsus for his profusion, a calculation was made to how much his treasure might have amounted, had he been more sparing of it. To justify his liberality, Cyrus sent dispatches to every person he had particularly obliged, requesting them to supply him with as much money as they could, for a pressing occasion, and to send him a note of what every one

could

could advance. When all these notes came to Cyrus, it appeared that the sum-total far surpassed the calculation made by Croesus. 'I am not,' said he, 'less in love with 'riches than other princes; but a better 'manager of them. You see at how low 'a price I have acquired many friends, an 'invaluable treasure. My money, at the 'same time, in the hands of these friends, 'is not less at my command than in my trea-'sury.'

119.

A certain rat dwelling near a granary, found a hole where he entered and retired at pleasure. It gives no joy to live alone. The generous creature assembled all the rats in the neighbourhood, and there kept open table like a great lord. They had vowed a thousand times, that their friendship was to have no end; and who would suspect such joyous companions of lying? But this life was too good to last. The proprietor of the granary discovered the hole, and closed it up hard and fast. Our rat being thus reduced

to

to his ſhifts, Happily, ſays he, I have acquired friends, who will relieve me in my diſtreſs. Knocking at the door of one of them, he was refuſed entrance; and he made the entire round with no better ſucceſs. One ſtranger rat only, charitably inclined, admitted him, and treated him as a brother. I diſpiſed, ſays he, your treaſures and your luxury, but I reſpect your diſtreſs: Be my gueſt: I have little, but that little will ſuffice. I rely upon temperance; but fooliſh he muſt be who relies on the friends of proſperity: They come and walk off together.

120.

Clodius, Tribune of the Roman people, bearing reſentment againſt Ptolemy King of Cyprus, obtained a decree of the people, depoſing King Ptolemy, and confiſcating all his goods. His immenſe wealth was the prevailing motive, without the leaſt colour of juſtice. Ptolemy, informed of the decree, was in deſpair. To reſiſt the Roman power he was unable, and to be leſs than a king he could not bear. Reſolving, therefore, to make

make his riches, his life, and his reign end together, he put all on ſhipboard, and launched out into the ſea, purpoſing to ſink to the bottom, by boring a hole in the ſhip. But, at the point of execution, he turned faint-hearted; not for himſelf, but for his dear gold, which he could not bear to deſtroy with his own hands. He returned to land, and having carefully replaced all in his treaſury, he, with great coolneſs, put an end to his life by poiſon, leaving all his riches to his enemies, as if to reward them for their cruelty and injuſtice.

121.

A covetous wretch turned his effects into gold, melted the gold down, and buried it in the ground. He was traced viſiting it every morning, and betwixt viſits it was carried off every ounce. In anguiſh and deſpair, he was accoſted by a neighbour in the following words: 'Why all this rage? A 'man cannot be ſaid to loſe what he never enjoyed: And if the bare poſſeſſion be ſuf-

'ficient

'ficient, it is but ſuppoſing the gold there, 'and all is well again.'

122.

The inhabitants of Conſtantinople were a numerous people, and abounding in wealth, when it was beſieged by the Turks *anno* 1453. The Emperor preparing for the ſiege, exhorted them pathetically to contribute for putting the town in a poſture of defence, againſt a brutal and mercileſs enemy; but not a ſingle man was found who would take up arms, or contribute money for hiring troops. The town was plundered, and the bulk of the inhabitants were maſſacred. Here we have an extraordinary inſtance of people ſo wretchedly fond of their money, as not to be able to contribute any part, even to ſave the reſt, not to talk of their lives. Would one think it poſſible that men could be ſo abſurdly enſlaved by the moſt contemptible of all appetites?

123.

The Prince of Wales, named the *Black Prince*, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his conduct and bravery in the battle of Poictiers, was not leſs admired, after the victory, for his modeſt and generous behaviour to his priſoner King John. The evening after the battle, the Prince refuſed to ſit down with the King at ſupper, but attended him to entertain him with diſcourſe. As the King's thoughts were wholly employed about his preſent misfortune, the Prince ſaid to him, in a modeſt and unaffected manner, 'That 'his Majeſty had one great reaſon to be 'comforted; which was, that the battle was 'not loſt by his fault; that the Engliſh, to 'their coſt, had experienced him to be the 'braveſt of princes; and that God alone had 'diſpoſed of the victory. And,' continued he, 'if Fortune have been your adverſary, 'you may at leaſt reſt ſecure, that an inviolable regard ſhall be preſerved for your 'perſon; and that you ſhall experience in 'me a very reſpectful relation, if I may glory in that title.' The King, upon this, recovering

covering himſelf, turned to the prince, and ſaid, with an air of ſatisfaction, 'That ſince 'it was his deſtiny to be vanquiſhed and ta-'ken in an action wherein he had done no-'thing unbecoming his character, he found 'great comfort in falling into the hands of 'the moſt valiant and generous prince alive.' It is ſaid, that when King Edward, father to the Prince, received the news of this battle, he declared, that his ſatisfaction at ſo glorious a victory was not comparable to what he had from the generous behaviour of his ſon.

124.

A contented country-mouſe had once the honour to receive a viſit from an old acquaintance bred up at court. The country-mouſe, fond to entertain her gueſt, ſet before her the beſt cheeſe and bacon her cottage afforded. If the repaſt was homely, the welcome was hearty: They chatted away the evening agreeably, and then retired to reſt. The next morning the gueſt, inſtead of taking her leave, kindly preſſed her coun-

try-friend to accompany her; ſetting forth, in pompous terms, the elegance and plenty in which they lived at court. They ſet out together, and though it was late in the evening when they arrived at the palace, they found the remains of a ſumptuous entertainment; plenty of creams, jellies, and ſweetmeats: The cheeſe was Parmeſan; and they ſoaked their whiſkers in exquiſite champaign. But they were not far advanced in their repaſt, when they were alarmed with the barking and ſcratching of a lapdog: Beginning again, the mewing of a cat freightened them almoſt to death. This was ſcarce over, when a train of ſervants burſting into the room, ſweep'd away all in an inſtant. Ah! my dear friend, ſaid the country-mouſe, ſo ſoon as ſhe received courage to ſpeak, if your fine living be thus interrupted with fears and dangers, let me return to my plain food and my peaceful cottage; for what is elegance without eaſe, or plenty with an aching heart?

125.

A young gentleman in the ſtreets of Paris, being interrupted by a coach in his paſſage, ſtruck the coachman. A tradeſman, from his ſhop, cried out, What! beat the Marſhal de Turenne's people! Hearing that name, the gentleman, quite out of countenance, flew to the coach to make his excuſe. The Marſhal ſaid, ſmiling, You underſtand, Sir, how to correct ſervants; allow me to ſend mine to you when they do amiſs.

The Marſhal being one day alone in a box of the play-houſe, ſome gentlemen came in, who, not knowing him, would oblige him to yield his ſeat in the firſt row. They had the inſolence, upon his refuſal, to throw his hat and gloves upon the ſtage. The Marſhal, without being moved, deſired a lord of the firſt quality to hand them up to him. The gentlemen, finding who he was, bluſhed, and would have retired; but he, with much good humour, intreated them to ſtay, ſaying, That, if they would ſit cloſe, there was room enough for them all.

126.

Corduba King of Teran, in Great Tartary, was adored by his subjects, because their happiness was his chief study. He had but one child, a daughter, named Almanzaris; and when she became marriageable, he considered it as the most important of his duties, to obtain a husband for her, who should be qualified to govern his people after his death. Akebar, King of Balk, and Mameluke, King of Carism, two neighbouring potentates, declared themselves candidates for the Princess; and threatened war if their suit should be refused. Their manner of courtship disgusted Corduba: He judged men of a temper so violent, ill qualified, either to make his people or his daughter happy; and therefore he prepared for war, which he saw was inevitable.

At that time there was in the court of Teran two brothers, Korem and Zendar, both of them in the flower of youth, and in the favour of all that knew them. Both of them were in love with Almanzaris; but as they had nothing but merit to recommend them,

them, neither of them diſcloſed his love. The King, however, having penetrated into their hearts, judged that one or other of them might not be unworthy of his daughter, and of his kingdom. In an aſſembly of his grandees, he ſpoke as follows: 'I am a father, 'Teranites; and it belongs to me to judge 'what Prince is the moſt worthy of my 'daughter: I am alſo a King; and it belongs 'to me to judge what Prince is the moſt 'worthy of my people. Akebar and Ma-'meluke are unworthy; and, whatever their 'force may be, it is better to have them for 'enemies than for maſters. Brave Korem, and 'you, intrepid Zendar, illuſtrious deſcen-'dants of the great Timur, march boldly a-'gainſt our enemies, and proteſt the Tera-'nites from tyranny and oppreſſion. You, 'Korem, I oppoſe to the King of Balk; and 'you, Zendar, to the King of Cariſm: Re-'member that none but a hero can deſerve 'my daughter or my crown.'

Zendar exerted wonderful induſtry in recruiting the army he commanded. He endeared the ſoldiers to him, by providing for them plentifully, and the officers, by his ge-

nerosity and courage; and having prepared all necessaries for his expedition, he threw himself like a torrent into the kingdom of Carism, before Mameluke, who trusted to the pacific disposition of Corduba, was prepared for his reception. Mameluke assembled an army, numerous indeed, but ill disciplined. At every encounter, Zendar had visibly the superiority; and Mameluke, dreading a general engagement, petitioned for peace, offering to renounce his pretensions to Almanzaris, and to pay tribute to the King of Teran. These conditions were rejected with disdain; for, said Zendar, the King of Carism may well renounce a happiness he never could obtain; and it is no condescension to pay tribute for a kingdom already subdued. By this haughty treatment, despair was converted into courage. Under the walls of Carism a pitched battle was fought, obstinate and bloody. For a long time victory seemed to hover in suspense: But at last Zendar, animating his men by his courage, rushed into the hottest of the battle, and forced Mameluke to turn his back: He threw himself with precipitation

into

into his capital, determined to be buried alive under its ruins. Zendar deceived his enemy, by making preparations in appearance for a regular ſiege; but watching the opportunity of a dark night, he ſcaled the walls, and took the town by ſurpriſe. Mameluke, in the midſt of the univerſal conſternation, drew together what men were at hand, and in deſpair flew to encounter his implacable enemy. They met: They fought; and Mameluke was laid dead at the foot of his conqueror.

Upon the news of this rapid conqueſt, Zendar was declared by Corduba Sultan of Cariſm. His employment the remainder of the ſeaſon was to quiet his new ſubjects, and to regulate the form of government. Toward the winter, he returned to Teran, covered with laurels, laying at the feet of Almanzaris the faireſt crown in Tartary.

In the mean time, Korem carried on war with more addreſs, though with leſs ſplendour; for, while Teran reſounded with the name of Zendar, and with his great exploits, it was ſcarce minded there that Korem was at the head of an army. He advanced, however,

ever, with circumſpection into the kingdom of Balk, after pacifying all the cities left behind him. He publiſhed manifeſtos, containing the motives that engaged Corduba to take arms. The good order he kept in his camp furniſhed it with plenty of proviſions, the peaſants being ſecure of regular payment. Akebar aſſembled an army of 150,000 men, in full confidence of overpowering Korem, and his ſmall army of 20,000. Korem, on the other hand, who was leſs ambitious even of conqueſt than of preſerving the lives of his people, exerted his ſkill in chooſing advantageous poſts, that preſerved to him the choice of accepting or refuſing battle. By this, and other ſuch prudent meaſures, he ſo hemmed in and haraſſed the numerous troops of his antagoniſt, as to occaſion a ſickneſs through famine, and a great deſertion. Akebar, with the troops that remained, made a forced march into the territory of his enemy: But Korem, with his uſual precaution, had made preparations for this event; and Akebar could not make himſelf maſter of a ſingle fortified place. Korem followed at a diſtance, and reduced him

him to the laſt extremity, blocking up every paſſage by which he could return to his kingdom. Akebar had no other reſource but to demand peace, leaving the conditions to be preſcribed by his enemy. Korem anſwered thus: 'Kings ought never to make war, 'but in order to eſtabliſh a peace, more firm 'than that which is broken. The King of 'Teran only demands reparation of the damages occaſioned by the war; and a faithful promiſe from Akebar of an alliance 'with the Teranites, which he ſhall never 'give cauſe to infringe.' Akebar, charmed with the moderation of the conqueror, ſwore to maintain a perpetual peace, and ſwore from the bottom of his heart.

Korem marched back his victorious army, almoſt as entire as when led to the field; and, without a moment's delay, attended his maſter to render an account of his charge.

The whole nation of Teran were in ſuſpence about Corduba's choice; and this monarch, aſſembling his ſtates, ſpoke to his two young favourites in the following words: 'Intrepid Zendar, go and reign in Cariſm, 'which you have juſtly conquered. But, 'con-

'consider, that the dreadful effects of your 'valour have rendered you formidable to 'that people, and not beloved; and, therefore, that you owe to yourself, as well as to 'your people, to gain their affections by the 'arts of peace; and to make up to them 'what they have suffered by the ravage of 'war. Hitherto they have only seen you a 'conqueror; let them hereafter see you their 'father and protector. As for you, generous Korem, who art so perfectly skilled in 'conquering without bloodshed, and who, 'with a superior genius for war, dost prefer 'the arts of peace, though of a less brilliant 'nature, you I make choice of as worthy of 'my daughter: Receive her hand, and with 'her hand my sceptre. My people, governed by a prince so brave and so prudent, 'will have nothing to fear from enemies abroad; and governed by a prince so moderate, will have nothing to fear from 'a master at home. Thou, Korem, art truly a hero: Thou, Zendar, in riper years, 'may become one.'

The

The citizens of Privernum having ſuſtained ſeveral obſtinate wars againſt the Roman republic, were obliged at laſt to ſhut themſelves up within the walls of their town. Reduced to the laſt extremity, they ſent ambaſſadors to Rome for negociating a peace. The ſenate having demanded what chaſtiſement they deſerved in their own opinion; 'That,' anſwered they, 'which men deſerve 'who have ſtrained every nerve to preſerve 'their liberty, that precious gift received 'from their forefathers.' But, replied the conſul, if Rome give you peace, may ſhe expect that hereafter you will religiouſly obſerve it? 'Yes,' ſaid the ambaſſadors, 'if the 'conditions be juſt and equal, ſo as not to 'make us bluſh. But, if you give us a diſ'graceful peace, hope not that the neceſſity 'which makes us accept of it to-day will 'make us obſerve it to-morrow.' The ſenate was charmed with the behaviour of theſe ambaſſadors; and judged rightly, that enemies who preſerve their courage in the greateſt adverſity were worthy of the honour of being Roman citizens.

127.

127.

An aſs who lived in the ſame family with a favourite lap-dog, imagined he would obtain an equal ſhare of favour by imitating the little dog's playful tricks. Accordingly he began to friſk about before his maſter, kicking up his heels, and braying affectedly, to ſhow his drollery and good-humour. This unuſual behaviour could not fail of raiſing much laughter; which being miſtaken by the aſs for approbation, he proceeded to leap upon his maſter's breaſt, and to lick his face very lovingly. But he was preſently convinced, by a good cudgel, that the ſureſt way to gain eſteem, is for every one to act ſuitably to his own genius and character.

128.

A pragmatical jackdaw was vain enough to imagine, that he wanted nothing but the dreſs to rival the peacock. Puffed up with this conceit, he dreſſed himſelf in their feathers; and in this borrowed gard, forſaking his

his old companions, pretended to aſſociate with the peacocks. The offended peacocks, ſtripping off his trappings, drove him back to his brethren; who refuſed to receive him. And by this means he was juſtly puniſhed with deriſion from all quarters.

A frog, ſtruck with the majeſty of an ox, endeavoured to expand herſelf to the ſame portly magnitude. After much puffing and ſwelling, 'What think you, ſiſter; will this 'do?' Far from it. 'Will this?' By no means. 'But this ſurely will? Nothing like it. In ſhort, after many ridiculous efforts to the ſame fruitleſs purpoſe, the ſimple frog burſt her ſkin, and expired upon the ſpot.

An eagle, from the top of a mountain, made a ſtoop at a lamb, pounced it, and bore it away to her young. A crow obſerving what paſſed, was ambitious of performing the ſame exploit; and darting from her neſt, fixed her talons in the fleece of another lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor diſintangle her feet, ſhe was taken

by the ſhepherd, and carried home for his children to play with; who eagerly inquiring what bird it was, An hour ago, ſaid he, ſhe fancied herſelf an eagle; ſhe is now, I ſuppoſe, convinced that ſhe is but a crow.

129.

Artaxerxes Mnemon flying from his enemies, being reduced for a dinner to dry figs and barley-bread; 'How much pleaſure,' ſaid he, 'have I been ignorant of!'

Dionyſius the tyrant being entertained by the Lacedemonians, expreſſed ſome diſguſt at their black broth. No wonder, ſaid one of them, for it wants its ſeaſoning. What ſeaſoning? ſaid the tyrant. Labour, replied the other, joined with hunger and thirſt.

Timotheus, the Athenian general, ſupping with Plato, was entertained with a frugal meal and much improving diſcourſe. Meeting Plato afterwards, Your ſuppers, ſaid he, are

are not only pleasant at the time, but equally so the next day.

Plato seeing the Agrigentines building at great expence, and supping at great expence, said, The Agrigentines build as if they were to live for ever, and sup as if it were to be their last.

130.

When Dion had rescued Syracuse from slavery, Heraclides, his declared enemy, became his humble supplicant for mercy. Dion was exhorted not to spare a turbulent and wicked man, who had brought his country almost to ruin. Dion answered, 'Those who 'are bred up to arms seldom think of a-'ny study but that of war. I was educated 'in the academy, and my chief study was, 'to conquer anger, revenge, envy, obstina-'cy, plagues that corrupt the human heart. 'The true test of such victory, is not kind-'ness to friends and to good men, but lenity 'to wicked men that are our enemies. It 'is my resolution to overcome Heraclides,

'not by power and prudence, but by huma-
'nity. Nor is any man ſo perverſe or wick-
'ed, as not to yield at length to good treat-
'ment.'

Henry Duke of Saxony was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his purſuits, impatient of diſappointment or control. This temper was foſtered by bad education. So ſoon as he could reflect, he reflected that he was a ſovereign, and he was ever ſoothed in the notions, that a prince is above all law. At the ſame time he was inclined to the principles of juſtice and honour, where his paſſions did not oppoſe; and he had a profound awe for the ſupreme Being, which, by his wicked life, deviated into ſuperſtition. The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was ſacrificed to his luſt, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honours, became the greateſt misfortunes. His horrid enormities filled him with ſuſpicion: If a grandee abſented, it was for leiſure to form plots; if he was ſubmiſſive and obedient, it was diſſimulation merely. Thus did the prince

live

live wofully ſolitary, in the midſt of fancied ſociety; at enmity with every one, and leaſt of all at peace with himſelf; ſinning daily, repenting daily; feeling the agonies of reproving conſcience, which haunted him waking, and left him not when aſleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impreſſions of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed, that the tutelar angel of the country ſtood before him with anger in his looks, mixed with ſome degree of pity. Ill-fated wretch, ſaid the apparition, liſten to the awful command I bear. The Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the fullneſs of iniquity, has ſent me to give you warning. Upon this the angel reached a ſcroll of paper, and vaniſhed. The ſcroll contained the following words, *After ſix*. Here the dream ended; for the impreſſion it made broke his reſt. The prince awaked in the greateſt conſternation, deeply ſtruck with the viſion. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death; which he concluded was to happen in ſix months, perhaps in ſix days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Ma-

ker by an unfeigned repentance for all his crimes. How idle and unpleasant seemed now those objects which he formerly pursued at the expence of religion and humanity! Where is now that lust of command, which occasioned so much bloodshed; that cruel malice and envy against every contending power; that suspicious jealousy, the cause of much imaginary treason; furies fostered in his bosom, preying incessantly upon his vitals, and yet darlings of his soul? Happy expulsion, if not succeeded by the greatest of all furies, black despair.

Thus, in the utmost torments of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months passed away; but death did not follow. And now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. By this time the violence of the tempest was over. Hitherto he had sequestered himself from mankind, and had spent in abstinence and private worship, the short time he thought allotted him. Now began he to form resolutions of a more thorough repentance; now was he fixed to do good, as formerly he had done mischief, with all his heart. The supposed

pofed ſhortneſs of his warning had hitherto not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the weightieſt load upon his mind. Now was he reſolved to make the moſt ample reparation.

In this ſtate, where hope prevailed, and ſome beams of ſunſhine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addreſſed himſelf to his Maker in the following terms: 'O thou 'glorious and omnipotent being, parent and 'preſerver of all things! how lovely art thou 'in peace and reconciliation! But oh! how 'terrible to the workers of iniquity! While 'my hands are lifted up, how doth my heart 'tremble! for manifold have been my tranſ-'greſſions. Headlong driven by impetuous 'paſſion, I deſerted the path of virtue, and 'wandered through every ſort of iniquity. 'Trampling conſcience under foot, I ſurren-'dered myſelf to deluſions, which, under 'the colour of good, abandoned me ſtill to 'miſery and remorſe. Happy only if at any 'moment an offended conſcience could be 'laid aſleep. But what ſource of happineſs 'in doing good, and in feeling the calm

'ſun-

'ſunſhine of virtue and honour! O my con-
'ſcience! when thou art a friend, what im-
'ports it who is an enemy? When thou
'lookeſt dreadful, where are they fled, all
'the bleſſings, all the amuſements of life?
'Thanks to a ſuperabundant mercy, that
'hath not abandoned me to reprobation, but
'hath indulged a longer day for repentance.
'Good God! the laſhes of agonizing re-
'morſe let me never more feel; be it now
'my only concern in this life, to eſtabliſh
'with my conſcience a faithful correſpond-
'ence. My inordinate paſſions, thoſe de-
'luding inchanters, root thou out; for the
'work is too mighty for my weak endea-
'vour. And oh! mould thou my ſoul into
'that moderation of deſire, and juſt balance
'of affection, without which no enjoyment
'is ſolid, no pleaſure unmixed with pain.
'Hereafter let it not be ſufficient to be quiet
'and inoffenſive; but ſince graciouſly to my
'life thou haſt added many days, may all be
'ſpent in doing good; let that day be deem-
'ed loſt, which ſees me not employed in
'ſome work beneficial to my ſubjects, or to
'mankind;

'mankind; that at last I may lay me down 'in peace, comforted if I have not proved, 'in every respect, an unprofitable servant.'

His first endeavours were, to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself as their father, which he never knew when he considered them as his slaves. Now began he to relish the pleasures of social intercourse, of which pride and jealousy had made him hitherto insensible. He had thought friendship a chimera, devised to impose upon mankind. Convinced now of its reality, the cultivation of it was one of his chief objects. Man he found to be a being honest and faithful, deserving esteem, and capable of friendship; hitherto he had judged of others by the corrupt emotions of his own heart. Well he remembered his many gloomy moments of disgust and remorse, his spleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to expose his wicked purposes, and dreading every search-

ing

ing eye, he had eſtranged himſelf from the world; and what could he expect, conſcious as he was of a depraved heart, but averſion and horror? Miſerable is that ſtate, cut off from all comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, becauſe every man is his enemy. After taſting of this miſery, how did he bleſs the happy change! Now always calm and ſerene, diffuſive benevolence gilded every thought of his heart, and action of his life. It was now his delight to be ſeen, and to lay open his whole ſoul; for in it dwelt harmony and peace.

Fame, now his friend, blazed his virtues all around; and now in diſtant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. Among his virtues, an abſolute and pure diſintereſtedneſs claimed every where the chief place. In all diſputes he was the conſtant mediator betwixt ſovereigns, and betwixt them and their ſubjects; and he gained more authority over neighbouring princes, by eſteem and reverence, than they had over their own ſubjects.

In

In this manner elapſed the ſix years, till the fatal period came. The viſion was fulfilled; but very differently from what was expected. For at this preciſe period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimouſly choſen Emperor of Germany.

131.

Charles XII. of Sweden, when he dethroned King Auguſtus, was adviſed by Count Piper to annex Poland to his dominions as a fair conqueſt, and to make the people Lutherans. To repair his loſſes, to enlarge his kingdom, to extend his religion, and to avenge himſelf, of the Pope, made him balance a little. But, reflecting on his declaration to the Poliſh malcontents, that his purpoſe was only to dethrone Auguſtus, in order to make way for a king of their own nation, 'I reject a kingdom,' ſays he, 'that I cannot keep without breach of promiſe. Upon this occaſion, it is more honourable to beſtow a crown than to retain it.'

FINIS.